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HOUSE & GARDEN

JULY 1990

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Architecture: Frank Gehry

Bruce and Andrea Dern in Malibu

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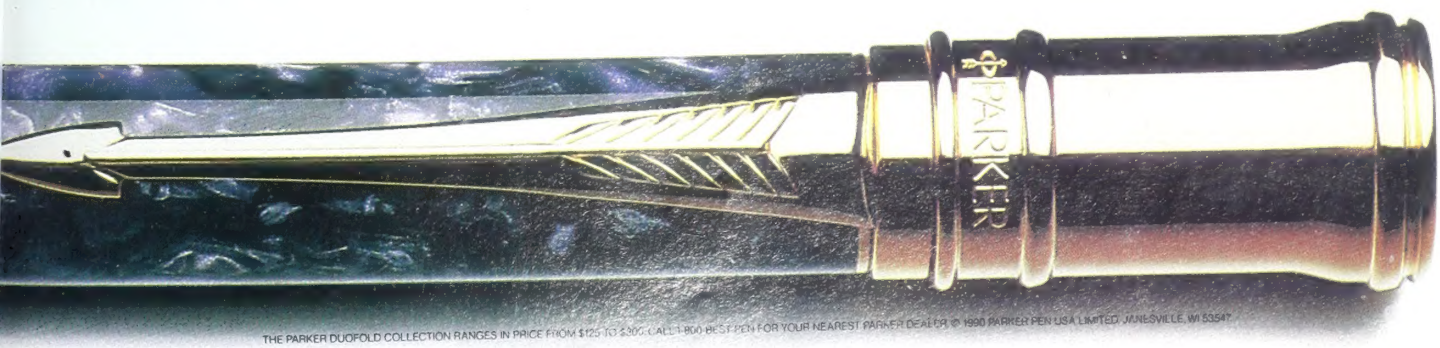
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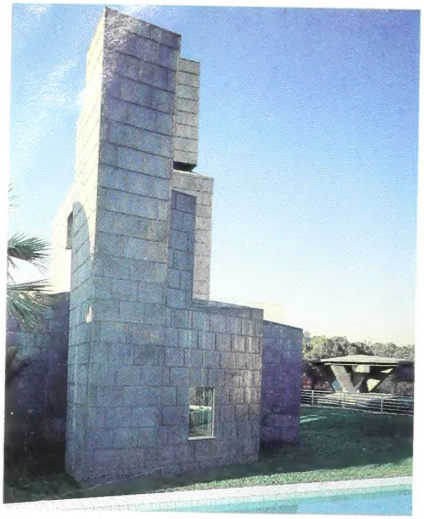
JULY

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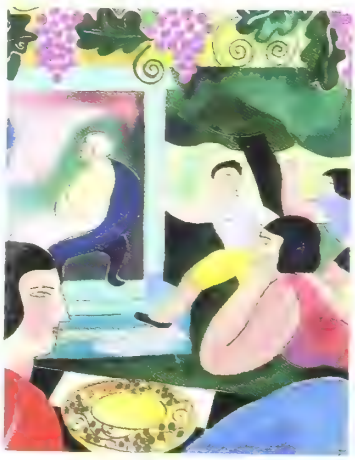
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JULY



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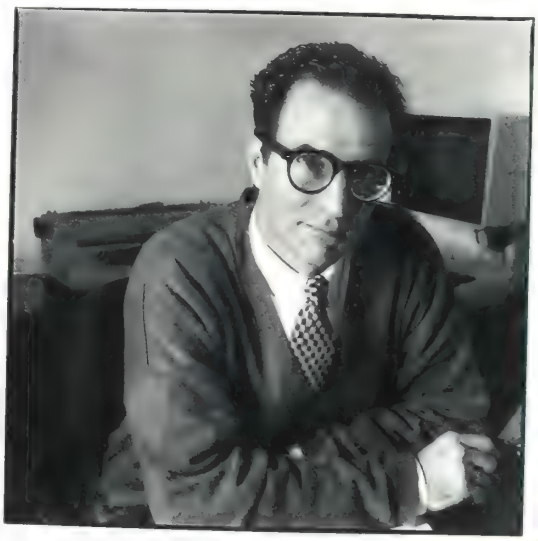
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Nadine Gordimer, one of South Africa's preeminent writers, tells of her abiding love for African pots in this month's "Taste" column. Gordimer, whose forthcoming novel, *My Son's Story,* will be published in October by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, says her roadside discoveries offer a human element: "Their surface texture has the faint striations of skin. When you put your hand against my pots you are palm to palm with the artist."



SCOTT MATTHEWOSMAN

Vance Muse, a staff writer for *Life,* is currently at work for Harper & Row on *Walking with Garbo,* a biography of the enigmatic Hollywood star that he is coauthoring with film scholar Raymond Daum. For the July HG, Muse visits the Maine retreat of his friends actress Stockard Channing and painter Carl Palazzolo. "It's wonderful to see how their aesthetic has grown over the years. The two have worked a kind of alchemy on their house."



SCOTT MATTHEWOSMAN

Buffy Birrittella describes Rose Cottage, the Malibu house of actor Bruce Dern and his wife, Andrea, as a "comforting oasis—a farmhouse sitting right on the beach that combines the best of both those worlds." She met the Derns in 1973 while working for Ralph Lauren, who designed the clothes Bruce wore in *The Great Gatsby.* Birrittella, who started out as Lauren's assistant nearly twenty years ago, is now senior vice president of advertising and women's design at Polo/Ralph Lauren.

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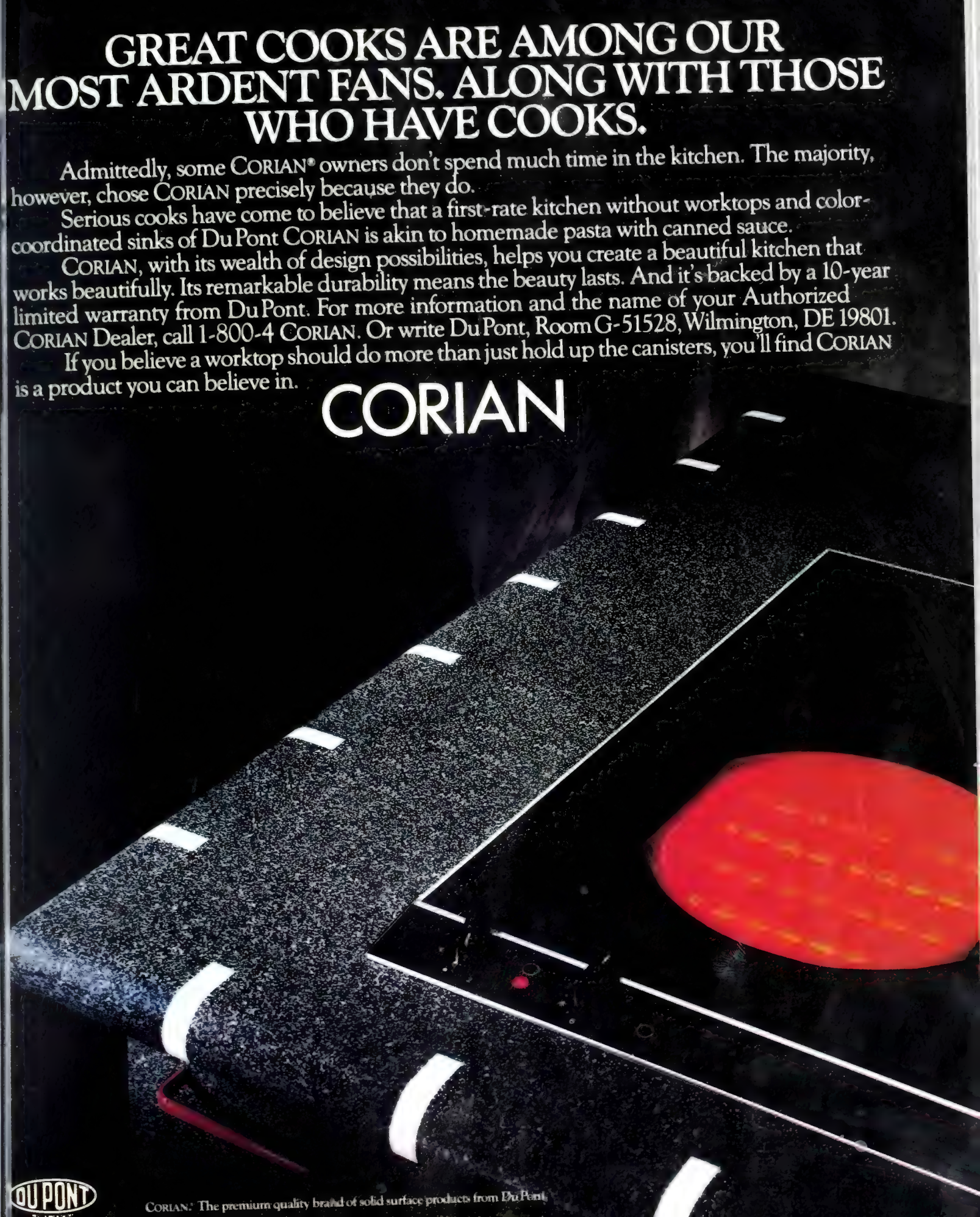
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Contributors Notes



Amy Fine Collins has been exploring other people's residences for quite some time: "I remember my mother taking my sister and me on drives at night. We would slow down at a house we liked and look out from the car window at all the furniture and decoration." For this issue, Collins managed to get an inside view of both a Mark Hampton–decorated house on Nantucket and a Connecticut country retreat by Shelton, Mindel & Associates. Her first book, *American Impressionism*, was published this spring by W. H. Smith.



MICHAEL MALEY

Thomas Hine, architecture and design critic for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, previews an exhibition that reflects on future visions of San Francisco. Hine's own view of what lies ahead in architecture: "My gut reaction is it will probably be worse. It seems there is less idealism involved in making buildings. I used to have some hope that ego would be a partial substitute for civic pride, but I am less convinced of that now."



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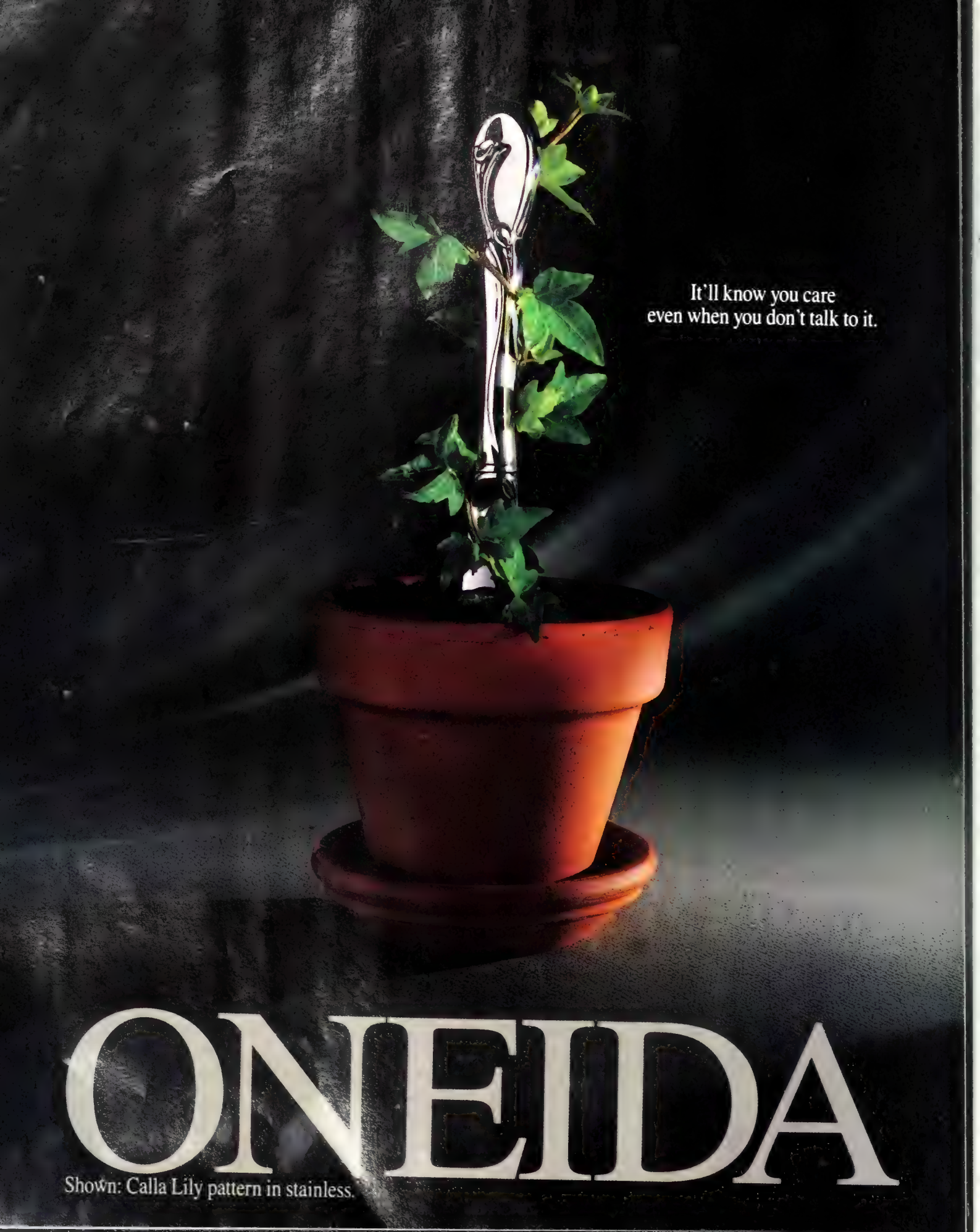
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Amy Abrams and Eric Berthold



Eric Lansdown's miniature buildings accommodate not only dolls and birds but also architecture and design styles from throughout the ages. From simple materials like wood, wire, and glass, Lansdown mixes and matches periods for such follies as a seven-foot French Renaissance bridge-castle birdhouse (*above*) and (*right*) a Greek revival aviary on a Regency base and a Mansart-style dollhouse. Using techniques he developed with the help of his mother, who restores antiques, the reductionist architect glazes, screen-prints, details, and distresses each small but unhumble abode. "Every detail is important, from the architecture to the painted finish," says Lansdown. "This is what makes each piece stand on its own as a work of art." (Eric Lansdown, 2200 23 St., San Francisco, CA 94107; 415-822-1325)

notes



Moonstruck Artist Toni Putnam's cast-bronze Guardian chair (*below*), $10,000, and other unique designs are available through the Sally Hawkins Gallery, NYC (212) 477-5699.



Cubist Art Annie Kelly handcrafts and paints every piece she designs, including the *World Frozen in a Cube* table (*left*), $2,200, her most recent work. Available through the Gallery of Functional Art, Santa Monica (213) 450-2827.



Those Lips, Those Eyes Photographer Christopher Makos's plates (*above*) are $250 a pair, available at Paul Smith, NYC. Makos has a limited supply of wallpaper depicting a mostly glamorous Andy Warhol. Call (212) 620-5642.



The Hills Are Alive Floral designer Beth Gill (*above*) has been known to fill orders by dashing out and gathering fistfuls of Rocky Mountain wildflowers and greenery. Her shop, the Aspen Branch, is at 213 South Mill St., Aspen (303) 925-3791.



Catch Words Easy-to-prepare deckside fare, like couscous and grilled marinated tuna (*above*), is featured in *The Yachting Cookbook* (Crown, $30), by Jennifer Trainer and Elizabeth Wheeler.

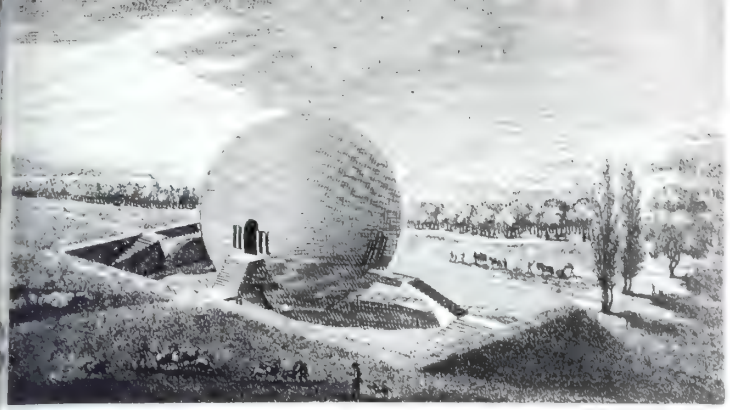


Stepping Out Shoes covered in one of four Fortuny fabrics (*above*), $370 a pair, are available at Vanessa Noel, 26 East 66 St., NYC (212) 737-0115.



Endless Summer Sand, sun, and seaside fun are captured on the By the Sea Border (*above*), $6.50 a yard, in the Early Years collection of children's wallpapers from Motif Designs, New Rochelle (914) 633-1170.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: TIM STREET-PORTER; ROBERT LAKOW; KRISTEN BROCHMANN; MONICA STEVENSON (2)



Past Perfect Anthony Vidler examines the life and work of one of 18th century France's most controversial architects in *Claude Nicholas Ledoux* (MIT Press, $50). The visionary designer never completed many of his projects, such as the House of the Agricultural Guards of Maupertuis (*above*).



Both Sides Now Casa Lopez offers European imports from reversible wool pique rugs (*right*) to needlepoint pillows and tabletop accessories. The rugs are available in eleven sizes; a standard, 6 by 9 feet, is $2,000. Casa Lopez, NYC (212) 935-5344.

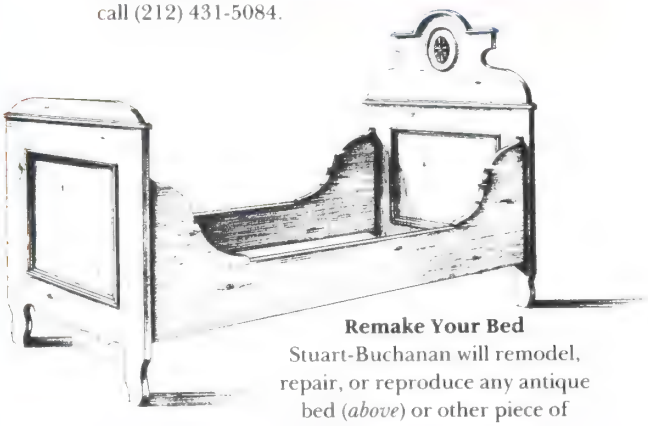


Stool's Gold Carol Bruns's Elsol stool (*right*), $1,700, has gilded cast-bronze legs. This and other metal furnishings are available from the artist's SoHo studio; call (212) 431-5084.





Handmade in the USA Japan's internationally renowned Seibu Pisa department stores have recently joined forces with American designer Karl Springer to carry his new furniture, such as the J.M.F. side chair covered in hand-stained inlay leather (*top*), and accessories, such as Venetian glass vases, bowls, and candlesticks (*above*). To the trade at Karl Springer, (212) 752-1695.



Remake Your Bed Stuart-Buchanan will remodel, repair, or reproduce any antique bed (*above*) or other piece of furniture. For information call the Denver office, (303) 825-1222.



In the Gild British designer John Harwood has revived the ancient technique of water gilding, which he applies to any surface from a wall to a picture frame (*above*), starting at $275. Available at Autonomy, London (1) 351-7303.



For Spacious Skies *Jolly Flatboatmen in Port* (*above*) and 27 other genre and landscape paintings by 19th-century American artist George Caleb Bingham are on view at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., July 15–Sept. 30.

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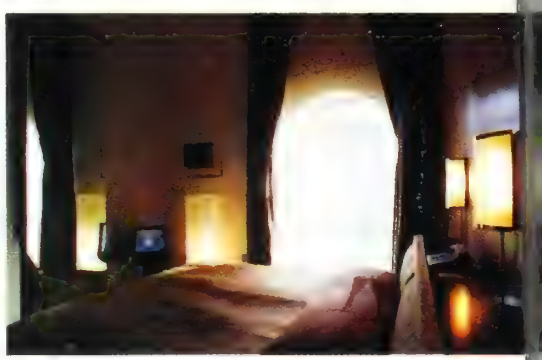
Andrée Putman transforms a Cologne water tower into a luxury hotel

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE

"I REMEMBER THE FIRST time I was asked for an autograph," Andrée Putman recently recalled in an article on the 1980s for a French daily. "It was in New York. A cyclist, a Puerto Rican messenger, got off his bike, handed me a notebook, and said, 'Miss Putman, I love your work.'" In the course of the last decade, Parisienne Putman may have been consecrated la madone du design on one side of the Atlantic and the high priestess of style on the other, but she has kept her sleek French heels firmly on the ground.



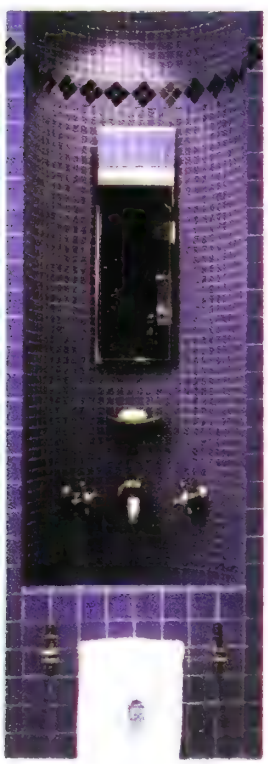
Putman, left, subtly lit the Wasserturm's rooms, such as a master bedroom, below, with sanded-glass panels.



Free from the confines of being a schooled architect or designer, Putman became both at mid-life—on her own terms and with her own baggage. Abandoning a promising career in music composition, she would strike keynotes in the fine art of living: style, Putman determined, begins with freedom from what is generally regarded as good taste. Her reeditions (the Eileen Gray satellite mirror, the Mallet-Stevens chair, the Fortuny projector lamp) brought back the lines of the modernist movement; her black and white aesthetic turned la France tricolore into la France bicolore; her snappily tiled bathrooms reinstated the throne room as an element of French style. On top of everything else, Putman became the designers' designer. Alaïa, Lagerfeld, Saint Laurent, Mugler—all called on the lady who has defined the height of chic in this way: "knowing how to transform a handicap into an element of seduction; worn clothes; the freedom to mix surprising elements that are linked for the first time; having the courage of one's opinions."

In her office at Écart, her design studio on the rue Saint-Antoine, Andrée Putman likes to converse sitting side by side at the round edge of her semicircular black desk. There are three black telephones and two Filofaxes—one gray, one black, both very old. She dips into her silver Fabergé cigarette box often, striking matches from Morgans, the first hotel she designed in New York, in 1984. The nonfilters are instantly branded with her dark lipstick. Her long-sleeved black V-neck dress is Azzedine—"six years old," she specifies; she has worn her V-shaped white metal necklace every day for the past 28 years.

Having recently completed another luxury hotel—in a former water tower in Cologne—Putman has lost no time taking on the nineties. The Wasserturm is an all-brick cylindrical structure built in 1868 by an Englishman, John Moore, as the largest water tower in Europe. Used as an antiaircraft Kommandobunker during World War II, it miraculously survived, along with the city's cathedral and very little else. "As one of the few monuments left, it was pre-





The water tower, above, an all-brick landmark built in 1868, dictated a lunar design theme: the mirror on a desk in the dining area of one of the suites, top, echoes the original fenestration, while a washbasin in grès cérame tile with a glass mosaic frieze, left, has a rounded back.


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A crescent-shaped rug, armchair, and table face a high-back sofa with recessed lights in a duplex suite.

"If you give in to all the temptations of adding, you introduce the drop of poison that will age what you've done"

served as a historical landmark," says Putman, for whom the structure (appropriately called a château d'eau in French) brings to mind Ledoux and eighteenth-century architecture.

The Wasserturm forced the designer "to invent a new vocabulary." The landmark could not be altered structurally, so all of the rooms had to be divided like slices of cake. The tower also dictated the shape of the furniture, inspiring a new "half moon" line in Écart's design portfolio. Sofas were designed to fit into vaulted niches and shades were devised to rise at the push of a button in order to block out light from the external archways—or, better still, to be left partially open, thus forming a poetic crescent of sky. In the entry to each room a blue crescent-shaped glass shelf for keys, gloves, or a bag picks up on the lunar theme almost imperceptibly. These petits raffinements, or "little messages," as Putman likes to call them, have a cumulative effect: the longer you stay, the more attuned you become to the very quiet dialogue between elements in her overall design.

"Problems are assets," says Putman. "They stimulate you." Since only the existing fenestration could be used, she created sanded-glass panels with interior lights on dimmers to add luminosity. In addition, various surfaces in the rooms, such as a sanded-glass vanity table top or the sides of a very high wing sofa with recessed reading lights, are incandescent; there is no overhead lighting in the hotel.

The color scheme represents something of a departure for Putman: "Light and a certain gaiety is what we were after—not what I'm usually associated with." A basic palette of beige and sanded oak is punctuated with touches of brilliant yellow and blue velvet—a touch of Matisse. There are nothing but original artworks throughout, the most formidable of which are sculptures by Donald Judd and Dan Flavin in the high vaulted lobby and a Tom Wesselmann painting that dominates the glassed-in rooftop restaurant.

"The tower itself is so overbearing that we wanted to keep the rooms simple," Putman says. "If you give in to all the temptations of adding one more delicious thing and another and another, you introduce the drop of poison that will mark what you've done and age it. Then people will say, 'Ah yes, that's the beginning of the nineties.' How ridiculous! How frightening! Morgans Hotel, which we did six years ago, has not aged. That's a point of pride."

Not for Andrée Putman the "home" genre of luxury-hotel decoration—"the chintz and pink and green checks and a Spanish chest to hide the television." "A hotel," the designer sums up, "should be both impersonal and seductive—a bit like a geisha who is there to entertain you. But you would never mistake her for your wife." ♠

DEIDI VON SCHAEWEN

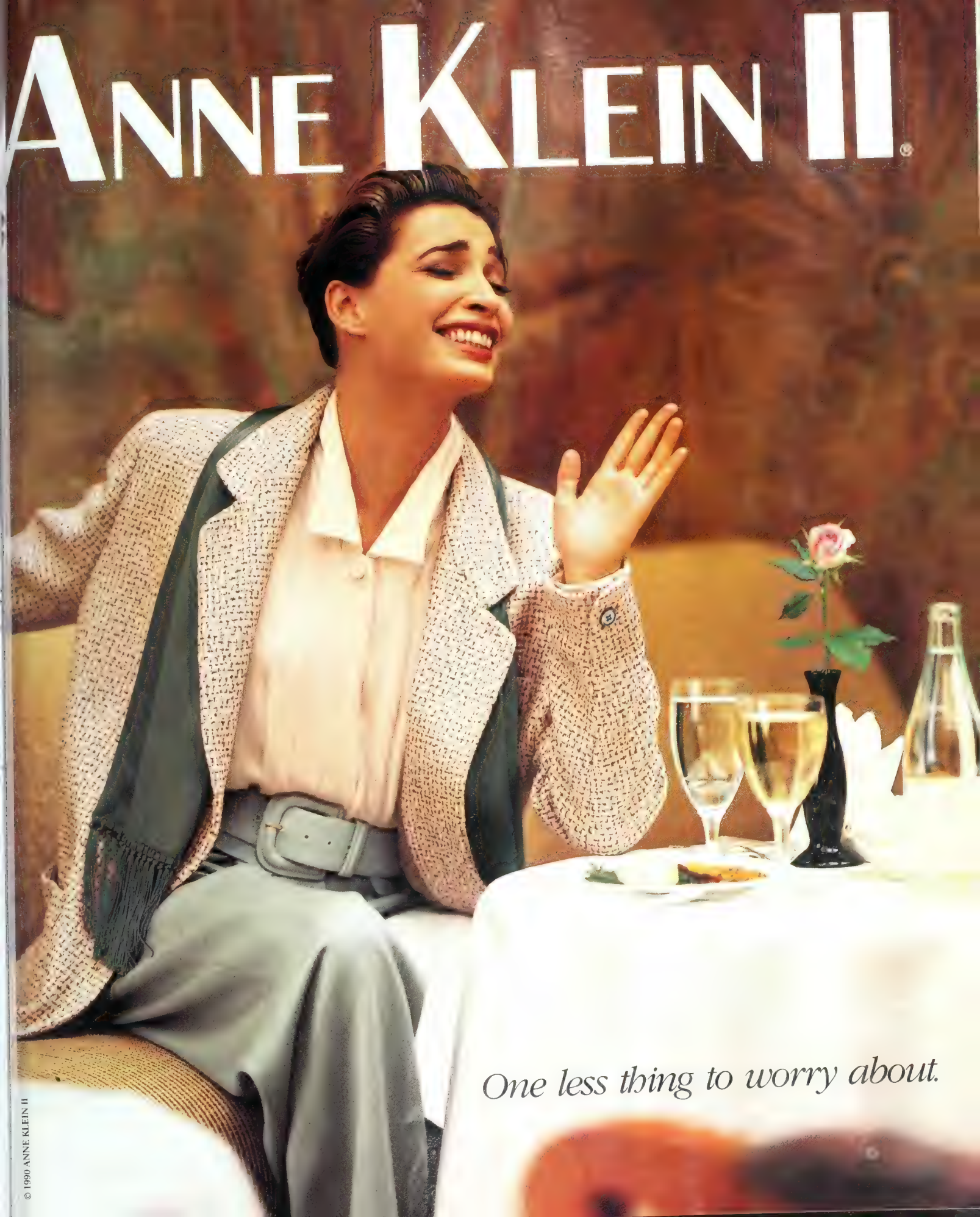
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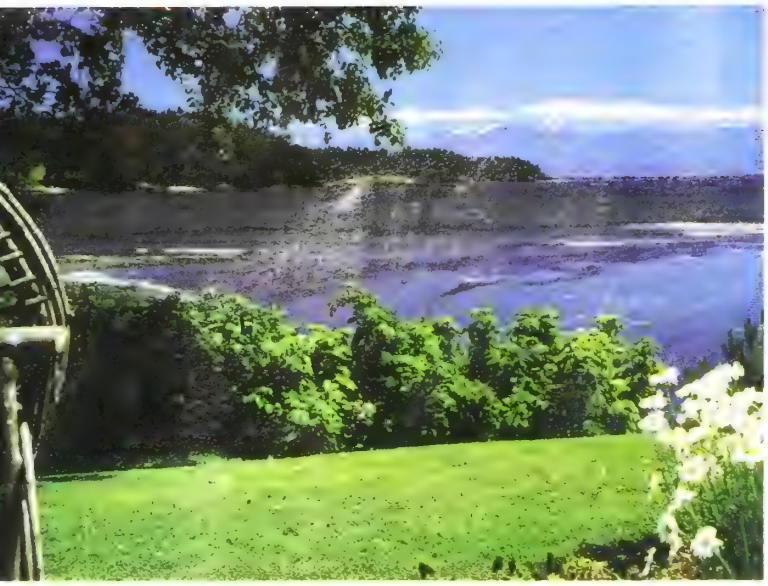
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Safe Harbor

A Vancouver Island inn serves up home-style comforts

BY SUSAN HERRMANN LOOMIS

We barely make it out of our car at the Sooke Harbour House on Vancouver Island, British Columbia, when the proprietors, Sinclair and Fredrica Philip, appear to help with our bags. They're full of warm greetings, but they never say much more, knowing that to inhale the fir- and sea-scented elixir that passes for air here makes me and my husband a bit giddy, renders us momentarily speechless. The steel blue of the water, the deep green of the trees, the luxurious rooms and intricately landscaped grounds of the inn afford a sense of composure that only seems possible when one is surrounded by rare, heart-stopping beauty.



Proprietors Sinclair and Fredrica Philip and their daughters Nishka and Rissa, above. Top: The inn sits on a spit of land overlooking the Strair of Juan de Fuca.

Before they became innkeepers, both the Philips studied economics at the University of Grenoble, in France (he is Canadian, she French). Along with their academic interests, they shared a love of food and entertaining, and Sinclair Philip combined his domestic passions with an enthusiasm for scuba diving in the Mediterranean: there was always bounteous seafood, which the couple turned into extravagant meals for friends. They dreamed of owning an inn and in 1977 moved to Canada in search of the ideal spot. It took them a year to find the Sooke Harbour House, which had been a restaurant since 1928.

The Philips have transformed a white clapboard building on a spit of land overlooking the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the craggy Olympic Mountains into the perfect stage for their talents. Each of the newly remodeled rooms in the old building has a rustic fireplace, a lofty duvet on a king-size bed, and a balcony that looks onto either the water and the mountains or rolling gardens. A recent unassuming addition near the original building contains ten rooms with their own private decks and gardens and spectacular views.

Our first move when we arrive at the Sooke Harbour House is not to move at all but to sink into the comfort of our room. Wrapped in the cozy white robes provided, we sip sherry and gaze out the windows, often as not to catch sight of a whale, a seal, or a distantly clattering fishing boat. When darkness falls, overstuffed chairs and sofas around the fireplace in the dining room describe a convivial social center, lit by the fire and two huge candelabras of flickering white candles. Sinclair, round, cheery, and red-cheeked, offers drinks and passes exotic tidbits before dinner: fresh sea urchin roe with freshly toasted bread, strips of crisp sea cucumber. "I like guests to try things," he says. "Sometimes I don't tell them what it is until they've tried it."

The menu changes every day. Sinclair often emerges from the water with gooseneck barnacles, triton snails, and glistening abalone, and Chef Ron Cherry adds them all to the day's meals. Simply prepared vegetables, fruits, and herbs are served fresh from the garden or nearby farms; suckling kid, duckling, veal, and rabbit are all raised on the island.

A wonderful breakfast and a light healthy lunch are provided every day, and either can be packed for a picnic. Diversions at Sooke Harbour House are simple. There are no televisions or telephones. But the roads around the inn will take you into the woods, down to the rocky beach below the gardens, or around a neighborhood where residents putter in their gardens. The Philips can arrange just about any other appropriate outing, from plane rides to boat trips to scuba dives. But if you do venture forth, you may feel about the inn as you did about home during your first trip to camp: it's OK being away, but you can hardly wait to get back. (Sooke Harbour House, 1528 Whiffen Spit Rd., RR 4, Sooke, British Columbia V0S 1N0; 604-642-4944) ♠



Local seafood, produce, and game are served in the dining room



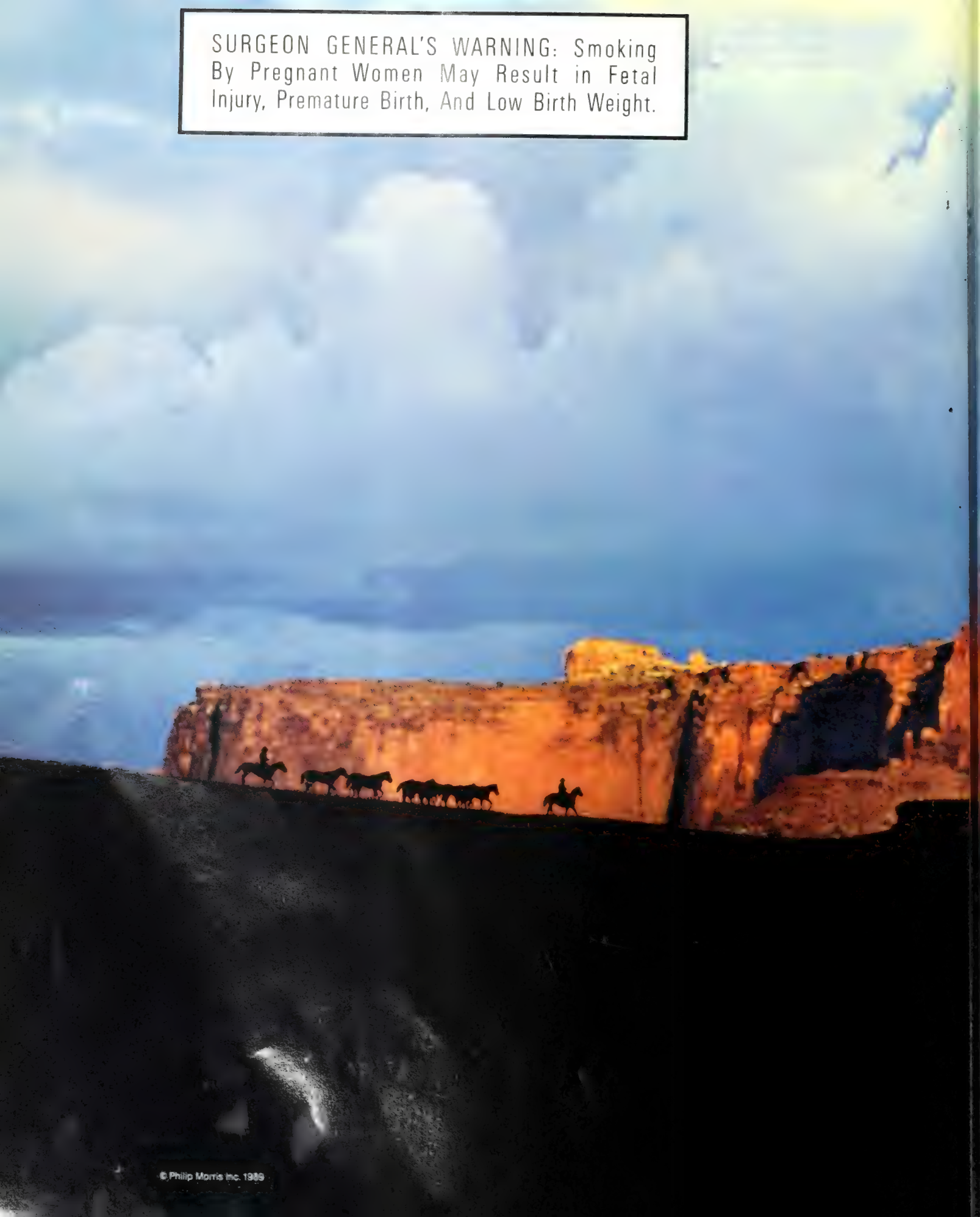
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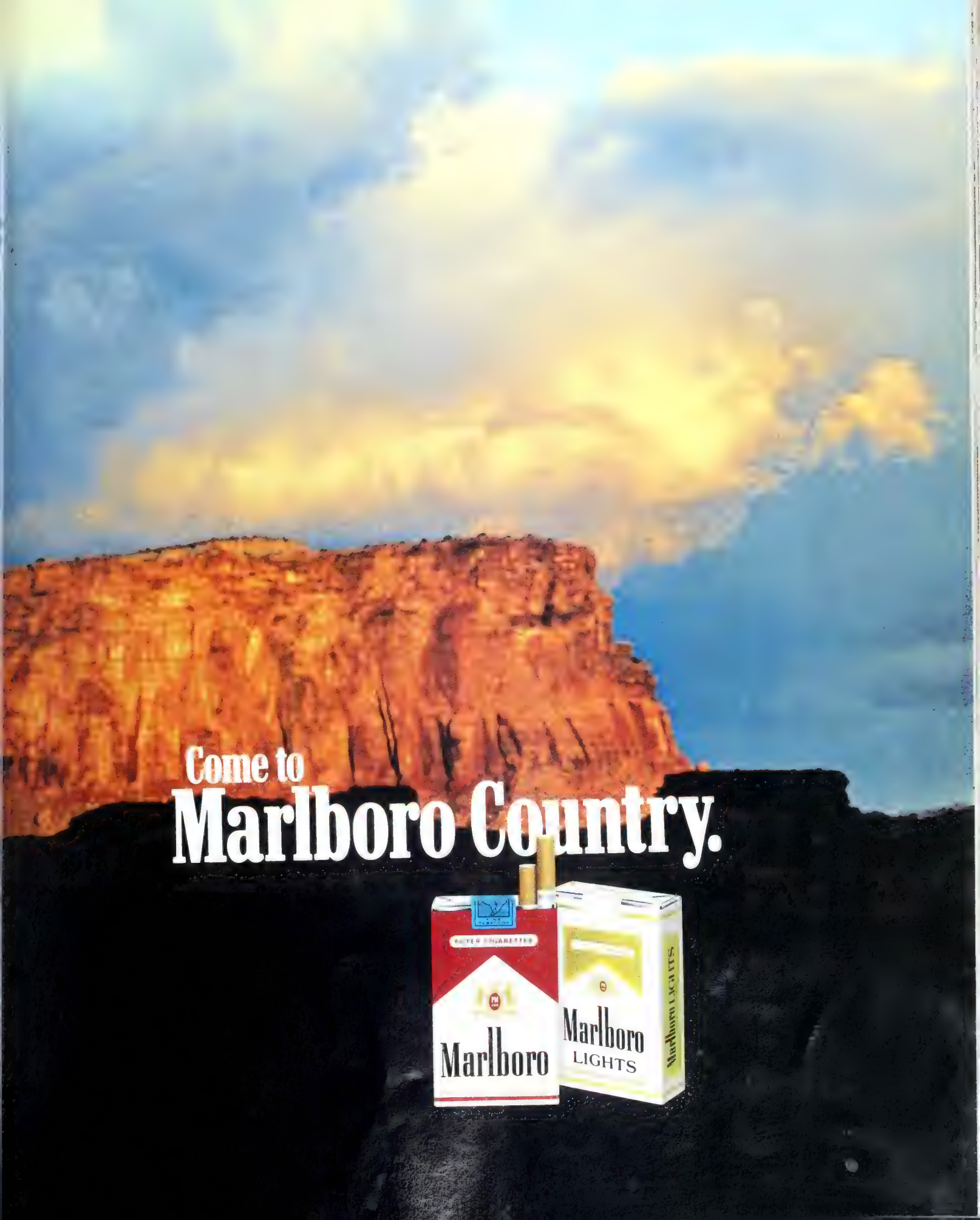
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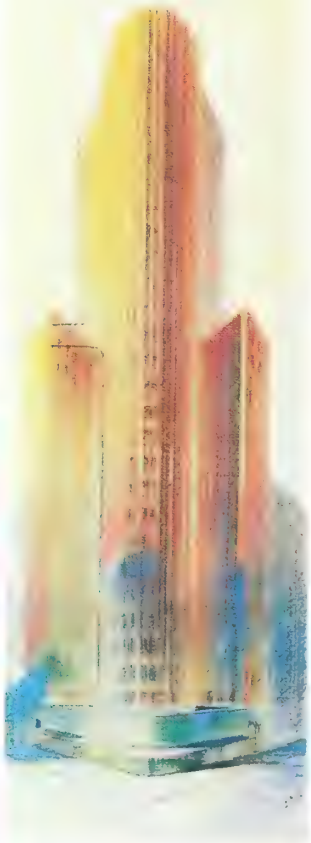
An exhibition looks backward and forward at visionary schemes for San Francisco

BY THOMAS HINE



Movable furniture for an earthquake-proof house, above, by Lars Lerup and Sohela Farokhi. Below: Lerup and Farokhi's scheme for San Francisco flats.





A study for a skyscraper, above, sketched in the 1920s by Bay Area architect Timothy L. Pflueger.

For many who live or visit there, San Francisco is perfection cloaked in fog. Its layout and topography conspire to create vistas that make admiring the city one of its visitors' chief pastimes. In recent years there have been major efforts to restore old buildings and prevent new ones, reflecting a belief that most changes are not for the better. But in treating their city as a precious gem, do San Franciscans risk turning it into something unreal, a great place for tourists that has little cultural or economic dynamism of its own?

That is the question that underlies "Visionary San Francisco," the first large-scale exhibition to be mounted by the architecture and design department of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. The show, which will run from June 14 to August 26, does not attempt to present a single vision of the future or any dream that those who see it are likely to accept. But it will challenge visitors to look beyond the cable cars and multicolored gingerbread and imagine a San Francisco different from the one they know.

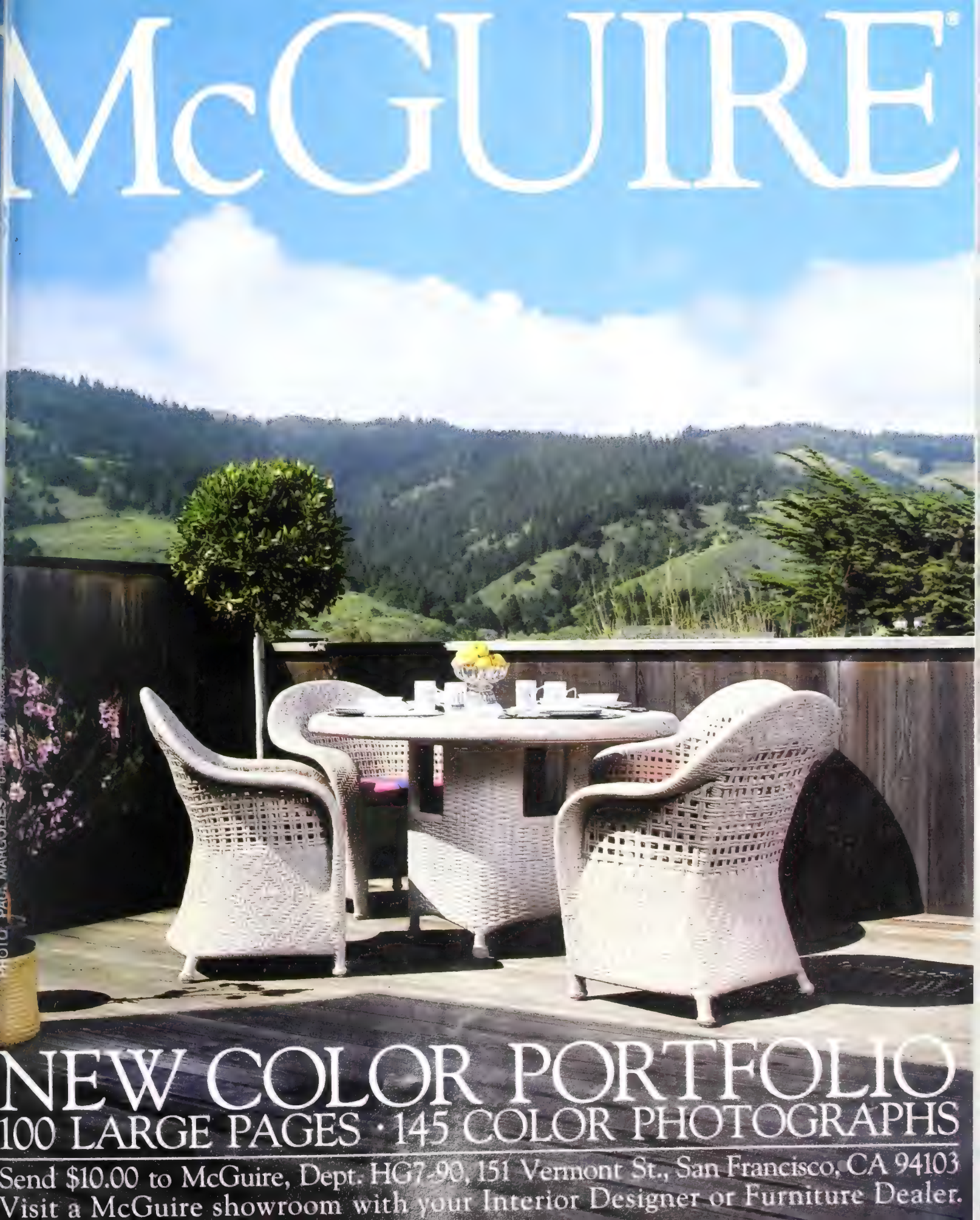
"San Francisco has always had a sense of destiny," says Paolo Polledri, the museum's curator of architecture and design and organizer of the show. "We have mounted this exhibition because San Francisco, like many other cities, is at a crossroads and people do not feel confident to act. People take a conservative attitude and never make a decision. The city needs a sense of direction."

Most of the show is a chronicle of what might have been: past visions for changing the city, including drawings and models of some major projects that are still pending after years of discussion. There are also drawings and models of the Golden Gate and Bay bridges, which Polledri argues were catalysts for San Francisco's dreams of modernity for decades. But while these earlier periods had widely accepted ideologies of change—the radial boulevards and vistas of the turn-of-the-century City Beautiful movement or the diagrammatic functionalism of international-style modernism—there is now no framework of belief in which change can be understood.

Polledri decided to deal with the contemporary situation by commissioning four writers to compose texts about the city and then pairing them with four teams of architects, who have designed installations based on these texts. His theory is that writers help shape the way people perceive cities by connecting places with experience and meaning and that such perceptions could serve as architectural programs. Imagining a different San Francisco proved just as difficult for writ-



An idealized City Beautiful at the 1915 Panama Pacific Exposition.


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Chesley Bonestell's Tower of the Sun, above, at the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island, 1939. Above right: A 1932 cutaway perspective of a bridge pier under construction.

In treating their city as a precious gem, do San Franciscans risk turning it into something unreal?



ers as for anyone else, and the texts are short stories and essays of a not obviously visionary nature. Novelist Mark Helprin's memoir celebrates topography and weather as the keys to the city's character. Journalist Richard Rodriguez discusses the AIDS crisis in terms of the marginal, though taste-making, role of homosexuals in society and the "renovation of Victorian San Francisco into dollhouses for libertines." Mystery writer Joe Gores tells a hard-boiled tale involving a mural, a dance of death, and real estate development. Science fiction writer William Gibson imagines a city of makeshift dwellings built by the homeless atop the Bay Bridge.

The architects' responses are indirect. For example, architect Lars Lerup and artist Sohela Farokhi chose to respond not to AIDS but to Rodriguez's wry description of gays occupying houses that symbolize family life and heightening the symbolism through their decoration. They also chose to respond to something not in the essay, last October's earthquake. "Our analogy was that AIDS is to society as the earthquake is to architecture," says Lerup. The design is for a steel-framed earthquake-proof house with sprinklers between its double-glass walls. "It is a safe haven in an unsafe, rocking world. It lobotomizes the earthquake." But, he adds, it is also intended as a place to be yourself, without master bedrooms, family rooms, or any of the behavior that such spaces imply. Lerup and Farokhi have also designed unconventional wheeled furniture, intended to embody both an escape from historic expectations and a flexible way of living.

Diana Agrest and Mario Gandelsonas began by plotting the events of their detective story, which involves the disappearance, one by one, of the people creating a mural on a new building. But the architects soon became concerned about another disappearance, that of places for public recreation along the waterfront. They designed a new building, for the site of the fictional one, that could house much of what happened at the now-lost places. "A detective story is a process of research, usually triggered by incidents of violence, that tries to unveil some kind of truth," Gandelsonas explains. "As architects, we play the role of detective, and in the exhibition we want to force the viewer to take that role, too. It will not be easy to understand."

Barbara Stauffacher Solomon's installation consists of real and painted Ping-Pong tables, which serve as metaphors for lawns, playing fields, and other human evocations of nature. Her project is not an illustration or response to Helprin's essay but a wholly different interpretation of the relationship between nature and artifice, "a parody of planning," as the designer terms it.

Only one of the projects, that of Craig Hodgetts and Ming Fung, presents a large-scale future vision, though hardly a utopian one. "The premise," says Hodgetts, "is that city governments are powerless to do any kind of major restructuring and that the future of the city will be controlled by private interests." The architects imagine that Golden Gate Park has been sold to a private developer who has made it a private enclave lined with apartment towers. George Lucas and Steven Spielberg have demilitarized the Presidio and transformed it into a Luke Skywalker theme park. Identical self-sufficient solar-powered skyscrapers dot the cityscape and march across the bay. "Gibson's story is beautiful, but it certainly sets an atmosphere of gloom," Hodgetts says. "Some of the scenarios we will show are not attractive, but they could be illuminating for the city as a whole."

Polledri says that the exhibition was never intended to represent the future but to help people see the possibilities implicit in the present. Nobody argues that the city's problems would be alleviated by building any of these projects. In all likelihood the challenges would simply be more visible.

"If we deny change to the city, we destroy it," Polledri says. "Prettiness is no panacea for urban ills." ▲

FROM LEFT: OAKLAND MUSEUM HISTORY DEPARTMENT; GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

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A semicircular terrace, above, extends from the back of the 1810 upstate New York farmhouse the MacKenzie-Childses rescued from ruin. Below: Every surface in the guest room bears evidence of the couple's decorative touch. Details see Resources.



Fanciful Farm

Richard and Victoria MacKenzie-Childs apply wit and whimsy to design

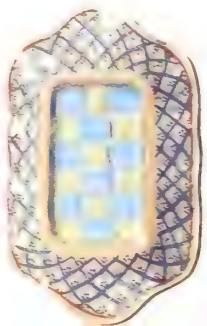
BY STEPHANIE VAUGHN

Ceilings exist for most of us at an altitude of 35,000 feet. They're as unreachable as cumulonimbus, except when we have to renew a coat of neutral paint—at which time a ceiling will descend to a level just an inch above the comfortable stretch of an arm. No surface, however, is beyond the vision or reach of tableware and furniture designers Victoria and Richard MacKenzie-Childs. "I don't think we've ever lived for long with an undecorated ceiling," Richard says. In the kitchen of their 1810 Georgian farmhouse, located on the eastern ridge above Cayuga Lake in western New York State, they climbed up and down scaffolding for weeks assembling slender strips of tongue-and-groove oak into a squared ceiling pattern. In their guest room they wallpapered the ceiling to create the illusion of drifting summer flowers, and in their dining room they installed black and white tiles that echo the checkerwork floor below. Their eighteen-year-old daughter, Heather, helped produce the designs for her bedroom, including the overhead pastel squares, which look as edible as ice cream.



Victoria and Richard MacKenzie-Childs and their daughter, Heather, above, frolic on a hay bale behind their house.

"We never think of things as they are," Richard says, "we think of things as they could be." That is the kind of thinking that inspired them in 1980 to buy an abandoned farmhouse that was so ruined by time it would have made Edgar Allan Poe falter at the doorstep. Today that house is an unfettered celebration of color, texture, and surprise. Every progression—from molding to wall, from chair rail to chair leg—is acknowledged by an alteration in pattern or palette. A drawer pull turns out to be a small ceramic fish. A table base rises from the backs of a family of rabbits. Crawl into the intimate space of a cupboard bed, and you will find yourself in the midst of a lakeside landscape painted by Vic-





A trio of MacKenzie-Childs hand-painted majolica dishes.



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toria's mother, Beth MacKenzie. Enter the guest room closet and a fairy tale might start to unfold—"Just walk through the clothes," says Victoria, directing the way to a secret door that opens to a hidden staircase.

One mile down the lake, outside the village of Aurora, stand the MacKenzie-Childs design studios, pottery and furniture factory, and retail outlet where they sell their seconds. What was once a dilapidated dairy farm is now a confection of yellow buildings surrounded by thousands of blooming pink roses. There's a duck pond, a formal flower garden, and, behind a white picket fence, a kitchen garden planted so that employees can help themselves to a lunch of tomatoes, cucumbers, and lettuce.



A cluster of ceramic rabbits, above, supports a table in the sunny breakfast room, bottom left, furnished with the MacKenzie-Childses' customized antiques and original designs. Below: A family portrait amid the cornfields.



A ceramic and fringe tassel, above, suspends from the MacKenzie-Childs whimsical Visiting Seat, bottom right.

What began as a desire to make one beautiful plate, "just for us and just for fun," has grown into a major business. Before they founded their firm in 1983, Richard and Victoria were ceramists and sculptors who took turns teaching for a living. Trained in the graduate ceramics program at Alfred University, they created one-of-a-kind art until their work took a utilitarian turn. "After we made that initial plate," Victoria says, "we made more to go with it, then a table to put them on, then chairs to go with the table." Every piece now produced at their factory evolved from something they first devised for their own use.

Victoria, who also has a background in costume design, likes to bring theater to the dinner table. Last summer, for Richard's surprise birthday party, she erected a train set on their dining table, created a mountain landscape from heaps of freshly cut grass, and sent the curry condiments whizzing from guest to guest on the backs of the train cars. For a recent exhibition of their new line at a Neiman Marcus store in California, she turned bagels into napkin rings and carrots into mock candles.

Both Richard and Victoria have a genius for transforming cast-off furniture and found objects into art. The headboards from a set of twin beds Victoria slept on as a child became part of the prototype for their Visiting Seat embellished with circus wagon–style stripes and checks. A set of peeling doors from the local dump is now painted with family portraits and installed on the front of the cupboard bed. When in 1985 a gale-force wind destroyed their towering chimney, the rubble became the foundation for a backyard terrace and the handmade bricks became the floor of their sunroom.

Recently one of their customers, admiring the exuberant patterns on their latest line of majolica tableware, said to Victoria and Richard, "With you, more is not enough." They are in the studio twelve hours, sometimes even twenty hours a day now. "We never get tired though," says Richard. "We never get tired because we love our work." (MacKenzie-Childs, Ltd., Aurora, NY 13026; 315-364-7131) ▲



The MacKenzie-Childses turn bagels into napkin rings and carrots into mock candles







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A graphite-blackened pot from Swaziland stands among an assortment of African vessels.

African Earth

A collection of indigenous pots retains the imprints of unknown artists

BY NADINE GORDIMER

There are a few fine paintings in this house but when I look around to see what means most to me, my eye returns to my pots. The pictures are mainly European—I "married into" them so to speak. The pots are African, and my own collection. They were not inherited, found for me by any dealer, bid for at any auction. They were bought at roadsides and village markets under trees. They were viewed at no vernissage, but among little pyramids of tomatoes, onions, bananas and mangoes. They have no provenance beyond my memory of where I found them. They are unsigned and I do not know if the artists are living or dead.

What is the relation of ownership to appreciation, I wonder? Since the great private collections of works of art must belong—because these people can afford to pay for them—to the very rich, we justly dismiss their appreciation as acquisitiveness. Because the shrewd and affluent middle class buy works of art as investment we decide pleasure doesn't come into it; they have price tags hanging on their walls. As democrats we assert the honest way to enjoy art is at the humble cost of a museum entry ticket. Art ought to belong to everybody, and this is the closest society can get to making it available to all, as a right, while preserving it for the benefit of all. (And, of course, some museums are free.) There's a moral convention that ownership must be punished by an inability to receive what the work of art has to offer.

But, looking at my pots, I realize that the special relationship I have with them doesn't come because I *own* them—ownership implies a market value or prestige, of which qualities they are innocent. It comes because I have the luxury of looking at them again and again, days without number, from the different perspectives of my daily life, in the objectivity of the different qualities of light that fall upon them, and in the subjectivity of my own moods. Leonardo da Vinci's *Virgin of the Rocks* is a painting I might choose as my favorite picture, but what chance do I have to drop in to the National Gallery in London more than once a year to renew my sense of the divine in her face?

Seen from the top of the stairs my pots strike me as a sort of keyboard—resonators of a musical instrument—where they are ranged on their low table. Or a choir. Their round apertures are open mouths, and the different circumferences of these, according to the size of the pot, suggest that they are actually mouthing, soundlessly, in close harmony: WAH wah WAHWAH wah-h... If I were to become sensitive enough to them, through long association, I might even be able to begin to hear it with my eyes and transpose the notation to my ears. Seen differently, at eye level, as you enter by the front door, the pots are pure volume; round, round-round, the ellipses of their sides—but they have no sides, their spheres simply curve out of sight!—seeming to spin immobilely away from one another. They are ranged close but however clumsily I might shift them about they cannot be arranged faultily, so that they jostle: their roundness ensures that they touch only lightly, at their fullest diameter.

How can I write about one among my pots? In the anonymity of their creation—unattributed, traditional, functional in origin—they are, in a sense, all one pot.

Unlike other works of art, they do not attempt to re-create something in another medium: pigment on canvas creating a language of line and color that stands for shape, space, and light; marble standing for flesh. They are the earth they are made of. They are its colors—the colors of fields, swamps, and riverbeds. Their common material is mediated only by fire, and on many of them fire has painted the only decoration, cloudy green black shadings and inspired black brushstrokes sparse as those of Japanese masters. The fire is not the controlled one of a kiln, but the same open-air one where the cooking pots bubble. They are shaped not on a wheel but by hands; their surface texture has the faint striations of human skin. When you put your hand against my pots

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you are palm to palm with the artist.

They are all as perfect, removed from their function, as they are *for* their function—which would be to hold water, maize, porridge, or beer. They simply *are*. Their form can take on many concepts, material and abstract. Globe of the world/planet earth; I twirl the large ones slowly. Hunger/repletion; I look down the inner maw or follow the promise of plenty in their calm rotundity. The big one I bought in Lesotho I held on my lap coming home by plane, thighs spread for its weight and arms around it for protection; a pot grand as a full womb. Then there is the little one that comes from Swaziland, blackened with the application of graphite from local outcrops, with its unique molded ear shapes in low relief. There is the one I found in Venda, with its incised curving bands, delicate as the veins on a leaf, and there's the very old one, its mouth not at the apex but obliquely tipped in balance, below, and its pale grave-clay tints.

But I have put the Lesotho pot up on the desk before me and I know what I did not know until I began to think about my pots in the way one thinks anew of something one is going to write about. This pot is my favorite. Or rather, it favors me by answering some need. Perhaps it makes visible and concrete some proportion and wholeness I can't attain in my life. It's a large pot, yes, and the material of which it is made provides not only its shape but also its decoration. The base of sunset-rose clay is met at the widest part of the belly by dun bronze clay and is smeared over it in sweeping upward strokes to form a calm garland of curves, like four suns rising above or sinking below a dim horizon. Its wide mouth is rimmed with the same sunset color. The outline of the suns is not neat, and if I turn my pot I see gradations of color, like the heart of flames, round its base. It stands firm if I rock it, and yet I know that integral to its beauty is its fragility, a thing of the earth meant to return to the earth. Enjoy it until it breaks.

To write about something is to remake it. I am now closer to my pot, to the maker of my pot, dead or alive, than I have ever been. ♠






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Summer Stock

When family and friends get together, picnic fare earns rave reviews

BY GENE HOVIS



I always think of summertime as a lighthearted season that officially announces its arrival with a big bang on the Fourth of July with lots of fireworks and picnics. Weeks later, when Labor Day rolls around, summer marks its exit with more fireworks and picnics. The time in between is usually spent attending relaxing get-togethers under sunny skies. The American way of enjoying the warm weather has not changed very much over the years. Summer has always provided many opportunities for families and friends to throw outdoor parties where fun and relaxation are the primary objectives.

Picnics were taken very seriously in the small North Carolina town where I grew up, particularly my family's annual summer reunion. Friends, neighbors, and relatives came from all over by car and on foot to participate. The women, in their colorful flowered prints and floppy hats, looked as if they were dressed for a garden party; the men wore their best Sunday go-to-meeting suits topped with stiff-brimmed, ribbon-banded straw hats called boaters.

Neighbors and relatives came from all over by car and on foot

A favorite setting for our gathering was Tucker's Grove, a large meadow surrounded by oak and linden trees. Named for Mr. Tucker, a staunch old family friend, the sprawling grass-covered expanse was dotted with picnic tables and benches, and enough shade trees to keep everyone comfortable.

Each family packed their food in huge laundry baskets that doubled as picnic hampers. There were no holds barred in the eating department: the tables, covered with red and white checked tablecloths, were heaped with a vast array of regional favorites. A bird's-eye view of the scene would have revealed, among other home-cooked delights, chowchow (cabbage relish), watermelon pickles, pepper jelly, pickled okra, potato salad, country baked ham, baked chicken, coleslaw, cucumber salad, and beefsteak tomato and red onion salad. For dessert, there were sweet potato pies, fruit cobblers, coconut cakes, homemade ice cream, chocolate fudge, and every imaginable kind of cookie. To quench our thirsts, there was an unlimited quantity of iced tea and chilled lemonade on hand. Even though each family brought its own food, people visited friends and kinfolk at other tables to sample and gorge, reminisce and gossip, and also to exchange recipes. Nightfall brought the party to an end because, while Tucker's Grove had great natural beauty, it lacked electricity. No one seemed to mind, however, since by the time the sun went down, the picnic hampers resembled Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

While I was in high school, my friends and I occasionally got together for outdoor summer reunions, each participant responsible for bringing one dish. I don't recall who originally produced the baked bean casserole, but I found it irresistible and have since made it part of my culinary repertoire. Another favorite was a mixed grill consisting of three different sausages—kielbasa, veal sausages, and frankfurters—cooked on a charcoal grill. To embellish the hot dogs was an assortment of chili, chopped onions, mustard, relish, and grated cheese. One of our best-loved desserts was sliced pears with Gorgonzo-



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la cheese, and our special drink was a frozen fruit punch. After freezing a mixture of fresh fruits, such as sliced melons and peaches, strawberries, and raspberries, we placed the mélange into a punch bowl and filled it with lemonade and club soda or with ginger ale. As the fruits melted, they chilled the drink, flavoring it with their natural sweetness.

My college friends also liked to meet during the summer, and those whose parents had swimming pools hosted the parties. By that time we were reading *Gourmet* magazine, and we thought that our taste in food was pretty fancy indeed. There was always a huge bowl of cold shrimp and an appropriate sauce and perhaps a bit of caviar. Since it was the heyday of the crudité, we often had platters of crisp vegetables served with a savory dip as an accompaniment to a predinner drink.

Another popular party dish of the time, and one that now appears to be making a comeback, was fondue. In our version we plunged skewers of meat and vegetables into hot oil and then dipped them in a barbecue sauce and served them over chunks of bread covered with melted cheese. And on one occasion, to prevent things from getting too sophisticated, someone brought a six-foot hero sandwich to our party, to the delight of everyone. Although the menus for my summer reunions have changed with the times, the principle behind these gatherings has always remained the same: foods take on a special magic when eaten out of doors in the company of good friends.

SAVORY STUFFED EGGS

6 hard-boiled eggs
1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh chives
1 tablespoon soft butter
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
2 teaspoons curry powder
Salt and freshly ground pepper
Chopped chutney

Peel eggs and cut in half lengthwise. Remove yolks and place whites in a bowl of ice water to firm and brighten them. Mash yolks through a sieve into a small bowl. Add chives, butter, mayonnaise, and mustard and mix well. Mix in curry powder, according to taste. Season with salt and pepper. Drain egg whites on paper towels and pat dry. Fill cavities with yolk mixture. (Using a pastry tube with a large star tip will add a professional look.) Refrigerate until ready to serve. Before serving, garnish the center of each stuffed egg with a dab of chopped chutney. Serves 6.

CRISP OVEN-FRIED CHICKEN

3 3-pound frying chickens, each cut into 8 pieces
4 cups crushed potato chips
1 tablespoon dried oregano
¼ cup minced parsley
Freshly ground pepper
2 eggs
3 tablespoons water
4 tablespoons (½ stick) melted butter

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Grease two flat baking sheets. Trim away fat and excess skin from chicken pieces. Rinse and pat dry. Place potato chips between sheets of wax paper or in a plastic bag. With a rolling pin, crush potato chips into coarse crumbs. Combine crumbs with oregano, parsley, and pepper. (The potato chips will provide sufficient salt.) Spread a small amount of crumbs at a time on a sheet of wax paper. Beat eggs with water in a shallow bowl. Dip chicken pieces in beaten egg, letting excess drip back in the bowl. Roll in crumbs, patting them down with your fingers. Add more dry crumbs as needed. Place chicken pieces on baking sheets. Dribble melted butter over them and bake 50–60 minutes until nicely browned and crisp. Serves 8–10.

OVEN-BARBECUED SPARERIBS

4 slabs of lean spareribs, about 4 pounds each
Salt and freshly ground pepper

Barbecue Sauce

1 pound (4 sticks) butter
2 teaspoons finely minced garlic
2 cups finely chopped onion
2 cups chili sauce
1 cup soy sauce
1½ tablespoons chili powder
¼ teaspoon Tabasco sauce
¼ cup sherry wine vinegar or red wine vinegar
3 tablespoons dark brown sugar

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Sprinkle spareribs lightly with salt and pepper. Arrange slabs in two large baking dishes. Bake 1 hour in oven. Turn ribs and bake 10 minutes longer. Pour off fat.

While meat is baking, heat butter in a large saucepan and add garlic and onions. Stir until onions are limp. Add chili sauce, soy sauce, chili powder, Tabasco sauce, vinegar, and sugar. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer 5 minutes. Brush each slab of spareribs on the underside with sauce and return to oven with the underside up. Bake 30 minutes, basting with sauce periodically. Turn ribs. Brush generously with the remaining sauce. Return to oven and bake another 30 minutes. Cut the spareribs into individual pieces. Serve hot or cold. Serves 6–8.

CUCUMBER SALAD

1 long seedless cucumber or 2 large regular cucumbers
½ cup white vinegar
2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons sugar
Salt
Few grinds of black pepper
¼ cup finely chopped dill
1 large red onion, thinly sliced

Peel cucumbers, score them with the tines of a fork along their length to fancy them up a bit, and slice thinly. In a deep bowl, combine remaining ingredients and mix well. Add cucumber slices and mix. Taste for seasoning: you may want a bit more sugar or salt and pepper. Cover bowl and refrigerate about 3 hours, mixing from time to time to make sure that the cucumber slices are submerged. Drain cucumbers before serving. Serves 6.

CREAMY POTATO SALAD

10 medium Idaho potatoes
1¼ cups mayonnaise
1¼ cups sour cream
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
1½ cups finely chopped celery
½ cup sweet pickle relish
4 hard-boiled eggs, coarsely chopped
½ cup finely chopped pimiento-stuffed olives
½ cup finely chopped red onions
Salt and freshly ground pepper
¼ cup chopped parsley

Scrub potatoes, place in a large pot, and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook uncovered until easily pierced with a fork, but do not overcook. When cool enough to handle, peel and cut into cubes. In a bowl, combine remaining ingredients

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except chopped parsley. Toss with the cooled potatoes, mixing well but gently. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Line a 10–12 cup mold with plastic wrap, leaving an overhang of plastic around top for easy removal. Transfer potato salad to mold, pressing it down gently. Refrigerate for several hours. Unmold on a round platter and peel off plastic wrap. Garnish with parsley. Serves 10–12.

BAKED BEANS

½ pound bacon
1 cup finely chopped onions
½ cup dark brown sugar
½ cup catsup
¼ cup bourbon
4 cans pork and beans, 16-ounce size

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Chop bacon and place in a heavy-bottomed skillet over medium heat. Cook until partially crisp. Add chopped onions and continue cooking, stirring from time to time, until onions are limp and transparent. Stir in brown sugar, catsup, and bourbon. Add beans and mix well. Transfer to a 3-quart casserole and bake 1½ hours. Serves 8–10.

COLE[illegible]

1 medium white ca[illegible]
1 medium red cabbag[illegible]
1 large carrot, coarse[illegible]ed
1 teaspoon sugar
½ cup mayonnaise
3 tablespoons finely chopped shallots
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
⅓ cup sour cream
1 teaspoon celery seeds
Salt and freshly ground pepper

Cut heads of cabbage in half, place in a bowl of cold water, and refrigerate 1 hour. Drain well. Shred cabbage finely and place in a bowl. Add grated carrot and sugar and toss. In another bowl, combine mayonnaise, shallots, parsley, mustard, sour cream, and celery seeds. Add to shredded cabbage and toss well. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Refrigerate until ready to serve. Serves 6–8.

LEMON POUND CAKE

1 slice white bread, crusts removed
4 tablespoons (½ stick) soft butter
Batter
1 cup (2 sticks) butter
2 cups granulated sugar
2 cups cake flour (not self-rising)
2 teaspoons baking powder
5 large eggs
½ cup buttermilk
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Simple Syrup
¼ cup sugar
⅓ cup lemon juice
¼ cup water
3 tablespoons grated lemon rind

All ingredients should be at room temperature. In a blender, make fine breadcrumbs from slice of bread. Grease a 10-inch tube pan with butter and sprinkle bottom and sides evenly with breadcrumbs, tapping out excess. Set aside. Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

In a large mixing bowl, cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Sift flour and baking powder and set aside. Add eggs to butter-sugar mixture one at a time, beating well between each addition. Add buttermilk alternately with flour mixture in three steps, beginning with buttermilk. Mix in lemon rind, lemon juice, and vanilla extract. Transfer to the prepared pan and bake 1 hour or until top springs back when lightly pressed. While cake is baking, prepare simple syrup. In a small saucepan, combine sugar, lemon juice, water, and grated rind. Bring to a boil just until sugar is dissolved.

When cake is done, remove from oven and let cool in the pan on a rack for 15 minutes. Cover pan with the rack, turn pan and rack over, and remove pan. Cover with another rack and carefully invert again to finish cooling right side up. Brush top and sides with syrup. Serves 10.

FRESH PEACH ICE CREAM

12 ripe peaches
4 cups superfine sugar
½ cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
4 eggs
6 cups half-and-half
2 cups heavy cream
2 tablespoons vanilla extract
½ teaspoon salt

Dip peaches in boiling water for 1 minute and then into cold. Peel skins and cut into quarters. Place peaches in workbowl of food processor with the steel blade in place. Add 2 cups of the sugar, lemon juice, and lemon rind. Process with a few on-and-off turns until pureed. You may have to do this in two batches. In a large mixing bowl, beat eggs until light. Add remaining 2 cups of sugar and beat until mixture becomes very thick. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Add peach puree and blend well.

Fill freezer can of ice cream maker (not more than three-quarters full, since space is needed for expansion) and proceed with freezing according to manufacturer's instructions. Makes about 1 gallon. ♠



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Editor's Page

IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT I GET TO VISIT HOUSES BEFORE THEY ARE PHOTOGRAPHED for the magazine. Usually I rely on scouting shots, the unromanticized photographic records brought back by HG's widely traveled editors. But I have twice now had the extraordinary experience of venturing into the landscape of buildings that Frank Gehry has created in the Brentwood section of Los Angeles. This assortment of structures at first registers not so much as a house but as a dazzling array of sculptural volumes. Inside, there are vaulting spaces, unexpected angles, and lots of light-filled air. With its challenge to our traditional notions of domestic space, the Gehry compound raises tantalizing questions about how the concept of luxury will evolve during the next century. An entire continent separates Gehry's avant-garde adventures from the federal-style Connecticut house decorated by architects Peter Shelton and Lee Mindel and the Nantucket beach house by Mark Hampton. Both these projects reflect our current thinking about elegant weekend and vacation living where simplicity, quality, and comfort reign. Similarly, the noted San Francisco designer Charles Pfister, featured this month in a profile by architecture editor Pilar Viladas, uses rich materials and subtle detailing to scale the heights of sophisticated restraint. Weekend stays are also addressed in our piece on guest rooms produced by New York editor Catie Marron. Writer Edmund White catalogues such generous offerings of well-placed hosts as biscuits and bedside clocks, reading glasses on a ribbon, and a lady's maid to press and repair clothes. The moral of all this? Venturing out into the world is always filled with rewards.



Frank Gehry's living/dining pavilion and lap pool for Rockwell and Marna Schnabel's L.A. residence.

Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Finishing Touches



A master of faux finishes surrounds herself with the real thing in her Nantucket house

By Marcelle Clements

Photographs by William Waldron



Green and white toile graces the walls, shadows, and curtains in Dorothy Slover's drawing room, which also features a trompe l'oeil floorcloth painted by Slover and craftsmen from the Isabel O'Neil Studio. *Left:* Lucinda Young designed a traditional garden for a traditional house. Details see Resources.



Beguiling surfaces will often conceal shoddy workmanship, but these



eriors are more than stage sets



Slover, base-finishing a miniature cupboard, *above*, used a salmon glaze on the living room walls, *left*, to complement Rose Cumming's Garden of Allah floral chintz. Throughout the house, restrained painted effects enhance patterns that Slover selected with Ronald Grimaldi of Rose Cumming.

It's an attractive metaphor, but is it really true that houses are like people? For instance, do they yield themselves to their friends? Do they have structural peculiarities that reveal themselves in stylistic tics? Does the relationship of the façade to the interior offer, as with human beings, many surprises? And what about surfaces? Sometimes walls, floors, tabletops, chair coverings lie about the real life of the house. You might say that the surfaces of a house are its interior façades—sometimes they're dishonest, sometimes they're earnest, and sometimes they're just kidding.

Surfaces. No house has more of them than the Slover house on Main Street, Nantucket. Or so one fancies, anyway, in the environment created by Dorothy Slover, a director and teacher at the Isabel O'Neil Studio, the distinguished school of faux finish techniques. One expects trompe l'oeil everywhere. What is real here and what isn't? The house abounds with enticing objects and materials and surfaces. Which are which? What is a painted finish and what is truly tortoise, bamboo, lapis, wood, marble?

After a while, the brain forgets to order the eye to be on the lookout for tricks. Or maybe it's that the visitor has solved a philosophical problem: of course everything here is real, whether it's fake or not. In fact, when you look closely you see that most of the painted objects and wall surfaces only suggest another visual reference. "There are degrees of how realistic you want it to look," says Dorothy Slover. "Sometimes you want something to have just a flair, just the idea of marble, and sometimes you want it to look exactly like marble."

Conceived as a second home for her Washington-based family, this house is endlessly playful. The wit of some of the effects is *almost* immediately apparent: a conventional striped wallpaper in one of the upstairs bedrooms turns out to be neither conventional nor striped nor paper. Slover painted on the stripes—or rather, glazed the walls and then, with her hands wrapped in cheesecloth, manipulated the surface to form stripes. Other artifices are exquisitely subtle. The downstairs hallway, for instance, which traverses the house, is painted in five different shades of pink, getting darker toward the front of the house for a more formal effect.

The library is an extraordinary repository of painted finish techniques: "I've always wanted to do an entire room in faux bois," says Slover. The stunning gilding of the picture mold-



Rose Cumming's Dreams of Paradise fabric on the dining room walls is accented by silk moiré curtains with a Scalamandré lining that is echoed on a pair of armchairs. The centennial English dining table and Irish Chippendale chairs are from Agostino Antiques, NYC, and the chandelier is from Nesle.





ing was done by another teacher at Isabel O'Neil. On a reproduction tray table, a cluster of tortoiseshell objects tantalizes the visitor. Bona fide or fake? Impossible not to pick one up and examine it: only a suggestion of tortoise. "That was one of my first pieces," says Slover, "but the others are real."

These visual puns are merely flourishes in classically beautiful rooms whose character, warmth, and elegance are inviting by any standards. The faux finishes are actually used with considerable restraint: here and there an astonishing painted segment beckons the eye, but for the most part walls are treated with glazes whose singular textures only the connoisseur will instantly register. The fabrics are sumptuous—each room was designed around a pattern Slover picked out with Ronald Grimaldi of Rose Cumming. Window treatments are elaborate and dramatic, rug designs are unabashedly audacious. Here a girandole, there a fu dog, everywhere silks, tassels, mock-splattered floors. Profusion. "I wanted it to be froufrouy," Slover says.

The froufrou has so much presence that it takes a while to become aware of the handsome structure behind it. Usually a conspicuously beguiling surface will hide shoddy workmanship, but this is no mere stage set. "They call the style of the house Greek revival, but I say it's federal," says Slover. "We have bought a piece of history and it's our responsibility to care for it." The original structure, which now constitutes the back of the house, was built in 1780, whereas the main part of the house was built in 1830. It has been renovated several times in this century, most recently by the Slovers, but in all of its stages the high quality of materials and workmanship that typify Nantucket architecture prevailed. Over a period of three years the Slovers and a team of craftsmen stripped the clapboard, reshingled, replaced molding, renickeled all the doorknobs, and installed library-quality cabinets in the kitchen. They also converted the attic into the master bedroom and added a garden room overlooking traditional English flower beds designed by Lucinda Young.

Froufrouy the house may be, but its hidden self is solid, sound, generous. To put it another way—if you do indeed believe that houses are like people and need to be reassured about human nature—a seductive exterior may conceal nothing but a heart of gold. ♠

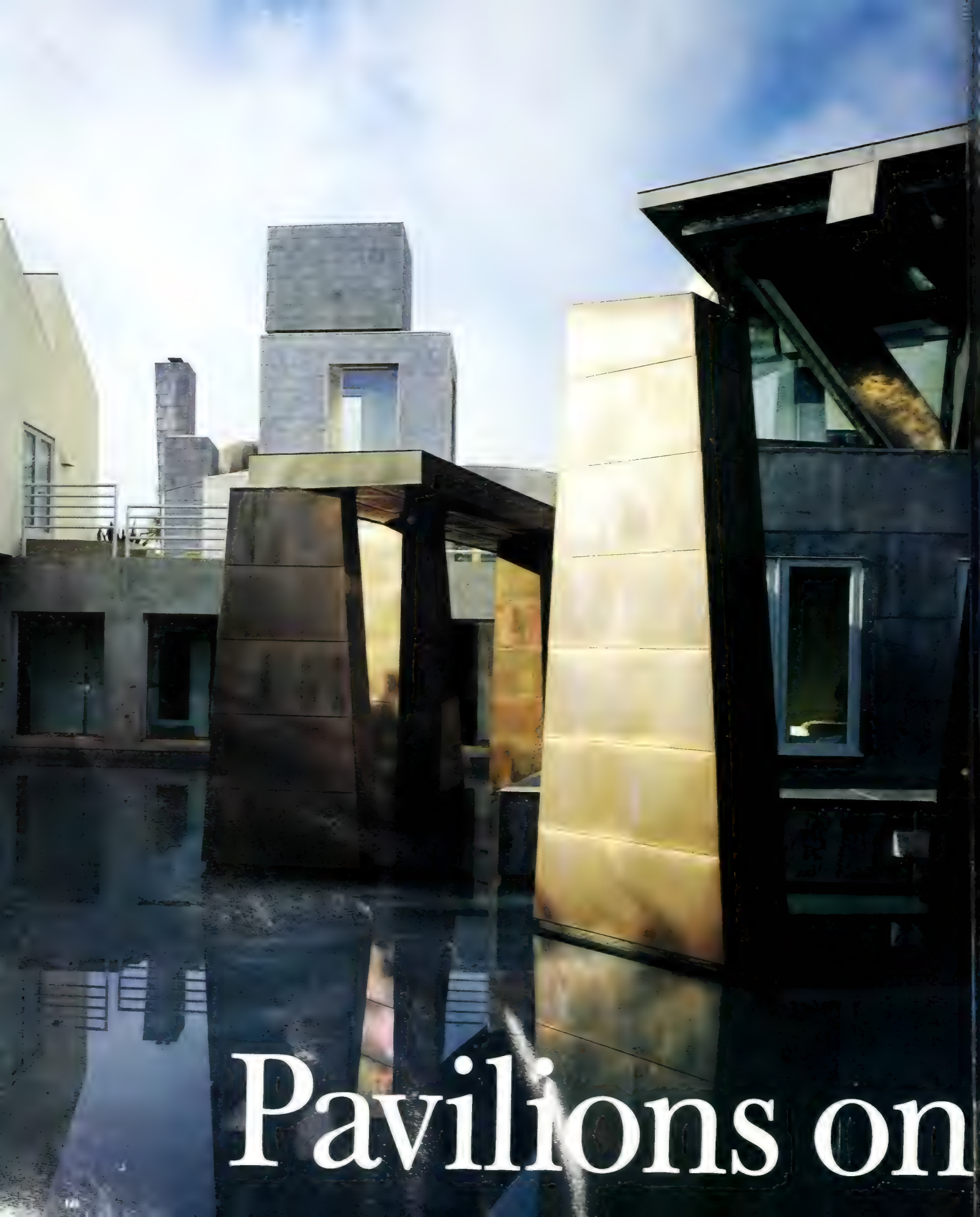
Editors: Carolyn Sollis and Anne Foxley

Slover painted and glazed the walls of one bedroom to resemble peach fuzz, *above*, and, with her fingers wrapped in cheesecloth, pounced and stried the freshly painted toilet walls of another, *opposite above*. The chintzes in the two bedrooms and in the child's room, *opposite left*, are from Rose Cumming, the bed linens from Wamsutta. *Opposite right:* A garden room off the 1780s wing offers views of the English style flower beds.

"I wanted it to be froufrouy," says Slover. But it's also solid







Pavilions on

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dence. *Opposite:*
aster bedroom
ilion on the hill-
e below is set in
eflecting pool.



the Edge

FRANK GEHRY CARVES OUT AN OTHERWORLDLY COMPOUND IN A FAMILIAR LOS ANGELES LANDSCAPE

By Pilar Viladas

Photographs by Timothy Hursley



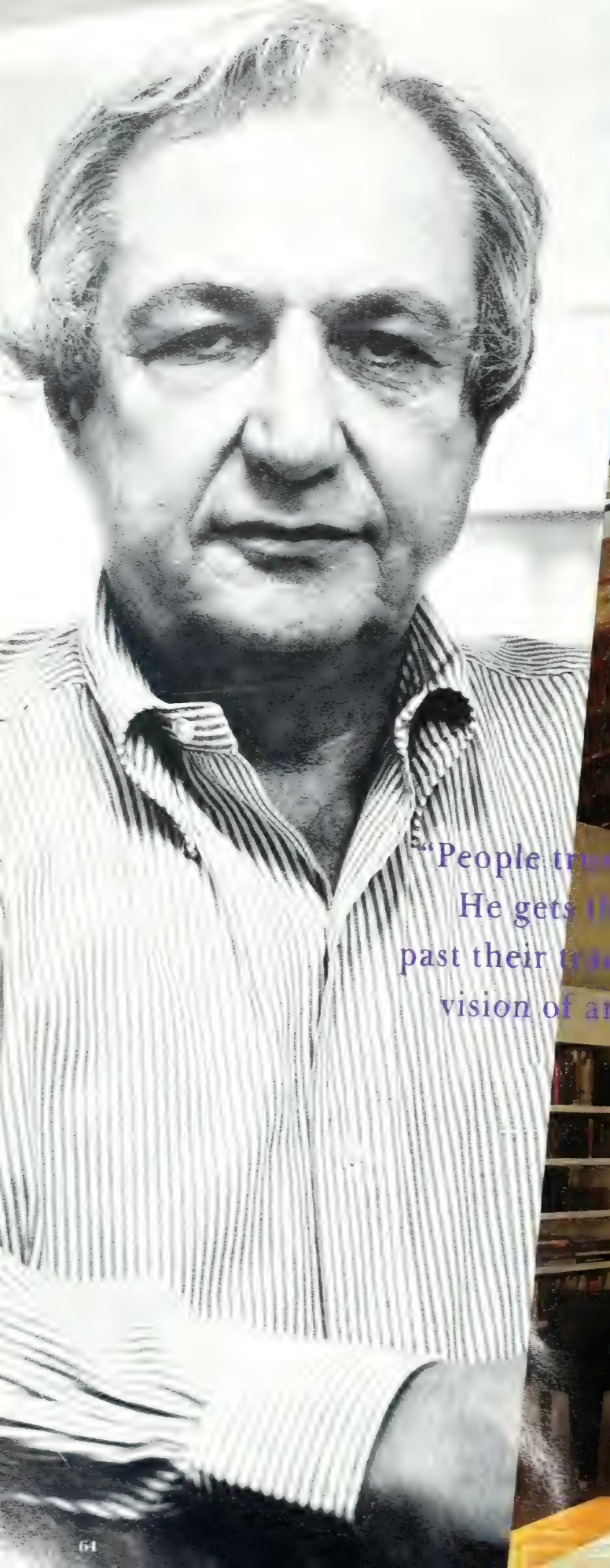
At the end of a winding street in Brentwood, Rockwell and Marna Schnabel's house stands out from its mock-Tudor, quasi-colonial, and rambling ranch-style neighbors—or rather, it stands back from them. Behind a white stucco wall with a massive copper gate, what looks like a mini-cityscape looms in the distance: a stucco box rotated slightly atop the garage; a copper dome flanked by a tall white chimney; the top of an iridescent gray metal tower.

Inside the copper gate, the rest of the "village" reveals itself. To the left of a stone walkway, a deep border of native plants and flowers stretches along one wall; to the right, exotic grasses grow in the shade of an olive grove. Just beyond the grove, the building with the copper dome (inspired by the Griffith Park Observatory) houses an office. At the end of the walk, the towering form, clad in lead-coated copper with a silvery blue gray sheen, contains living and dining areas; the boxy stucco building next to it holds a kitchen, family room, and two children's bedrooms. Across the backyard, a saw-





The entrance to the office pavilion is flanked by a pair of copper columns. *Opposite:* A long [illegible] border and an olive grove leads to the living/dining pavilion.



"People trust Frank.
He gets them to reach
past their traditional
vision of architecture"



A tower of windows and skylights tops the living/dining pavilion, whose exposed roof structure and humble materials are balanced by an elegant palette and accents like a copper fireplace hood and coat closet. *Opposite:* The portrait of Frank Gehry is by Alice Springs. Details see Resources.





The front door of the living/dining pavilion, *below left*, opens onto the living area, which is flanked by the sitting area, *far left*, and the dining area, *left*. Built-in cabinets serve as room dividers, as do level changes.

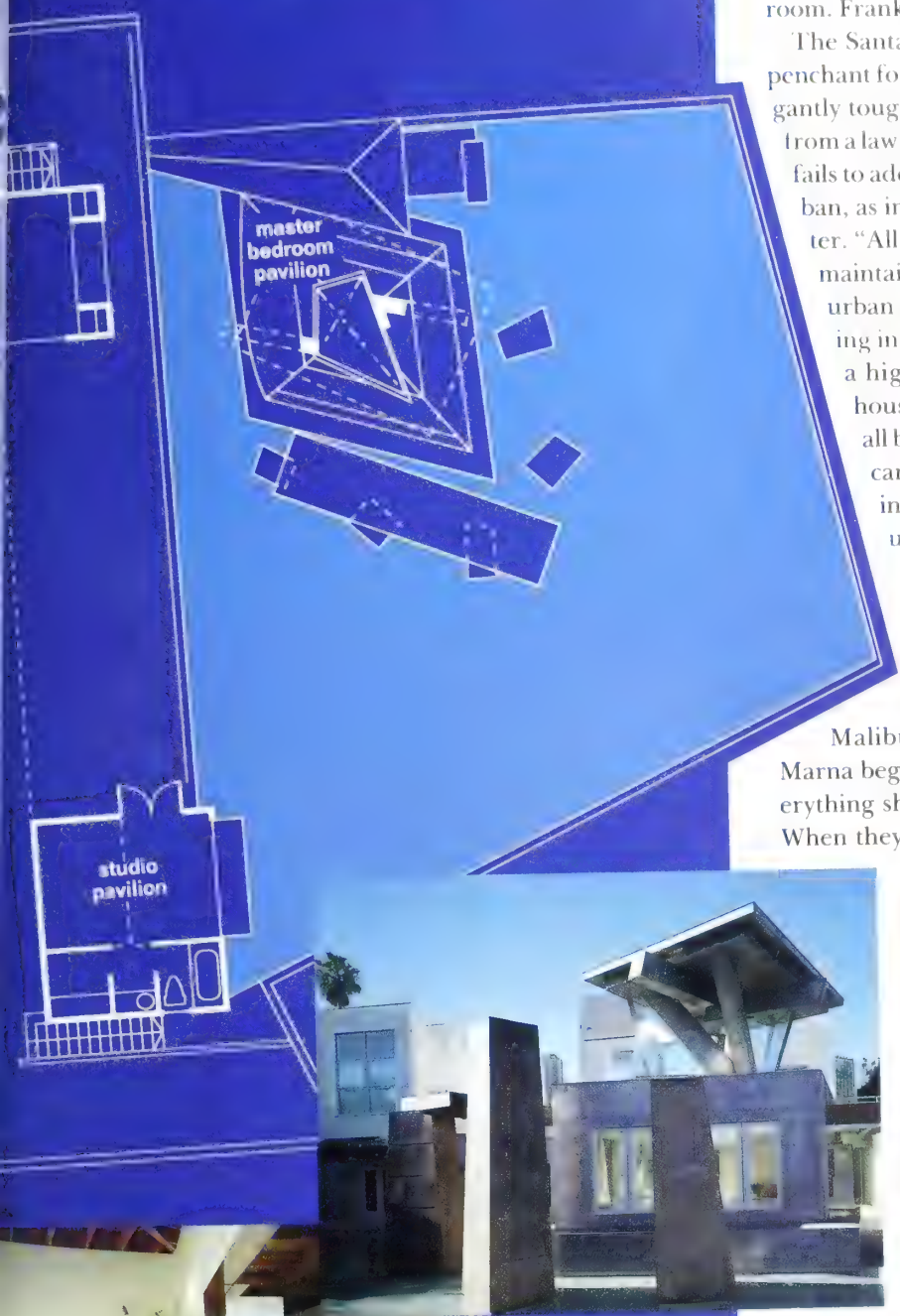


A grove of olive trees and a blue-tiled lap pool help to enclose the forms of the office pavilion, *right*, and the living/dining pavilion, *far right*. The living room's chimney projects from the side of the pavilion at a slight but arresting angle. Down the hill is the skylight tower of the master bedroom pavilion.





hat I wanted was a little city with a courtyard"





Copper columns surrounding the master bedroom pavilion, *above* and *left*, act as perspectival devices and lend a sense of protection. An exercise room and master bath are carved into the hill on the same level; the kitchen/family room pavilion is visible above.

tooth stucco building contains a studio. The yard looks down the hill to another structure in lead-coated copper, with a curved prowlike side and a massive beamed skylight tower, set in a shallow reflecting pool. Half barge, half tree house in appearance, the building accommodates the master bedroom. Frank Gehry strikes again.

The Santa Monica architect has indulged his well-known penchant for breaking up a single building into a series of elegantly tough, discrete sculptural pieces on projects ranging from a law school to a guesthouse. And in doing so, he never fails to address the context at hand, whether it is grittily urban, as in the former, or pristinely arcadian, as in the latter. "All my work has been a metaphor for cities," Gehry maintains. But in this case, the neighborhood's semisuburban selection of pseudohistorical styles offered nothing into which he could sink his contextual teeth. So, in a highly uncharacteristic move, Gehry turned the house inward, walling it off from its surroundings on all but one side (the sloping east side, with its view to a canyon beyond), creating an ensemble of "pavilions in a garden," in the architect's words, for a couple of unusual clients and their three children.

Rockwell Schnabel is currently undersecretary for travel and tourism; before that, he was ambassador to Finland under Ronald Reagan. When the Finnish post came through, the idea of commuting to and from their house in Malibu seemed too daunting to the Schnabels, and Marna began looking for something closer to town. But everything she saw seemed to her "too quaint, too overbuilt." When they found a vacant lot in Brentwood, she knew just whom to call. While her children were still in grade school, Marna had pursued a degree in architecture at the University of Southern California, after which she went to work for Gehry, whom she'd met through a mutual friend, the artist Charles Arnoldi. She was struck by an office model of a house that Gehry had designed but never built—a series of one-room buildings arranged like a small village. "What I wanted was a little city with a courtyard," she recalls.

The design was worked out while the Schnabels were in Finland; one of Gehry's meetings with them there profoundly affected the finished product. "We met by a lake, and it was so beautiful that we decided to capture that feeling," explains the architect. Consequently, Gehry moved an exercise room and the master bedroom down the hill from the rest of the house, setting the master bedroom pavilion in its reflecting pool, rather like a boat floating in that Finnish lake. This also gave the other pieces of the residential village more breathing space. Although Gehry was unable to separate all the buildings as completely as he and his client had hoped (only the garage, the office pavilion, and the studio pavilion are totally freestanding), he made sure that they seem barely to touch, con-

underlining the visual distinction among the various parts by

family room is the 'messy' one. The master bedroom is a private retreat, serene and filled with light. The living dining room is more formal than the other buildings, but it's an airy pavilion." Moreover, the balance between community and private space suits the Schnabels well—especially now that all three of their children have returned, temporarily, to the nest. "The house works for everyone," Marna says. "It isn't that big, but the fact that there are no common walls between the rooms means you don't need big spaces—you can have smaller ones that are completely private. Frank's idea of pulling apart the buildings creates buffer zones."

With its prowlike side and massive tower, the bedroom pavilion seems half barge, half tree house

As lean and powerful as these buildings are on the outside, they are light and comfortable on the inside. The living dining pavilion, for example, is punctuated with skylights and large windows, one of which frames a view of a palm tree in the distance. Gehry's preference for revealing structure and humble materials, evident in the exposed wood studs of the ceiling and the fir plywood of clean-lined cabinets, contrasts with more luxurious touches, such as a copper fireplace hood and coat closet in the living room. Nearly every part of the house offers views to other parts—a Gehry trademark—to

Given her architectural background, it seems fitting that Marna was responsible for much of the decoration of the house. She worked closely with Kevin Daly, one of the project architects, on the design of cabinets and built-in seating, and with decorators Susan Niven and Kathleen Hunt on materials and furnishings in warm tones of white, gold, and black that offset the understated furniture. "There were frequent

in. Frank was in there moving furniture around."

Of course, the outdoor spaces of this little village were just as important as the interiors. Santa Monica garden designer Nancy Goslee Power created a landscape that is as strong as the buildings it encloses. "I wanted to carry out Frank's de-

around here; an English border would have been absurd," she says. There is a border—the one along the front walk—but there's nothing English about it. Hardy, drought-resistant plants—

and gray. Moroccan gray grass grows under the olive trees in the grove as do



Set on a heavy plinth in its reflecting pool, the master bedroom pavilion resembles a barge. By night as well as day, the warmth of the interior offsets the muscular severity of the exterior. A corridor leads back to the exercise room or upstairs to the kitchen/family room pavilion.







Maine Attraction

Offstage, Stockard Channing is drawn to New England's rugged coast. By Vance Muse

Photographs by Michael Mundy

She has forgotten exactly who put it this way, but Stockard Channing agrees with the guest who described her house on the coast of Maine as looking as if it were built by a sophisticated Viking with a chain saw. This northland dwelling, situated on the wooded edge of a vast sea cove, manages to be both rough-hewn and refined. "It's a handmade house that follows both ecological and Palladian principles," says Channing. "It's wonderful to be here by yourself when it's just you and the outdoors. But it works well when there are lots of people around, too, and I think that's unusual."

The house has been essential to Channing's happy return to the East Coast from California. (So has her work on the New York stage—in her Tony-winning role in *Joe Egg* and in *The House of Blue Leaves* and *Love Letters*.) "The one thing I missed about California was the outdoors," says Channing, who was introduced to Maine by the artist Carl Palazzolo, a friend with whom she shares the house. He had spent most of his summers in Maine and, through friends there, had met John McLaughlin—the Viking with the chain saw—who designed this house for himself fifteen years ago. He invited Channing over, and setting foot inside, she knew she had found her spot.

Stockard Channing, *opposite*, with Nabby, who accompanies her on walks in the woods. *Left:* The rustic timber house, designed by John McLaughlin, was once an ashram.

McLaughlin had used the house as an ashram (the New Age dawned early in Maine), and he advised the new occupants on the "energy flows" throughout various rooms and on their harmonic proportions. He cites Rudolf Wittkower's *Architectural Principles in the Age of Humanism*, though his own architecture surely has as much to do with good intentions and good vibrations as it does with the canon of classical geometry. "I wanted an enormous interior in which an individual could be alone and not feel overwhelmed," says McLaughlin. The proportions are indeed cozy yet also generous; this house can accommodate as many people as some Gilded Age mansions in Bar Harbor. That suits



Birches, oaks, poplars, and pines lead to water's edge.

Her domestic ideal, according to Palazzolo, has always been to have "her own quiet room in a house full of people."

For Channing the house became a collaboration between friends. She and Palazzolo met in the 1960s, when she began acting while attending Radcliffe and he was a student at the School of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Says Channing: "Carl and I have created spaces before—lofts in Boston and in New York's Garment District—and we've developed a strong aesthetic together. We trust each other's decisions. In Maine we both knew what had to be done and essentially camped out until we got it right."

Though each brought pieces from other places, other lives—a linen-curtained bed from her last house in California, a green-painted pine worktable from his first New York studio—they have culled most of the furnishings locally, from flea markets, antiques shops, roadside vendors, and at auction. The collection leans toward American country and primitive, but perhaps eclectic most accurately describes this roundup of Stickley chairs, a Gothic revival headboard, bent-twig rocking chairs, a pair of pony-skin art deco club chairs, and an iron chandelier that drips candle wax onto a sleek dining table.

Her ideal has always been her own quiet room in a house full of people

For Palazzolo, the acquisitions are ongoing and experimental. "I was always dragging things home as a kid," he says, "surrounding myself with colors and shapes and textures." Channing would rather read, cook, sleep—anything but shop. "But I know I'll like what Carl finds," she says. Thinking again, she adds: "If not, it goes upstairs." She is referring to Palazzolo's bedroom, a repository of camp blankets, dozens of toy birchbark canoes, overlapping Navajo rugs, State-of-Maine souvenir bears, out-of-print books (consecutive editions of *Emily Post's Etiquette*, studies of North American Indian burial practices), and arts and crafts pottery. Surprisingly perhaps, there is virtually no art hanging in this or any other room. "There are windows instead," says Palazzolo, whose paintings often obliquely address the view of the water and the woods.

Channing's room is spare, simple, and monochromatic. "The only color is in the Paul Heroux vase," she says, pointing out a piece made by one of Maine's finest ceramists. On an early nineteenth century pine side table, a white arts and crafts vase holds a bunch of birch twigs. "Unlike Carl, I won't be adding to my room," she says. "It's done as far as I'm concerned. Changing things around would be a burden. The beauty of being here is that there's so little need to dress anything up."

Wide-plank decks nearly surrounding the house provide the best vantage point for the landscape work of Dennis Croteau, Channing's other collaborator. "With his knowledge of horticulture and visual sense, he reshaped the grounds," she says. Croteau, a painter and sculptor who died last year, manipulated the rolling rock-studded acres, thick with white birches, beach plums, lilies, and grasses, into a civilized—not manicured—landscape.

Together, the three friends realized Channing's ideal of a year-round country house. "What I was looking for," she says, "was a total retreat from the city. I didn't want Aspen or the Hamptons. I wanted something rural, not a resort." That is not to say remote: by plane and by car, the journey here can take less time than driving the length of Long Island on a Friday night. But even downeasters refer to this point of land as "real Maine." To get here, you rumble past an eighteenth-century graveyard, a lean-to garage studded with antlers, an 1855 meetinghouse, a mobile home or two. "It doesn't really require a great effort," Channing explains, "but you feel as if you've come a long way."

Channing goes about her days in Maine doing absolutely nothing, or everything, depending on your idea of activity: a major one is watching the ins and outs of the tide. Another is birding, with pileated woodpeckers all around, and goldfinches, scarlet tanagers, purple martins, blue herons. Much time is given to planning and fixing dinner (cookbooks along the shelf above the stove are stained with olive oil and scorched). "Time here is unfettered," Channing says. "It's for collecting yourself, conversation, reading—and thinking about what you've read—lighting a fire, and looking into it." The outdoors is of course an irresistible draw. "I'm not at all athletic, but I love the outdoors, the feeling of being eight years old, getting up early, yanking on a pair of shorts, and heading out." Days can seem long, and when night has fallen, dinner's done, and fires are stoked, people begin to drift off to bed. Sleep comes easy. Says Channing: "It's the most soporific of places." ▲ *Editor: Babs Simpson*







Stickley chairs are pulled up to a 19th-century tavern table near the living room wood stove, *above*. The vase is by Monty Smith, the bowls by another Maine ceramist, Paul Heroux. *Right:* An early 20th century wicker desk and reed backpack in a guest bedroom. The green Weller urn on the landing holds horn-handled cutlery. *Below:* A Heroux vase stands beyond linen bed curtains Channing brought from her last house in California. *Left:* Folk art light-house lamps of the 1920s flank arts and crafts pottery atop a grained country chest in Carl Palazzolo's bedroom.





When Palazzolo's collection of camp blankets outgrew the foot of his bed, he hung some on the wall and scattered others over furniture such as the mission-style chair. An old Pendleton chief's blanket covers the twig bed, and toy birchbark canoes hang above a twig tripod. Navajo rugs add to the mix of colors and patterns.





Understatement is the order of the day at the country retreat of tabletop entrepreneurs Pearl Wolfman and Charley Gold. By Linda Ellerbee

Photographs by Joshua Greene

Household Effects

ACROSS THE ROAD FROM ME IN THE more or less extinct village of Van Deusenville, Massachusetts, is a plain and fancy farmhouse where every weekend Peri Wolfman and Charley Gold, two plain and fancy friends of mine, ignorantly and quite blissfully live a lie.

Let me explain.

I come up here to relax. So do Peri and Charley—or so they say. But to me, relaxing is a weekend spent in a hammock watching the mountains grow, while Charley's idea of relaxing is to put in one herb garden, plant two apple trees, build three new shelves, construct four vine wreaths, and grill five fatted calves for six close friends. Peri? The woman has been known to mop for relaxation. Says Peri, "What is not fun in the city is fun here."

Peri Wolfman and Charley Gold, *below left*, unwind outside their Berkshire Hills barn. *Left:* The kitchen, with its open shelves, ample counters, and French baker's table, provides the perfect setting for Wolfman and Gold's still lifes of white china, ironstone pitchers, and miniature chairs. Details see Resources.

I tell you, it wears me out watching them have so much fun, but I have to admit their place shows their care. And their spirit. The house—a small two-story turn-of-the-century Victorian painted white—is special, very special, beginning with its pink door. "I got so tired of all those New England red doors," says Peri. "I wanted a silly color."

From the start, Peri and Charley have been different from my other neighbors. "We came up here because I decided I needed a fireplace," says Charley. "I had to have a fireplace." When they moved in, the house had already been rewired, replumbed, and in general made up-to-date, so there weren't a lot of changes left to take care of. Just the little things. Like the fact the house had no fireplace. Naturally, they added one, also adding the two windows that flank it. They then found the mantel in an antiques shop in the Hamptons on Long Island, which is a long way from the Berkshire Hills.

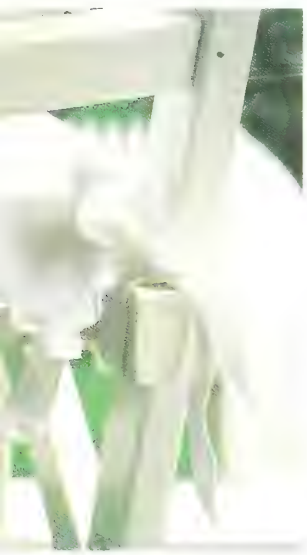
The fireplace, a pair of sofas, a table Charley built, and a



The furniture looks as if it had been born and raised right here. Annie Hall could wear this house

few lamps fill up the less than spacious living room. "Sure it's small," says Charley, "but so are we. We have two not-so-big sofas for two not-so-big people to curl up on and read. What more do you need?" Right, only I have yet to see either one of them do anything so lazy as curling up to read. It doesn't matter, though. Their not being on the sofa leaves room for me to curl up and read when I visit, which is often.

I love the vanilla light that fills the rooms, bouncing off shiny wood floors and natural linen-colored walls in a way that makes the simple seem sophisticated. There are no bright colors in this house, no important plants, no overwhelming piece of anything. Just comfortable furniture that looks as if it had been born and raised right here. Thrice-washed rag rugs in faded colors of blue, green, pale rose, and old white join pieces and bits of lace, cotton, denim, ticking—all as pillowcase-soft and appealing as the contents of your grandmother's linen closet. Upstairs the walls, the beds, the tables—everything—is covered with, well, if you didn't know better you'd swear it was your big brother's shirts. Blue and white checks, blue and white pinstripes, blue and white plaids predominate. The bedside lamps are topped with your big brother's handkerchiefs and tied with your Aunt Alice's best silk ribbon. Layers pile on top of layers on top of layers, all of it put together in the kind of artless way that is an art unto itself. And it works. Annie Hall could wear this house.



On a weathered porch chair, *above*, a scalloped linen seat cover ties in a crisp bow. *Top:* Gold's orderly collection of rakes lines the walls of the barn.

"We didn't want a major decorating statement here. The place just evolved, the same way we did," says Charley, who with Peri owns Wolfman-Gold & Good Company in New York, a tableware store that isn't just tableware. Charley, a food photographer, and Peri, a decorator, met, fell in love, moved in together, and, while unpacking, discovered that they both collected white hotel and restaurant china. From that came the store and from the store came their book, *The Perfect Setting*, a tableware book that isn't just tableware. Next came the farmhouse. "The house is, in a way, an experiment for the store," says Charley. "The things we buy in the country that don't work in our house end up in the store. Also the things that do work here end up in the store." "And," adds Peri in a way that makes sense to her if not to me, "the other way around and the other way around."

The white china that started it all is everywhere in their house. In the kitchen it's in plain view on open shelves—another good example of how Peri and I are different. "We took out the cabinets because closed cabinets make a room look smaller," says Peri, "and, besides, you tend to put pretty things away and never use them, but the main point is it's cleaner: when you have all your dishes out, you really have to wash them. Often." Now, I come from the wash-'em-when-you-use-'em-and-to-hell-with-in-between-times school of dishwashing, but, dammit, her kitchen, which is smaller than mine, does look bigger, not to mention cleaner.

Then there are all those little chairs. "Charley built a bench for the hall and we were trying to figure out what to put on it that would be different. We went to an antiques show and saw a small chair, smaller than a child's chair but too big for a dollhouse. It started our collection. Some of them are salesmen's samples from the late 1800s, some come from playhouses, and some were built just because someone loved to whittle. Now there are little chairs here and little chairs in our store." And, I might add, Charley's learned to repair and build his own little chairs.

From Charley's work as a photographer came the notion of a house composed of dozens of vignettes. "When you photograph food," he explains, "you're always missing the most important ingredient that whets the appetite—smell—and so the picture, to succeed, has to entice people visually. It has to be a little piece of art. A still life."

Somehow it all meshes—the photography, the store, the house, and, of course, the people. And Charley's right about the vignettes. No matter where you look in their house, your eye is never bored. I can't decide whether my favorite is the French marble-topped baker's table in the kitchen, with its glass and china thingamabobs holding goodies to eat or smell or just look at, or if it's the pine buffet in the dining room where stacked cake stands frame a miniature replica of the house itself, silly pink door and all. I guess I would have to say it's the front of the old red barn with its upstairs window curtained in white lace. White lace in a barn. How plain and fancy can you get? A perfect little still life from two friends whose lives, no matter what they tell you, are never ever still. ♠

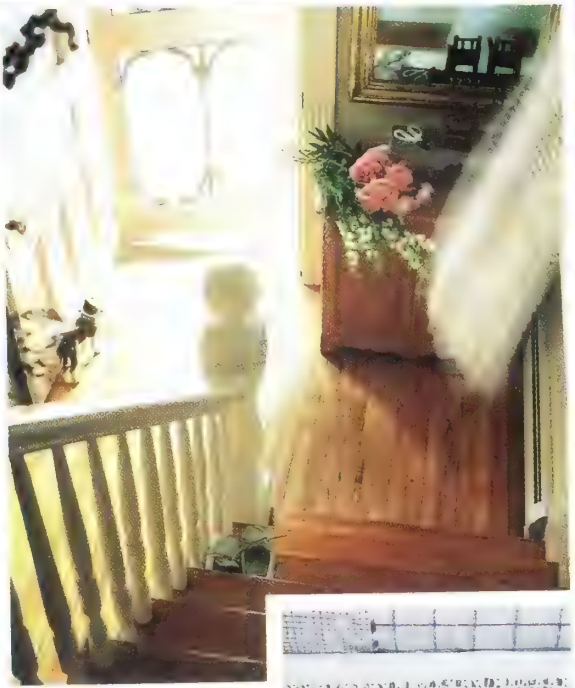
Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

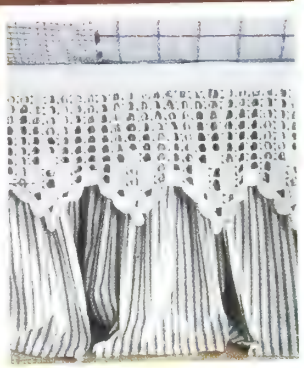














The calm and collected look. *Clockwise from top left:* A table by Gold centers the living room. An antique birdhouse perches on a sill in the barn. The façade of the turn-of-the-century house. The screened porch set for lunch with tableware from Wolfman-Gold & Good Company, NYC. Twig chairs cluster under trees in the backyard. Lampshades are topped with lace-edged napkins in the master bedroom. A trio of textures and patterns mingle on the side of the bed. A bulldog doorstop holds open the front door. Wolfman and Gold bought their vintage glider from a farmer down the road.







Jim Reynolds stands in the golden hop that climbs over his rustic summerhouse at Bumer-stead. Crimson *Clematis texensis* 'Rouge Cardinal' blooms against one column, and yellow *Fatsia japonica* gilds the edge of the croquet lawn.

The Chambered Garden

Jim Reynolds cultivates rooms of his own in the fertile Irish countryside. By Helen Dillon

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache



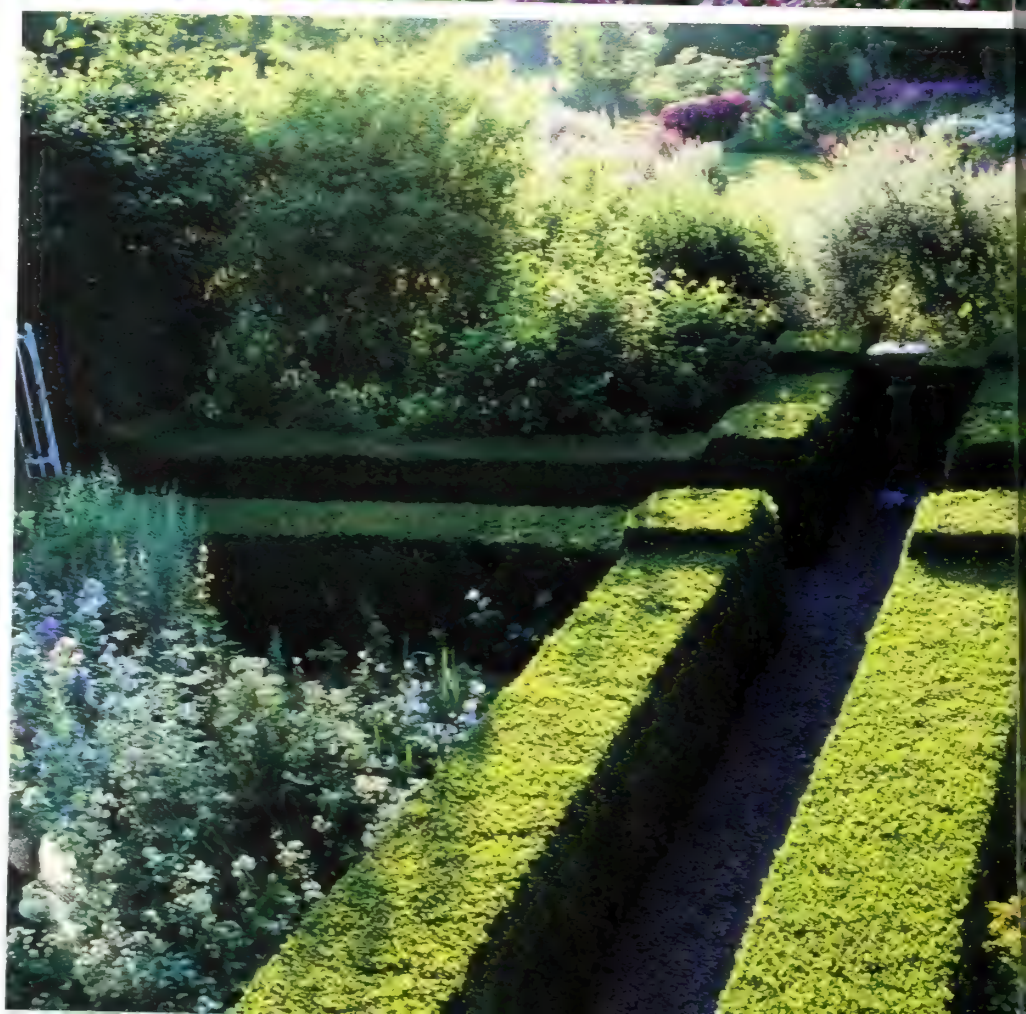


ON THE OUTSKIRTS of the historic town of Trim, as the road leaves the new houses and starts to meander through the rich farmland of County Meath, a small turning leads down a tree-lined drive. You could easily pass it by and miss a garden—made during the past twenty years by one man, Jim Reynolds—that may well be the most imaginative in Ireland. If in your dreams you have ever wandered through a garden created only to enchant its guests, Butterstream may remind you of it.

All is still concealed from view along the drive until you take a left turn through a wrought-iron gate into a green open-air antechamber. A narrow entrance through the high beech hedge sets the scene for the prologue to Jim Reynolds's divertissements: just visible beyond a curtain of rambling roses is a far pavilion (surely inhabited by a Mughal princess). The planting here is nearly, but not quite, wild: primulas, astilbes, ferns, and hostas—hostas clustered as never before, their ribbed and undulate leaves forming a wave of patterns. If a visit to the pavilion doesn't tempt you, then cross the Irish Gothic bridge on the right, but stop halfway over and look upstream to watch the light filtering down through the trees onto more primulas and bronzed young rodgersia leaves.

Had you turned right in the antechamber, you would have entered a little garden of hot colors: the yellow and



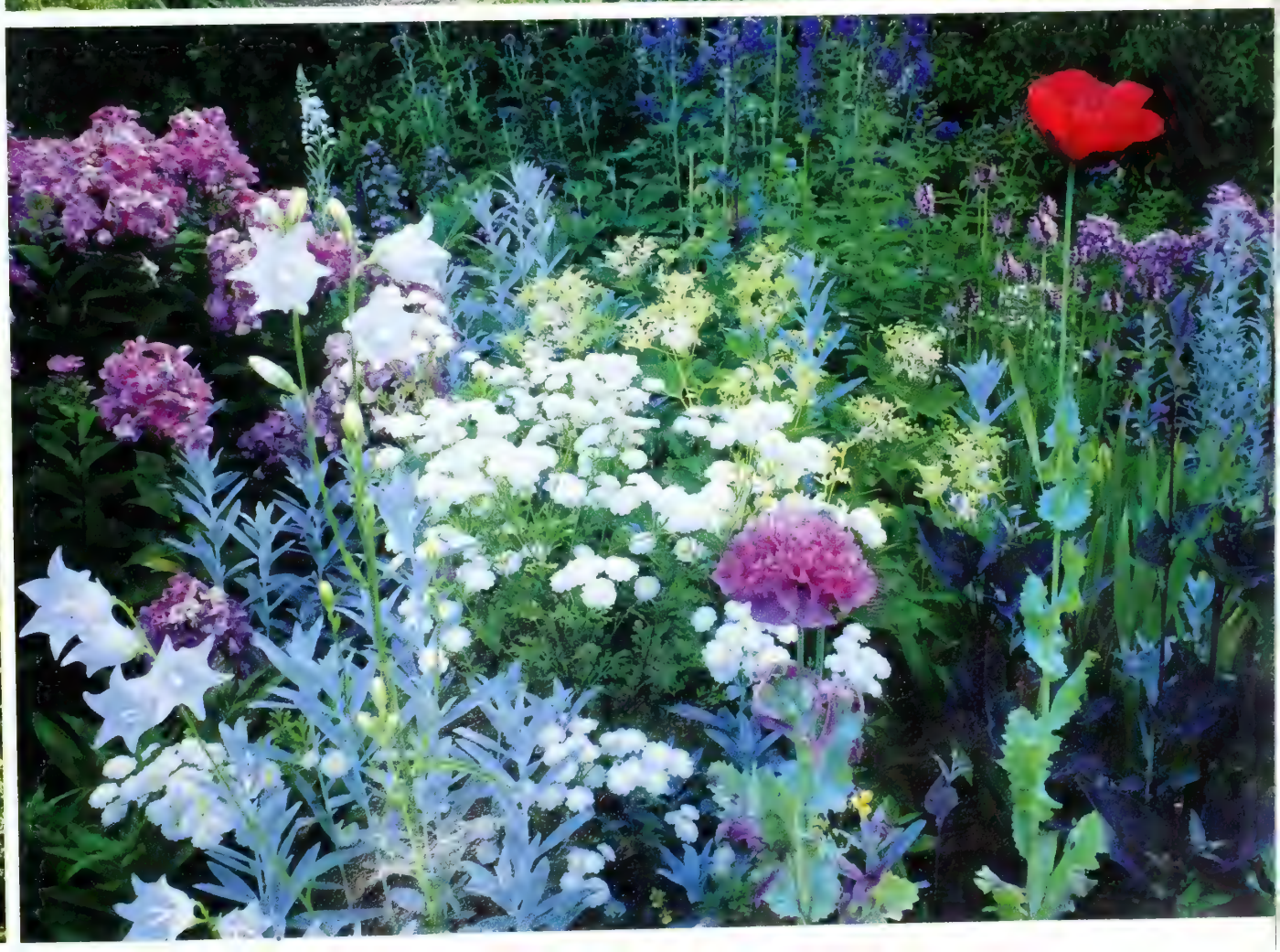


A green path winds among dense perennial beds, *above right*, on the way to the formal pool and Tuscan temple, *opposite above*. Potted box topiaries and standard bay trees in tubs are arranged on Liscannor stone paving. *Right:* Clipped box defines the geometry of the white garden. *Far right:* Silver artemesia, white *Campanula persicifolia*, and white-petaled feverfew are a pale foil to blue delphiniums, a scarlet single opium poppy and a pink double, and pink and white phlox. *Above:* Reynolds with bucket and boater.





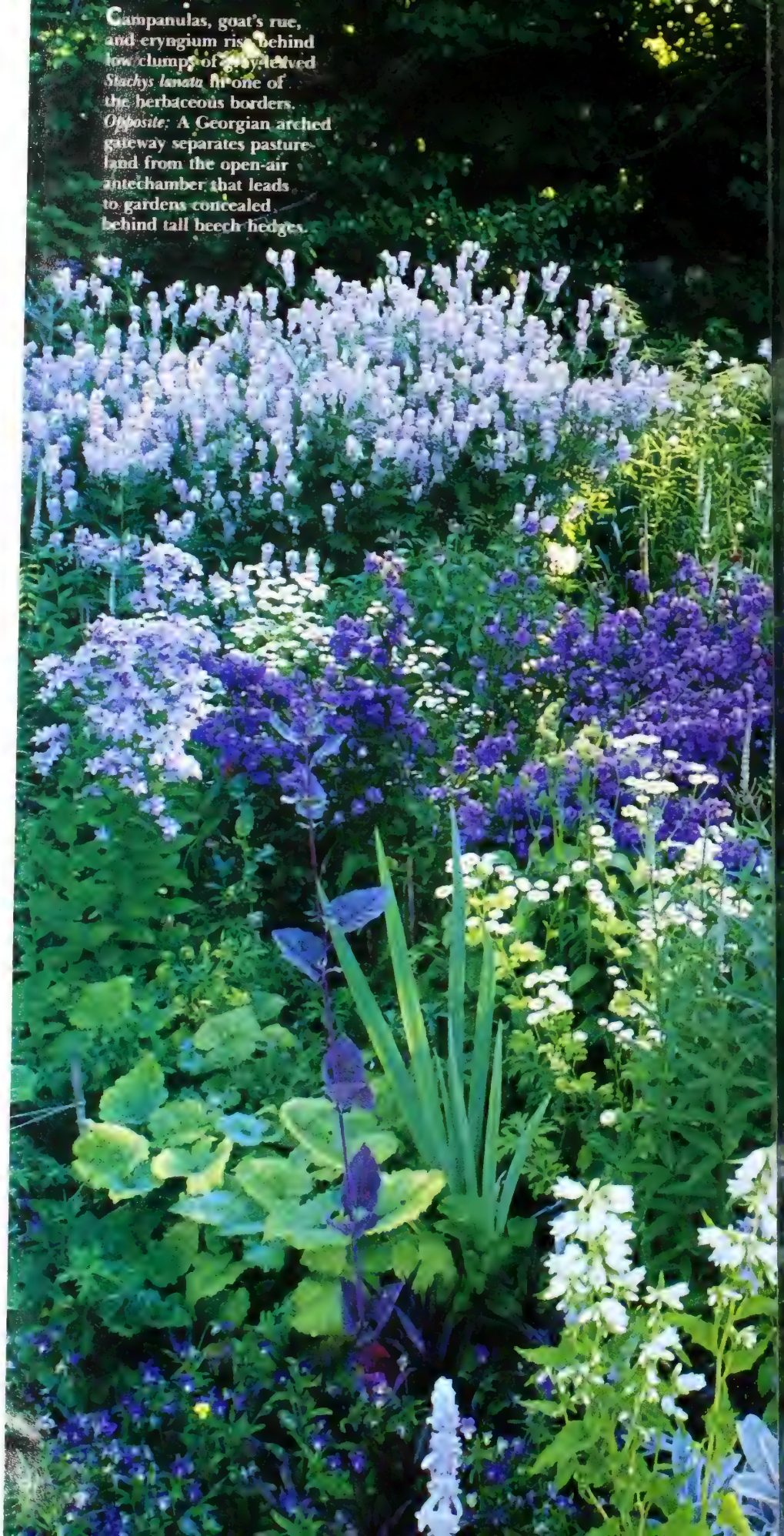




apricot of daylilies, the scarlet of lychnis and *Crocosmia* 'Lucifer', the purple foliage of *Ligularia dentata* 'Desdemona', the glowing orange of *Lilium* 'Enchantment'. All these warm hues assume greater brilliance against the plain green of the beech hedge where another narrow opening shows the way to the garden of old roses. Damask, gallica, Bourbon, and moss—here are roses allowed to grow in glorious profusion, their lanky stems contained and tidied by the strong neat green of clipped box. Even their colors seem old-fashioned: amaranth, burgundy, magenta, crimson, and the pink of sugared almonds. Whether it recalls a slain princess ('Souvenir de la Princesse de Lamballe') or the garden of an empress ('Souvenir de la Malmaison'), what memento is more evocative than a rose?

Almost as an interlude after this banquet of scent and color, Butterstream's next garden is all in white—white delphiniums, agapanthus, and tall campanulas. But this is a white garden with a difference, its monochrome palette subtly enhanced by the addition of pinkish green astrantias, silver onopordums, campanulas in palest blue, and the smart green and white stripes of ribbon grass. Again, high walls of beech and straight paths bordered in restraining box give formality to the design. On leaving the white garden, you encounter the peaceful tableau of an old water pump and an ancient stone drinking trough—there perhaps for visual refreshment before catching sight, way ahead, of the most splendid herbaceous borders.

Wide grassy paths sweep past drifts of interlinking color in the borders. There is no beginning or end, as one may wander around island beds in any direction or linger to admire the skillfully orchestrated ebb and flow of blue, white, yellow, mauve, and many a shade of pink. High notes of globe thistle, goat's rue, delphiniums in blue and pink, the handsome goatsbeard, and the plume poppy are repeated in bold groups, while further repetitions of purple salvia, tall *Campanula lactiflora* in lavender blue, and pastel phlox unite the scheme. The rich *(Text continued on page 136)*



Campanulas, goat's rue, and eryngium rise behind low clumps of gray-leaved *Stachys lanata* in one of the herbaceous borders. *Opposite:* A Georgian arched gateway separates pasture-land from the open-air antechamber that leads to gardens concealed behind tall beech hedges.



Over-night Success



Nan Kempner juggles hostessing duties with the greatest of ease



The duchess of Beaufort



The duchess's Chinese guest room at Badminton

Hosts with style tell why their weekend invitations are sought after by the most discerning guests

By Edmund White

Produced by Catherine Marron



The Kravises' Connecticut lodgings



Frank Gehry's minimalist offering



The enthusiastic weekender



Philip Johnson's country compound



The bunker at Johnson's



Southern comfort in an 18th-century Baton Rouge house





Thomas Jefferson's guests slept here



Gallic charm in the marquis de Genay's Louisiana château



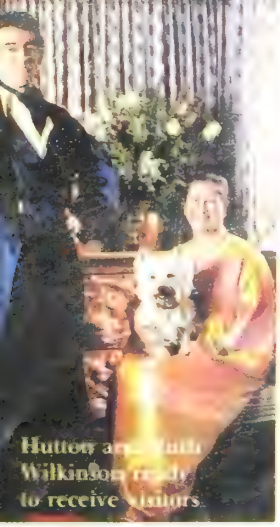
Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin



Hollywood Western at Joel Schumacher's



Queen Emma of Hawaii's summer palace in Honolulu



Hutton ar... Wilkinson ... to receive visitors.



The Wilkin... ...nted guest room



The Pierreponts' respite from fox hunting



Mick Jagger and the Queen Mother mingle at the duchess of Beaufort's



Gracie Mansion in NYC



Frederick the Great's Sanssouci

EVERYONE FROM LADY MACBETH TO COUNT DRACULA HAS had ideas about how to entertain a weekend guest, but the rules of hospitality must bend to suit the occasion, the place, the personality. The duchess of Beaufort, for instance, presides over the great English country house of Badminton (where ladies perfected the game of the same name in the last century), and she's able to put up her guests, who range from Mick Jagger to the Queen Mother, in a ravishing guest room in the chinoiserie style. "It was decorated by the fourth duchess in 1750 or so," the present duchess remarks, "and though the late duke sold off the original bed to the Victoria and Albert Museum, we have an exact copy of it."

The duchess spends the weekdays quietly, but on Friday the house starts filling up, depending on how many people her four children invite down from London. "We usually have eighteen at table for dinner, never more than twenty. If we happen to have thirteen, I've a cunning little table that fits over the big one, so that one guest is technically at his own table and the unlucky number is avoided. For the first half of the meal everyone speaks to the person on his left, then we all shift to the right, though naturally no signal is given."

(I am reminded of the Angela Thirkell novel *Pomfret Towers* in which the host exclaims, when the traffic of conversation becomes tangled, "Here, that's all wrong. Half of you are speaking to the wrong people.")

"After dinner," the duchess tells, "the butler asks the guests when they'll be wanting breakfast and at what time it should be carried up to their rooms. I used to put whiskey beside the bed, but one guest flew into a rage and asked did I think he was such an alcoholic, so now I just have a carafe of water put out. Of course books are provided—a mixture of art books and light reading—as well as biscuits."

I asked her ladyship, "What's your idea of a nightmare guest?"

"Someone who looks at me full of hope and expectation when I come down in the morning."

"It seems you have guests of all sorts," I said brightly.

"All *ages*," she clarified.

"How should guests tip?"

"Oh, they give me ten pounds in an envelope—or twenty if they're a couple—and I divide it amongst the dailies."

"And do people bring you gifts?"

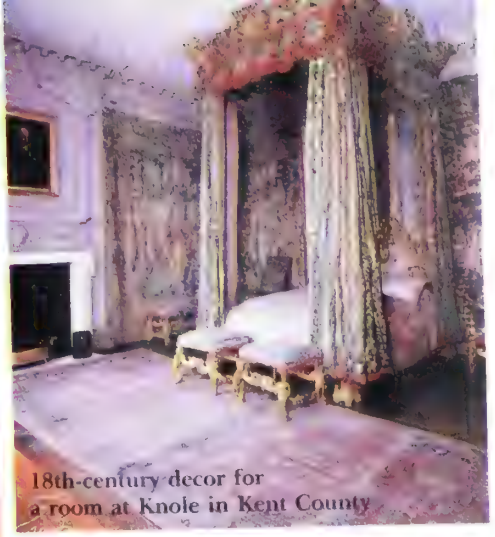
"Yes, isn't that the strangest new custom? People now are always bringing me books or chocolates, but I must say when I go visiting, I never take a thing, do you?"

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT'S LEAST FAVORITE TYPE OF GUEST? "SOMEONE WHO LOOKS AT ME FULL OF HOPE AND EXPECTATION IN THE MORNING"

Although Nancy Pierrepont is an American, she has entertained two British ambassadors and she and her husband, Jackie, have perfected an international standard of hospitality. The Pierreponts are generally conceded to be nonpareil in the comfort they afford their guests on a working farm in Far Hills, New Jersey. Friends arrive around teatime on Friday, and Nancy invites neighbors over for dinner on Fri-



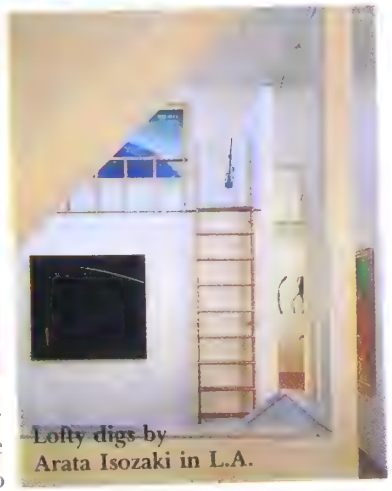
r the
jet-setter
Kempner's



18th-century decor for
a room at Knole in Kent County



Frederick the Great,
host extraordinaire,
without a care



Lofty digs by
Arata Isozaki in L.A.

day and Saturday. "We often have our children around, which is wonderful, so then we have people of all ages," she says. "We used to put the young men up in an outbuilding that had been the creamery, but now it's my husband's painting studio. Young men are always so messy."

In the autumn those guests keen on fox hunting are up and out by six in the morning "in full pursuit of the uneatable," as Oscar Wilde said, for two or three hours; in winter the hunt starts at noon. For less energetic visitors, there's no greater pleasure than remaining in the comfortable guest rooms. "The main guest room has three views of rolling fields and orchards," Jackie Pierrepont explains. "It has a crackling fire and its own thermostat and a chaise longue beside the fire with wool throws on it. There are lots of coffee table books and English magazines and a pair of dime store reading glasses on a ribbon in case you've forgotten your own.

"Just outside the guest room windows are masses of boxwood. Then in the spring there's the smell of apple blossoms and mown grass. Of course," he laughs, "there's also cow manure, which smells rather like Harris Tweed, wouldn't you say? And the late sleeper might resent all the rural racket—the barking terriers and the piercing cries of the guinea hens, which sound like a nail on a slate."

Entertaining in town is a different proposition. Whereas guests usually come to a country house for the weekend, in the city they might stay a week or longer—and a host's duties vary according to which town we're talking about. In New York, jet-setter Nan Kempner loves to indulge her guests, who are always close friends, but she recognizes that the city itself is so full of distractions she may not manage to see them often. "My guests have complete freedom. I tell them what I'm doing and they can join me or not. I usually give them a luncheon. I've never lost a guest yet. They all come back."

On her guest room checklist are such items as a bedside clock, pads and pencils, luxurious sheets, pretty blanket covers, a down quilt, and an electric blanket as well as a medicine cabinet full of aspirin, toothbrushes, and new soaps. A phone intercom is linked to the kitchen. And since Nan is one of the best-dressed women in the world, her women guests can be certain that her maid will press and repair their clothes with professional care.

Guests may want to be independent in New York, but in Los Angeles they're often bewildered and clinging—especially Europeans, who are not oriented to automobile culture and have a hard time finding their way around the sprawling city. Interior designer Hutton Wilkinson explains, "We have lots of guests from Italy, and for them southern California is another style of life altogether. I want to turn myself over to them completely. I thrive on social life, as does my wife. I take guests to museums or galleries, or we go off on shopping sprees or attend swim parties. We have a big dining room and in the evening can entertain up to twenty-four at three different tables or fourteen at one table. Or we can have an intimate supper in front of the fire in the library."

EMILY POST SAYS HOSTS SHOULD SPEND A DAY IN THE GUEST ROOM

The tenting in the guest bedroom conceals its original decor. "This house was built in 1936 by my father and grandfather, who were architects. It was what you might call tycoon Georgian, with a Queen Anne front and a Mary Jane behind, and this room was very thirties moderne, complete with a flying-saucer chandelier. Perfect if that's the look you're after, but we weren't. We covered it over with some of the six hundred yards of fabric I'd bought *(Text continued on page 137)*

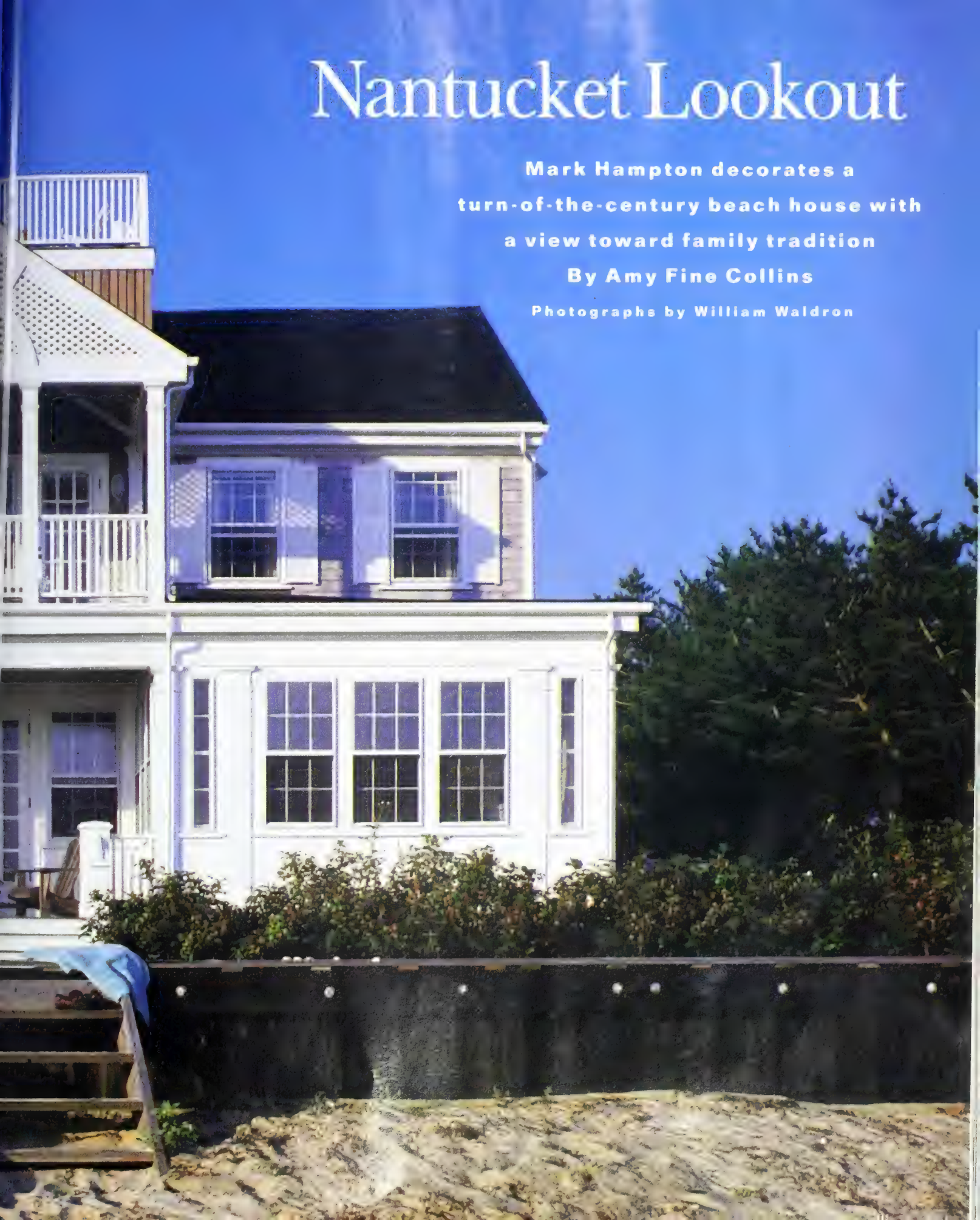


Nantucket Lookout

Mark Hampton decorates a turn-of-the-century beach house with a view toward family tradition

By Amy Fine Collins

Photographs by William Waldron





Opening onto the beachside veranda, th living room, *above*, i awash in sandy color Cotton from Hinson & Co. covers the sofa the slipper chairs are in ikat chintz from Cowtan & Tout. The curtains are Stroheim & Romann union cloth. Nantucket weaver Margareta Grandin Nettles made the rag rug. *Left:* Tucked behind a second-story portico, the study is more conducive to reverie than work. Details see Resources.



TO THE WAMPANOAG INDIANS, NANTUCKET MEANT "FAR-away land." Today, although no longer so geographically remote, the fabled crescent-shaped island still seems psychologically distant from the workaday world. Even the dour Quaker settlers of Melville's "elbow of sand" understood that Nantucket was a haven—they chose it as a refuge from the Puritan mainlanders.

A rambling beach house decorated by Mark Hampton for a lifelong summer resident and his family alludes to the Nantucket of history while embracing the most sybaritic of modern amenities. Miniature framed watercolors of famous Nantucket buildings—the 1686 Jethro Coffin house, the Great Point lighthouse—are propped against rows of the Harvard Classics on the bookshelves, yet on the expansive wind-sheltered sunbathing deck a hot tub beckons, enshrined in its own four-square white pavilion. A folksy carved wood fish from a French carousel hangs gape-mouthed over the dining room's austere wood and brick fireplace, but the kitchen gleams with the latest high-tech equipment. The house itself, originally a "pokey" structure, according to one old Nantucketer, dates to the turn of the century—the island's early resort days—but has been renovated and expanded by Baltimore architects Grieves Associates, in conjunction with the Nantucket firm Design Associates, to make it more substantial.

Even with the additions, the dozen-room dwelling merges harmoniously with its surroundings and seems, despite its grand scale, Yankee modest. The front entrance is tucked unassumingly behind a profusion of decks, old-fashioned verandas, and shuttered windows. "I guess you'd say the house is bedecked," quips Juliet Perkins, the botanist who designed the landscaping, right down to the dunes covered with beach grass and the plantings on the deck. The house's weathered cedar shingles are such a common Nantucket sight that the island has been called the Little Gray Lady—a poetic designation that probably also takes into account the frequent fog. And the crisp columned portico jutting from the second floor recalls the Greek revival architecture of Nantucket's prosper-

ys, as does the rooftop widow's walk. "The
American phenomenon," says Hampton.
informal meandering beach house isn't found
e." The only formal aspect of the building, ironi-
the back elevation—the private shore-hugging sec-
visible only to passing boaters. "It's like the garden façade
a plantation house," suggests Hampton.

Indoors one never loses a sense of the watery outdoors. The remodeling and decorating were planned around showcasing the infinite ocean view—"all beach without background," to quote Melville on Nantucket again. Not only is the sea visible from almost every window, but the palette and mood of each room carefully reflect the briny surroundings. The wood that lines the floors and walls is bleached a soothing sand white. And although its pale starchy tones seem inevitable, almost found, Hampton reveals that all of these surfaces have been pickled, rubbed, and overpainted in as many shades of white as possible in order to achieve the desired sun-washed effect. Even the knotty horizontal planks of the wainscoting echo the serene scrubby terrain. And the big comfortable sofas and armchairs in the spacious living room are upholstered in unobtrusive white-on-white cottons and linens to provide a neutral foreground for the sweeping ocean vistas.

When color appears, it is as subtle as the shadings inside a seashell. Faded stripes in serene pale blues and pinks on two armchairs vary the monotone of the upholstery, while the soft hues of a sprawling rag rug, locally crafted by Margareta Grandin Nettles, introduce tint and texture underfoot. "That rug is completely washable," raves Hampton. "If it bleeds, so much the better." This is a summer place for an athletic family that doesn't want to fuss over maintenance. With three college-age sons in residence, Hampton says the rooms are intended to be trailed with sand and anointed with "root beer and corn chips."

It is difficult to decide whether some parts of the house belong to its interior or exterior. Adding to the inside-out effect, the gardens bloom in the same range of pastel blues, pinks, peaches, and whites found in Hampton's fabrics. One inviting area—part porch, part sunroom—off the front hall is almost entirely furnished with wicker, cushioned in a down-filled floral chintz. Hampton enhanced the outdoorsy feeling of the space by hanging porch shades stained the same green as the vegetation just outside the windows and by laying down a sisal carpet that seems *(Text continued on page 136)*



In an inviting corner off the veranda, *right,* floral chintz cushions furniture from Walters Wicker. The sisal carpet is from Stark. *Opposite above left:* A pine-topped table and stained Windsor chairs anchor the dining room where a 19th-century French carved carousel fish hangs above the fireplace designed by Hampton. The topiaries are by Geo. P. Davis of Weeds, Nantucket. *Opposite above right:* The new second-story portico, designed by Grieves Associates, recalls the island's Greek revival architecture. *Opposite below:* Hampton cloaked the master bedroom in watery blues. Chair and love seat fabrics are from Hinson and Cowtan & Tout. Curtains are Lee Jofa union cloth.

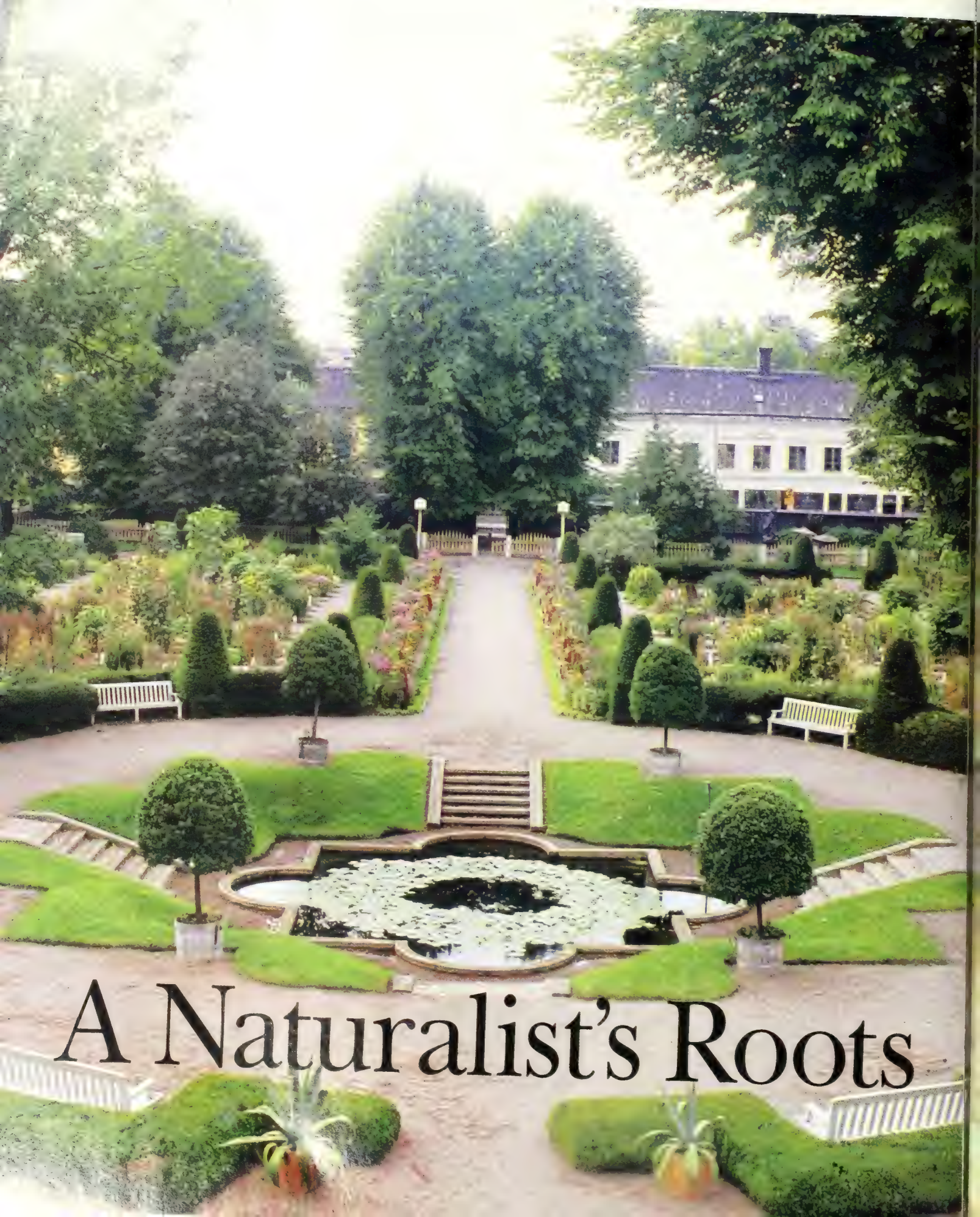






The house merges with its briny surroundings
and seems, despite its grand scale, Yankee modest





A Naturalist's Roots



Separated into symmetrical parterres of perennials and annuals, Linnaeus's miniature baroque garden, opposite, planted at the University of Uppsala near Stockholm in 1741, has been brought back to full bloom. *Below:* A painting of a long-tailed monkey hangs against pages from a book of flora that Linnaeus pasted to the walls of his bedroom.

An eighteenth-century Swedish house and gardens preserve the habitat of botanist Carolus Linnaeus. By Christopher Petkanas

Photographs by Thibault Jeanson



SELF-ADMIRING, ORACULAR, AND OFTEN A FOOLISH snob, Carolus Linnaeus was also the greatest naturalist of his day. A humble pastor's son who was made a knight in his native Sweden, Linnaeus is still celebrated as the father of modern botany. His system of binary nomenclature, published in 1753, efficiently assigned two Latin names—one indicating the genus and one the species—to every plant he knew. Today when we speak of *Pinus sylvestris* (Scots pine) or *Cocos nucifera* (coconut palm), it is Carolus Linnaeus we are quoting.

Linnaeus created two gardens in his lifetime, and both survive handsomely. In 1741 he was appointed professor of medicine and botany at the University of Uppsala, forty miles north of Stockholm, and inherited a wretchedly decayed botanical garden a few paces from his handsome in-town house. Collaborating with architect Carl Hårleman, the director of public works and buildings in Sweden, Linnaeus tore out Olof Rudbeck the elder's design of nearly a century earlier and replaced it with a miniature baroque fantasy. Consisting of symmetrical parterres separated into 44 beds of eleven flowers each, Linnaeus's gardens give way to lake, river, and marsh pools, and, beyond these, spring and autumn flower beds. Plants arrived in Uppsala from colleagues and students all over the world—bergenia and dwarf peonies from Siberia, marigolds from France and Africa, and sugar maples and Virginia bird cherries from America. In a few years there were 3,000 species and Linnaeus's fame had seeded in most

Faded botanical prints, family portraits, and a painting of a bottle-nosed whale line the walls of Linnaeus's study, *right*, at Hammarby, his country retreat now preserved as a museum. Original [illegible] stand along one wall of the room in the 18th-century addition. *Above*, a [illegible] roof crowns a free-standing building adjacent to the main house at Hammarby.

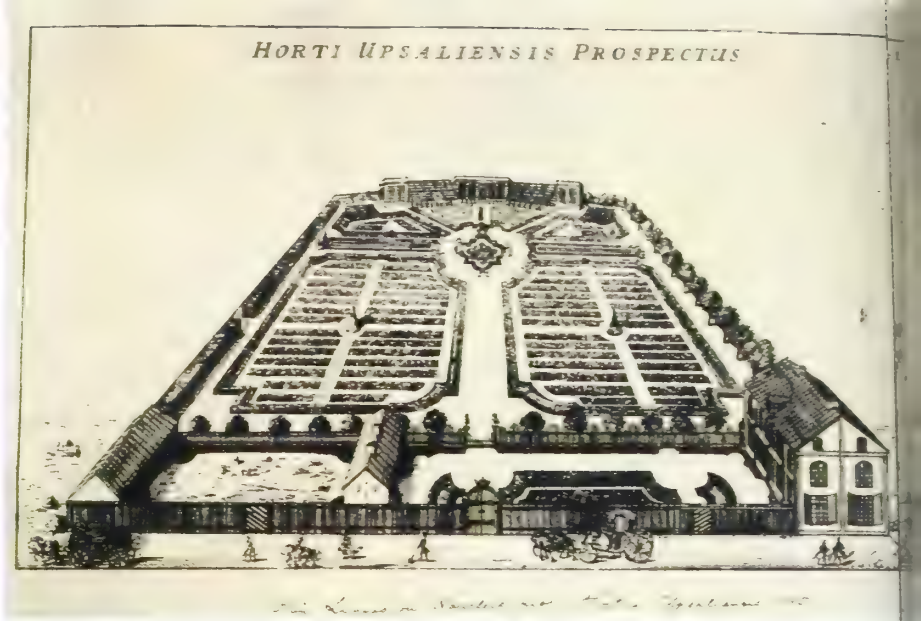


Opposed to frivolity bu



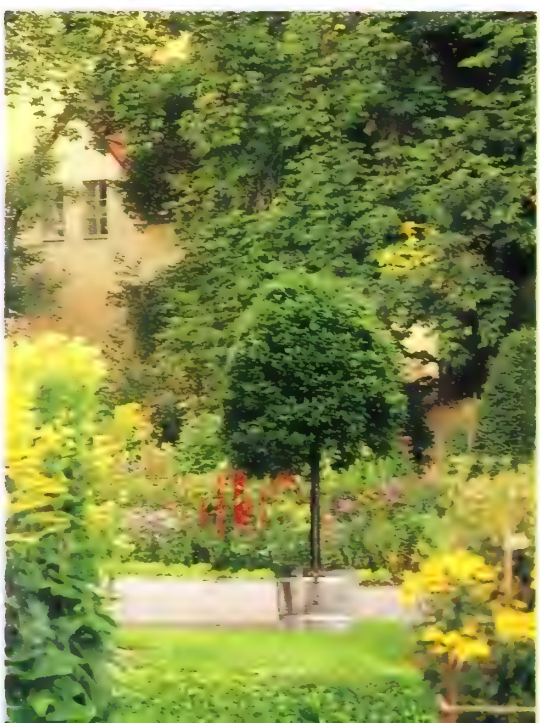
.een to impress, Linnaeus built Hammarby to seal his status as a nobleman




HORTI UPSALIENSIS PROSPECTUS








Asarum
europæum
Europa. Asien.
XI.
Asarum
europæum L.
Europa. Asien.
XI.



corners of the globe. The naturalist who once had trouble scaring up money to have his shoes soled was being showered with gifts from Louis XV and Catherine II.

In 1762, to seal his status as a nobleman, Linnaeus built a country retreat for his family outside Uppsala. Now preserved as a museum, Hammarby, as the modest estate is called, consists of a central dwelling and two flanking freestanding wings. Together they form three sides of a peaceful open triangle. Domestic life at Hammarby, however, was never exactly sunny. Linnaeus and his wife, Sara, a famously antagonistic duo, occupied separate two-room suites—a bedroom and study on the top floor for him and a bedroom and small drawing room below for her. Designed to ensure privacy, their living quarters were positioned away from the heavily trafficked rooms they shared with a son and with four daughters whose interest in just how high they could pile their hair and how minuscule they could make their waists supported their father's darkest beliefs about the vanity and mindlessness of human beings. (Linnaeus himself expressed his disdain for artifice by dressing in nightshirts and claiming he smoked his pipe not for pleasure but to relieve sore teeth.) The family convened perforce in the dining room, furnished according to Swedish custom with a number of small tables placed against the windows. Depending on how many people were to dine, one or all of the tables were laid end to end at mealtimes in the center of the room.

"Linnaeus was always in and out of the house with mud on his boots from the garden, nagging his wife for more of this and more of that," relates Ewa Wallner, director of the Uppsala Linnaeus Museum. "He also always invited twenty for dinner, and while the conversation was usually in French or Latin, Sara, poor woman, only spoke Swedish."

Hammarby provided Linnaeus not only with a scrubbed lair but a pastoral vitrine in which to display evidence of his newly minted nobility and wealth. Once you know how opposed he was to frivolity and how keen he was to impress, everything in the house seems painstakingly chosen and charged with importance. Luxury is suggested by a gilded pier glass, a still-functioning longcase clock by the Swedish clockmaker Peter Ernst, and a large

(Text continued on page 134)

In a guest room at Hammarby, *above*, a pair of Chinese still lifes flank a Swedish neoclassical bed painted to blend with the twinflower-patterned wallpaper. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* A 1737 portrait of Linnaeus; a 1745 design for the garden at the University of Uppsala; Hammarby enclosed by elms and other greenery; terra-cotta pots and a marker inscribed with Linnaeus's plant records; a corner of the garden at Uppsala with a view of Linnaeus's in-town residence; a watercolor of a raccoon against a wall of botanical etchings in Linnaeus's Hammarby study.



Linnaeus sheltered his collections of books, pressed plants, insects, shells, and stones in an unheated building behind the main house at Hammarby. His herbarium cupboard, wooden rostrum, and benches for his students still furnish the single-room structure.









Yankee Hospitality

A Connecticut house decorated by Peter Shelton and Lee Mindel suits family life—with room to spare. By Amy Fine Collins

Photographs by William Waldron



In the dining room of the neofederal Connecticut house, "predictable" English chairs are unpredictably slipcovered in a Brunschwig chintz. The curtain fabric is from Fonthill. *Left:* A clapboard classic rests in the shade. *Far left:* Scenes from a charmed summer include horses and bicycles. Details see Resources.

This is the kind of gracious, accommodating household where strangers feel instantly at home



Furniture reiterates the living room's architectural details: the sofas' humpbacks echo a ceiling arch, while the tones and proportions of double doors recur in a neo-Gothic cabinet. The coffee tables are fashioned from British bagatelle sets. The wallpaper is from Clarence House, and the armchairs are in a Bennison fabric. *Opposite:* A majestic staircase, viewed from the back entrance, frames the front hall.





HARVARD PHILOSOPHER STANLEY CAVELL HAS A THEORY that in 1930s and '40s screwball comedies, such as *Bringing Up Baby* and *Adam's Rib*, Connecticut is a magical Shakespearean "green world" where "perspective and renewal are to be achieved." This mythic, cinematic "Connecktícut" (as it is called in *The Lady Eve*) to which New Yorkers escape is no less a fairyland, according to Cavell, than the sprite-filled forest of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Though you won't stumble over Katharine Hepburn chasing her leopard through the bushes, in every other way the sprawling Norfolk house of an investment banker, his wife, and their five children turns old Hollywood's pastoral dreams into a vivacious reality. Nestled behind a tall white picket fence, the 1928 clapboard structure, painted Puritan white and ornamented with bas-reliefs of urns, revives and aggrandizes indigenous Connecticut architecture. Architect Lee Mindel, who with his partner, Peter Shelton, designed the interiors for the couple, says, "It fulfills the American fantasy of a country house."

While the house's vernacular neofederalist style is strictly conventional for its time and place, it contains its share of eccentricities. For one thing, at some point the front and back doors were reversed, making for a modest view as you walk into the main entrance and a much grander prospect when you arrive through the back. "One owner's sister lived closer to what was formerly the back," says the present owner. "Maybe they wanted to be able to holler at each other from the front door." The man who built the house was in the hotel construction business, and evidently habit took over: among the unusual amenities for a private residence are an elevator, a fire extinguisher behind glass, a telephone chamber, and a



The original restaurant-scale gas stove serves as sculpture and catchall countertop in the kitchen, *top*. A tufted Voltaire chair, a French country banquette f[illegible]n Pierre Deux Antiques, NYC, and Hitchcock chairs add rustic [illegible]he room. *Above:* One of ten upstairs bedrooms that acc[illegible]mily and friends. *Opposite:* A fireplace with a bas-r[illegible]el, Portuguese needlepoint rug, and a bright comforter w[illegible]up another bedroom.

basement boiler room that looks powerful enough to fuel an ocean liner. "It's what I love most about the house," admits the husband, who claims he consented to buy it sight unseen on the basis of his wife's description of the mighty nexus of tanks, pipes, and dials.

Some of the family's livelier activities take place underground. Not far from the boiler room a schoolyard-scale playroom spreads out, and at the other end of the cellar separate storerooms are designated for skis, saddles, and wine—all evidence of a heartily enjoyed life. With these expansive subterranean areas and ten upstairs bedrooms—some small and irregular as tree houses—the house easily absorbs the large family, the children's ubiquitous friends, the staff, and sundry houseguests.

This is the kind of gracious, accommodating household where strangers feel instantly welcome—as soon as you pull into the driveway, the jovial paterfamilias is inviting you to dinner and his wife is imploring you to spend the night. If these hospitable offers are politely declined, they insist at least on packing you a slice of fresh-baked apple pie, whose aromatic vapors have been sweetening the air all afternoon. Materfamilias oversees her visitors, brood (ages four to nine),



and help in an enviably relaxed yet vigilant manner. "I chose this as the master bedroom for its strategic location," she confides, stationed at the threshold of the room where she can survey the entire second floor as well as the full sweep of the majestic staircase.

Given the family's boisterously casual lifestyle, the wife's requirements from Shelton, Mindel & Associates, who had already renovated the couple's Park Avenue apartment, were eminently practical. She asked that the house be "filth-proof" and appear worn even while new. Designers and client collaborated so smoothly "it was scary," she recalls. "I think Lee and I were going through the same mid-life crisis—we were thinking identically. I'd pick a fabric from photos and he'd already have the sample waiting for me." For Mindel and associate Helen Elkner, the job was a "pleasure." The previous owners had already suffered through the "nasty work," restoring the house right down to its fine woodwork, and their tastes were sympathetic—the downstairs powder room came papered in the same stripe used in the Manhattan apartment. With the "agit removed," Mindel determined that their job was to create a "fantasy version of what the house originally wanted to be—to look back at the twenties from today's perspective."

> "It fulfills the American fantasy of a country house," says Mindel

A fitting agenda, considering that the original architect was gazing at colonial New England from an early twentieth century capitalist's point of view. Shelton and Mindel's design imperative was to respect the building's structural framework. They proudly point out that though the windows made the living room seating troublesome, the arrangement now looks inevitable. The furniture reiterates architectural details in subtle, crucial ways. Two enormous sofas whose humpbacks echo the flattened arch separating living room from library bracket the long room. The mellow tones and stately proportions of a cherrywood neo-Gothic cabinet, purchased in the husband's native England, recur in paneled doors opening from the adjacent hall. Floral needlepoint [illegible] upholstery, and throw pillows in cool muted sha[illegible] unify the immense space, while flashes of wit cr[illegible] classical terracotta head crowning the Gothic c[illegible] and a pair of coffee tables fashioned from British

(continued on page 134)

A Connoisseur's Art



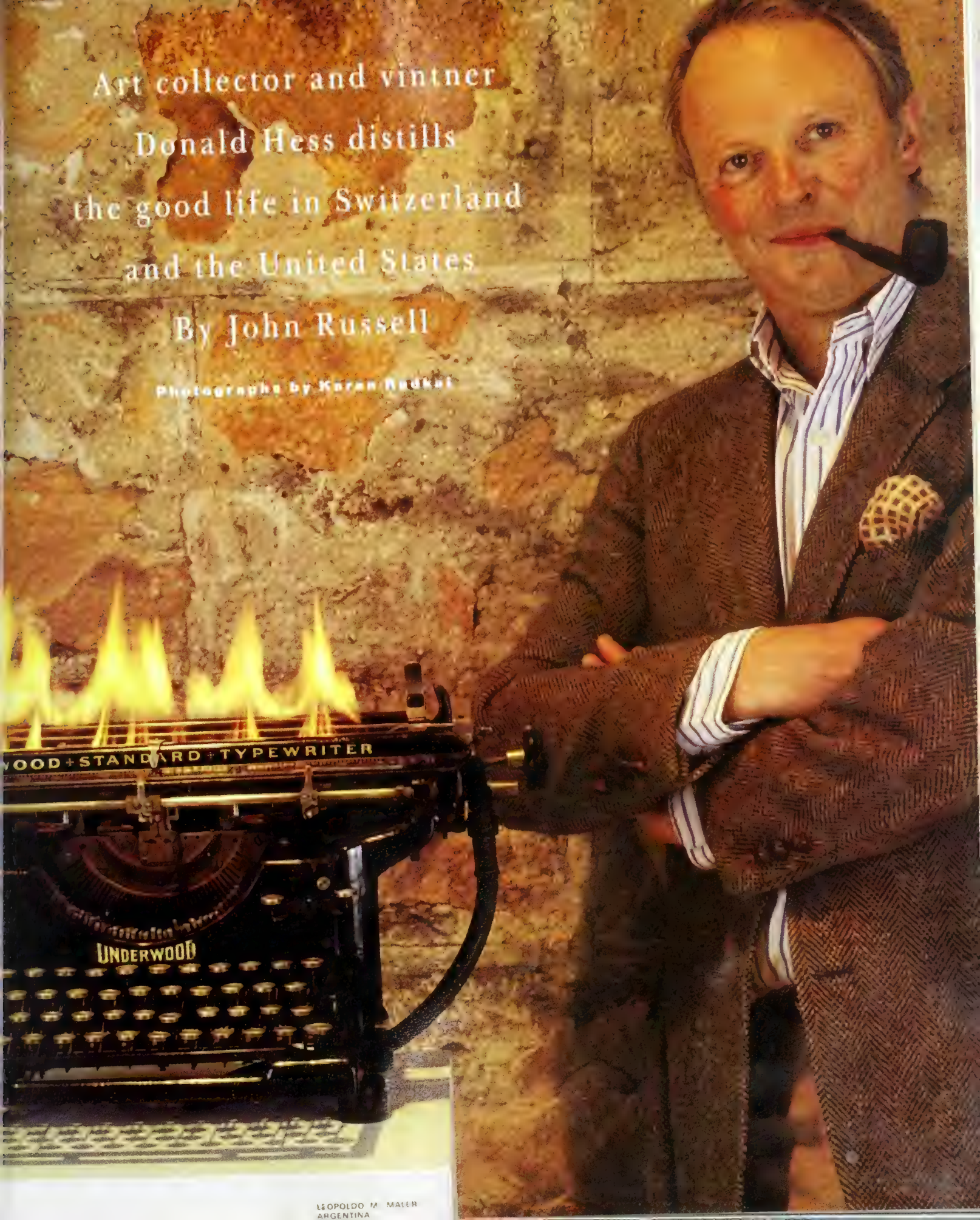


Donald Hess, *right,* with *Hommage,* 1974, by Leopoldo M. Maler at the Hess Collection Winery in the Napa Valley. *Above: Face I* by Magdalena Abakanowicz.

Art collector and vintner Donald Hess distills the good life in Switzerland and the United States

By John Russell

Photographs by Koran Redkal

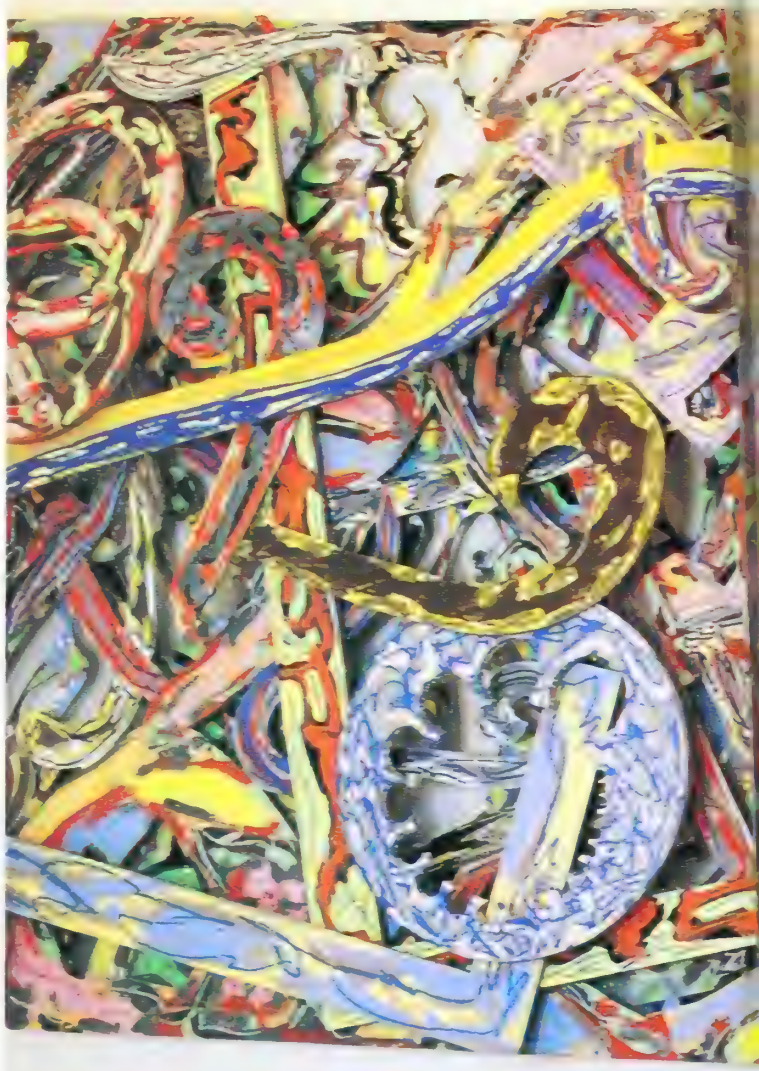


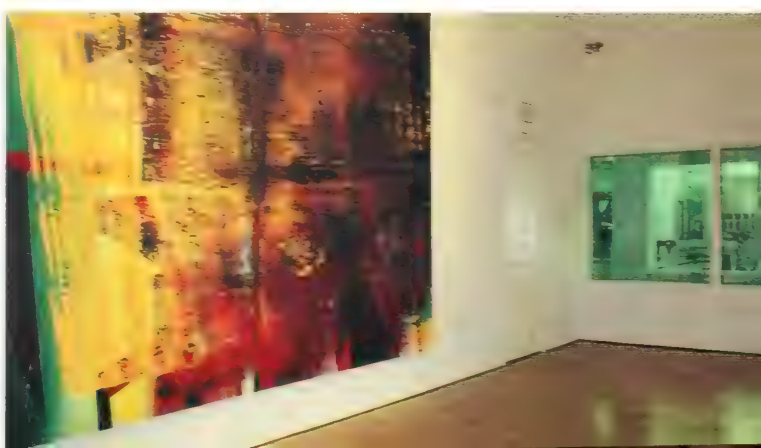
LEOPOLDO M. MALER
ARGENTINA

A [illegible] untainside above the town [illegible] nia. The person respon- [illegible] Swiss [illegible] art, and multipurposed [illegible] r named Donald Hess [illegible] e in Switzerland. Hess had [illegible] to complain about. He had, [illegible] ll has, a beautiful wife and a [illegible] and majestic house outside Bern, a collection that brought him untold satisfaction, and [illegible] sses to keep him happily occupied [illegible] which has a 24 percent share of the Swiss market. (He found the spring him- [illegible] fore deciding to buy.) Big in real estate, he owns [illegible] and a holiday resort—the Blue Lake in the Bernese Alps with a trout hatchery—and operates anoth- [illegible] sort, on an island in a lake near Biel with a cattle farm.

[illegible] trouble, in 1978, as a new entrant in the Napa wine trade. His art collection looked very well in the Bernese countryside. At 42, he had proved himself several times over. But as a maker of wine, he had opted out at age 21 when he decided to sell a little vineyard above the Lake of Geneva that he had inherit- [illegible] It produced undrinkable wine and was getting worse by the minute.) That he had opted out irked him. His was a family that had always welcomed challenge. Had his father not [illegible] cattle gold for rugs for an English importer, and ended up running a small private army that put terror into every bandit for miles around? Had he not himself, when barely of age, owned and run hotels in Tangier and in Casablanca? Was he to settle down at 42 and turn into a sedate old Bernese gentleman?

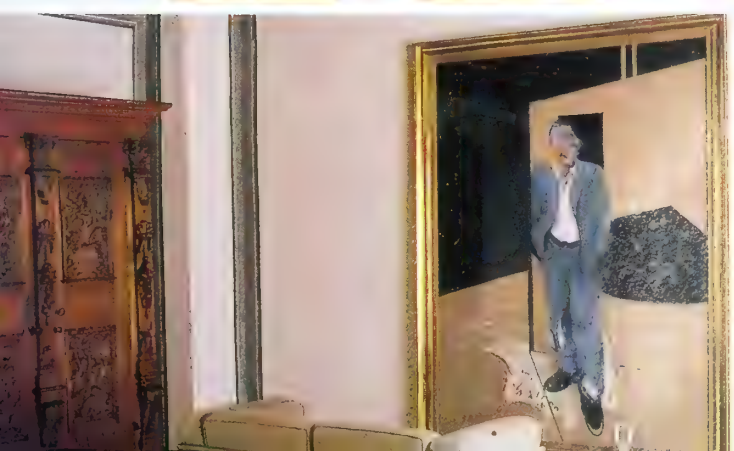
"Never!" he said to himself, and he set off to learn all that he could about California wine. Meticulous preparation, a keen eye for seasoned help, and some hefty injections of capi- [illegible] reportedly $26 million) got the show on the road. Unlike many of his counterparts in the theater, he didn't open too early. From 1983 onwards there was no doubt that his were not "nice" wines, but wines with a big future: the Hess Collection (a name he decided on after checking its effect on retail outlets). So now there is the Hess Collection which in no time at all has established itself as the brand name of two premium wines, a cabernet sauvignon and a chardonnay. And there is the Hess Collection of contemporary American and European art which is now on public view, free to all, in the working headquarters of its [illegible] [illegible] paintings





At home outside Bern, Joanna Hess [illegible] passes Francis Stella's 1978 [illegible] Against the [illegible] of the stairs is a 1982 Stella, [illegible] *II*. Both works have recently been moved to the gallery at the Hess collection in California. *Right:* Visitors to the winery can turn from Gerhard Richter's *S.D.I.* to a window facing the bottling room. [illegible] *right:* Before leaving Switzerland for the United States, Francis Bacon's painting *Man Taking* hung near a carved Bernese armoire. *Far right:* Donald and Joanna Hess in the vineyard.

Was Hess to settle down
and turn into a sedate
Swiss gentleman? "Never!"





The art and the wine live together on equal terms, but in perfect independence

sculptures that would be welcome in any major museum in the United States.

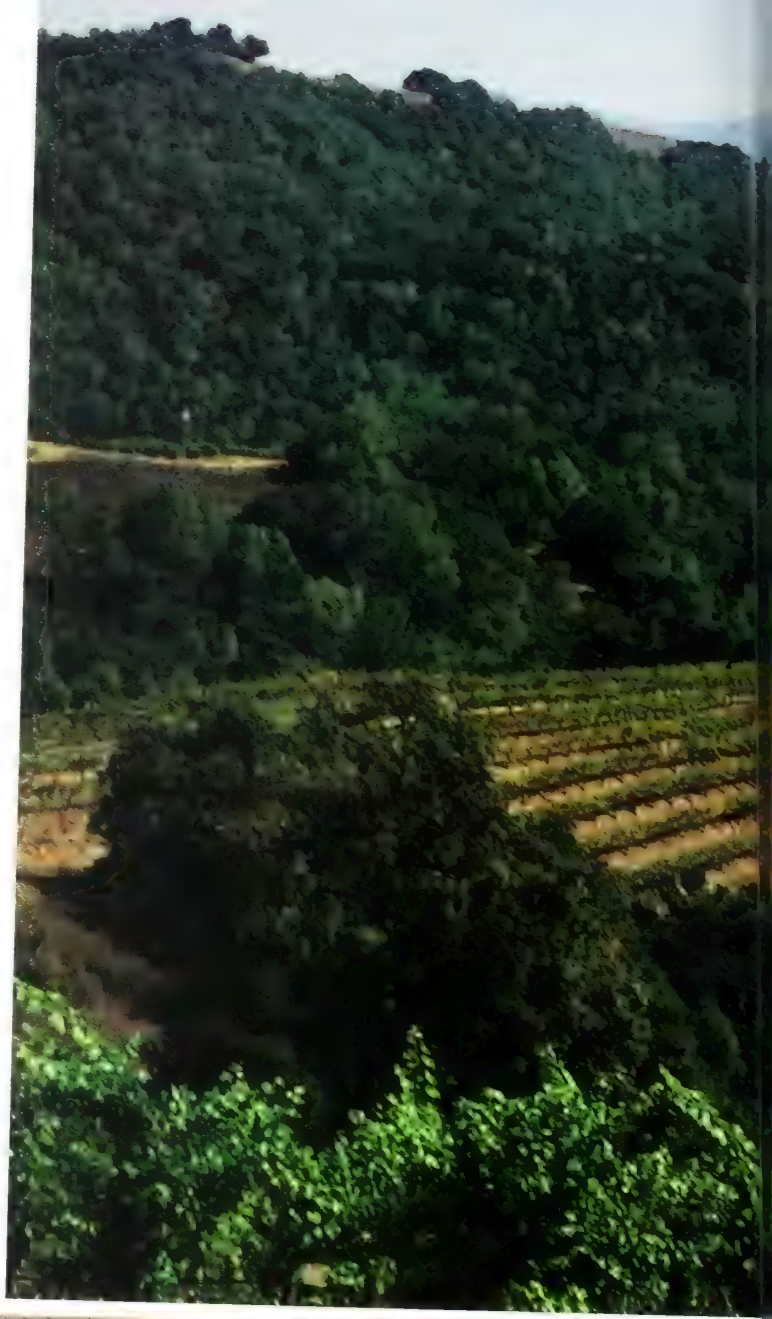
Between them, the wines and the art make for an outing that strikes a new note in the evermore-visited Napa country. They occupy a fieldstone building with a great feudal-style front door, not far from the top of a winding road up the side of Mount Veeder. Beyond, uplands that rival Tuscany are everywhere patterned with vines. Outwardly, the squat stone headquarters is much as it was when it was inaugurated in 1903 by an earlier vintner, Colonel Theodore Gier from Oakland. Inwardly, high-tech methods have been used to integrate the art with the wine. They live together on equal terms, but in perfect independence. Neither is the worse for the other's nearness.

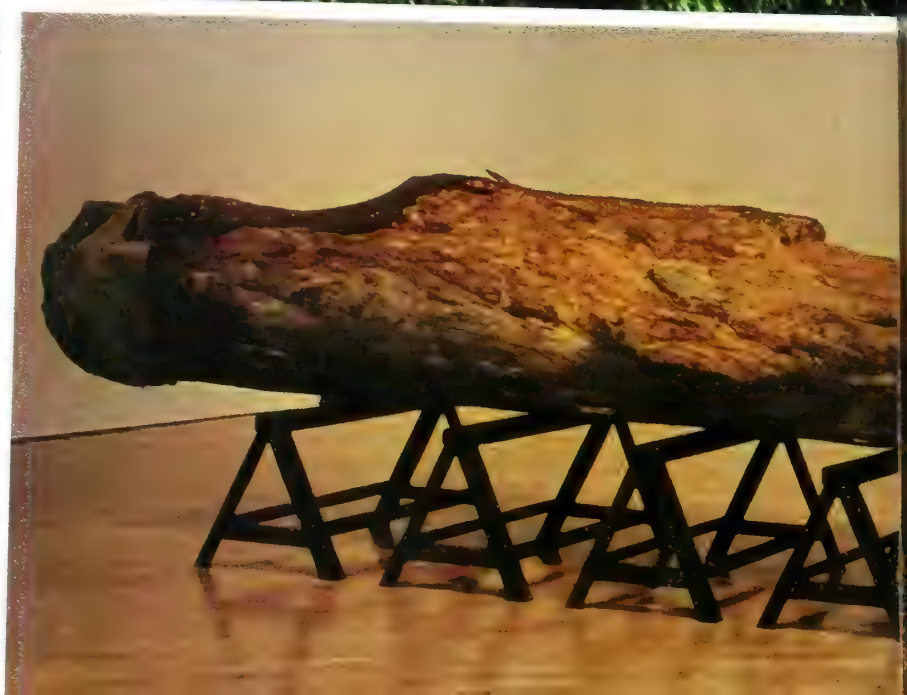
In ways that could not be more neatly devised, art people get to peek at the open-top fermentors in which a hydraulic device mixes the grape skins with the juice to yield softer tannins. They also get to see the big wooden barrels from Nuits-Saint-Georges in Burgundy in which the wine ages for from 18 to 22 months, and they peer through a window into the room where wine is bottled. Concurrently, wine people are stopped dead in their tracks by an enormous sculpture of a bandaged spear by the Polish artist Magdalena Abakanowicz. And they ponder the imperious inner necessity that caused Frank Stella to move from painting the ordered and concentric squares of *Sacramento Moposol No. 5* in 1978 to the labyrinthine frenzies of *Silverstone II* in 1982.

At the very outset, one of Morris Louis's "Unfurled" paintings wreaks its habitual seduction. At the end of a long vista is one of Francis Bacon's more companionable standing figures. Per Kirkeby—a Danish painter, sculptor, poet, geologist, and moviemaker—turns up in several of his roles. There is Henri Michaux, the Belgian-born poet and traveler who was a pioneer of informal abstraction, and Bruce Robbins, a New York painter and sculptor who takes ladders and planks and makes us see them as vessels of magic.

All these, and others besides, are set out and well lit in spaces that are calm, lucid, and uncluttered. Equality reigns. No one has star billing. But in a referendum the artist who might come first in general esteem is an Argentinean, Leopoldo M. Maler. His contribution to the show is a veteran Underwood manual typewriter that by the white magic of art is made to spout flame from the top of its movable carriage. Few visitors can

(Text continued on page 134)





The vineyard, *above right,* is part of a 900-acre domain on the slopes of Mount Veeder where grapes have been cultivated since the mid 19th century. *Right:* One of the galleries inside the 1903 winery houses Abakanowicz's 27-foot-long *From the Cycle "War Games"—Laava.*





Coming Home

For Bruce and Andrea Dern, a Malibu cottage offers a welcome respite from life in Hollywood

By Buffy Birrittella **Photographs by Chris Mead**





The antique farmhouse chairs and rocker in the "teahouse" were found at the Los Angeles shop of Richard Mulligan, who designed the oblong table. Andrea Dern had the floor painted with squares of the color that Mollie Mulligan calls Dern green. Details, see Resources.

ROSE COTTAGE, AS BRUCE AND ANDREA DERN'S MALIBU Colony house is appropriately named, is my home away from home, a comforting oasis by the sea in the (to me) hostile southern California landscape. There I have my own room; my white sweats, terry robe, and bathing suit; suntan lotion in stock; the music of the ocean to sleep and wake by; and the intoxicating fragrance of the garden—from old-fashioned roses, brimming from hand-painted baskets, and lavender-scented antique white linen bedding, crocheted and monogrammed by Andrea herself. If this sounds like a fantasy, it is. Rose Cottage *is* fantastic—one woman's highly personal, unabashedly idiosyncratic vision. It charms you with the abundance of its collections, seduces you with the mingled scents of herbs, flowers, and salt air, and, most of all, feels exactly as it should. Alice did indeed go to Wonderland and come home.

Like the heroine of any good fairy tale, at least those scripted in Hollywood, Rose Cottage has gone through several metamorphoses. The property, acquired by the Derns in 1972, was originally built by Frank Capra in 1929 as two separate cottages. Where roses and herbs now grow in profusion were barren plots of sand. And where are now generous white-walled spaces spilling over with California light were cramped rooms dark and heavy with wood.

I was first invited to the Derns' in the winter of 1974, shortly after Bruce completed work on *The Great Gatsby*. (Costarring as Tom Buchanan, Bruce was to grace the screen in clothes designed by Ralph Lauren, with whom I then worked, as I do now.) The transformation of Rose Cottage was very much in full swing. One of my first sights of Bruce Dern at home found him sledgehammer in hand demolishing the back wall of the "teahouse" (an appendage to the main cottage where one presumes stars in the early days took tea and watched the sun set). Bruce attacked the wall with relish while Andrea and I directed his effort from the superb vantage point of sunbathing on the sand. Although the rest of the architectural work that combined and remodeled the cottage and teahouse was professionally, if not so enthusiastically, performed, it too was conceived, planned, and directed by Andrea Dern. The gardens she reserved for her own North Dakota–bred roll-up-your-sleeves practicality. "I planted everything, including the trees," she recalls.



Rose Cottage charms you with abundance and seduces you with the mingled scents of herbs, flowers, and salt air

Throughout the seventies, as room after room was opened to the clean white light, the house became a huge canvas against which Andrea could arrange her favorite tropical leaf patterns—as motifs on fabrics and wallpapers and as actual foliage on banana trees inside and out. You might say that Rose Cottage mirrored the extroverted spirit we all shared at the time. There were annual summer parties on the beach (a Bastille Day fête with café chairs, Ricard bottles, and hot dogs; an Arabian picnic in a tent with Persian carpets), New Year's Eve parties, dinner parties, always for a select circle of friends—actors, directors, writers, agents. We swam, we played cards and games. The house was a backdrop, a set. It was swell. And always, with each visit, Andrea had a new project: stenciling and painting floors, building and painting birdhouses, embroidering pillows, doing over an entire room in a newfound old chintz. The cottage was slowly becoming less swell, more introverted. More its own world.

In its California tropical mode, Rose Cottage was fashionable, but somehow out of character—like a wholesome country girl in the latest Paris designs. "All of a sudden," Andrea remembers, "it seemed to make sense that this house feel more casual, more like a California bungalow." When travels to Bruce's movie locations took her to England and France, to rural Pennsylvania and arctic Banff, to Houston and Toronto, Andrea began gathering antiques. Sometimes valuable, sometimes not, her choices followed no particular trend: cast-iron doorstops, spongeware, farm-stand signs, watering cans, and painted furniture. "Old models of houses are what really got me started." She found them at swap meets and, above all, at Richard Mulligan on Melrose Avenue where Bruce began buying them up for birthday and anniversary presents.

In 1981 Andrea dramatically remodeled the upper story, tearing out a warren of small dark bedrooms and creating









Andrea and Bruce Dern, *above*, with their Maine coon cats. An antique quilt is draped across cushions in an Old World Weavers chintz on the custom-made wicker sofa. Miniature chairs and houses are displayed throughout Rose Cottage. *Above left:* The teahouse overlooks the seaside garden. *Left:* Potted plants are set out among beds of old roses, perennials, and herbs, many of which came from Sassafras Nursery in Topanga. *Far left:* A thatched birdhouse made by Andrea's father.

and brushed cotton
off model
from Richard Mulligan. Beside the hearth is an old table that Andrea cut down and painted white. The ladder-back chair is antique, as are the needlepoint pillows and hooked carpet. Hat by Ralph Lauren Hats; cashmere sofa throw from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection. *Below:* A plant stand holds a collection of watering cans.



what she calls "one big playpen." She virtually gutted the upper story to the rafters and turned it into a loft with an airy bedroom perched on top. Bruce and Andrea's bathroom is a greenhouse attached to a potting shed. "I was so involved in my garden then," says Andrea, "that I wanted to make the upstairs seem like a continuation of the outdoors." It was dramatic and whimsical all at once.

In January 1983 high tides swept away the teahouse and front garden and continued on through the house. Andrea was devastated—more by the foot upon foot of sand that buried her beloved roses than by the sight of her white banquettes floating out to sea. Walking the ruins with me after the flood, she remarked with typical pluck, "I never liked the shape of that room anyway. Now I can do what I really want." What she really wanted was a higher-ceilinged whitewashed barn of a room, a room transported from a meadow to the sea, filled with folk art and garden flowers and the color Molly Mulligan calls Dern green.

Today the interior of Rose Cottage is a wonderfully unpretentious mix of English and American country pieces, "serious" antiques inherited from Bruce's family, and farmhouse savvy from Andrea's—all put together with such wit and spontaneity as to give the word "undecorated" new meaning. Nothing is for show. Having moved to Malibu in the first place because Andrea was intrigued by "how beautiful a garden can look by the sea" and because Bruce loved "the feeling of driving home at night and being separated from where I work," they have made the house entirely theirs. Andrea's energies are now focused on painting, and yet she resists the idea that her decorating is finished: "Next week I'll probably redo a whole room if I feel like it. It's just too much fun to find a new object at an antiques show that will spur a whole new direction." This constantly shifting kaleidoscope of personal styles, this gentle exuberance are what the real-life fantasy of Rose Cottage is all about. ♠

Editor: Mary Emmerling

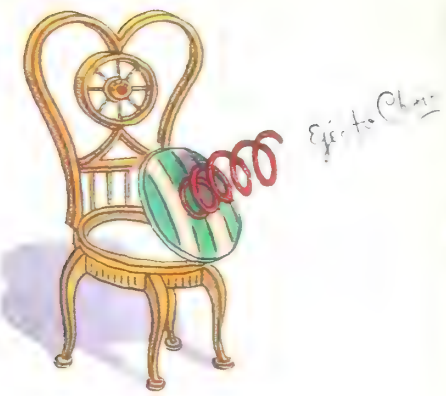


The decoration mixes "serious"



ntiques inherited from Bruce's family and farmhouse savvy from Andrea's





Unlimited Seating

From the bourgeois bedroom to the royal boudoir, chairs have evolved into far more than just a place to sit down.

By Stuart Greenspan

Drawings by Steven Guarnaccia



A CHAIR IS MEANT FOR SITTING, YOU SAY? THEN IS A CHAIR a chair if it's not sat upon? And is a chair any less—or more—a chair if being sat on is not its sole raison d'être?

On the subject of chairs and their usefulness, my perceptions were warped when I was quite young, for I grew up in a household where no company was too special to be spared the plastic seat covers. Even with such precautions Mother would have preferred that her family and friends just stood. She deployed her covers much as city dwellers set out spikes to discourage pigeons from roosting on their windowsills. I believe Mother loved the seat covers more than the chairs they were supposed to protect. She held onto them even after the plastic had yellowed and cracked, and when the furniture underneath started to crumble and rot away, well, that was just proof of its antique charm.

If I could not sit comfortably, or with clear conscience, on the chairs at home, I could put them to other uses. An old overstuffed red brocade club chair with fringe to the ground was my secret place, my hideaway, where, safe from discovery in the crawl space under the seat, I would happily listen to conversations I didn't understand

As people grow older, do they correct their parents' mistakes or merely replicate them? I certainly intended to be different, but one day I realized that in ways too numerous for comfort I had somehow turned into my mother. I have never owned a single chair that was truly suitable for sitting. I have a special fondness for delicate flimsy Victoriana. Once I had on long-term loan one of those now-fashionable papier-mâché and mother-of-pearl slipper chairs whose caned seat had begun to rip long before. It was, however, a magnet for guests, and I had to keep coming up with more or less subtle ways to

prevent anyone's actually sitting in it. I placed my teddy bear on it and said it was teddy's chair, but that did not always work. Finally, I rested it on a pedestal as if it were a work of art—which, indeed, it was. As for the other chairs I own—the Biedermeiers and the director's chairs that have followed me from one abode to another for the past twenty years—they are more likely to support stacks of mail, books, and newspapers or piles of soiled clothes than a warm human behind. Where I live, only the bed is for sitting.

Recently, I was happy to discover that there is a millennium or more of historical precedent for my chair perceptions. Look, for example, at the British coronation chair, a medieval relic much tarted up in the nineteenth century. Except for those rare occasions when a new sovereign is crowned, it sits on display in a chapel behind the altar at Westminster Abbey, awaiting an opportunity to cradle the royal rump once more.

A ROTISSERIE CHAIR IS SORELY NEEDED FOR ACHIEVING PERFECT TANS

Strolling through the staterooms of Italian baroque palaces, one often comes upon thronelike chairs, carved completely and robustly with the most exquisite twisted figures—work conceived and produced by true sculptors rather than mere craftsmen. And they are treated like sculpture: to be admired, to inspire, but never to be used.

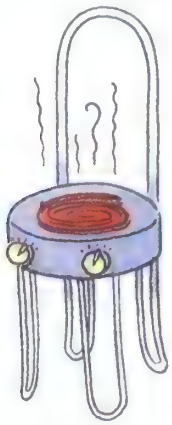
By the eighteenth century, however, some chairmakers seem to have discovered the concept of the functional, and if a chair could serve one purpose, how much better it would be to serve several. Thus chairs that mechanically recline or turn into beds as well as those with wheels for transporting the invalid or the obese came into being. During this period the French genius for invention blossomed with chairs for every purpose, from shaving (fauteuil à razer) to arranging hair (coiffeuse), from sitting low by the fire (chauffeuse) to taking in card games (voyeuse).

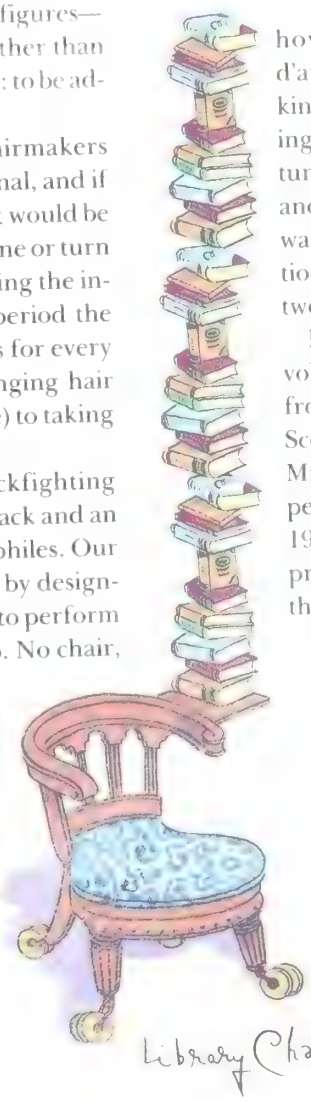
The English version of the voyeuse is the cockfighting chair. Another chair, fitted with a barrel-shaped back and an arm that extends into a shelf, was made for bibliophiles. Our own Thomas Jefferson did the English one better by designing for his own use a contraption that allowed him to perform most of his daily rituals without once standing up. No chair, however, outshone the extraordinary siège d'amour made for the exclusive use of the future king of England, Edward VII, on his frequent flying trips to Paris's most luxurious brothel. Unfortunately, since few beside the inventor, the prince, and his cohorts ever knew how to use it, the chair was never put into production for home consumption ("Take one portly middle-aged prince and two hot trollops . . ."?).

By the late nineteenth century, architects got involved in chair design, and we are still suffering from their efforts. Even King Alfonso XIII and his Scottish-born queen, Ena, were not charmed by Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona chair, designed especially for their visit to the German Pavilion at the 1929 International Exposition in Barcelona. They preferred to stand. As suave and beautiful as it is, the Barcelona has little to offer human anatomy.

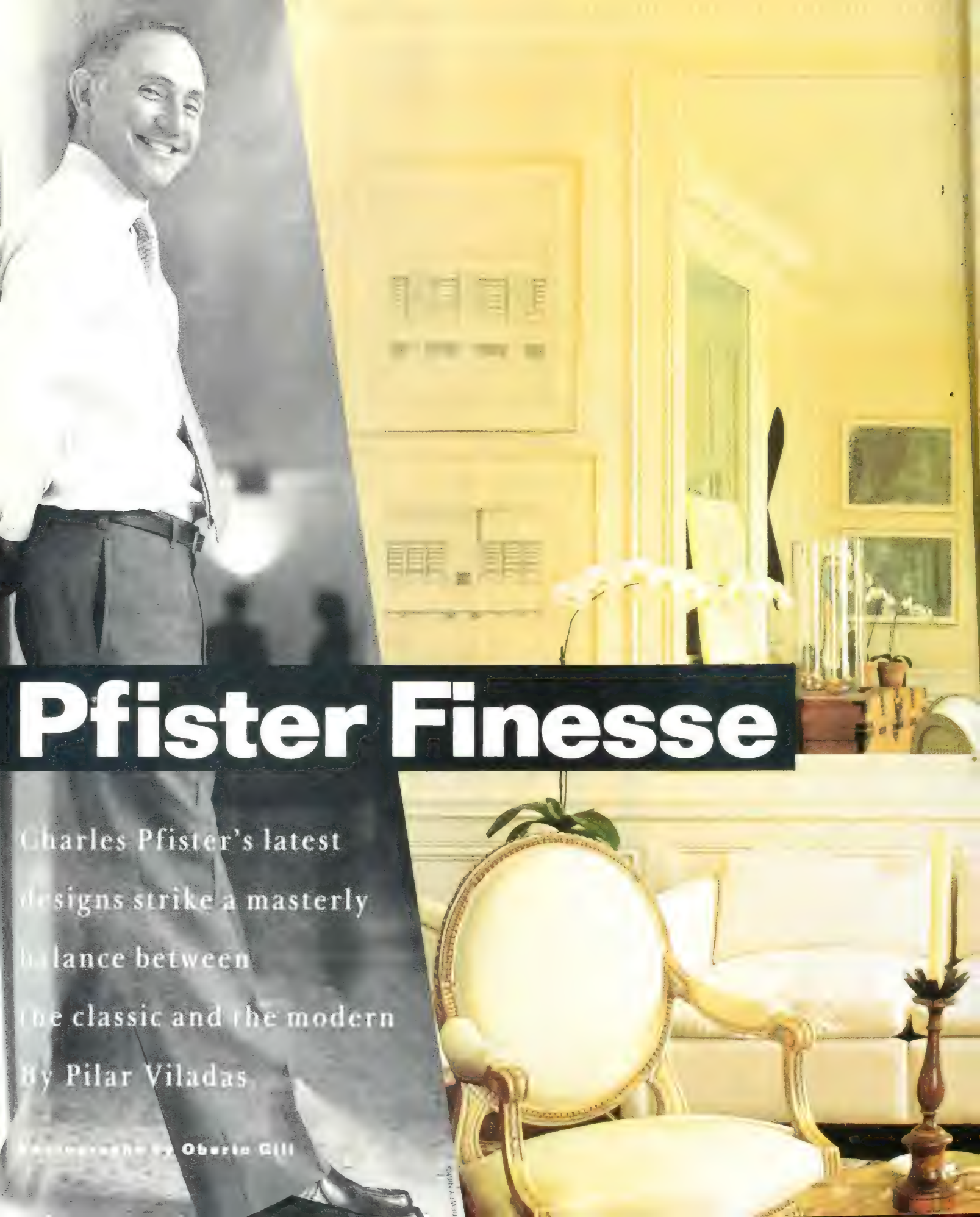
How could a world *(Text continued on page 137)*











Pfister Finesse

Charles Pfister's latest designs strike a masterly balance between the classic and the modern

By Pilar Viladas

Photographs by Oberto Gili



Charles Pfister, *opposite*, is equally at home with the old and the new. *Left:* In the living room of his San Francisco apartment, sofas he designed for Knoll-Studio mingle with 18th-century French chairs and drawings by Sir John Soane. Details see Resources.

IT IS A CRISP SAN FRANCISCO MORNING AND Charles Pfister is seated at his immaculate desk musing on the challenges of design. "It's not for the faint of heart," he warns. "You literally start every job with a clean sheet. You have to see that as a gift, not a misfortune."

By almost anyone's standards, Pfister's professional life has been one long Christmas. From an illustrious fifteen-year career with Skidmore, Owings & Merrill to his current position as CEO of his own nine-year-old forty-person firm, the Pfister Partnership, the fifty-year-old designer has amassed an imposing list of corporate clients (Deutsche Bank, Shell, Citicorp), enviable commercial projects (the legendary "21" Club in New York, Square One Restaurant in San Francisco, the Grand Hotel in Washington, D.C.), and products (rugs for V'Soske, seating for Metropolitan and Bernhardt, lighting for Boyd and Casella, his now-classic furniture and accessories for Knoll International). Pfister, says Knoll's chairman, Marshall Cogan, "is assiduous in perfecting design."

And if his past achievements are better known to architects and designers than to consumers, Pfister is edging closer to becoming a household word—in upwardly mobile households, at least—with the recent debut of his forty-piece Premier Collection of living, dining, and bedroom furniture for Baker, which was given a splashy public launch last April at Bloomingdale's in New York.

The Premier Collection is the result both of Pfister's mandate to design a contemporary line and of his desire to combine modern simplicity with the traditional cabinetmaker's art, using inlays and faux finishes for added richness. As Pfister explains it, "The reaction I was looking for in the traditionally oriented consumer was, 'If this is modern, I like it.' " Primavera, a honey-colored wood from Central America ("Plantation grown," says the designer, "so it's ecologically responsible"), was chosen for its light tone. The collection's uncluttered lines come from a variety of sources: Pfister cites T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings's furniture designs for Widdicomb in the 1950s as an inspiration—the armless lounge chair for Baker pays homage to one designed by Robsjohn-Gibbings—but also notes that "you can see all sorts of things there." An oval commode and bedside tables in a natural finish have a nineteenth-century Russian look, while the same pieces in black lacquer "could be straight out of Joan Crawford's apartment." Tall cabinets with fretwork doors remind Pfister of eighteenth-century Sweden—"very Gustavian"—while the upholstered furniture is "steamship moderne, as opposed to art deco." All in all, he believes, this is a very romantic contemporary collection.

The pairing of romantic and contemporary sums up the







Pfister's taste for elegant simplicity extends from early 19th century Russian chairs in the foyer and the French chairs in the living room, *above*, to the understated materials laid out in his design studio, *below*. The same aesthetic informs Pfister's design products, such as his Premier Collection for Baker Furniture, which includes a chest, *left*, settee, *top right*, and oval night table, *right*, as well as his floor lamp for Casella, *far right*.





Of his new collection
Pfister says, "The reaction
I was looking for was,
'If this is modern, I like it'"





Pfister's style over the past several years. While [illegible] to design is still very much the one that produced his iconic style—crisp, clean, without an ounce of fat—Pfister's work has become decidedly softer, rounder, less slick. In other words, more romantic. "As you get older," he explains, "you realize that if you say there is only one way to design, you are both arrogant and not a very good designer."



Nowhere is this evolution more evident than in Pfister's own Nob Hill apartment, which is housed in a 1926 building with French classical overtones. "Where I live has always reflected my work at the moment," he says. Whereas his previous house was modern with a capital M, this one reflects a new inclusivist outlook. True, the Knoll sofas are here, covered in no-nonsense white canvas, but so are eighteenth-century French armchairs upholstered in the palest green silk. The most extravagant gesture of color and texture in the mostly white apartment is an early nineteenth century French needlepoint rug in the living room—but that, as Pfister points out, "is also a work of art." In the dining room, a table with a striking sculptural base that was designed as a gift for him by Cedric Hartman is surrounded by Thonet chairs from the 1920s that Pfister had silver-leafed. In spite of these flourishes, however, the overall look of the place is one of disciplined elegance, of light and air, and Pfister wouldn't have it any other way. "There are a lot of traditional things in the apartment," he says, "but they're stripped down. I don't let Louis XVI molding dominate the way I live."

A similar philosophy guided the design of an apartment in New York for a couple whose children had grown up and moved away and who wanted to devote more space to their impressive collection of twentieth-century art. Within the existing architecture of the apartment—the paint colors were done by Donald Kaufman and Taffy Dahl—Pfister orchestrated a dialogue between antique and modern furniture, upholstered in subdued but sybaritic velvet, suede, and horsehair, that creates a suitably quiet backdrop for the drop-dead paintings hanging in every room. "I wanted the apartment to be quietly luxurious," says Pfister. "The true luxury of this apartment is to live with that kind of collection."



For a New York apartment, *right*, Pfister chose Italian neoclassical chairs, c. 1825, from Newel Art Galleries, NYC, a Mies van der Rohe Barcelona daybed available from KnollStudio, and a 19th-century Agra rug to create a quiet backdrop for paintings by Picasso, Clyfford Still, Mark Rothko, and, in the dining room, Kenneth Noland. *Above:* A Kandinsky hangs over the piano.

rtment to be quiet. True luxury is to live with the art"





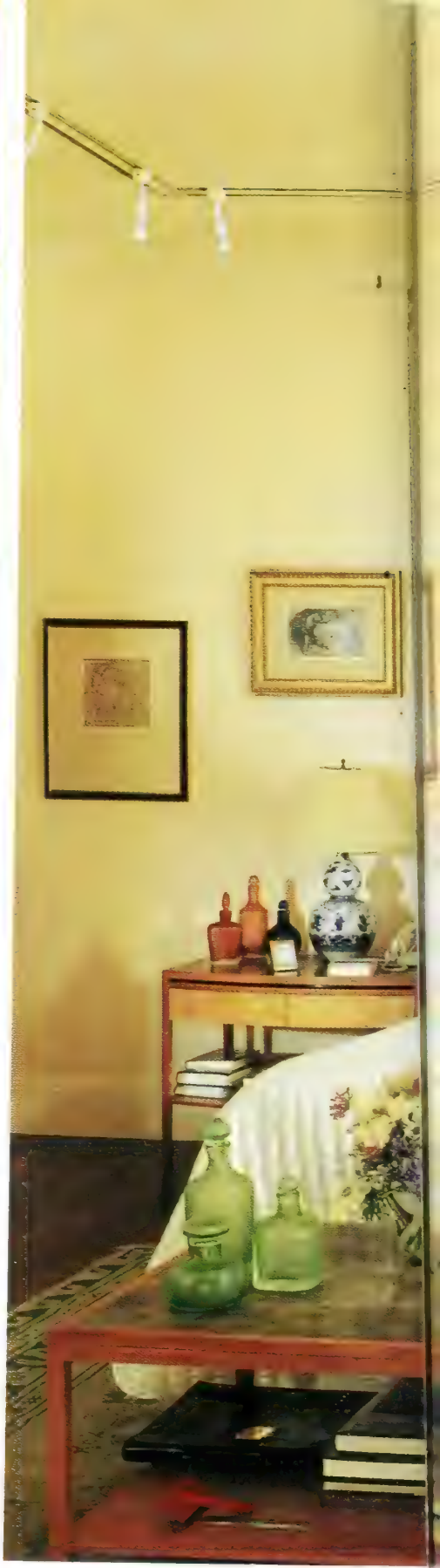
Understated luxury seems to be something Pfister was born knowing how to design. As a child he would create floor plans of whole houses out of building blocks. After a moment of doubt as to whether he should study law, he went with his instincts and enrolled in the architecture program at the University of California at Berkeley. Following the obligatory postgraduation grand tour and a stint in Italy as an assistant buyer for Cost Plus Imports, he found his way to Skidmore, Owings & Merrill because he knew that they did a lot of interiors work. He eventually rose to the position of head of the interior design department of SOM in San Francisco, working on such landmark office projects as the 1970 corporate headquarters for Weyerhaeuser. But when Pfister realized that his goal of making general partner was a ways off, he went out on his own in 1981. Since then he hasn't looked back; his firm now has a second office in London because he believes that "if you want to work in Europe in 1992, you will need a presence in one of the European Community countries."

In the meantime, Pfister is at work on the Regent in Milan, a hundred-room hotel housed in buildings that date back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries located in the city's most fashionable shopping district—a project he welcomes because its "residential scale" will give him the opportunity to design still more furniture. Also in the works are a Polo/Ralph Lauren store in Palo Alto, California, a house for a Los Angeles developer, and a house for a Kansas City industrialist. Then there's the prop-

Text continued on page 130

A Magritte overlooks the library, *above*, where sofas and chairs in navy blue suede sit on a Tabriz rug from Doris Leslie Blau, NYC. *Below:* Pfister worked with Knoll vice president Carl Magnusson and his wife, Emanuela, to design the dressing room, which was built by Pierluigi Ghianda in birch and pearwood. *Right:* Ghianda used the same woods with shagreen inserts for the bedroom furniture.





The designer's



yle is crisp, clean, without an ounce of fat, but it is also romantic

By Eric Berthold

samples

Fanciful greenery, leafy fabrics, and a supporting cast of tools and ornaments set the scene for garden drama





Drawings of a 1664 theater garden at Versailles inspired HG's open-air stage set. *Above:* Faux topiary cones in fabric, left to right, from Woodson, Quadrille, Old World Weavers, Carleton V, and Fonthill. Flying Venetian armchair, c. 1785, from Dalva Brothers, NYC, in a Manuel Canovas check. Topiaries designed by Madison Cox for Lexington Gardens, NYC. Portuguese planters, c. 1740, from L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, NYC. Topiary bench by Peter Carlson from Dampierre & Co., NYC. Statue of *America*, c. 1800, from Brinkman Galleries, NYC. Ornamental stone spheres from Thos. K. Woodard, NYC. Green watering can and spade from Smith & Hawken. Steel watering can, terra-cotta pots, and trowel set from Lexington Gardens, NYC. Cloud backdrop by Konstantine Kakanias. *Far left:* Illustration by Kakanias after a Louis XIV proscenium. *Left:* Suede gardening gloves and secateurs from Hermès. Fabrics from Manuel Canovas and Clarence House. Details see Resources.

Lee Jofa



Furniture and

800 Central Blvd.
Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072

William & Mary Wing Chair
Indian Print
Satin Stripe Voile

Connoisseur's Art

(Continued from page 114) resist that flaming typewriter. To some it is an endearing joke. To others it is a surrealist invention, as concise as anything dreamed up by Salvador Dali in his heyday. But in point of fact it is neither of those things. Maler's uncle, a newspaper editor in Argentina, was kidnapped and killed at a time of civil upheaval. *Hommage*—to give the flaming typewriter its title—is an act of homage to the murdered editor. As for the flames, they burn in perpetuity, the way the flame burns on the grave of the Unknown Soldier, worldwide.

There are men and women for whom the building of a collection of this sort would be a lifetime's work. But at the Hess headquarters we never forget the noiseless maturation that is going on above, below, and beside us. Nor do we forget the documentary that runs continuously, starting with an individual vine stalk and fanning out over acre upon high-lying acre. Sitting in the tiny theater, we watch the winter. We watch the miracle period in spring when the vines come to life. We are alert in the dark blue beginnings of dawn for the moment when headlights go on and tractors move out for the annual, crucial, decisive picking of the grapes. Two things said by Donald Hess come back to me at that moment. One is: "In making wine, the best piece of equipment is your nose." The other is: "It's not enough to make 'nice' wine. If I made nice wine, I'd be out of business."

Through the windows, meanwhile, we see an unspoiled landscape that was cared for long ago by the coastal Miwok Indians. As Donald Hess likes to say, every vineyard is a collection of soils, and this one goes back a long way. Although he will be 54 years old this year, he looks and acts a great deal younger. And although it will be quite some time before the winery coins money for a later generation, he plans to move to other causes in five or six years' time.

"I think I have proved that I have a little business sense," Hess said not long ago on the stoop of the tiny redwood house where he and his wife, Joanna, live when they are in California. "Soon it will be time to do something else. We have to think what to do about the way in which one third of the world has more than it needs and is busy polluting the universe while the other two thirds is overpopulated, diseased, and eternally hungry. Someone has to draft a new Ten Commandments for ethical living. That's the kind of thing I'd like to do." ▲

Donald Hess's collection of art is the subject of a recent book, Hess Collection, *published last fall by Harry N. Abrams.*

Yankee Hospitality

(Continued from page 109) bagatelle sets. Directly opposite this effortless-looking family hub, the dining room is covered in the same paper-bag-colored shadow-striped wallpaper. The wife dismisses her nineteenth-century English dining table, chairs, and sideboards as "predictable"—but that quality explains why even a first-time visitor feels a comforting sense of déjà vu here. While the adults convene in the dining room, the children feast in the neighboring breakfast room, pulling up to a rough-hewn table in a motley assortment of French provincial and real and reproduction Hitchcock chairs, all cushioned in an animal silhouette gros point.

Out of the breakfast room spills the kitchen, where the astonished visitor is greeted by an ancient gas stove, original to the house and mammoth enough for a hotel restaurant. It now functions partly as sculpture, partly as catchall countertop. A tufted Voltaire chair and a homey French country bench with sagging needlepoint cushions contribute to the room's rustic charms. The couple are especially pleased with their slate-floored sunroom, which is illuminated by floor-to-ceiling windows and further brightened by sturdy art deco wicker and simple white Swedish pieces.

After finishing, more or less, the main house—a masterpiece of "calculated undoneness," to use Mindel's term—the architects reconstructed the old chauffeur's quarters above a four-car garage into accommodations for the caretaker. Mindel describes the landscape-hugging outbuilding as an "old Victrola with the top lifted. We took a passive type of architecture and turned it into origami." One afternoon while work on the garage was under way, the wife gazed at it with admiration, then looked back at the house and sighed. "I think my husband and I should retire to this place," she said, "and let the kids take over the big house"—the makings of her own screwball comedy. ▲

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

Naturalist's Roots

(Continued from page 101) Venetian mirror. Portraits of King Adolf Fredrik and Queen Lovisa Ulrika hint at the rather intimate rapport that Linnaeus enjoyed with his sovereigns.

More pictures of family, patrons, and favorite animals are hung in his bedroom in a random way that could only have been intentional. Linnaeus viewed the subjects of these works as peers, as part of nature's grand scheme. A monkey, in his eyes, stood on equal footing with a king. Georg Dionysius Ehret's botanical engravings from the 1750s book *Plantae Selectae*, with which Linnaeus papered the walls, complete the private picture of a man botanist Örjan Nilsson characterizes as "brilliant and fast working, a strong systematician who . . . had more esteem for himself than anyone else."

Under the elms on the east side of Hammarby, Linnaeus planted some twenty flowering varieties several of which still thrive today. In 1769, he added a small building on the rocky knoll above the house where he lectured to disciples and catalogued his collections of pressed plants, insects, shells, and stones. Terrified they might be destroyed by fire, Linnaeus designed the single-room structure without a chimney, thus creating a singularly chilly place to be during Sweden's harsh winters.

From Hammarby Linnaeus also explored the countryside, always equipped with his magnifying glass and knight's cross—the great Carl von Linné, as he was known after joining the aristocracy, was not about to be caught bestowing names on plants without being properly decorated. But Linnaeus was happiest working in his gardens, which he treated as a monument to himself. In a letter to his wife, to be read after his death, he wrote, "Keep my grove as I planted it. If a tree dies, plant another in its place." ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

RIZZOLI DESIGNS FOR ELEGANT LIVING

VENETIAN PALACES

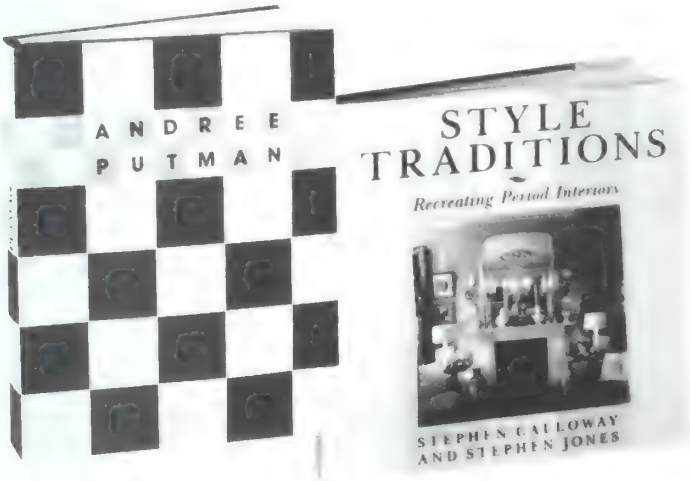
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Chambers Garden

[illegible] water-retentive [illegible] well, and [illegible] colors, from white [illegible] Beautiful Ohlmann [illegible] ple 'Prairie Night'.

Tucked away in a corner of the herbaceous garden is an inviting allée through a pergola of laburnum, its golden rain of flowers in late May complemented by a border of blue camassias. In summer, the bloodred rose 'Duke of Wellington' comes into bloom nearby (some claim that the Iron Duke was born near Trim). At the end of the Laburnum Walk is a yew obelisk, set in a small enclosed garden of box and yew in the seventeenth-century geometric style. With your attention focused on this obelisk, you might almost neglect to turn left toward a magnificent vista—the climax of the garden—a formal pool set in a wide Liscannor stone terrace where it reflects a Tuscan temple. The sophisticated surroundings include standard bay trees in tubs; cones, spheres, and curlicues of box in terra-cotta pots; foxtail lilies and *Lilium regale;* and herbaceous lobelias in the most delicious magenta.

From the terrace a pathway alongside a beech tree planted in the eighteenth century descends to the croquet lawn where Jim Reynolds has built a rustic summerhouse on one side and a wooden Doric temple, entwined with clematis, on the other. This area could be an epilogue to the entire garden, for the broad expanse of grass and the quiet planting of roses and other shrubs convey a feeling of tranquillity. And appropriately, at the end of the tour through this landscape designed to stir the imagination, you find *Rosa chinensis* 'Old Blush', the very flower sung by the Irish poet Thomas Moore: "'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone; All her lovely companions, Are faded and gone." ♠ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

For [illegible] Jim Reynolds, Butlerstown, Trim, Co. Meath, Ireland.

Nantucket Lookout

(Continued from page 94) more like a welcome mat than a rug. The most decorous part of the ground floor is the dining room, but even this convivial spot retains, as Hampton puts it, "the marvelous barefoot quality of Nantucket." Anchored on one end by the fish-adorned fireplace and on the other by a Welsh dresser ornamented with tutu[illegible] hearts, the room has as its centerpiece a handsome oval table designed by Hampton and the owner of the house, an architect manqué. While its sturdy legs were inspired by the detailing on an Edwin Lutyens kitchen table, its polished antique pine top was devised solely for practicality. This surface requires neither tablecloth nor place mats—just plates heaped with good food.

If downstairs is devoted to that part of the landscape where earth meets water, then the second story is dedicated to the conjunction of sea and sky. Saturated with light, the master bedroom is pierced with four corner windows overlooking the ocean, and the walls are painted in a blue so pale they almost disappear. Up here one seems to be floating, as if on a boat.

While the master bedroom may be the most tranquil sanctuary in the house, the most sublime panoramas belong to the study, located behind the back portico. A pine partner's desk from the Nantucket shop Weeds is set up in this niche, but only the most unromantic soul could accomplish any work here. This is an ideal perch for daydreaming and gazing at drifting sailboats. And if a loftier vantage point for idle reverie is desired, one need only ascend the study's spiral staircase, which opens onto the widow's walk where the views of the Atlantic are endless. ♠

Editors: Caroline Seidel and Anne Fowler

Pavilions on the Edge

(Continued from page 68) California poppies. Five hard-to-find gray palms were brought in, and the wall along a lap pool behind the living dining pavilion and the office pavilion was planted with *Pittosporum crassifolium. Echium fastuosum,* a blue-spired plant from the Canary Islands, will grow tall enough to be reflected in the pool around the master bedroom pavilion, and eucalyptus trees will eventually obscure the view from the bedroom, creating a walled garden courtyard.

For Rockwell Schnabel, the experience of working with Frank Gehry was an enlightening one. "Rock's immediate reaction to the prospect of having a Gehry house was one of caution," says Marna Schnabel. "But Frank is a very good listener. People trust him, and he gets them to reach past their traditional vision of architecture. Rock learned a lot and loves living here." Not least of all, their willingness to take an architectural risk has rewarded the Schnabels with an increasingly rare commodity in the Los Angeles real estate market—privacy. In the land of the tear-down, where a million dollars buys you a view of your neighbor's kitchen window, "it's nice," as Marna says, "to have a house that's a retreat." ♠

Pfister Finesse

(Continued from page [illegible]) Pfister [illegible] in Sonoma County for which he plans to design a house from the grou[illegible] I don't do my own house, it does [illegible] much about what we're capable of."

Pfister's relationship with Knoll c[illegible] ues to flourish; he is now putting tog[illegible] a new textile collection for the company. What won't he design? "No chocolates and no panty hose." What's on his wish list? Outdoor furniture, more carpeting, and more lighting. He is also fascinated with set design for television and the movies, because "you have the opportunity to in[illegible]ence the consuming habits and desig[illegible]eye of viewers from an early age; it's educating by example."

Asked if he has a dream project, Pfister [illegible]ks long and hard before answering. "When you have projects like mine, with clients like mine, most of them *are* dream projects," he says. "How many people get to design a hotel inside a fourteenth-century monastery? I've had more dream projects than most designers can imagine.

"Design is really something that you should eat, sleep, and breathe. People ask me, 'How many hours a day do you work?' I answer, 'How many hours am I awake?'" ♠ *Editor: Carolyn Englefield*

Overnight Success

(Continued from page 89) years before in Europe and put in a Louis XVI bed that once belonged to Ina Claire." The Wilkinsons are such good hosts that they once had a guest who wouldn't leave. In the end they rented him a nearby apartment and moved him in as discreetly as possible.

These various styles of entertaining sent me back to my 1945 edition of Emily Post, who sensibly suggests that hostesses live at least one full day in the spare room to make sure it's impeccably equipped. But she's opposed to the energetic hostess who wears her guests out: "Would you like her to telephone to a friend who sings too wonderfully?"

Sometimes, perhaps, weekend manners can be too refined. French hosts are so overbred I always feel oafish beside them. They think it's vulgar, for example, to keep scented flowers on the table when a bottle of "important" wine is uncorked. The other day one of my French friends kept lingering in the kitchen while I was preparing dinner. When I asked him why he didn't join the other guests, he said he loved the kitchen because that was the only place he could sniff the food. At that point I start to side with the American Eliza Farrar, who in an 1836 etiquette book defended her countrymen's penchant for eating off the tip of a knife, "provided you do it neatly, and do not put in large mouthfuls, or close your lips tight over the blade." ▲

Unlimited Seating

(Continued from page 123) capable of producing a piano that turns into a bed and a sofa that becomes a bathtub still be slow to come up with a batch of whimsical yet useful chairs? We sorely need a rotisserie chair for achieving the perfect tan, an ejecta chair for speeding away unwanted guests, and a transformer chair—a robot that can do anything a human can do yet at the end of the day becomes chairlike when dressed in a slipcover. Fortunately, there are some signs of hope. English designer Jon Mills has recently come out with a "cooker seat" made from stove parts. And more than one botanist is at work on an armchair that can double as a houseplant. The day may be dawning when the only thing a chair will not be suited for is sitting. ▲

Resources

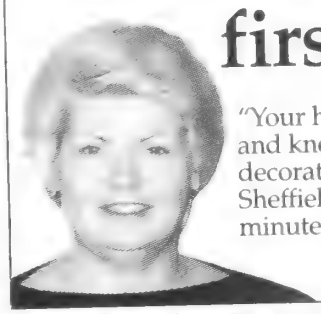
PEOPLE

Page 36 Pine Bombay chest, $4,840, Heather butter dish at left, $102 incl hood, Monet dinner platter at center, $53, Rose Cottage salt/pepper tray at right, $90 incl shakers, from Mackenzie-Childs, for stores (315) 364-7131. **38** Ceramic Rabbit glass-top table, $4,000, pine Visiting Seat, $4,000, from Mackenzie-Childs (see above).

FINISHING TOUCHES

Pages 52, 59 Garden design, by Lucinda Young Landscape, Nantucket (508) 228-5188. **53–55, 58–59** Faux finishes, by Dorothy Slover, NYC (212) 348-4464. **53** Grand Chinois toile chintz, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844. Cassell duck print, similar at Janis Aldridge, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Nantucket. **54–55** Garden of Allah chintz, Silk Shantung on chairs and sofa at left, Silk Damask on pillow, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). Rainbow ombré silk on table, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. **56–57** Dreams of Paradise chintz, Moiré Silk for curtains, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). Province taffeta/satin, silk damask on dining chairs, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Dining table, chairs, similar at Agostino Antiques, NYC (212) 533-5566. Reproduction Georgian chandelier, from Nesle, NYC (212) 755-0515. **58–59** Supercale cotton

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sheets, from Wamsutta/Pacific Home Products, for stores (800) 344-2142. **58** Barchester chintz, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). Fire screen, similar at 19 Petticoat Row, Nantucket (508) 228-5900. **59** Elizabeth's Rose chintz for curtains, on chaise, Ribbons on table, for bed skirt, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). Sterling, pillows, similar at Petticoat Row (see above). Moreen wallpaper, chintz, Royal Swag chintz on chair, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above).

PAVILIONS ON THE EDGE

Pages 61–63, 66–67 Landscaping, by Nancy Goslee Power & Assocs., Santa Monica (213) 394-0261. **64–65** Alvar Aalto fan-leg stools, to the trade at ICF, for showrooms (914) 365-2500. Cab armchair, Harness leather/chrome lamp, to the trade at Mirak, for showrooms (713) 784-1400. Handwoven custom chenille (#5031) on sofa, to the trade at Maria Kipp, for showrooms (213) 387-8769. Caserta damask on pillow, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212)758-0844.

HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS

Pages 76–77 Plates, glasses, cups on second shelf, plate stand, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co., NYC (212) 431-1888. **79** Striped cotton shams, wrought-iron standing lamps, $350 ea, green glass goblets, $12 ea, magazine basket, similar pillows of vintage 1930s fabric, at Wolfman-Gold (see above). Green-rimmed plates, $25 ea, jacquard napkins, $4.50 ea, twig napkin rings, $1.50 ea, folding chairs, $90 ea without cushions, embroidered-edge cotton pillowcases, made to order as cushion covers, at Wolfman-Gold (see above). Lace-edged cotton napkins, $25 ea, made to order to cover lampshades, striped cotton shams, European square, standard, at Wolfman-Gold (see above). Village Stripe wallpaper, $37.50 roll, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, La Jolla, Minneapolis, Palm Beach, Palo Alto, Princeton, San Francisco. Reproduction cast-iron doorstop, $50, cotton lace, 35" wide, $25 yd, made to order as curtains, at Wolfman-Gold (see above). Pillows of vintage 1930s fabric, similar at Wolfman-Gold (see above).

NANTUCKET LOOKOUT

Pages 90–91 Landscaping, by Juliet Perkins Garden Designs, Arlington (617) 643-3904. **92** Partner's desk, similar at Weeds, Nantucket (508) 228-5200. Custom checkered rag rug, to order from Margareta Grandin Nettles Weaving Studio, Nantucket (508) 228-9533. **93** Mac Chevron linen/cotton on sofa, 50" wide, $57 yd, to the trade at Hinson & Co., for showrooms (212) 475-4100. Rapallo Warp ikat chintz, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. Union Cloth, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, 31-11 Thomson Ave., Long Island City, NY 11101. Custom rag rug, to order from Margareta Nettles (see above). Moiré Ondine cotton/linen (reverse side) on chaise longue, 51" wide, $102 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. **94–95** Wicker club chair (#20/c), sofa (#20/s), sold in natural finish, to the trade at Walters Wicker, for showrooms (212) 832-1810. Natura sisal carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Clarence House's Moire Ondine (reverse side) on pillow, (see above). **95** Windsor chairs, built by George Ainsley, to order through Nantucket House Antiques, Nantucket (508) 228-4604. Carousel fish, similar at Weeds (see above). Topiaries, by Geo. P. Davis of Weeds (see above). Scott cotton on slipper chair, 48" wide, $39 yd, to the trade at Hinson (see above). Cowtan & Tout's Rapallo Warp on love seat cushion (see above). Union Cloth, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. Small Carnations boudoir sham, Hearts boudoir sham, at Porthault, NYC (212) 688-1660. Custom rag rug, to order from Margareta Nettles (see above).

YANKEE HOSPITALITY

Page 105 Coraux Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Tiverton Blue viscose/cotton, 51" wide, $81 yd, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700. **106–07** Three over Stripe wallpaper, $48 roll, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Linen/cotton Faded Blue Roses on armchairs, 122.5 cm wide, $90 m, Ribbons on left sofa, 120 cm wide, $90 m, Mistletoe Stripe on fireplace chairs, 120 cm wide, $83 m, English Oak Leaf on back armchair, 117.5 cm wide, $83 m, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 226-4747. Chenille II cotton on sofas, to the trade from Glant Textiles, at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC, for other showrooms (206) 725-4444. Moiré Stripe cotton on pillows, to the trade at Payne Fabrics, for showrooms (212) 752-1960. **108** Banquette, similar at Pierre Deux Antiques, NYC (212) 243-7740. Richelieu Tapestry cotton on banquette, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Beaucaire spun rayon/cotton on chair, 50" wide, $108 yd, Parade des Animaux cotton/polyester on chairs, 51" wide, $102 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above).

COMING HOME

Pages 116–18 Antique farmhouse chairs, rocker, custom oblong table, round table, baskets, birdcages, cow windmill weight, watering cans, miniature houses, similar, to the trade by appointment at Richard Mulligan, Los Angeles (213) 653-0204. **119** Sulgrave chintz, 55" wide, $75 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers, for showrooms (212) 355-7186. Custom wicker sofa, table, to order from Hays House of Wicker, Los Angeles (213) 652-1999. Bessarabian rug, similar at Indigo Seas, Los Angeles (213) 550-8758. Richard Mulligan antique miniature chair (see above). **120–21** Richard Mulligan antique miniature houses (see above). Selection of Ralph Lauren straw hats, at Polo/Ralph Lauren stores (see above for pg 79). Pure cashmere cable-knit throw, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above for pg 79).

PFISTER FINESSE

Pages 124–25 Pfister Collection settee, sofa, to the trade from KnollStudio, a division of Knoll International, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Chairs, similar at Foster-Gwin Antiques, San Francisco (415) 397-4986. Soane drawings, similar by appointment at Philippe Bonnafont, San Francisco (415) 441-4182. 19th-century French needlepoint carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. **126–27** Pfister's Premier Collection primavera veneer chest-on-chest (#1314), $2,738, settee (#6898) with silk/polyester (#17-305), $3,868, primavera/white ash burl veneer oval nightstand (#1359), $938, from Baker Furniture, 917 Merchandise Mart, Chicago IL 60654. Pfister's solid brass floor lamp (#C2102-L5), $2,333, to the trade at Casella Lighting, for showrooms (415) 626-9600. **128–30** AE small metal/marble tables, to the trade from Cedric Hartman, at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC, for other showrooms (402) 344-4474. **128–29** Neoclassical chairs, c. 1825, similar at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Mies van der Rohe Barcelona couch, Flat Brno armchairs in dining room, from KnollStudio (see above). Spinneybeck leather on couch, to the trade from Spinneybeck, a Knoll company, for showrooms (800) 482-7777. Latur satin-bond horsehair on chairs, by Z.R., to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Tabriz carpet, similar at Vojtech Blau, NYC (212) 752-1525. **130** Suede, to the trade from Spinneybeck (see above). Tabriz carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau (see above). Mies van der Rohe Barcelona steel/glass table, to the trade from KnollStudio (see above). **130–31** Dhurrie carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau (see above).

SAMPLES

Page 132 Decorative painting, by Konstantine Kakanias, NYC (212) 879-0943. Above, from left: Fantasy Leaves cotton, 53" wide, $33.25 yd, to the trade at Woodson, for showrooms (212) 826-0220. Lenox cotton, 54" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Quadrille, for showrooms (212) 753-2995. Italian armchair, c. 1785, at Dalva Brothers, NYC (212) 758-2297. Tremolat rayon, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Ferns linen/cotton, 55" wide, $82 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers, for showrooms (212) 355-7186. Moss-covered terra-cotta pots, 2"–22", $2–$130, from Lexington Gardens, NYC (212) 861-4390. Surinam cotton, 55" wide, $61.50 yd, to the trade at Carleton V, for showrooms (212) 355-4525. Stainless-steel English trowel and fork, $43 ea, topiaries, designed by Madison Cox, $250 ea, at Lexington Gardens (see above). Portuguese limestone urns, c. 1740, at L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, NYC (212) 517-9176. Topiary bench, by Peter Carlson, $2,000, at Dampierre & Co., NYC (212) 966-5474. 19th-century stone spheres, various sizes, $175 ea, at Thos. K. Woodard, NYC (212) 988-2906. Sissinghurst galvanized-steel 1-gal English watering can, $85, stainless-steel English hand fork, $22, at Lexington Gardens (see above). English Bulldog spade with tubular steel shaft, $40, at Smith & Hawken, Mill Valley, Palo Alto, to order (415) 383-2000. *America*, c. 1800 marble statue, 55", one of four, $30,000 ea, at Brinkman Galleries, NYC (212) 260-5801. Haws galvanized-steel and green epoxy 1-gal English watering can, $64, at Smith & Hawken (see above). Rectory Wall cotton, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700. Below: Delft linen/cotton, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above). Suede gloves, $250, stainless-steel secateurs, $495, from Hermès, NYC, (212) 759-7585. Majorca cotton, 51" wide, $27 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, for showrooms (212) 752-2890. Manuel Canovas's Tremolat (see above).

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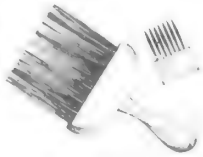
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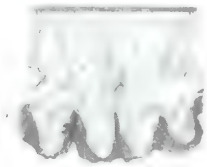


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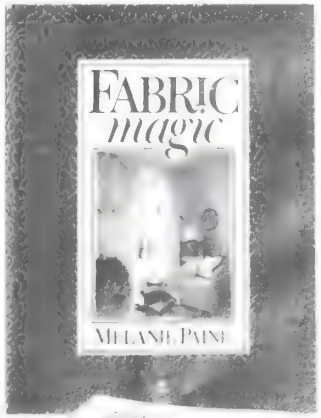
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Gandee

AT LARGE

Miami architect Laurinda Spear is not what you'd expect

It's a sunny Monday in Miami, and Laurinda Spear is at her desk. Which is a mess. A large pile of drawings detailing a new office complex for the U.S. government slated to be built somewhere—Spear won't say where—in South America has been pushed to one side, and in its place is another large pile of drawings detailing a new series of men's neckties that Spear is designing. "I am going to finish these ties up today because I never want to see them again until they're made," she explains. The question on the 38-year-old architect's mind is whether the ties should be Hermès width, three and one-eighth inches, or Armani width, three and one-half inches. "What do you think?" she asks.

Although it's not clear whether the issue of three eighths of an inch has been resolved, Spear nonetheless moves on to the second question plaguing her peripatetic mind this brilliant blue afternoon, which is what to call her fifth child, who was born Harold Emile Fort on February 12 and who, at this very moment, is sleeping soundly in a wicker basket on the floor. "Harold is so difficult," says a troubled Spear. "So I was thinking of Haro. But my aunt Sally said you can't name a child after a boarding school—although I think Choate is a nice name." Long pause. "How do you feel about Harry?"

Laurinda Spear is arguably the most prolific woman architect in this country. Over the past decade she has designed somewhere in the neighborhood of 63 buildings with a combined construction value of somewhere in the neighborhood of $500 million. But you'd never know it. Not by her appearance. Not by her manner. Not by her conversation. Spear is quiet, shy, retiring, reserved, aloof, distant, deferential, vague, and, at times, more than slightly ethereal. Her enigmatic eyes have the look of someone who can't quite decide whether they're bored or bemused. In her unfashionably long skirts, sensible flats, and oversize shirts she glides through the streets of Miami in a dented white Chevrolet Suburban, an odd tanklike cross between a van and a truck that she bought because "it's safe for the children." Professional accomplishments notwithstanding, the self-portrait Spear prefers is of a devoted mother whose days, as she matter-of-factly reports, are filled with things "too trivial" and "too boring" to mention.

Although this upscale earth mother image is not inaccurate, it is incomplete. Because in addition to her five children, Spear has 65 employees who depend on her, who wait at drafting tables in Miami, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco for the sketches she produces of houses, banks, shopping centers, condominiums, courthouses, and office towers. Spear, after all, is the guiding aesthetic light behind Arquitectonica, the high-profile architecture firm she cofounded in 1978 with her husband, Bernardo Fort-Brescia, and three friends, who subsequently went their own way. It is her flashy vision of daredevil modernism, of a sleek, slick, and sexy architecture that put the firm and the Miami skyline on the map—as well as on the opening credits of *Miami Vice*.

Five children, 65 employees, and, at last count, 31 architectural projects in four countries and five states would be a lot to bear for any woman with one nanny and a part-time housekeeper, so I asked Spear how she does it. "I don't," she said without a trace of a smile. "I do everything very badly. That's how I do it." Since her children and her office both appear to be flourishing, I questioned Spear's tough self-evaluation. But she remained adamant. "My first priority is to make sure that everything is OK with the children. It has to be because there's nobody else in the world who would make that their priority. Then, after that, I design."

Professional accomplishments notwithstanding, the self-portrait Spear prefers is of a devoted mother



Laurinda Spear with her latest creation.

In terms of the brave new world aesthetic she subscribes to, Spear will only say that she is "inspired by something that the Greeks said—that people who write plays write about pity and fear, love and hate. Buildings should be the same—they should communicate something, they should be emotional." When pressed for details on her architectural philosophy, Spear added, after considerable prodding, "What a building feels like is the important thing. Does it make you laugh? Does it make you cry? Is it evocative?" As a sort of oh-and-by-the-way afterthought, she noted: "Some people accuse us of being childlike in our approach." Although Spear dutifully denied the accusation—"We're not naive"—I had the sense that she didn't really mind it.

Charles Gandee

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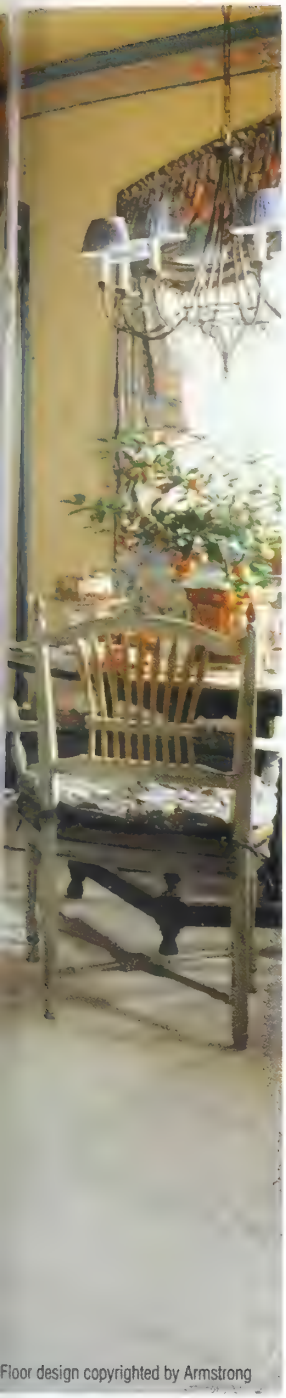
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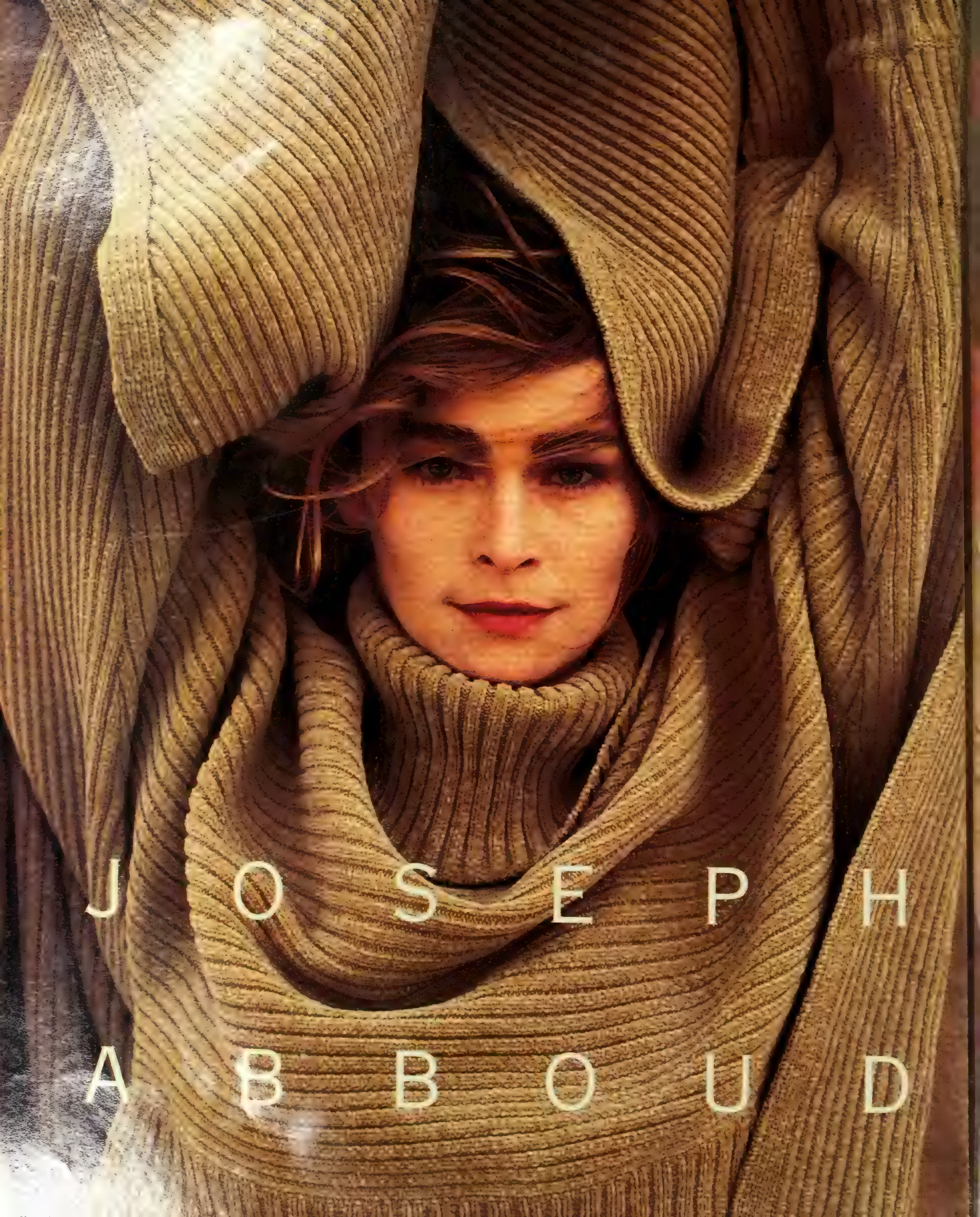
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COVER *Brilliant red cushions and rug offset white painted floors and furniture in a Hamptons seaside cottage. Page 80. Photograph by Michael Mundy.*

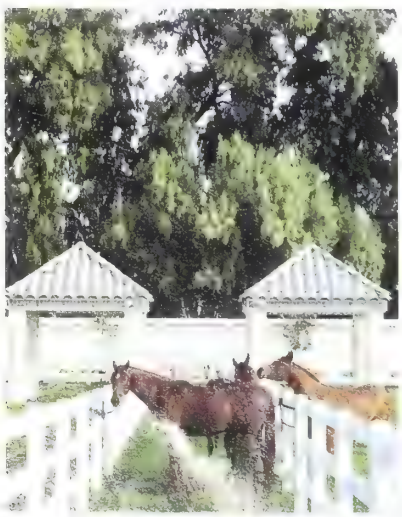


A dovecote rises above a Long Island garden in bloom. Page 122.



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Hollywood star William Haines, above, later became a successful decorator. Page 100. Left: Merv Griffin's stable of Polish Arabian horses on his estate near Palm Springs. Page 68. Right: Simple forms and color animate Bather *by Kazimir Malevich. Page 88.*



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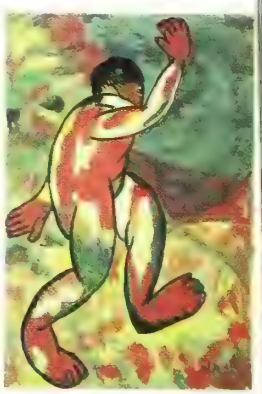
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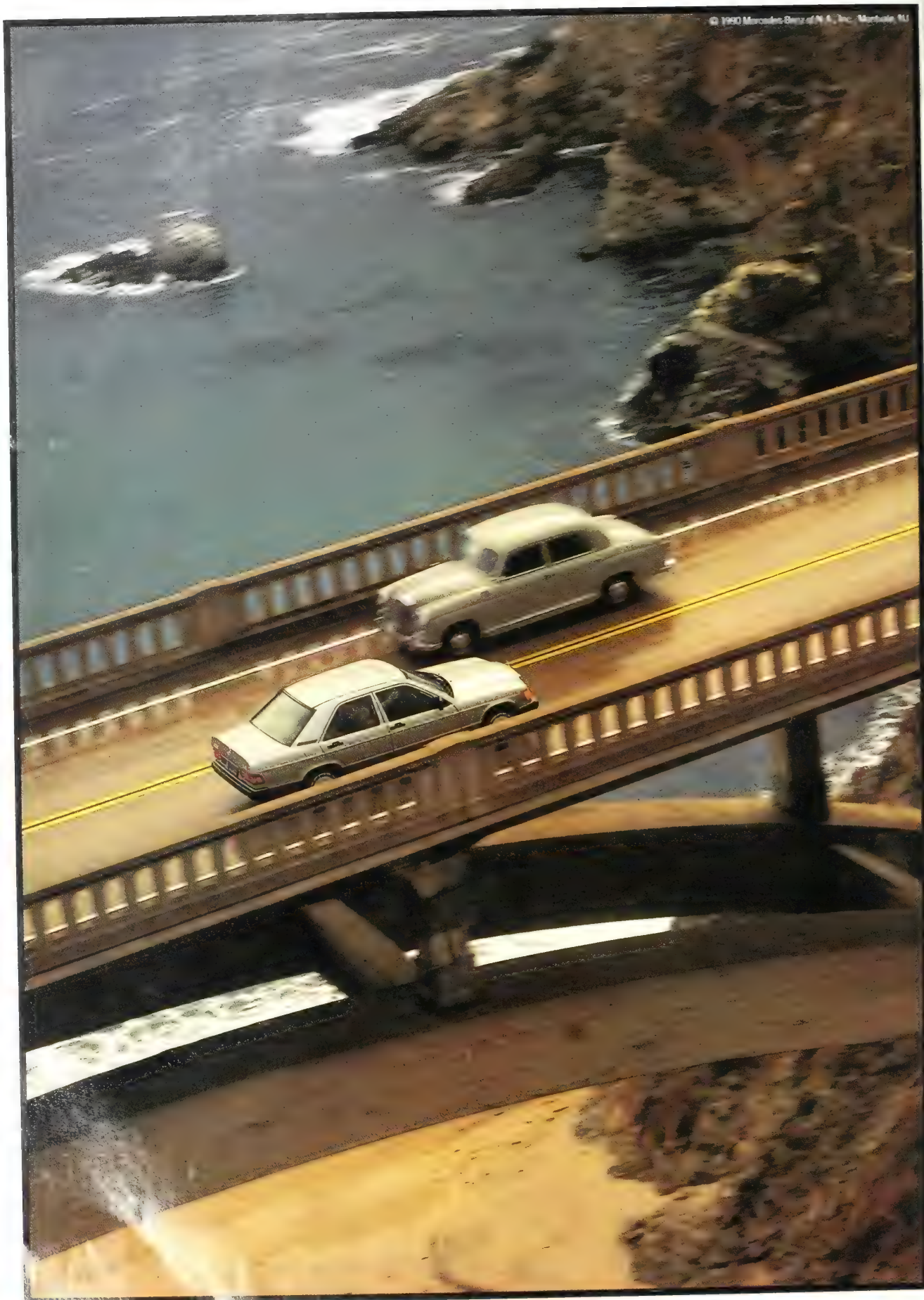
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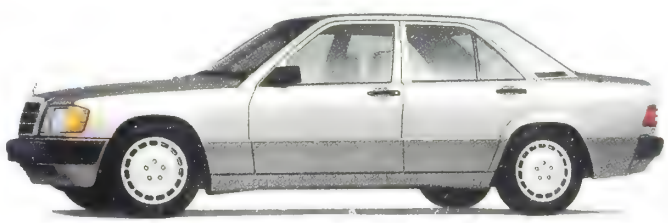
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Jean-Louis Dumas-Hermès is flying high



HG



Vegetable condiments, above, spice up summer foods. Page 44. Left: Martine Vermeulen's pottery adorns her farmhouse living room. Page 54.

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Wooden bridge leads to a 17th-century gristmill at Sleepy Hollow. Page 40.



Textile designer Junichi Arai models one of his creations. Page 30.



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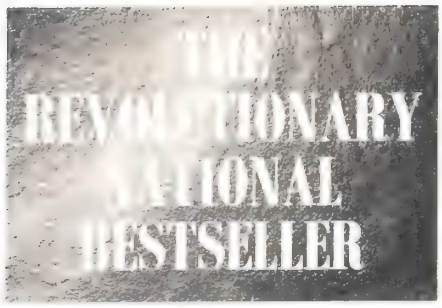
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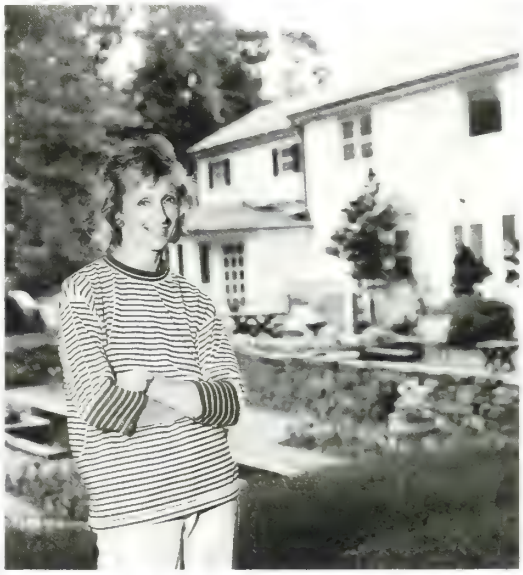
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Contributors Notes



WILLIAM WALDRON

Brooke Astor explores the history of Sleepy Hollow, the legendary site of Washington Irving's famous tale, in this month's "Travel" column. Mrs. Astor, who owns a house near the church and cemetery, participates in many philanthropic causes and heads the Vincent Astor Foundation: "We don't just back museums and libraries but smaller projects like literacy programs. It's interesting and sometimes emotional—most of all, though, I love being involved."



SCOTT MATTHEWSMAN

Caroline Seebohm, who summers on the coast of Maine, writes about a nearby house, decorated by Nancy Pierrepont, that has a "formal urban quality quite unlike others in the area." Seebohm, author of the gardening book *Private Landscapes*, is currently working on an illustrated book about Elsie de Wolfe, a collection of short stories, and the planting of a sunken garden at her New Jersey house.



PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Bob Felner reports on fashion, film, and theater entrepreneur Bryan Bantry's Long Island house and garden. Felner, a freelance advertising man and writer, says he learned many things from Bantry's renovation: "Excess isn't a bad word, notions of discretion aren't always advisable, and there's no such thing as too many bulbs."

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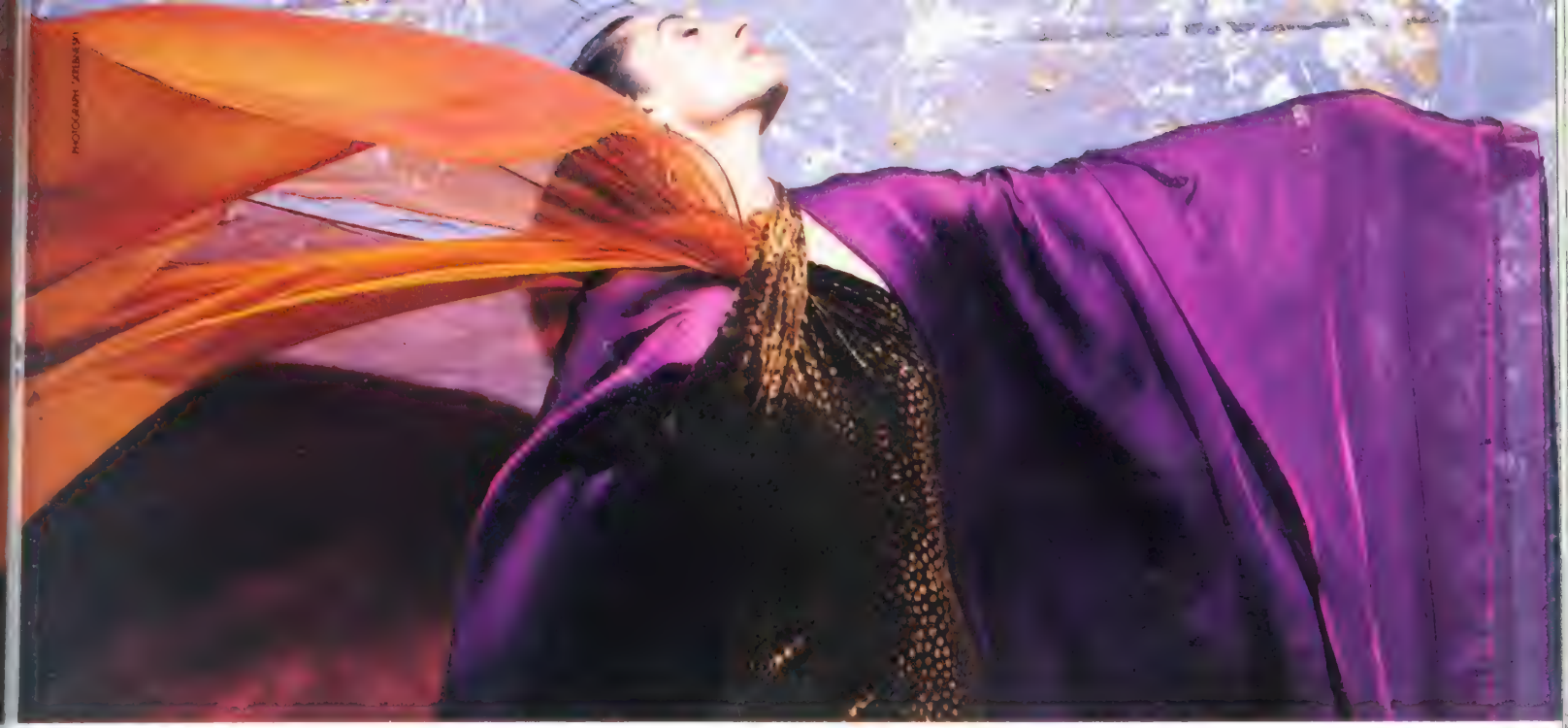
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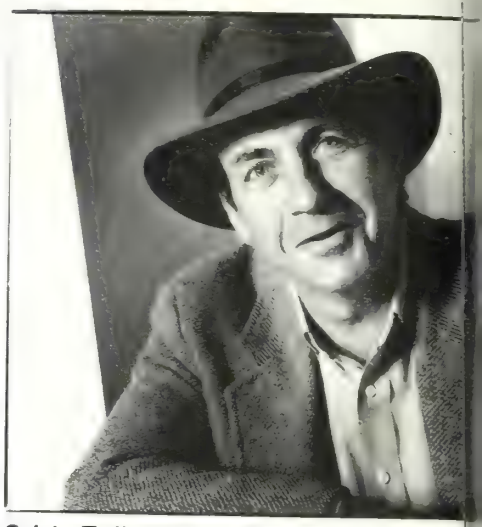
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Contributors Notes



Calvin Trillin is a staff writer for *The New Yorker* and author of *Enough's Enough (And Other Rules of Life)*, a collection of his syndicated newspaper columns to be published in October by Ticknor & Fields. For HG he celebrates the pottery of Martine Vermeulen, a ceramicist whose work has slowly overtaken the Trillin household. "Before I wrote about Martine, I might have said that our family accumulated a lot of her objects. But now that she's in HG, I suppose you could describe us as major collectors of Martiniana."



ALAIN LE KIM

Justine De Lacy came close to realizing a childhood dream when she visited Princess Marianne zu Sayn-Wittgenstein-Sayn's estate near Salzburg. "Ever since I was thirteen, all I wanted was to be Heidi and to visit the Girl Scout chalet in Switzerland." De Lacy, European correspondent of the *Atlantic*, is currently writing two books, *The Next Time You See Paris: A Guerrilla Guide to Getting Along with Parisians* and *The Care and Feeding of the Euromale*.

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See what happens when an engineer thinks like a cook.

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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

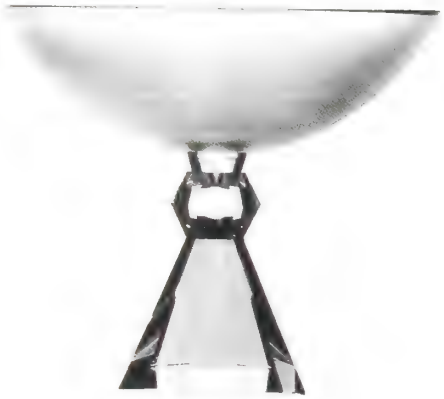


Tom and Kathleen Tetro may eat, sleep, and breathe vintage wicker, but when they first opened shop in 1977, it was a very small part of the business. "We just had a few pieces on the front porch," says Kathleen. Then came the wicker renaissance, and the Tetros found themselves learning everything they could about Victorian, Bar Harbor, art deco, Lloyd Loom, and stick wickers, whose periods span 1870 to 1930. Today their store, inside a renovated 1825 house in the Berkshires, displays almost 500 woven sofas, love seats, ottomans, chairs, and rockers. There are also planters, desks, children's furniture, and even a wicker gazebo. A barn near the house is filled with "as found" items—"Many decorators and clients prefer them this way," says Kathleen—while an L-shaped porch enclosed by antique multipaned windows contains the "pristine" offerings, pieces the couple have lovingly restored. When the sun streams through the windows, the Tetros' porch is an endless summer. (Corner House Antiques, Main St. and Old Mill Pond Rd., Sheffield, MA 01257; 413-229-6627)

Notes



To the Manor Borne
Hatfield House (*above*)—with what remains of Queen Elizabeth I's childhood home on its grounds—is open for tours through October 14. Write Hatfield House, Hatfield, Herts., AL9 5NQ.



Centerpiece of Attraction
Ettore Sottsass's crystal bowl (*above*), $5,090, is part of the Daniel Swarovski collection made in Wattens, Austria, and, along with pieces by Stefano Ricci and Alessandro Mendini, available at Saks Fifth Avenue (212) 940-4357.



China Patterns Ralph Lauren Home Collection's Morgan Hall line, including bedding and upholstery fabrics (*above*), was inspired by the designs of antique Staffordshire porcelain. Available nationwide.



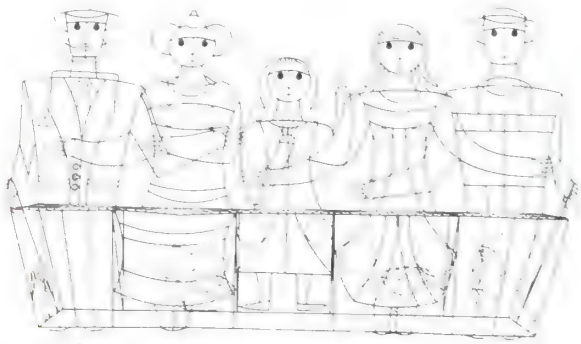
Surreal Ceramics Floor tiles (*above*), designed by Salvador Dali in the early 1950s, are available in sets of six, $2,000, to the trade at Stark Concepts. For showrooms call (212) 752-9000.



Thirties Somethings California plein air paintings by WPA artists of the 1930s, such as a mountain landscape (*above*), and works of the American arts and crafts movement are available at the newly opened Nonesuch Fine Art gallery, 1210-C Montana Ave., Santa Monica (213) 458-3773.



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Form Before Function Connecticut sculptor John Risley coaxes cold rolled steel into winsome figures that double as furniture (*above*). Available from Full House, 133 Wooster St., NYC (212) 529-2298.



New Direction
The Fendi sisters hit home with their Pequin Stripe director's chair (*above*), $550, at Fendi, 720 Fifth Ave., NYC (212) 767-0100.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MICK HALES; MICHAEL PUBLIC; ANDREW COPPI



Slip Shod
Slipcovered chairs and sofas (*above*) from Indigo Seas, L.A., are ready-made in a variety of antique chintzes, chambrays, and old damasks for that frumpy English country look. Call (213) 550-8758.



Surface Appeal
Tabletops of scagliola and marble inlay (*above* and *right*) are designed by Susan Colley of Lexington Gardens in New York and handcrafted in Florence. Rectangular fruit pattern, $6,100; circular celestial, $4,100. Call (212) 861-4390.



Shaker Heights
SoHo artisan Laurence B. Mackler makes Shaker reproduction pieces, including clocks (*below*) in maple, cherry, and ash, $1,600. Call (914) 472-1543.

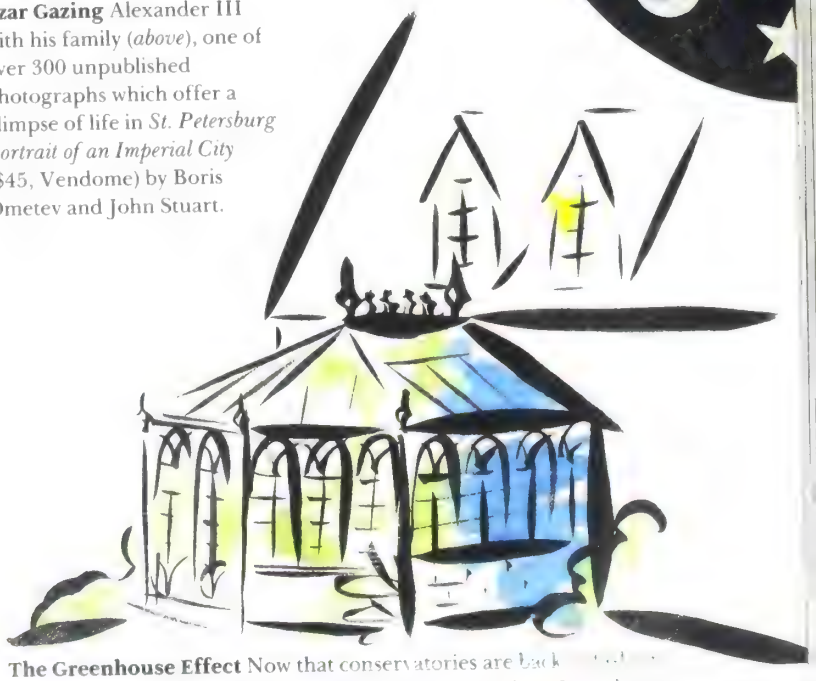




Czar Gazing Alexander III with his family (*above*), one of over 300 unpublished photographs which offer a glimpse of life in *St. Petersburg Portrait of an Imperial City* ($45, Vendome) by Boris Ometev and John Stuart.

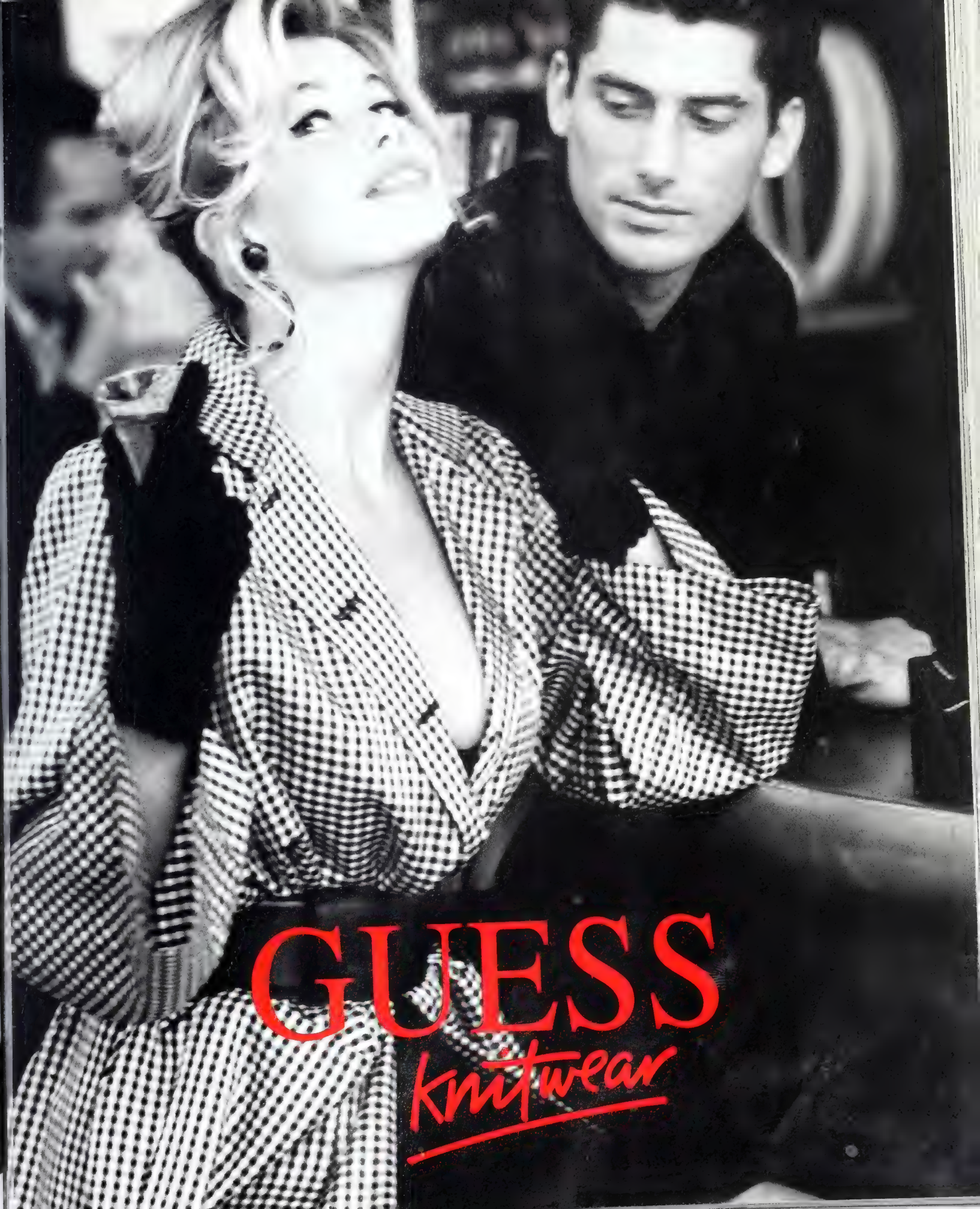


Waxing Nostalgic
From the halls of Badminton to yours, Mint Fabrications' handpainted toleware reproduction wall lights (*above*), $990, are available in black with gold detailing from Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320.



The Greenhouse Effect Now that conservatories are back [illegible] several British firms are making their designs available to U.S. clients. Both Amdega in Boston, (800) 922-0110, and Mad[illegible] Conn., (800) 622-4464, have sales and installation representatives throughout the country. Marston & Langinger's [illegible] showroom examples; for a complete catalogue [illegible] Langinger, 192 Ebury St., London SW1W 8UP, or call (71) 824-8818.




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Arai Arrives

Japanese textile designer Junichi Arai makes his American debut

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

Looking at the range of exceptional fabrics that are the product of Junichi Arai's imagination, it seems hard to believe that for years he was resentful about being in the textile business. "My family has made kimono and obi fabric for five or six generations on my mother's side," explains Arai. "As the eldest son, I was expected to enter the business." Working closely with craftsmen and factories, Arai diligently learned how to fabricate textiles—how to determine the fiber, color, twist of thread, and weave structure.

The process of making synthetic and metallic fabrics, which the family firm exported to the United States for the after-five cocktail-dress market, Arai patented 36 new yarns. But it was not until the mid seventies that the fabric innovator gained an international reputation via the fashions of rising stars Rei Kawakubo and Issey Miyake, who shared his primary interest in texture. "I begin by thinking of a fabric in black and white, only figuring out the color once the texture is established. What characterizes my work are layers of fabric making up one cloth."

In the mid seventies Arai's fabrics underwent a dramatic transformation as computerized looms revolutionized the industry. "With the computers you can easily enlarge or shrink a design, experiment with different shades, simulate colors. They introduced so many possibilities that choosing options became another form of creativity." Having made a name for himself with natural fiber fabrics, Arai moved on—to translucent fabrics, to combinations of natural and synthetic fibers such as a wool yarn with a core of spiraling nylon, and most recently, to lighter-than-air fabrics made of titanium, polyester, and dyed aluminum. His sheer shimmery fabrics have been made into curtains, his thick nubby textiles used for upholstery, his fabric with graphic motifs has been hung as tapestries, and his spiderweb fabric, which is a technological feat, has made a spookily beautiful room divider.

Milton Sonday, curator of the exhibition "Color, Light, Surface: Contemporary Fabrics," now on view at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, says "I couldn't do such a show without Arai's work. He is just an outstanding innovator." Kenneth Lowengrub, the young man responsible for introducing Arai's designs to the United States through his Japanese label, Nuno, is even more passionate about the work of the master: "I just died over the fabrics." For all his accomplishments, Arai is a modest man with a charming sense of humor, divulging that, yes, he does wear clothes made exclusively of cloth he has designed, except for his socks and underwear made by—who else?—Issey Miyake. ♠

The wool and cotton Rock Pattern, above, resembles a raked Japanese garden. Inset: Arai, in front of Fiendish Crepe, a pleated all-wool Korean C... Details see Resource...







A synthetic stripe, above left, a cotton woven patchwork, above, and a silk web entrapping Arai, left, demonstrate his remarkable range.

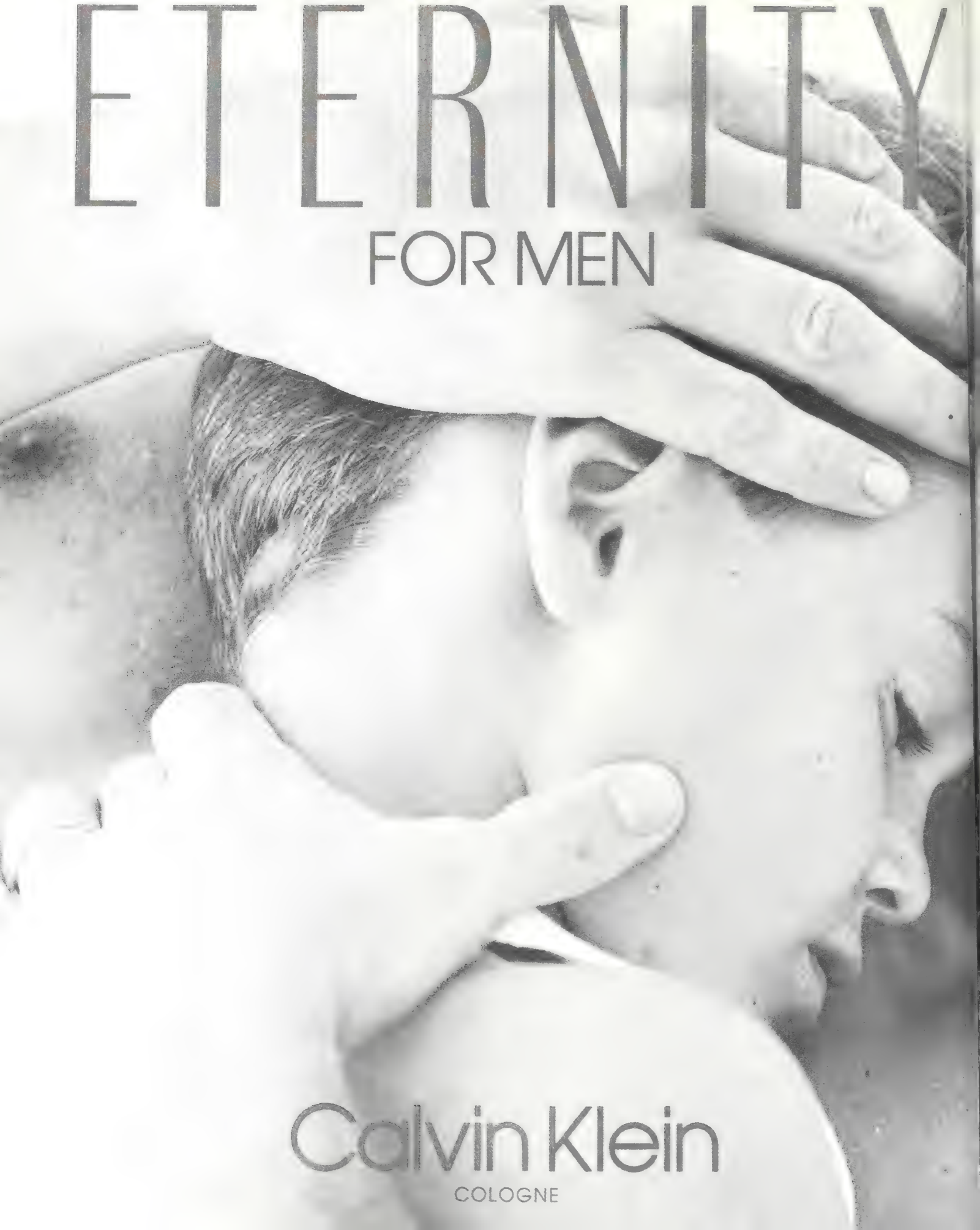


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The Light of Derby *An exhibition explores the luminous world of English painter Joseph Wright.* BY ANDREW SOLOMON

The nature of genius is more difficult to pin down than genius itself; it is easier to admire what you know to be great than to try to explain why it is great. And yet that second endeavor, neglected for most of this century, has lately risen to new heights of popularity. We have depended, perhaps for too long, on a binary picture of European art, the artistic acts of southern/Romance cultures criticized and categorized by northern ones, these cultures feeding off one another but remaining separate. Now the great northern literary/critical cultures—Germany, England, Russia—are rediscovering their artistic heritage, while the emerging critical bias of Italy, Spain, and France is being treated with increasing seriousness. In this liberal atmosphere, fresh judgments and reassessments have become commonplace.

If ever there was a nonvisual culture in historicist terms, England was it. Recent thought runs along revisionist lines,



however, and the upsurge of appreciation of English painting that has been under way for two decades is blossoming like a magnolia in spring. The latest of its heavy flowers is the Tate Gallery's exhibition devoted to the eighteenth-century painter Joseph Wright of Derby (a slightly abbreviated version of the show on view in London earlier this year will open September 9 at the Metropolitan Museum in New York). The cycle in which the advances of art historical criticism shake up the market and sudden advances in the marketplace stir up critics runs nowhere so smoothly as in Britain, and even there seldom so obviously as with Wright of Derby. Benedict Nicolson's two-volume study on the artist, published in 1968, lifted him out of relative obscurity, but it was not until Wright's portrait *Mr. and Mrs. Coltman* was sold at auction for £1.4 million in 1984 that he received general acclaim as one of Britain's foremost painters. The Tate show, curated by Judy Egerton, is both rigorous and selective, enthusiastic without any hint of absurd trumpeting. We are left with the *Gazetteer*'s remark, from a review of 1768, that "Mr. Wright, of Derby, is a very great and uncommon genius, in a peculiar way."



A detail from Wright's *A Philosopher Giving That Lecture on the Orrery*, top. Above: Self-portrait, c. 1773. Below left: *A Cottage on Fire*, c. 1787.

Wright's work divides into three categories, and the exhibition engages with all three. With his portraits (including conversation pieces), the artist supported himself; with his landscapes he indulged all his whimsy; but it was with his sub-

FROM TOP: DERBY ART GALLERY; PRIVATE COLLECTION; HUNTEARIAN (GLASGOW) MUSEUM



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Creative Business Photo Franck Horvat



The dramatic light and shadow in *An Academy by Lamplight*, left, may reflect the influence of Caravaggio and his followers. Below: Wright's 1765 portrait of the cartographer Peter Perez Burdett and his first wife, Hannah, was painted as a gift to the sitters.



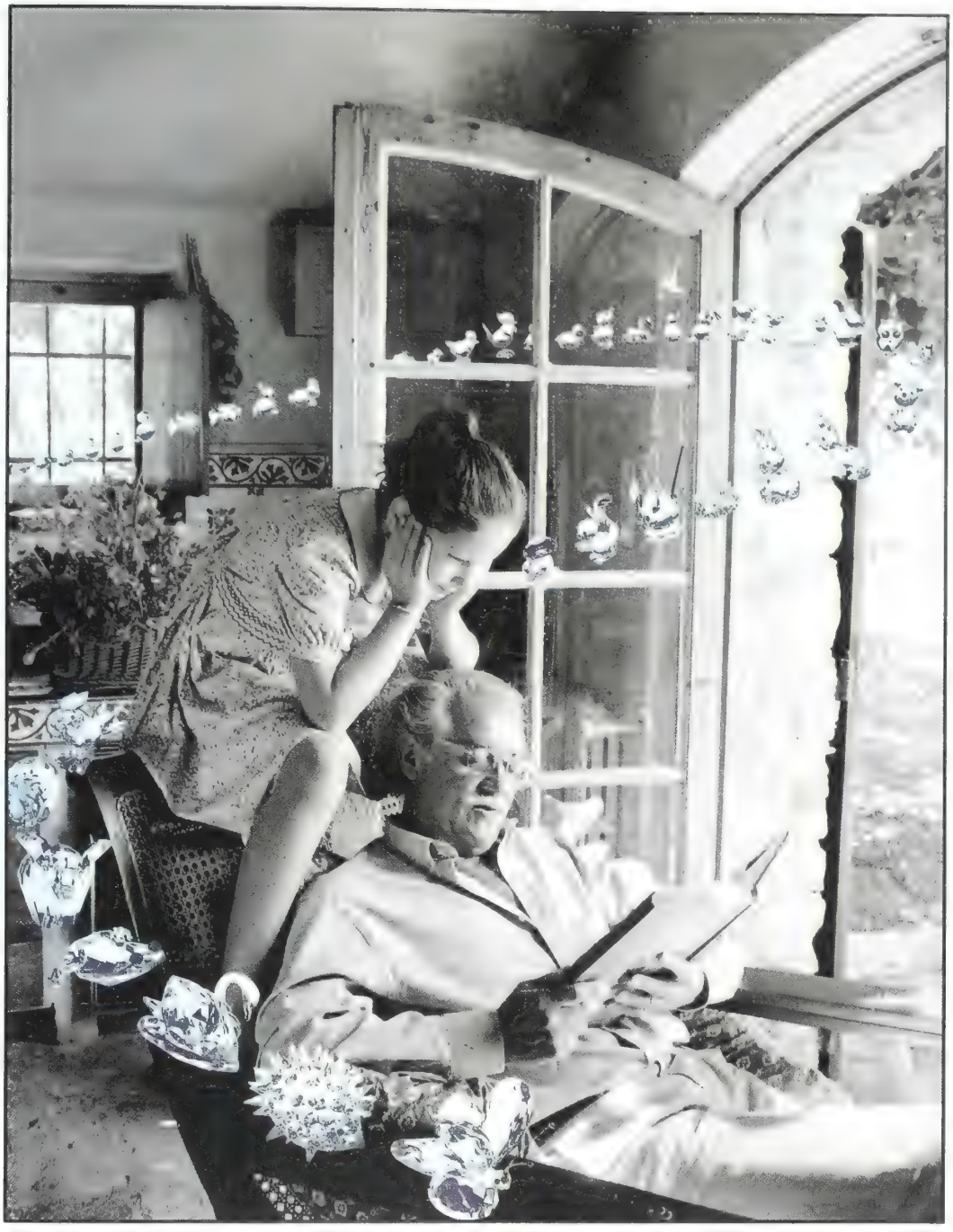
ject pictures that he did his most profound and original work, emerging as one of the first painters of industrial themes and as a great master of intricate compositions oddly lit. Wright's work in all three genres grew steadily more complex with time. In the earliest portraits, faces smooth as ivory stare out from unarticulated or undistinguished backgrounds with that generic expression of boredom so common to those who sit for artists. But already in *Mr. and Mrs. William Chase*, of circa 1762–63, Wright has achieved genuine depth, the lively couple contained in a decorated room beyond which lies a feathery vista of clouds and treetops. In *The Rev. D'Ewes Coke, His Wife, Hannah, and Daniel Parker Coke M.P.*, painted nearly twenty years later, the composition has become much more elaborate, the light stronger, the relation between subjects and background more intimate. The figures are now full of character, their relation to one another manifest in the position of a hand or the angle of a glance. In the latest portraits of the local intelligentsia, especially of John Whitehurst and Erasmus Darwin, Wright reaches a profundity of insight for which the earlier work gives us little preparation. The entire bent of personality, the fine-tuned modesty of Whitehurst, and the fleshy absorption of Darwin are unmistakable; the two men, vastly different, are given to us with all their flaws, but also with the power of their gifts.

The landscapes can be almost modernist in their schematic flatness, or they can penetrate across a carefully constructed series of planar spaces. Though some are done in a spirit of balance and repose, the traditional modes of landscape, others are vigorous and spirited. Always the primary concern is with light. In paintings like *Landscape with a Rainbow*, that light is carefully dramatized. In the best of his landscape paintings of Italy, Wright explored ideas of light by denying its usual sources (the sun, the moon) and substituting watery light reflected inward by the sea, the firelight of volcanic activity, and the man-made glow of explosives.

Similar issues inform the pictures for which Wright is best known. Four paintings of blacksmiths' shops and iron forges and *Arkwright's Cotton Mills by Night* mark Wright as the first important painter of industry, but as Judy Egerton rightly points out in her catalogue introduction, his preoccupation is with light rather than with the cause of industry. The paintings Wright called his "candle light" pictures, most of which are included in this exhibition, show the artist at his most original and are the ones for which he continues to be most famous. In both *An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump* and *A Philosopher Giving That Lecture on the Orrery, in Which a Lamp Is Put in Place of the Sun*, Wright depicts demonstrations by scientific experts for laymen. He is equally fascinated by the technical detail of the scientific event taking place and by the confused, distracted, and astonished responses of the audience. Light in each painting comes from a central source, an illuminated object in a darkened room.

> The painting seems to burst with curiosity about the ways humanity is revealed

There is a great deal of argument about Wright's influences, but in these paintings it is clear that the Caravaggesque tradition—whether Dutch, Italian, or elaborately British—formed him more than any other. *A Philosopher Giving That Lecture on the Orrery* looks forward to the nineteenth-century preoccupation with the complexity of reflected light and its concern with the distorting character of artificial illumination. It is a painting that seems to burst with curiosity about its own subjects: about the orrery, about the light, and about the ways humanity itself is revealed when the focus of subjects is matched by the focus of the artist. ▲



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Sleepy Hollow Legends

Memories of the Hudson River valley haunt the domain of early Dutch settlers. BY BROOKE ASTOR



If you follow the Hudson River some thirty miles north of New York City, you will reach Tarrytown, a bustling community that has retained much of its past, a large tree-shaded park, a beautiful library, and some intriguing Victorian houses. If you then continue beyond North Tarrytown, bearing to the left on Route 9, you will quickly approach a small bridge over a stream, beyond which, on your left, you will see a house, an old mill, and a meadow filled with sheep. On your right, diagonally across the road, you will also catch sight of a little stone church against a green hillside at the place called Sleepy Hollow.

The mill, which is on a dam, and the church, built in the seventeenth century, were originally the property of Frederick Flypse, a Dutchman who owned 50,000 acres along the Hudson from Spuyten Duyvil to the Croton River and eastward to the Bronx River. He settled there in the mid 1600s and, despite his nationality, became very close to the English and was soon the richest man in the British colony of New York. Having wished to establish himself as a country squire, Flypse was eventually named lord of the manor by the British and therefore Anglicized his name as Philipse. The mill at Philipsburg Manor was one of his more successful ventures until the stream, the Pocantico (an offshoot of the Hudson), overflowed three times, causing enormous damage. Then, supposedly, a laborer living in Philipse's domain announced that God had come to him three times in his dreams and said, "If your master builds a church across the road from the mill, the Pocantico will never overflow again."

Philipse heeded these words, and by the late 1690s the building now known as the Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow was completed. The knoll behind it had already been used as a burial ground, and by the close of the century nearly 180 people had been interred there, including Dutchmen, Englishmen, Huguenots, and American Indians; it was natural that future generations should also seek this as a resting place. Frederick Philipse died in 1702, and his second wife, Catherine Van Cortlandt, followed in 1730. They are buried in a crypt beneath the communion table, which Catherine gave to the church along with a pair of silver beakers and a baptismal basin.

> Who can ever forget Ichabod Crane stumbling through the night?

Almost as soon as it was finished, the church became a meeting place for the surrounding countryside. People arrived on horseback or mule from as far away as White Plains, many having traveled since dawn. During every Sunday morning service the minister, Dominie Jackson, preached steadily for an hour and a half before pausing for a welcome intermission. The congregation poured out of the church to find Old Caesar, a black man who came from the Saw Mill River valley in a mule-drawn cart, waiting to sell cakes and homemade beer. The young people spent these intervals flirting or playing games, while the women gos-



The 17th-century lord of Philipsburg Manor, above, also built the Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow. Left: A later monument in the 85-acre cemetery near the church.

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siped and the men had time to smoke a pipe or have a good chew of tobacco. Then the bell (still there)—which is inscribed IF GOD BE FOR US, WHO CAN BE AGAINST US?—would ring, and all would go back to their devotions and Dominie Jackson's admonitions.

Today regular services are conducted in the unheated church from Easter to Christmas. The minister is Gerald Paul Vander Hart, who also presides over the First Reformed Church of Tarrytown. I obtained most of my information from him and from Bill Graham, the superintendent of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. It is because of their help that I have discovered many of the treasures of this neighborhood.

Many notables are buried in the cemetery—among them, Andrew Carnegie, Samuel Gompers, William Rockefeller, and Walter Chrysler—but the list, for most visitors, starts with Washington Irving. In 1819 Irving published *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* in which he depicted the superstitious Dutch of the 1790s who worshiped at the church and spoke with bated breath of the Headless Horseman haunting their valley. And who can ever forget the song master Ichabod Crane stumbling through the night, pursued by the Horseman, who caused his total disappearance from the earth? The tale is a masterpiece of American folklore, and it has made Sleepy Hollow one of the most visited places in the Hudson River valley.

Washington Irving's house, Sunnyside, is three miles south of the church and well worth a visit, as it remains in perfect condition and filled with memorabilia collected by the writer—his books, of course, as well as furniture, porcelain, and other objects. (The house stayed in the Irving family until they gave it to the public in the 1940s.) There is also a porch where one can enjoy the view across the Hudson and admire one of the largest wisteria vines in the world.

Ten miles north of Sunnyside on Route 9, near Ossining, stands Van Cortlandt Manor, a house associated with the prominent family into which Frederick Philipse married. Another building at the manor was at one time an inn, where river ferry passengers stopped to relax in a cozy taproom that is still much as it was. The main house is filled with unusual colonial furniture and fine Van Cortlandt family portraits.

As in the past, the mill at Philipsburg Manor grinds out the rye and other grains for which oxen till the manor fields. (Stone-ground flour can be bought at a shop beside the mill.) Nearby are a vegetable and herb garden,



Van Cortlandt Manor was a patrician homestead

cows, chickens, and the sheep grazing by the Pocantico and the Old Dutch Church. It is a bucolic treat, far removed from the pressures of today.

Looking back over the history of Sleepy Hollow, I must add my own thanks to Frederick Philipse. I live close to the cemetery and drive through it often. In any season it is 85 acres of sheer beauty—the lovely stream, softly rolling hills, and, above all, the most magnificent bushes and trees. Everything is superbly kept up, all the lawns clipped, the trees well pruned, the monuments and tombstones visibly cared for. The cemetery is at its best, however, in springtime when the dogwoods, both white and pink, are in full bloom. They spread a veil of cloudlike beauty over the graves. It is a joyous and vibrant sight. There is no thought of grim death here, only a feeling of uplift and happiness. One senses that those lying here must know it and are able to send out peace and love to those whom they have left behind. ♠

For information on visiting Philipsburg Manor, Van Cortlandt Manor, Sunnyside, and other historic sites near Sleepy Hollow, contact Historic Hudson Valley, 150 White Plains Rd., Tarrytown, NY 10591; (914) 631-8200.



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Roadside Relishes

Condiments made from farm stand produce heighten the flavor of summer foods. BY JUDITH KNIPE

Summer comes quickly to Vermont—almost overnight it's here, lush and verdant and very brief. High on my list of ephemeral summer pleasures is a daily trip to Dutton's farm stand in Manchester Center, only a few miles from my house up the road. By Memorial Day heaps of scallions, radishes, and spinach have appeared along with pots of vibrantly colored geraniums and other porch and garden plants. The summer solstice brings the first lettuces; cucumbers, zucchini, and summer squash; basil, coriander, dill, and parsley; baskets of garden peas and sugar snaps; bouquets of cut flowers; and the huge crop of strawberries Dutton's grows on the banks of the West River.

Then it's July, time for tender young green beans, new potatoes, early summer raspberries, Dutton's own freshly picked corn on the cob and vine-ripened tomatoes, local blueberries, bell peppers of every conceivable color and shape, red and green leaf lettuces, radicchio, Boston lettuce, and arugula. By August my enthusiasm for vegetables reaches a crescendo, with eggplants and a variety of hand melons (Rising Star, Superstar, and Early Gold), sweet red watermelons, and the smaller Yellow Babies. I can scarcely take it all in. Seduced by a more abundant harvest than ever before, I sometimes have to change the day's menu in midstream. How many different greens can my salad accommodate? Will I make three or four vegetables tonight? Should I make a fruit salad with two or three of the melons and a few blueberries and raspberries or just serve wedges of Yellow Baby watermelon?

Corn is my favorite summer food. During the season I try to eat it once a day, usually as a separate course at dinner. But some of my guests—especially those who are city-bound for most of the summer and seldom see an ear of garden-fresh country corn—insist on having it for lunch as well. Of course, they are right: we can never get enough of corn—or peppers or those astonishingly flavorful tomatoes.

One of the best ways I know to take advantage of this summer wealth is to transform some of it into relishes and sauces that add pungency and zest to other summer fare. An old-fashioned corn relish made with brown sugar and cider vinegar, for example, is a delicious side dish for barbecued meats, especially hamburgers, frankfurters, and ribs. Those who like it hot can fold in a little extra minced hot pepper and chopped coriander just before serving.

Roasted bell peppers lightly seasoned with vinaigrette make an intense and beguiling relish for grilled fish and chicken. I like to use this versatile condiment as a sandwich spread on country bread or, augmented with chopped raw bell peppers and tomatoes, as a superb sauce for pasta. And summertime is the only time for fresh tomato salsa, an instant accompaniment for grilled meats and fish, for grains, and even for other vegetables. Get 'em while you can.

TOMATO SALSA

3 large tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and coarsely chopped
cup chopped Spanish or red onion
½–1 teaspoon minced hot pepper
2 teaspoons minced garlic
Juice of 2 limes
Salt and freshly ground pepper
3 tablespoons julienne of coriander

In a bowl combine tomatoes, onion, hot pepper, garlic, lime juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Stir in coriander and serve at once. Makes about 2 cups.

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FARMHOUSE CORN RELISH

1½ cups cider vinegar
⅔ cup packed light brown sugar
1 tablespoon powdered mustard
2 teaspoons celery seed
2 teaspoons turmeric
2 teaspoons salt
Freshly ground pepper
1 quart fresh corn kernels, cut from 4–5 ears
1 cup chopped Spanish onion
1 cup chopped red bell pepper
1 cup chopped green bell pepper
2 teaspoons minced hot chili peppers

Combine vinegar, sugar, powdered mustard, celery seed, turmeric, salt, and a healthy grinding of black pepper in a heavy 3- to 4-quart saucepan and bring to a boil over high heat. Reduce heat and cook the mixture uncovered at a slow boil about 15 minutes or until syrupy and reduced by about half.

Add corn, onion, bell peppers, and chili peppers and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and cook uncovered about 10 minutes or until vegetables are tender but not mushy. Cool the relish, then chill. Leftovers can be frozen. Makes a generous 4 cups.

ROASTED PEPPER RELISH

3 large red bell peppers
3 large green bell peppers
2 large yellow bell peppers
¼ cup finely snipped chives
4–5 teaspoons nonpareil capers, drained
2 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
2 tablespoons balsamic vinegar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons chopped basil or Italian parsley
Salt and freshly ground pepper
2 large garlic cloves

Place peppers over a preheated charcoal grill or gas burners set to moderate heat, turning with metal tongs until the skins are charred on all sides, 15–20 minutes for each pepper. Put charred peppers into a paper bag, close tightly, and let cool about 20 minutes. Hold each pepper under slowly running cold water and gently rub off the charred skin. Place on a cutting board and remove core, seeds, and membranes. Pat dry, cut into ¼-inch dice, and transfer to a mixing bowl. Add chives and capers. In a small bowl whisk together olive oil, vinegar, lemon juice, basil or parsley, salt, and pepper to taste. Add the dressing to pepper mixture and toss. Mash garlic cloves with the flat of a heavy knife, remove skin, and bury the crushed garlic in mixture. Cover and refrigerate for several hours, then remove and discard garlic. Serve at room temperature as a sauce for grilled meats, chicken, or fish. Makes about 2 cups ♠





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Poet in the Attic

William Carlos Williams commemorated the small ceremonies of daily life in his New Jersey house. BY NEIL BALDWIN



More than any American writer of our time, William Carlos Williams believed in consistency. While others of the "lost generation" took refuge in Europe, he stood his ground in Rutherford, New Jersey—a small town a mere nine miles from New York City—where he was born, attended grade school, and then, after medical training at the University of Pennsylvania, returned to start his practice. He married Florence Herman, raised two sons, William Eric and Paul, and hung his shingle in front of 9 Ridge Road, the homestead he and Flossie received as a wedding present from her father. Williams lived there for the next half century, delivering more than 3,000 babies while at the same time writing poems, short stories, plays, novels, and literary criticism that embodied his deeply held philosophy: in the local we find the universal. To William Carlos Williams, true beauty resided in the world closest to hand. In the "particular," the little things of everyday life, he found solace and the inspiration for his most accessible poems.

Built in 1900, the rambling two-story mustard-colored Victorian frame dwelling in Rutherford has endured as a monument to permanence. In 1973, three years before Florence Williams died there, the house was named to the National Register of Historic Places. Soon thereafter, Williams's elder son, Bill, and his second wife, Mimi, moved in. And now, at the age of 76, William Eric Williams continues the family tradition, maintaining a busy medical practice where his father labored before him.

One bright Sunday in early summer, I toured the old house to review the memories it holds. Mounting the steps from the shaded street, I noticed that one fork of the walkway leads to the front door, while the other still slopes downhill to the spot where William Carlos Williams's office used to be. But since the family never used the front door to enter, I started at the back, where five wooden steps rise from the 30-foot-square expanse of well-tended garden that was Williams's pride and joy. Here he could retreat, after a tough bout with the typewriter, for communion with the soil. He was a true romantic poet, enamored of the pastoral throughout his life. (Keats had been Williams's first literary love, and he was a prolific sonneteer in college days.) "I walked in the garden," he declared in the poem "The Quality of Heaven." "The/garden smelled of roses./The lilies' green throats opened/to yellow trumpets/that craved no sound and the rain/was



Williams in the garden, above right. Top left: His house and office. Above: Eyvind Earle's mural. Right: The poet (in photo at top left) beside a Rutherford landmark designed by his brother; a childhood portrait; a letter from Ezra Pound; a postcard from Williams's father, also named William.

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fresh in my face,/the air a sweet breath."

There are no fewer than ten varieties of lilies behind the house in Rutherford, among a profusion of roses (Flossie's favorite), sunflowers nodding their heads, delphiniums, coralbells, Shasta daisies, broom, a vine the poet himself planted, butterfly bush, hydrangea, iris, dusty miller, firethorn. The catalogue of varieties is a lovely mixture of discipline and freedom, like Williams's verse. And around the side of the house is the shadbush, his favorite tree, which blooms just before the dogwood. Standing beside it I remembered the poem "Perpetuum Mobile: The City," with its ecstatic reference to "All at once/in the east/rising!/ . . . a shad bush/blossoming."

Nearby stood the icebox from which the poet—doubtless just back from delivering a baby—stole plums

Inside the back door, a small vestibule off the kitchen connects to the "new" office wing built in 1958, after Williams had suffered a heart attack and several strokes and his son joined the practice. Nearby once stood the famous icebox from which Williams—doubtless just back from delivering a baby in the middle of the night, and ravenous with hunger—stole and ate the plums he knew his young wife was "probably/saving/for breakfast./Forgive me" (he wrote only half apologetically in the poem "This Is Just to Say") "they were delicious/so sweet/and so cold." The Williamses' marriage was stormy at times, for the doctor necessarily kept odd hours, being available around the clock for house calls and at-home births, and satisfied his appetite for culture through forays across the river to the bohemian world of Greenwich Village.

Above the living room fireplace hangs testimony to Williams's lifelong involvement with the visual arts and with artists as friends: a watercolor by Ben Shahn of the New Jersey city commemorated in the poet's epic *Paterson*. Elsewhere in the room are sketches by Williams's brother, Edgar, an accomplished architect who won the Prix de Rome and studied in Italy before designing several Rutherford landmarks. And behind the sofa where Williams and Flossie spent hours together late in life—she reading correspondence and poems to him when his eyesight failed—is a portrait of a girl by his mother, Raquel Hélène Rose Hoheb, who studied painting in Paris. A twelve-foot-high mural of New York's East Side waterfront by Flossie's nephew Eyvind Earle dominates a narrow landing on the well-worn stairway.

Williams was a restless writer, stealing time when he could between appointments and house calls to jot down a few stanzas of verse. His pithy eloquence and acute perceptions were further condensed by his habit of writing poems on small prescription blanks. In his ground-floor consulting room there was a desk with a flip-down typewriter for quick lines between patients. Up on the second floor, a corner room overlook-



ing the rear garden provided a more formal study, the place where he observed that "This sparrow/who comes to sit at my window/is a poetic truth/more than a natural one."

Over the doorway leading to the bathroom, indentations record where there was once a chinning bar. Williams insisted that his sons stay fit, and he installed an exercise bar at a five-foot eight-inch height. The trouble was, being five foot nine, he was bound to bump into it, and the boys would often hear him cursing in the middle of the night.

The sunny front bedroom was Williams and Flossie's. Here their sons were born and here Flossie died. The presence of the devoted wife of whom Williams wrote "In one woman I find all the rest" is everywhere at 9 Ridge Road: in the glass-fronted writing desk where she stored all of her husband's books bound in leather, in the dresser in the corner of the neat bedroom, in the everblooming roses out the back window. She was a proud, sensitive woman, who tolerated her husband's wanderings because she so admired his art. And she shared deeply his love of nature.

The final ascent into the attic revealed a dusty, uninsulated, undivided expanse filled with old trunks and family memorabilia spanning generations, including paintings and more sketches by Edgar Williams. There has never been a reason to clean the space because the family has never really left town. In "The Attic Which Is Desire" Williams called this vastness "the unused tent/of/bare beams/beyond which/directly wait/the night/and day." It was yet another retreat for writing. Up here, he would compose standing up, looking out at the stretch of shops along Park Avenue, Rutherford's main thoroughfare, and

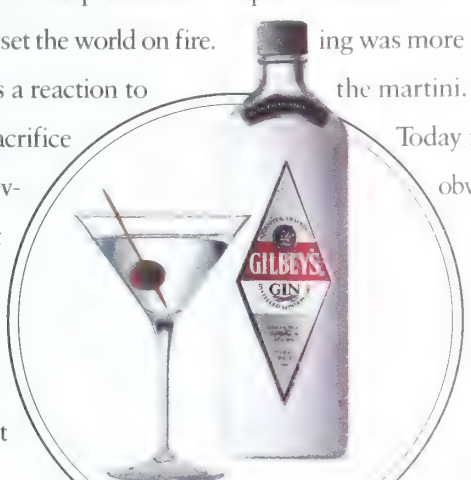
His pithy eloquence was further condensed by writing poems on prescription blanks

pounding away at his typewriter so emphatically that the floor would shake—a signal to his wife and sons that he was not to be disturbed at any price. He viewed the town outside his window as a mixed blessing: its people provided his livelihood, yet few of them realized Williams's stature as a man of letters until after his death, and though the smallness of Rutherford made life manageable, it also hemmed the poet in. The poems became a means of escape through the imagination.

Clambering slowly back downstairs to the living room, I felt that the detritus of decades still clung tenaciously to the house at 9 Ridge Road—an accumulation as real as the sepia photographs tumbling out of the family albums on a card table. Pausing on the landing, I could have sworn I heard the ghostly, unexpectedly vigorous steps of William Carlos Williams one flight up, passing a solitary moment, as he had declared in the poem "Danse Russe": "[I] dance naked, grotesquely/before my mirror/waving my shirt round my head/. . . Who shall say I am not/the happy genius of my household?" ♠

The dress was chiffon, the stockings were silk, and a martini was the height of fashion.

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A Classic Shifts Gears

BMW revs up the engine and downshifts the price

BY PILAR VILADAS

Remember the 2002? It was BMW's 1968 entry into not only the American car market but also the hearts of a generation of American drivers. Its box-with-rounded-corners silhouette and classic round taillights were unmistakable, as was its jaunty ride and get-up-and-go. More sensible than a sports car, sexier than a sedan, the 2002 was a real enthusiast's car.



The BMW 318is has front and rear spoilers and alloy wheels, in keeping with its sporty driving characteristics. The two-door car, which is sold only with a manual transmission, offers get-up-and-go at a moderate price.

By 1976, however, the 2002 was gone, replaced by the 3 series. The enthusiast's car had gone yuppie—bigger, softer, and, although the 3 series is BMW's least expensive line, more expensive every year. That left a lot of former 2002 owners out in the cold, both philosophically and financially—not to mention potential first-time BMW buyers who were being priced out of the market. This point was not lost on BMW, which has just brought out the two-door, stick-shift-only 318is you see zooming across the page as it disappearing from your television set in a bright red blur. "The 318," says the commercial announcer, "back with a vengeance."

"Back" because the car is given the same numerical designation as a four-cylinder 3-series model that first appeared in 1984 and disappeared when the 3 series went entirely six-cylinder in 1986. But the similarities end there, and that's where the "vengeance" part comes in. *This* 318is is an altogether new car, with all the pep and sporty attributes of a car like the 2002 but at a price—$21,500—that is $3,000 below that of the next lowest-priced model. With this two-tiered strategy, BMW hopes to lure disenfranchised fans back to the fold.

The secret weapon of the 318is is its newly designed four-cylinder, sixteen-valve engine (going back to four cylinders makes for a more affordable car). BMW has used sixteen-valve engines since 1966 in its racing cars and the high-performance M3, but this is the first time such an engine has been combined with four cylinders and made in quantity. What this means to the average driver is that the 318is is quick, sporty, and fuel-efficient (22 miles per gallon city, 27 miles per gallon highway), but it still has plenty of muscle. The car makes the 0–60 dash in 9.9 seconds—not exactly greased lightning, but unless you're likely to find yourself on a drag strip soon, it's hard to call this a liability. Besides, once you get to 60, the only problem you'll have is obeying posted speed limits. The 318is zips right along and, even better, is as nimble as it is quick.

The key to the car's agility is its M Technic suspension (a feature it shares with the 325is). Technically this involves things like larger antiroll bars and twin-tube gas-pressure telescopic shock absorbers, but to you and me, this simply means a very responsive car that scoots around sharp curves at something higher than posted speed limits (just testing, of course). And should you need to slow down in a hurry, you can apply the antilock brakes, which are standard equipment, as is the driver's-side air bag.

On the outside, the 318is's front and rear spoilers and cross-spoke alloy wheels denote its peppy status. On the inside, front seats with extra lateral support and adjustable thigh supports maintain the feel. The dashboard is plain and simple with a minimum of electronic toys but everything you really need, including a very respectable stereo/cassette deck system. Power windows, locks, and outside mirrors are standard, and, it must be added, even at high speeds the interior of the car remains quiet enough for two people to carry on a conversation without raising their voices.

The only real flaw I found in this otherwise extremely appealing car was that it has a rather cramped backseat, which isn't usually a big issue with two-door owners anyway. But if you're looking for a bit more room, BMW also offers the 318i, a four-door model that has everything but the spoilers, sport seats, and alloy wheels. At $19,900, just below the luxury-market price border, BMW considers it their entry-level car. Whichever model you choose, the 318 is a moderately priced route to the fast lane. ♠



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A keen eye for subtle detail guides ceramicist Martine Vermeulen. BY CALVIN TRILLIN





I have never known how to describe precisely what Martine does. I wouldn't call her a potter. For me, that word conjures up a person wearing clunky shoes and making even clunkier coffee mugs. On the other hand, I can't imagine introducing her by saying, "This is my friend Martine Vermeulen. She's a ceramicist." Technically, she may be a ceramicist, but "ceramicist" has always struck me as a word most appropriately used to describe someone who has a hobby ("Yes, I agree Sally seems like an absolute airhead, but they say she's quite an accomplished ceramicist"). If there's anything Martine is not, it's a hobbyist. She could be described as an artist who works in clay, I suppose, but I can't use the phrase without thinking of all those people who are described as "working in" auto-body filler or "working in" green Jell-O. If I'm in my own house, describing what Martine does presents no problem. We have so many of her things around that I can just point to the nearest Martine bowl or dish or kitchen counter and say, "She did that."



Martine Vermeulen, above left, stores her own pottery in an old stove, above, at her farmhouse, Feu-Follet. Vermeulen tiles cover the wall. Left: Signature blue-rimmed cups are brushed and sponged with motifs drawn from the surrounding countryside.

Martine lives and works in Dutchess County, New York, now, but when I met her, ten or twelve years ago, she lived behind a studio and shop she maintained on Cornelia Street, a few blocks from where I live in Greenwich Village. Her shop was called Feu-Follet. That apparently means something appropriate in French, Martine's first language, and I suspect it wouldn't have occurred to her to worry about whether it meant anything at all to her prospective customers, many of whom might have guessed that a shop of that name peddled eleven different varieties of pâté. Martine, who worked in full view of anyone who was browsing in the shop, had a reputation for being standoffish with the customers. That was all right with me. I didn't go in to chat about the glaze my cousin Thelma in Port Washington was using with such success on her decorative ashtrays. I was usually there just before my wife's birthday, to buy something special. It made birthday shopping simple for me: my wife thought just about everything in Martine's shop was special.

Eventually, we all became friends, particularly after Martine's cousin, another talented artist named Valérie de Montvallon, lived with us for a year and helped look after our daughters. (It's easy to describe precisely what


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A French basket, right, rests on a French country chair. Below: Vermeulen wares in a 19th-century corner cupboard original to the house, on the dining room walls, and even on the floor.



Valérie does now, although not easy to believe that somebody is doing it in Brooklyn in 1990: she makes frescoes.) Our girls thought Martine herself was something special. For one thing, she could find four-leaf clovers at will. If the girls were walking across a lawn with Martine and happened to feel like finding a four-leaf clover, they could just point to any patch of ground and say, "Let's find one here." Martine would kneel, stare for a while, like a pelican patrolling the surf for fish, and then pounce. A four-leaf clover!

If I ever took part in a symposium on how artists see—and I realize that there's not much danger of that—I would ask the assembled experts why Martine can spot four-leaf clovers virtually at will. It's obvious that artists see more than other people see in the sense of seeing an object's potential: in Nova Scotia, where we live in the summer, what looks like part of a broken-up lobster trap to me is any number of things to Martine. She carefully collects the sort of objects I've been kicking out of my path for years. But Martine's ability to spot four-leaf clovers suggests that she focuses in a way that permits her literally to see what I can't see. Martine, I should add, does not hold with this theory. She says anybody can spot four-leaf clovers. All you have to do is look.

She says that without qualification, which is the way she says everything. In all the time I've known her, I don't believe I have ever heard her qualify a statement on any subject—art or nutrition or automobiles or chimneys or diplomatic affairs. If she expressed an opinion in July as to whether or not we were in for a white Christmas—and she very well might—she would express it with absolute certainty. Although Martine's English seems flawless, it has occurred to me that she simply failed to learn such English phrases as "it seems to me" or "it's possible that" or "maybe." She's equally certain about friends. Her friends include some rather well known people who make what amount to pilgrimages to her studio and some of the shopkeepers who were her neighbors



The word "potter" conjures up a person wearing clunky shoes and making even clunkier coffee mugs

on Cornelia Street; she doesn't seem to make any distinction. Once you're a friend of Martine's, you're a friend without qualification. Once you're no longer a friend of Martine's, a Nobel Peace Prize would not count as even a first small step toward your rehabilitation.

I don't know whether Martine's certainty has anything to do with her calling. I have to say that I know some people of great certainty—even great stubbornness—who are complete klutzes, and maybe color-blind to boot. It does seem a characteristic of Martine's work, though, that she is always certain of how things are supposed to look at the end. One of my daughters, as a child, had that same certainty when it came to how she herself was supposed to look; she had a clear picture of herself in her head. Sometimes she appeared at breakfast dressed mainly in clothes that the P.S. 3 rummage sale had failed to sell, but she couldn't be convinced to remove, say, a particularly weird scarf, because she knew it was part of the total effect. She was almost invariably right.

When Martine moved to Dutchess County—to a small nineteenth-century farmhouse on the edge of the woods—she seemed to know just what the place would look like when she finally had it to her liking. She knew how her woods would look when they were thinned and what clearing would be the only place for her studio, overlooking a little pond. She knew where the dining room table would be, and maybe even what the chandelier over it would look like—a Martine chandelier that has something in common with a carousel populated by chickens. She has clear, unqualified pictures in her mind, and she is almost invariably right. Often, visitors to our house are astonished at how right she has been, after I have pointed at something and said, "She made that." I try to put it in perspective. "If you think that's good," I say, "you should see her spot four-leaf clovers." (Feu-Follet, North Anson Rd., Stanfordville, NY 12581; by appointment 914-868-7054) ▲



Feu-Follet (French for will-o'-the-wisp) overlooks gardens and woods on 28 acres in upstate New York.

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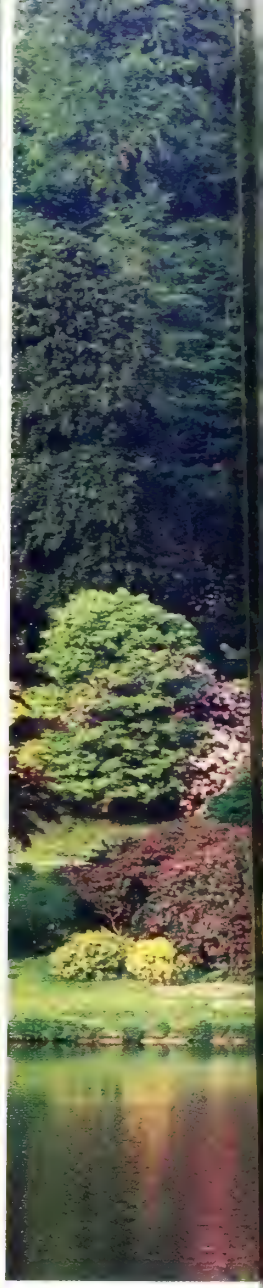
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Art Direction: Marc Balet
LOUIS DELL'OLIO FOR ANNE KLEIN® & CO.



The lake was created in 1754 by damming the valley at the source of the River Stour. A naturalistic serpentine shoreline was constructed before the man-made basin was flooded. The five-arch stone bridge is a copy of a Palladio design. In the foreground, the gigantic leaves of gunnera, a favourite 19th-century exotic import.





Most splendid of Stourhead's follies is the Pantheon, *left*, by Flitcroft, 1753–54. It faces over the lake toward his Temple of Flora, 1744–46, *above*. The placement of classical temples on either side of a body of water may have been inspired by Claude Lorrain's 1672 painting *Landscape with Aeneas at Delos*, *right*, which was likely known to Hoare.

along a carefully controlled but seemingly natural path. His organizing principle was the wanderings of Aeneas, a favorite classical subject. The theme is announced by the Temple of Flora, the first of architect Henry Flitcroft's contributions. Over the doorway of that tiny limestone folly are inscribed these admonishing words from Virgil's *Aeneid:* Procul, O procul este profani (Begone, O begone you who are uninitiated!). The warning was a pointed message for visitors to the domain of the well-read Hoare—namely, if you did not have a classical education, you could not understand what this garden and its structures were all about.

The ancients believed in river gods and the sacredness of springs, and for Hoare that gave added significance to his enchanted realm. He marked at least two of the springs of the Stour with rough stonework grottoes and contrived to use the aquatic potential of the valley with greater ingenuity than nature had managed. After a decade of patient planning, including the construction of the garden's architectural





centerpiece, Flitcroft's Pantheon (a sculpture gallery based on the famous Roman sanctuary), Hoare was ready for his most daring gesture. In 1754 a huge new lake was created by damming the Stour and flooding the artificial basin up to its precisely calculated banks. Like classicism itself, the new lake was a triumph of artifice masquerading as nature.

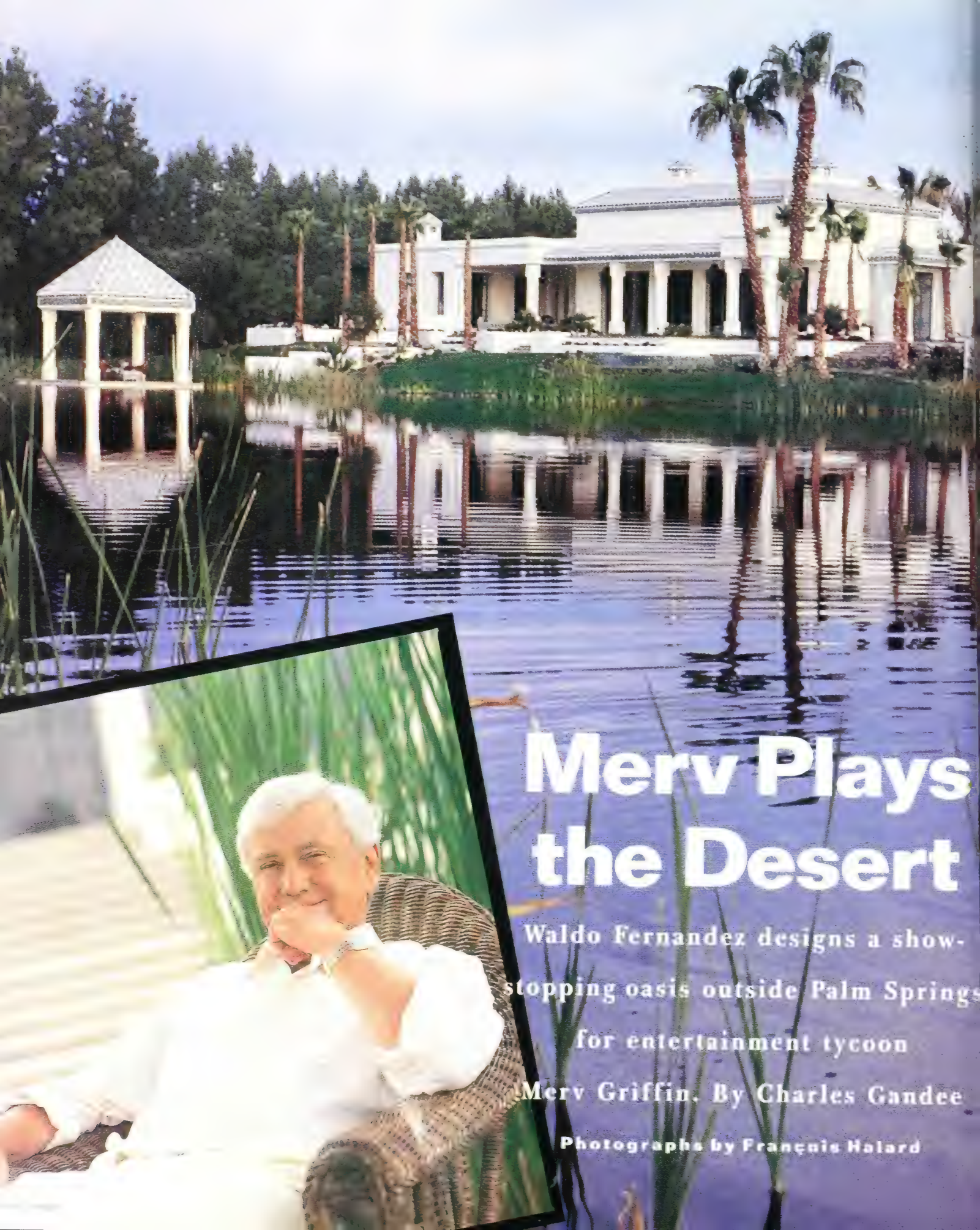
With that single masterstroke the entire ensemble was brought into focus. The route one takes to reach the Pantheon was defined by the shore of the lake. Along the way other architectural features are revealed, disappear, and come into view again, a spatial illusion in which a perception of greater magnitude is fostered by cleverly manipulated vistas. For example, walking around the lake, one catches a glimpse of the Temple of Apollo, a domed octagon surrounded by a concave colonnade based on the Temple of Venus at Baalbek. But before reaching either that hilltop landmark or the Pantheon, one first comes upon two surprising romantic curiosities: the charming Gothic Cottage and the spooky subterranean Grotto, both of which make Stourhead more than an academic exercise in esoteric classical references.

After Hoare died in 1785, architectural work largely ceased, although horticultural advances proceeded apace. Fifty years later he would have found his plantings quite unrecognizable. Stourhead's glorious displays of rhododendrons and azaleas were posthumous innovations, as were over sixty new species of conifers and scores of exotic imports. Until his heirs gave his idyllic creation to the National Trust in 1946, they abided by his exacting philosophy: "Whether at pleasure or business let us be in earnest, and ever active to be outdone or exceeded by none." ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

The Grotto, *right*, dug into a hillside next to the lake, is lit by an oculus. Beyond, in the River God's Cave, a painted lead statue by John Cheere. *Opposite:* The Rockwork Boathouse was added in 1794 by Hoare's grandson. *Above:* The Bristol [illegible]ross, a Gothic relic brought to Stourhead in 1765, stands next to 14th-century Saint Peter's, the parish church of Stourton, the village incorporated into the Hoare estate.





Merv Plays the Desert

Waldo Fernandez designs a show-stopping oasis outside Palm Springs for entertainment tycoon Merv Griffin. By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Françoís Halard





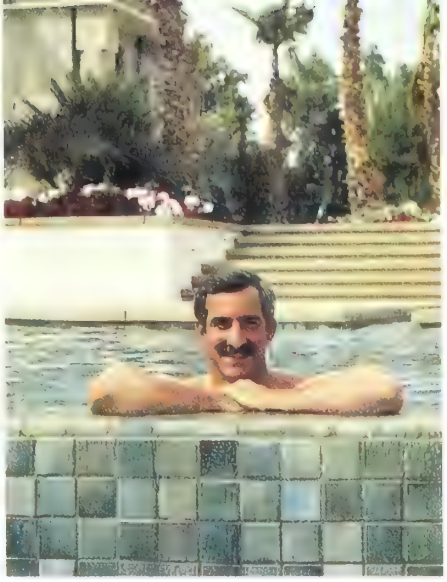
Merv, after Linda had left to claim her banquette in the corner. So four years ago he bought 160 acres of land—Merv doesn't do anything in a small way—and commissioned an architect to design him a house. But it didn't work out. "It would have been great if the king of Morocco had decided to move," quipped Merv of the original plans, which even he found too palatial. That's when Merv rang up Waldo Fernandez.

Why Waldo? "Because I love his work. Not that there isn't yelling. He's slammed the phone down a couple of times, and I've had his knees broken by some goons from Las Vegas. We get along very nicely." Very nicely indeed. Ever since they met in 1986, Merv has kept Waldo busier than busy working on his houses in Beverly Hills, Carmel Valley, and Paradise Island. Waldo has also outfitted Merv's new Challenger, which, as the entertainment mogul explained, is a twin-engine corporate jet—"Canada's answer to the Gulfstream, only wider so that you can get up and walk around. It's a big plane. It's big." In addition to the personal commissions, Waldo has taken aesthetic charge of Merv's various professional ventures as well—from Merv Griffin's Resorts Casino Hotel in Atlantic City and the Beverly Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills to the four hotels and two airlines Merv owns in the Bahamas. I asked what it was about Waldo's work that Merv found so obviously compelling, and he said, simply enough, "It's bigger than life. Waldo is a Whoa! architect and designer."

Merv doesn't exaggerate. Whether you arrive by air, as do Merv and his frequent companion, Eva Gabor, or by car, as lesser mortals tend to, the Moroccan-style desert escape—inspired, according to Merv, by an article he saw in *Vogue* on Yves Saint Laurent's getaway in Marra-

At the foot of Merv's iron frame bed, *above*, a large wooden chest electronically rises to reveal a television set and VCR. Waldo outfitted the master bedroom with a mix of traditional armchairs upholstered in a Quadrille cotton and more exotic accoutrements, such as pottery and a lantern that echo the house's Moroccan theme. An armoire with mirrored doors is built into one wall.





"It's bigger than life," says Merv. "Waldo is a Whoa! architect and designer"





An Italian mosaic tile basin, *above far left,* in Merv's bathroom. *Above left:* Waldo in the pool. *Above:* Synthetic rocks embedded with stereo speakers in the garden. *Left:* One of the dozen Polish Arabian horses. *Below:* A bird's-eye view of the ranch.



kesh—is a show-stopping spectacle that rivals Southfork for sheer this-is-the-big-time impact. Although the main house has few rooms, they are large, even by Hollywood standards. The living room, for example, measures 30 by 50 feet. Merv and Eva have their own bedrooms, complete with large wooden chests, at the foot of each bed, that magically rise at the flick of a remote control switch to reveal his-and-her high-tech home entertainment systems. The dining room is incorporated into the living room because Merv doesn't like "formal, sit-down dining. It's too inhibiting to the company." But more frequently than not, Merv, Eva, and their guests take their meals outside on one of the countless terraces that encircle the house or down on the lake in a floating gazebo. In addition to the generous main quarters, the ranch boasts a three-bedroom maid's house, a two-bedroom caretaker's house, and a fully air-conditioned stable for the twelve Polish Arabian horses that Merv breeds and admires: "They're works of art." There are also four circular guesthouses with fireplaces and mini kitchens—Merv likes to entertain guests, but not necessarily in his house—overlooking the lake, which comes complete with a geyser, activated, as I discovered trying to turn off a light, by a switch in the wet bar off the living room. Another switch, not incidentally, activates an underwater floodlight that illuminates the great geyser at night for a bit of Hollywood glamour.

To unify the compound, to give the ranch aesthetic coherence, Waldo limited himself to a relatively simple palette of materials. All the buildings are creamy stucco with green glazed tile roofs and green ceramic tile friezes, and they are linked by what seem to be miles of pristine white plastic fences for corralling the horses.

"It's a very informal house," explained Merv, referring, of course, to the style, not the scale, of his ranch. "I wanted it to be comfortable, relaxed, low maintenance. I wanted it to be cool, with lots of stone and tile and not a lot of rugs and wood." And then, with that trademark twinkle in his eye, Merv, the perennially pleasant host, added warmly, "The whole place to me is a fantasy. It's beautiful. It's not an intimidating place. Everybody who comes here feels very comfortable." ♠





On a terrace between the main house and the guesthouses, *below*, a small fountain, a large hot tub, and a larger pool overlook the lake. *Above:* Each guesthouse has its own fireplace. The fabric is Malibran from Manuel Canovas. *Right:* Eva Gabor's white-on-white bedroom features a canopy bed swathed in linen from Kent-Bragaline.



Merv's Moroccan-styl



esert escape rivals Southfork for its sheer this-is-the-big-time impact





Outside the guest cottage of her chalet in Fuschl, Manni prepares to greet such luncheon guests as, *left foreground*, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, Carolyne Böhm and Henry Kravis, Blaine and Robert Trump, four of Manni's many grandchildren, and businessman Dieter Bahr and his wife, Kree.





SNAPSHOTS COURTESY OF MANNI

A Chorus of Guests

Friends come from all over to help Princess Marianne zu Sayn-Wittgenstein-Sayn prepare festive lunches near Salzburg

By Justine De Lacy

Photographs by Ivan Terestchenko



AT FOUR IN THE MORNING PRINCESS Marianne zu Sayn-Wittgenstein-Sayn is up tying hollyhocks around her chalet outside Salzburg to save them from a storm. The storm passes, and by late morning the chalet is dripping with freshly watered flowers. Pink linen swaddles several picnic tables near the guest cottage. The stage is set. At noon the cast begins to assemble, and Manni, as she is known, assigns roles. Henry Grunwald is in charge of mashed potatoes. Gunther Sachs, the German industrialist and former husband of Brigitte Bardot, will dole out the venison stew. Nan Kempner gets off easy this time—all she has to do is dribble chives across the tomato gelée.

Few hostesses have had such an illustrious bunch of chive choppers, shrimp shuckers, chicken pluckers, and mushroom peelers. Others who have pitched in include Margaret Thatcher, Oscar de la Renta, Prince Amyn Aga Khan, Brooke Astor, Gloria von Thurn und Taxis, Leonard Bernstein, Count Albrecht von und zu Eltz, Vincent Fourcade, and Leo Castelli. "Everyone works at Manni's," says Greek consul Dimitri Pappas. "It doesn't matter who you are. You can walk in there and see [German foreign minister] Hans-Dietrich Genscher washing dishes."

Why would so many international VIPs roll up their raw silk sleeves to sling schnitzel in a chalet kitchen? As shoppers and gawkers clog Salzburg's seventeenth-century streets during the city's summer music festival, the socialites, politicians, and artists who flock here have retreated to the bushes like endangered species, lingering over private luncheons in the countryside and returning to town just in time to don dinner jackets for the evening performance. And no bushes are more coveted than Manni's. Her parties in Fuschl are to this staid formal town what four o'clock tea in the Palace Hotel is to Saint-Moritz: the nerve center where postmortems, social and operatic, are conducted. "Manni's," explains New York bon vivant Clifford Klenk, "is where it happens."

Many would be intimidated at the idea



Why would so many VIPs roll up their silk sleeves to sling schnitzel? "Manni's is where it happens"

of entertaining guests who live in castles served by large staffs. Not this hostess, perhaps because she was raised in one herself. "Mother had thirty sets of porcelain," says Manni, who was born Baroness Marianne Mayr-Melnhof—a descendant of the imperial Habsburgs and a member of Austria's largest landowning family—and grew up in the tenth-century Castle Glanegg. Unlike many noble families, who acquired land through privilege, the Mayr-Melnhofs began as peasants, cobbling together an empire of iron and steel factories over a century and a half. Manni is as proud of her humble origins as of her nobility. "Our peasant blood made us down-to-earth and resourceful instead of inbred and weak," she says. "We had fifty servants and castles all over Austria, but we children had only two dirndls for summer and two for winter, and they were hand-me-downs."

It was resourcefulness rather than her title that came to Manni's aid when her husband, Prince Ludwig zu Sayn-Wittgenstein-Sayn of Germany, was killed in a freak accident in 1962, leaving her with five children. Manni moved to the modest chalet she and her husband had built on 1,000 acres of woodlands in Fuschl. An enthusiastic gardener, she planted flowers and began inviting people to lunch. Today she is besieged with requests for invitations: "People want to bring their houseguests. The houseguests want to bring their friends. The friends want to bring *their* houseguests!"

Relaxing for a moment on her terrace with a homemade Holunderblossom aperitif, Manni provides some clues to her popularity. "Most people think you need a castle to entertain, but all you need is to believe in yourself," she says. Though she rarely returns from the opera before two in the morning, Manni, who is seventy, is up at seven the day of a luncheon shopping in the picturesque village of Fuschl for trout from local fishermen and cheeses from nearby farmers. Since the family cook died two years ago, Manni and Krystyna, a Polish woman who works for her in the summer, prepare all the food themselves. Specialties include venison, hearty Austrian fare like goulash and Nockerln served with wild mushrooms, and the Holunderblossom, which Manni makes by steeping the flowers for 36 hours.

The carefully cultivated bonhomie at Fuschl is reminiscent of Marie Antoinette's parties at her thatched-roof cottage at Versailles, where aristocrats bored with court life came to play peasant-for-a-day. Guests of all nationalities arrive at Manni's wearing colorful Austrian folk costumes—milkmaid blouses and dirndls for the ladies, lederhosen and bone-buttoned hunting jackets for the men. "It's more important to create an atmosphere where guests relax than to get things perfect," Manni says. "People say, 'I am sitting next to Placido Domingo and I don't sing. What can I talk to him about?' 'Ask questions,' I tell them. If you know how to listen, you never have to worry about what to say."

Her custom of putting her guests to work adds to the informal, festive air. Manni's albums bulge with photographs of Ann and Gordon Getty carrying wine carafes, Basia Johnson in the kitchen talking to Krystyna, Henry Kravis with Carolyne Roehm in a dirndl. In fact, in the past few years, the indefatigable Manni has parlayed what began as a hobby into a career as a globetrotting shutterbug for two German magazines. "Caroline of Monaco calls me Mammarazzi," she says. "I started giving pictures I took at parties as presents. One day Lilli Palmer asked me why I didn't do it professionally. Maximilian Schell advised me about my camera, and soon I was getting assignments."

When Manni's cousin married Princess Benedikte of Denmark, she was able to take some rare candid shots of Queen Elizabeth and the queen mother at the wedding; she hopes to publish the pictures soon in a book of society reminiscences. "German television calls me the Working Princess. I am proud that I support myself, that I have never had to ask my son for an allowance. When my husband died, I could have sat around feeling sorry for myself, waiting for the phone to ring. But I didn't." ▲



At picnic tables swaddled with pink linen, *left,* guests enjoy a homemade Holunderblossom aperitif and hearty Austrian dishes like goulash and Nockerln. *Above left:* Manni serves up some tomato gelée. *Opposite above:* Manni's photography career began with simple snapshots of family and friends. *Opposite below:* Simple pink sofas brighten up the rustic guest cottage, a favorite spot for trysts. "Arnold Schwarzenegger took one look and dragged Maria Shriver inside," says Manni.





Primary Motifs

William Diamond and Anthony Baratta rejuvenate a Victorian cottage with bold color and an eye for period detail. By Sherrye Henry

Photographs by Michael Mundy

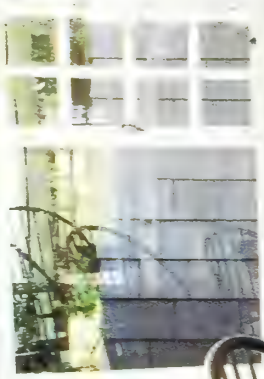




A large cupola was added to transform the porch of the Hamptons house into a dramatic living room. A brilliant red rug and cushions offset white painted floors and Adirondack furniture designed by Diamond and Baratta. The hand-braided rugs throughout, some custom-colored, are from Art Underfoot, Upper Montclair. Details see Resources.

"We conceptualize the decorating and architecture as a whole," says Diamond. "It's all one gestalt"









DON'T EVER MAKE THE MISTAKE OF CALLING William Diamond and Anthony Baratta decorators. The partners bristle at the limiting connotations of the word. "We are capable of so much more," Diamond explains. "We conceptualize the decorating and architecture as a whole—it's all one gestalt." Which presented the two young men with an inherently embarrassing situation once they had driven up the long approach to their new clients' imposing seaside cottage in the Hamptons. The Victorian shingled structure had already undergone extensive rehabilitation by its previous owner—Bill and Tony were there just to spruce up the interiors—and when they saw the result, Bill remembers, "My heart sank. It had been renovated by someone who didn't love it. All the integrity was gone. Someone had gone in and, *boom*, ripped out the windows, all the moldings—the things that made it beautiful and charming. It was a 1970s house in an 1890s shell."

The designers' first task seemed formidable: to convince the owners that costly architectural changes were required to restore the house to its original glory before any interior work could begin. But the well-known couple, two powerful personalities whose lives cut across professional, social, and philanthropic worlds in New York, were surprisingly receptive. "Bill would come up with design elements," remembers the wife, "like the cupola over the living room, or the arch over my bathtub, and I'd say, 'Do I really need this?' And he'd repeat his favorite line, 'Trust me, you'll love it.'"

Trust him they did. With a little help from the O'Rourke Construction Co. of Westhampton Beach, first the modern windows went, then the rabbit warren of tiny rooms downstairs. The entrance foyer grew to welcoming size, while the



The old living room gave way to a dining room of generous proportions, with newly wainscoted walls and a broad bay window behind a Windsor settee. Windsor chairs surround a trestle table on a rug that echoes the cobalt blue in other parts of the house, such as the expanded entry, *opposite*.



dining room beyond, which previously had to be crossed in order to reach either the kitchen or the living room, became a sitting room and the hub of the house. The old living room gave way to a dining room of truly generous proportions, thanks to a new but architecturally authentic bay window that increased its girth and opened up a view to the water. Wherever structural details were added, they faithfully adhered to the spirit of the original house: now classic windows with large bottom panes are topped by small mullions, while interior doors have correspondingly tall glass centers surrounded by smaller panes that filter the famous Hamptons light from room to room. Restored moldings and light fixtures appear as if they had always belonged. The kitchen was gutted and enlarged, and a tin ceiling so successfully transforms the earlier cost-conscious (as Diamond charitably puts it) renovation that the material covers the kitchen walls as well. Your grandmother might have cooked here.

Perhaps the genius of the designers' structural restoration is the new living room. Previously a square porchlike area, obviously added on, the room is now an integrated part of the house. It took some doing. Busting a cupola out of the ceiling with windows in four directions invigorated the dull proportions. And building a balustrade to create a library of wall-to-wall books brought the room to life.

Whew! Now all that remained to do was what Bill and Tony were hired for in the first place—the interior design. Here the owners meticulously voiced their desires: put-your-feet-up, easy-to-care-for spaces, bright and comfortable with a friendly relationship to the outdoors. That suited Bill and Tony. "We wanted to be crazy, to be playful," says Bill. Searching for a way to express their exuberance, Tony sketched, in a child's picture book using a black marker and ordinary crayons, a series of layouts unlike any he had ever produced before. "We thought we'd get our heads cut off," Bill jokes, "but they said, 'It looks great—do it.' "

Off the entry a sitting room, *above*, amplifies the primary color scheme. The Victorian chairs in the foreground are covered in a cotton stripe from Kravet Fabrics; the window treatments are soft Roman shades. *Opposite:* A painted tin ceiling so successfully improved the kitchen that Diamond and Baratta used the material on the walls as well. The floor was painted white, then splotched with blue "Dalmatian spots" using an eyedropper.

"We wanted to be crazy, to be playful. They said, 'Do it'"









The partners designed a Honduras mahogany vanity for the bathroom, *top*, which also features a claw-foot tub. *Above:* The owners indulge their passion for reading in custom plaid-covered club chairs in the study. *Right:* The painted ceiling, venetian blinds, fabrics, and rugs in the master bedroom capture the pale aqua hues of the horizon beyond. The quilt is from America Hurrah, NYC.

The joyful result of this mutually respectful but strong-minded collaboration—"We'd fight like cats and dogs," laughs the wife—is a weekend house fresh as poster paint and so vibrant it fairly shimmers. With the pow of a firecracker, red cushions on custom-designed Adirondack furniture and a red hand-braided rug in the living room sizzle against white lacquered floors, while an equally primary blue leads the way from entrance hall to sitting room to dining room—even up the stairs. Everywhere one looks, a sense of excitement exists, not only in the carefully chosen accessories, such as huge shore birds and lighthouse lamps in the living room and a giant milk separator on the dining room table, but also in what's absent. There's not a frill or tuck or ruffle in the place. Nor a yard of expensive fabric, except on the grandly comfortable [illegible]s in the master study, where a handwoven oversize plaid [illegible]tures the pale aqua tint at the farthest horizon seen from [illegible]rs windows, where the *(Text continued on page 153)*

The house's friendly relationship with the outdoors extends upstairs, where the tones of sky and sea are echoed





Kazimir Malevich started out painting pictures of Russian countryfolk, such as *The Woodcutter* of 1912, *opposite*. *Supremus #58*, 1916, *right*, represents his mature style, which undoubtedly influenced Nikolai Suetin's 1923 teapot, *below right*.

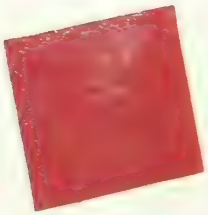
Geometry Lessons

MAJOR EXHIBITIONS RETRACE THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY QUEST FOR TIMELESS IDEALS IN ESSENTIAL FORMS

BY DEBORAH SOLOMON





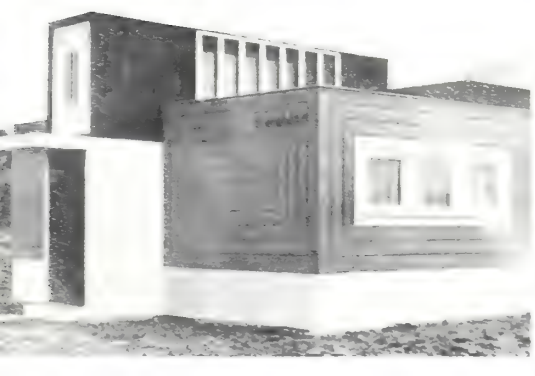


STRAIGHT LINES DON'T EXIST IN NATURE. NEITHER DO circles, squares, or triangles. These geometric forms are all man-made creations, an attempt to make life seem less messy. Artists can't take credit for the invention of geometry, but many have put it to exceptional use. Vermeer, for instance, could easily give Euclid a run for his money. The painter's interior scenes, which might show a woman pouring milk or reading a letter, are models of symmetry, proportion, and balance. Georges Seurat, too: his dot-filled forms have a chilly, mathematical perfection. Geometric art isn't for everyone. Its detractors dismiss it as dry, cerebral, or downright unfeeling. Yet such slurs seem inevitable in a culture that tends to favor the romance of feverish self-expression over the rigors of exquisite control.

The geometric tradition in art has been around for a long time—at least since the pyramids—yet it wasn't until the twentieth century that geometry became a cause célèbre. To the pioneers of abstract painting, geometry wasn't just a branch of mathematics but the harbinger of a new improved reality. The black-on-white squares of Kazimir Malevich, the checkerboard grids of Piet Mondrian, the floating circles of Wassily Kandinsky—these are images that expelled trees and nudes from art and inaugurated what Kandinsky called the "epoch of the great spiritual." The modern painters weren't alone in believing that geometry could change age-old values. In the 1920s the Bauhaus rewrote the history of design by taking dreams of a more egalitarian society and wrapping them inside a cube.

One might not think that geometric painting, with its evangelical purism, would fare too well amid the camp and glitz of the current art scene. Yet as postmodernism continues to breed a widespread nostalgia for historical styles, interest in geometry—both as a subject for scholarly study and a model for younger artists—is at a new peak. Next month the National Gallery of Art in Washington will mount "Kazimir Malevich, 1878–1935," which is said to be the first major retrospective ever devoted to the artist. (The show will later travel to museums in Los Angeles and New York.) A second exhibition, "Art into Life: Russian Constructivism 1914–1932," is sure to lend new glamour to the circle and the square when it opens in October at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

While the Russian temperament, with its famous severity, has given rise to some of this century's most severely geometric art, it isn't only Russian artists who are now commanding attention as exponents of an essentialist aesthetic. If you've ever seen one of Ad Reinhardt's black-on-black canvases or Agnes Martin's all-white meditations on the straight line, you know that contemporary American artists are major players in the modern geometric tradition. Their achievements are the subject of "Abstraction Geometry Painting," a marvel-





Malevich's *Suprematist Composition: Red Square and Black Square*, 1915, *above*. J. J. P. Oud's 1923 site office in Rotterdam, *left*, and Frank Stella's *Jill* of 1959, *right*, both glorify concentric rectangles. American geometric art, which gained momentum in the 1960s, tends to be big, brassy, and rationalist compared with the earlier European model. Ellsworth Kelly, creator of *Charter*, 1961, *opposite left*, is admired by neo-geo artists such as Peter Halley and Philip Taaffe. *Opposite above right:* Halley's *Prison with Conduit*, 1981. *Opposite below right:* Taaffe's *Concordia*, 1985.





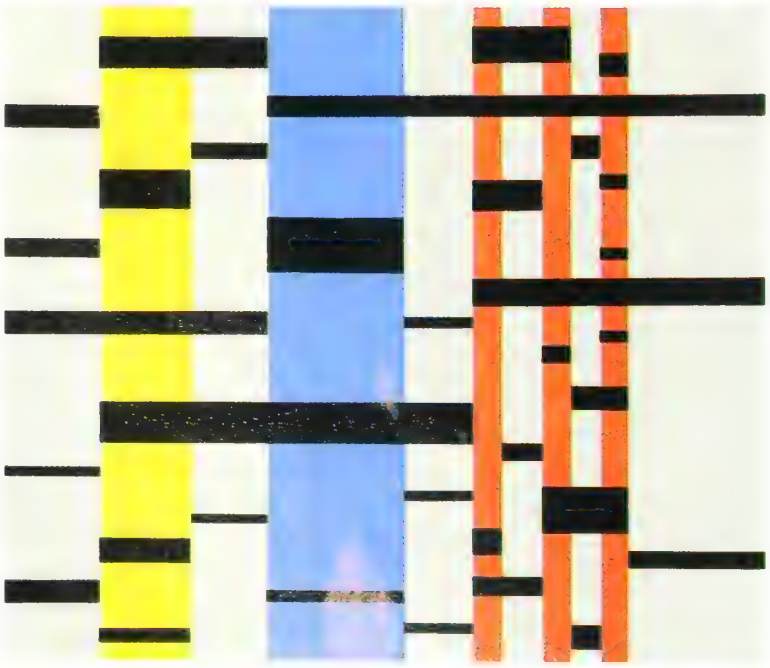


Our century has flooded the world with mass-produced kitsch yet sought an almost primitive directness in our best art



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: YALE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY, GIVEN BY HELEN W. BENJAMIN IN MEMORY OF ROBERT M. BENJAMIN; COURTESY SONNABEND GALLERY; COURTESY PAT HEARN GALLERY





The influence of Piet Mondrian, who limited his forms to quadrangles and his colors to the primaries, can be felt in works as diverse as Gerrit Rietveld's *Color Project for the Schröder Residence*, 1923–24, *above*, Burgoyne Diller's *Composition #21*, 1945, *left*, Brice Marden's *Red, Yellow, Blue Painting #1*, 1974, *below*, and Sonia Delaunay's *Femme dans un intérieur*, 1925, *opposite*.



ous exhibition on view through September 16 at the Yale University Art Gallery. Finally, Burgoyne Diller, Mondrian's key disciple in this country, will be honored with a retrospective opening next month at the Whitney Museum.

How does one explain the renewed interest in abstract geometric painting? The answer, in part, is glasnost, which has cleared the way for ground-breaking shows of Russian avant-garde art. But the interest in geometry goes beyond politics. As we near the end of the century, there seems to be a burgeoning critical consensus that geometric art, which grew out of utopian strivings and harks back to the idealized forms of antiquity, represents our age at its best. It's not implausible that centuries from now, when people look back on our cultural achievements, what they'll think of before anything else are Rietveld chairs and Malevich squares and Kenneth Noland targets and the like—images and objects that strove for purity and more or less succeeded in achieving it. Ours is the century that flooded the world with mass-produced kitsch yet sought to discover an almost primitive directness in our best art.

e geometric tradition s degenerated from a ilosophy into a pose

At first glance, geometry may not seem like the most obvious vehicle for spiritual transcendence. In an age when cities are cluttered with glass-box office buildings, it's easy to blame partisans of the cube and the grid for the proliferation of sterile structures. Perhaps that's because many architects have missed the whole point of formal reduction, which isn't about simplifying form but compressing it. The early modernists understood that crucial distinction. When Paul Cézanne made his famous remark about breaking down nature into the cylinder, the sphere, and the cone, he wasn't calling for an easy, prefabricated art. Rather he was saying that art should concern itself with quintessences. Geometry, he believed, could carry us away from the world of surfaces—the frills and curlicues of Victoriana—and put us in touch with something deeper, with a vision not visible to our eyes.

Surely no one ever took geometry more seriously than Malevich, the high priest of reductivist design. Early on he joined the cubist revolution—his images of hearty peasants are the Russian answer to Picasso's demoiselles—yet eventually converted to a style of painting based on drastic simplifications of form. In 1918 Malevich placed a tilting white rectangle in the center of a white canvas and thereby created *White on White,* a virtual manifesto of the suprematist movement. It could be said of this startling picture that it represents an exercise in deliberate coldness. Yet Malevich, like Ingres, was an artist who delved so deeply into his own icy reserves that his work ends up looking—to this viewer, anyway—positively hot.

Geometry's heyday was the 1920s, when the revolutionary art of the modernists created a fashion for grid-shaped designs. Virtually overnight, the soft waving forms of art nouveau yielded to right angles and *(Text continued on page 148)*



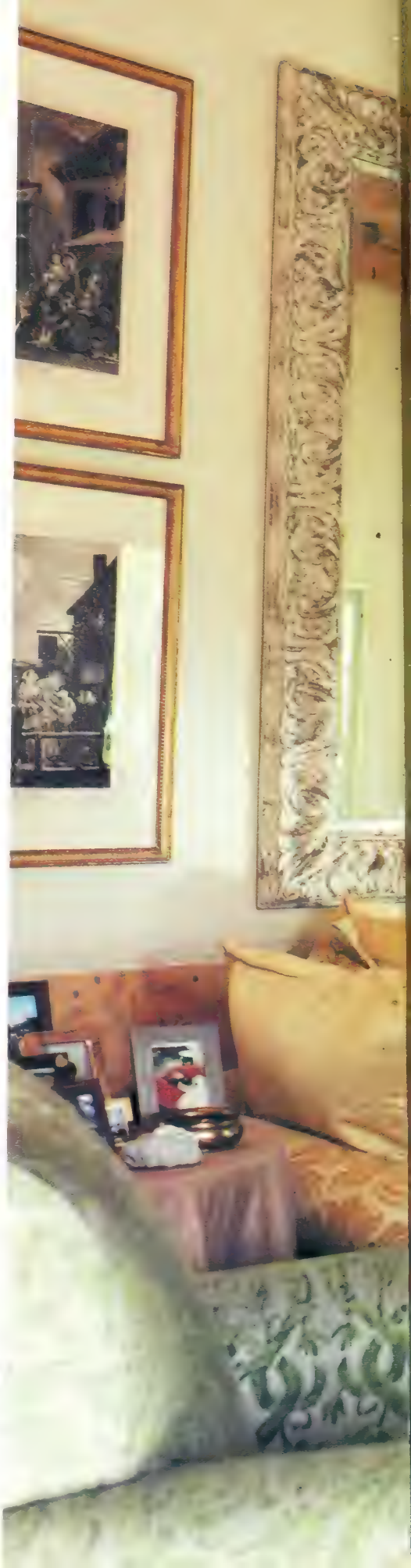


L.A. Hues

With a glowing palette, decorator Jarrett Hedborg and painter Nancy Kintisch transform a mission revival house

By Michelle Huneven

Photographs by Tim Street-Porter



OVER RITA STERN AND DAVID MILCH'S BED HANGS A DRAWing by Rita of a manual typewriter on a table. Rita says her picture recalls the couple's "before" days in New York—before David produced *Hill Street Blues*, before the three children were born, before the family's move to California. A tribute to modest beginnings, the still life is also a reminder of the simple starting points from which imagination can leap. It's a fitting emblem for Rita and David, a painter and a writer who live by making such leaps.

Take, for example, their decision four years ago to buy a mission revival house in a quiet Los Angeles neighborhood. Built in the late twenties, the place was, in Rita's words, "a mess." The stuccoed exterior walls were a gloomy pea green with royal blue trim and overgrown with vines, and the remains of a charming tiled fountain had been converted into a planter. Inside, there was all manner of flocked wallpaper which, when pulled off, brought much of the plaster down with it. Despite these aesthetic travesties, Rita saw a house that essentially was "all there," and, through a major leap, imagined a bright, airy, comfortable family home as well as a refuge for her husband. With the demanding transition from *Hill Street* to Columbia's forthcoming film about Machine Gun Kelly and a boundless passion for racing the horses he owns, David needed a sanctuary from both work and play.

"The first thing I had to do was bring some light in," Rita remembers. Heavy wooden beams and floors were bleached and lightened. A fussy Moorish-style arcade was knocked out

Rita Stern, *above*, with Olivia. *Right:* In the living room a Jarrett Hedborg sofa and chairs for Nancy Corzine are covered in muted gold and green Fortuny cottons and a beige silk-cotton from Cowtan & Tout. To the left of the mirror are two of David Milch's Hogarth prints. A folk painting in a frame by Heidi Wianecki hangs above the Empire desk. Details see Resources.





of the dining room. Walls were repaired and painted white. Then Rita took a break for a year. "Next, I wanted to bring in color," she says. For some time she had been accumulating flea market finds and antiques and sought an element of design that could tie them together. "I kept thinking I'd get around to doing something myself, but with two young children I never had any time. Fabric stores overwhelmed me with choices, and decorators came in with photos and ideas that made me run screaming into the night." When she was pregnant with her third child, she saw pictures of Bette Midler's color-infused Spanish-style house in Los Angeles, which had been decorated by Jarrett Hedborg in collaboration with Nancy Kintisch, a painter of walls and furniture. Rita and David agreed that here, at last, were designers they could work with. Hedborg and Kintisch set out using ingredients that couldn't be more basic: just paint, plaster, wood floors, cotton fabrics, and the personalities of the inhabitants. "I was conscious right away of a warm family life," says Kintisch. "Children, open doors, friendliness, and ease."

Just about everyone in southern California has spent some time in a living room similar to the Milches'. Such long, rectangular, high-beamed, white-walled rooms were originally inspired by the chapels of Spanish missions, and they can still conjure up the austerity of monastic life. Kintisch added a playful, richly colored wainscot with a leaf and fruit motif taken from an orange tree outside the front door. The hearth, once starkly plain plaster, has been gaily mosaicked in broken tile—including shards of the same kind of Malibu tile found in the now-restored fountain trickling beyond the living room wall. The colors in the mosaic can be found in Rita's paint box. Fortuny cotton on a custom-made sofa and chairs glows with autumnal hues—faded gold, persimmon, Venetian green—that bring to mind a Renaissance salone (though, as Rita requested, the fabric is also capable of withstanding wear and tear from the three children, Elizabeth, Ben, and Olivia). The effect is more Italianate than Spanish, or rather, as Hedborg likes to say, "it's California Spanish strained through Visconti." More recognizably Californian color crept indoors and up the stairs as a stenciled border of bougainvillea, its pattern traced from a cutting off the vine outside.

By all accounts, the master bedroom is the real heart of the





The living room mantel mosaics, *opposite*, are by Nancy Kintisch, who also painted the wainscot and a Nancy Corzine bench and bergère with woven straw from J. Robert Scott Textiles. On the mantel is a 1939 painting of the Hollywood Hills by Edouard Antonin Vysekal, from George Stern Fine Arts, Encino. *Above:* Malibu tiles line the patio fountain. *Below:* Kintisch stairway motifs. *Left:* Pratesi linens and a dust ruffle of Rose Cumming chintz in the master bedroom. The chest is Louis Philippe.

Hedborg says the house is "California Spanish strained through Visconti"







house, doubling as the children's favorite TV-watching station and the nap room of choice. Since Rita already had collected most of the furniture, the challenge Hedborg faced here was "coming up with fabrics that could withstand runway traffic at LAX." He slipcovered a sofa and an old chair in chintz, put a skirt on the bed, upholstered the headboard, and dressed the windows in ivory woven cotton trimmed with French border tape. With its hooked rugs, marble-topped chest of drawers, and other antiques, the room evokes a traditional East Coast brand of coziness.

The mellow wood of the dining table, *right*, is a foil to the colors Kintisch brushed onto ladder-back chairs and stenciled on the walls. Pots from a collection of California ceramics, c. 1900–30, form a casual centerpiece. The hooked rug dates from the 1920s. *Above:* The stenciled wainscot's soft palette echoes the pastel hues on another grouping of pottery.

David Milch, who initially entertained fears that the house would look too decorated, now finds it the retreat it was meant to be. There are no references to police precincts, armed robberies, or racing stables. While work on the house was under way, Milch watched from a distance, but as it neared completion he went shopping for Hogarths, Braques, and Picassos, which hang side by side with the artwork of friends, children, Frank Stella, and Rita Stern. Jarrett Hedborg says his part in the project was particularly easy: "David and Rita had everything—the good furniture and art and a strong sense of what kind of house they wanted. All I needed to do was to come in and edit." When it's pointed out that Hedborg might be the first person known to edit David Milch, there's a vote of disagreement from six-year-old Elizabeth. "Oh no," she protests, "I edit him all the time." ♠

Editor: Joyce MacRae





William Haines, at right, and Hollywood friends from left, Countess Dorothy di Frasso, Cary Grant, Betty Furness, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Clifton Webb, and Olive McClure. *Opposite:* Director George Cukor's dining room, decorated by Haines in the 19

Decorating's Leading Mar



FRED R. DAPPRICH

Actor William Haines left the screen to become the film capital's star designer

/ By Pilar Viladas

I LOATHE COZY COTTAGES, [illegible] Haines once told an [illegible]. "They were made for [illegible] peasants, not ladies and gentlemen." This was just the sort of acerbic quip for which Haines was famous, but then ladies and gentlemen were the stock-in-trade for this silent film star turned decorator to the stars. From the early 1930s until his death in 1973, Haines designed houses for the likes of actors Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, William Powell, Norma Shearer; movie moguls Jack Warner and William Goetz; and publishing magnate and former ambassador Walter Annenberg. Most of his work was done in and around Los Angeles, but his reputation, both as a decorator and a man of style, extended far beyond L.A.'s borders. Although he is not widely known today, Haines was something of a legend, a larger-than-life character of his own invention—which is, when you think about it, a trait often shared by movie stars *and* decorators.

Haines was born in Virginia—on New Year's Day of 1900, he claimed—and ran away from home at age fourteen to work in a munitions plant before heading to New York, where he held a variety of jobs until he won a photo contest sponsored by the Goldwyn Company, one of the studios that was to merge into Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Before he knew it, Haines was on his way to Hollywood to sign a six-month contract. After a shaky start, his career took off: by 1927, he was one of only ten MGM stars to get above-the-title billing. Haines was usually cast as a charming smart aleck or an athlete (he would become, by his own account, the screen's "oldest living college boy"). His leading ladies included Joan Crawford, Mary Pickford, and Marion Davies. At age 26, he was reportedly making $2,000 a week—and he had discovered decorating.

Haines had bought a house on North Stanley Avenue in Hollywood, which became a laboratory for his rapidly evolving taste. He loathed the potpourri of historical styles that characterized houses of the time and place, and complained that most movie people's beach houses in Santa Monica were so dark that "one entered with the help of a guide dog." Then came Marion Davies, with her big Georgian-style beach house, exquisite antiques, beautiful dinner parties, and weekends at San Simeon, to which Haines journeyed in William Randolph Hearst's private railroad car. Haines admired Davies's down-to-earth manner and generosity, but he was awed by her sense of style. "She was the first woman I had ever seen who wore a diamond necklace on a sweater," he once wrote.

Haines's leading ladies recognized his own sense of style, and even before he left the movies, he'd begun decorating for profit as well as fun; one of his earliest jobs was Joan Crawford's house in Brentwood. He was also a partner in an antiques shop run by Mitchell Foster, a former stand-in for Haines who would soon join him in the decorating business. Haines and MGM parted company in the early thirties. The demise of his film career has been variously ascribed to contractual disputes and Haines's inability to make the transition to talkies; in an era when homosexuality was taboo, it probably didn't help that he made no secret of his relationship with Jimmy Shields, which lasted until Haines's death. Indeed, when the couple gave a party to celebrate their 25th anniversary, Haines is said to have written on his former boss L. B. Mayer's invitation, "And you said it wouldn't last."

Not one to waste time brooding, Haines turned to decorating full time. He moved into an elegant building on the Sunset Strip (which now houses Le Dôme restaurant) and Haines Foster, Inc., was in business.



Haines was a character of his own invention—a trait shared b movie stars and decorators





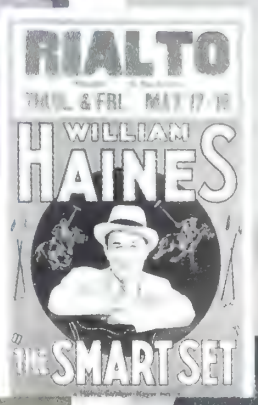
Haines's film career provided a wealth of future clients, including Joan Crawford, *right*, movie mogul Jack Warner, whose drawing room, *above*, Haines paneled in deal, and leading lady Leila Hyams, *top*, seen in the dining room of a house Haines did for Hyams and her husband, Phil Berg.

FROM TOP: COURTESY JOAN HOTCHKIS; COURTESY EDWARD GRABER PHOTOGRAPHY





Haines, a top MGM star in the late 1920s, *right*, segued effortlessly into the decorating business in the early 1930s, setting up shop with his former stand-in. Haines's office, *above*, and his house, *below* and *bottom*, provided the perfect showcases for his talents.











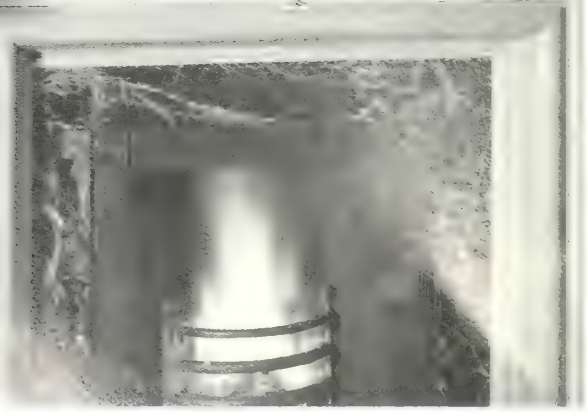


Each room in the office showcased the firm's work; one featured eighteenth-century English furniture and leather-laced suede curtains, which became a trademark. When his former costar Leila Hyams and his former agent, Hyams's husband, Phil Berg, built a house in Beverly Hills designed by noted black architect Paul R. Williams, Haines decorated it, setting English antiques against a backdrop of fanciful murals in the dining room and foyer. He was also hired to do the grand house that architect Roland E. Coate designed for Jack and Ann Warner (which was recently purchased by David Geffen). After the gloomy Spanish-style interiors of the 1920s, Haines's penchant for English and French antiques—and his ability to mix those period pieces with contemporary designs of his own—was like a breath of fresh air.

After the gloomy Spanish interiors of the 1920s, Haines's Regency modern was a breath of fresh air

Perhaps Haines's most fascinating effort in this area was the house he designed, with architect J. E. Dolena, for director George Cukor. They enlarged what had been a small house in Beverly Hills to a sort of Regency modern creation containing seven living rooms and one bedroom—a decorator's dream. Cukor must have been an adventuresome client because even for Haines the house was a walk on the wild side. The hall boasted Queen Anne blackamoors, and a Dresden chandelier "embellished by practically all the shellfish of the sea! Sounds mad, but Mr. Cukor likes it," Haines observed in a 1941 *Vogue* article. The dining room had dark brown walls, turquoise velvet curtains, antique English chairs covered in hunter red leather, and a Regency chandelier. In the dressing room a fish tank was set flush into the wall within a carved pine frame adorned with tiny coral figures. But the pièce de résistance chez Cukor was the oval room. With its copper cornice/lighting cove, copper fireplace surround, and copper lampshades; suede-covered walls and curtains (again laced with leather); and Haines-designed side chairs covered half in leather, half in fabric of the same shade of coral, the room was a tour de force demonstration of Haines's talent for combining materials and textures in unexpected ways.





Carole Lombard, another Haines client, shares a laugh with the decorator in his shop, *top*, and relaxes in her bedroom, *above left*. One of Haines's most adventurous projects was George Cukor's house in Beverly Hills, which features a dressing room with an aquarium-topped fireplace, *left*, and an oval room, *opposite*, with suede-covered walls, a copper cornice and fireplace surround (under a Grant Wood), and furniture upholstered in both fabric and leather.

Haines's furniture designs, while unmistakably idiosyncratic, were rooted in tradition. He was a great fan of chinoiserie. It appeared in curtain valances shaped like pagoda roofs, in a delicately carved lampshade that looked like a Chinese hat, and in the little coral figures on George Cukor's fish tank—which reappeared as finials in photographer Jean Howard's living room. Blackamoors were another favorite, used as planters or lamp bases or adorned with plumed headdresses, as they were in Haines's whimsical decorations for a lavish party given by the Warners.

When it came to function, however, Haines was strictly no-nonsense, although still stylish. His simple elegant sofas and armchairs are as comfortable as they look, and the Grecian-inspired side chairs in the Cukor oval room later evolved into the hostess chair, an invention that was to Haines rooms what the slipper chair was to Billy Baldwin rooms. It was low to the ground, sometimes swiveled, and was invariably placed in groups of four around a low table in the living room or library. The hostess chair was small enough to move from one place to another and created an intimate



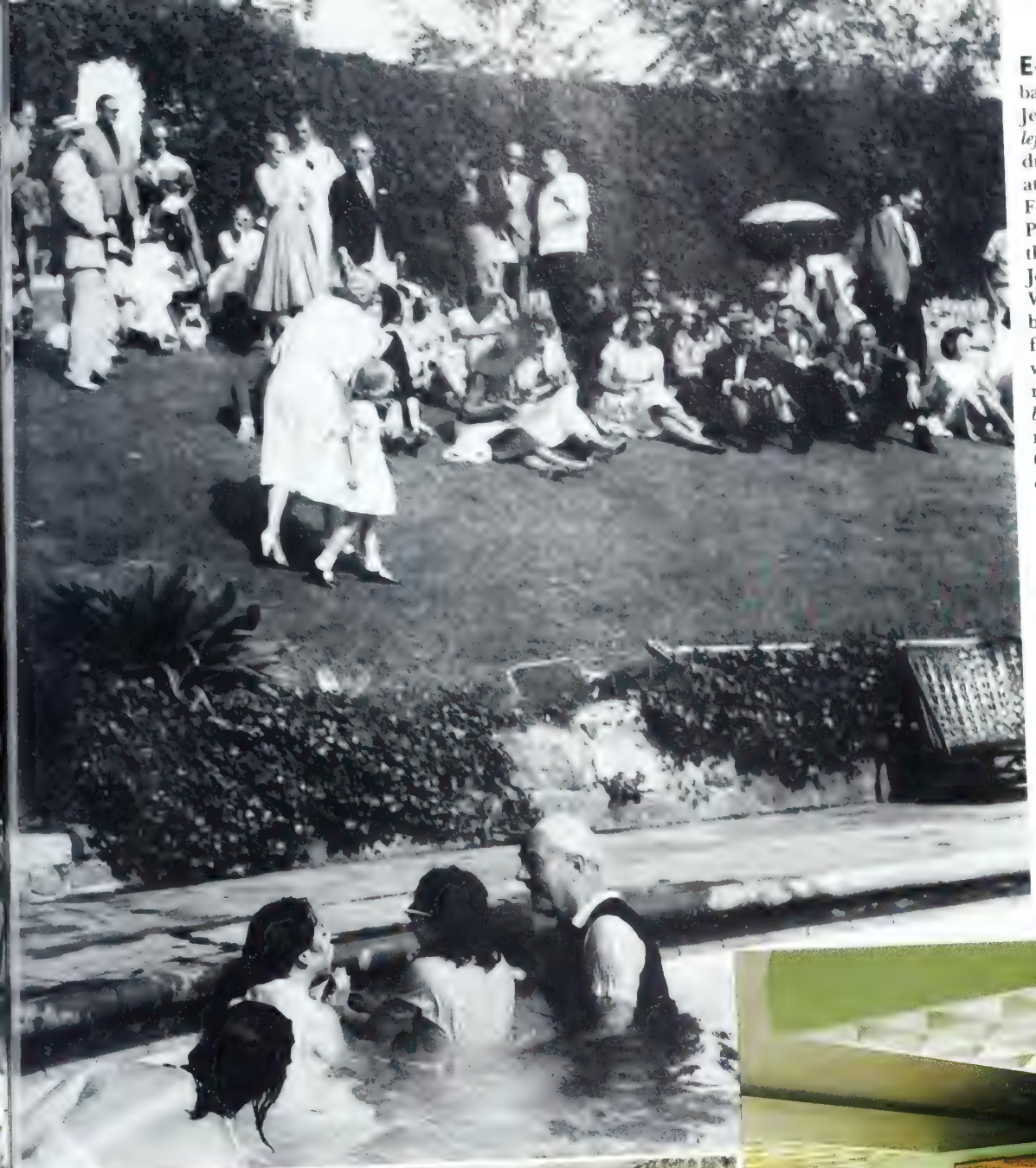
scale even in a grand room. It looks as fresh today as it did forty years ago.

During World War II, Haines and Foster dissolved their partnership, and Haines rented out the house on North Stanley while he served his country. After the war he moved to a house in Brentwood and set up a new office, William Haines, Inc., Designs in Beverly Hills. According to Ted Graber, who joined Haines's firm in 1946 and eventually carried on his practice (Graber decorated the family rooms of the White House for Ronald and Nancy Reagan), Haines "sensed that there was a change. He said, 'We have to leave things in the past.'" The decorator began to work in a distinctly postwar-modern style.

His best-known project of this period is the house he designed, in collaboration with architect A. Quincy Jones, for Sidney and Frances Brody in Los Angeles. A striking departure from Haines's more eclectic prewar work, this house is contemporary with a capital C—an indoor-outdoor house in the tradition of southern California innovators like Neutra, Schindler, and Eames. Quietly luxurious, generously proportioned rooms provided a foil for the Brodys' renowned art collection, and every detail, from a fully automatic lighting system to bookshelves that contained storage cabinets inside the shelves to a dining room table ingeniously designed to accommodate three or thirty-one, was meticulously planned by Haines, Jones, and the Brodys, who must rate among the most informed, prepared, and involved clients in the history of house-building. Says Frances Brody, "Most people are supposed to have a miserable time building a house. We had a great time—and *(Text continued on page 151)*



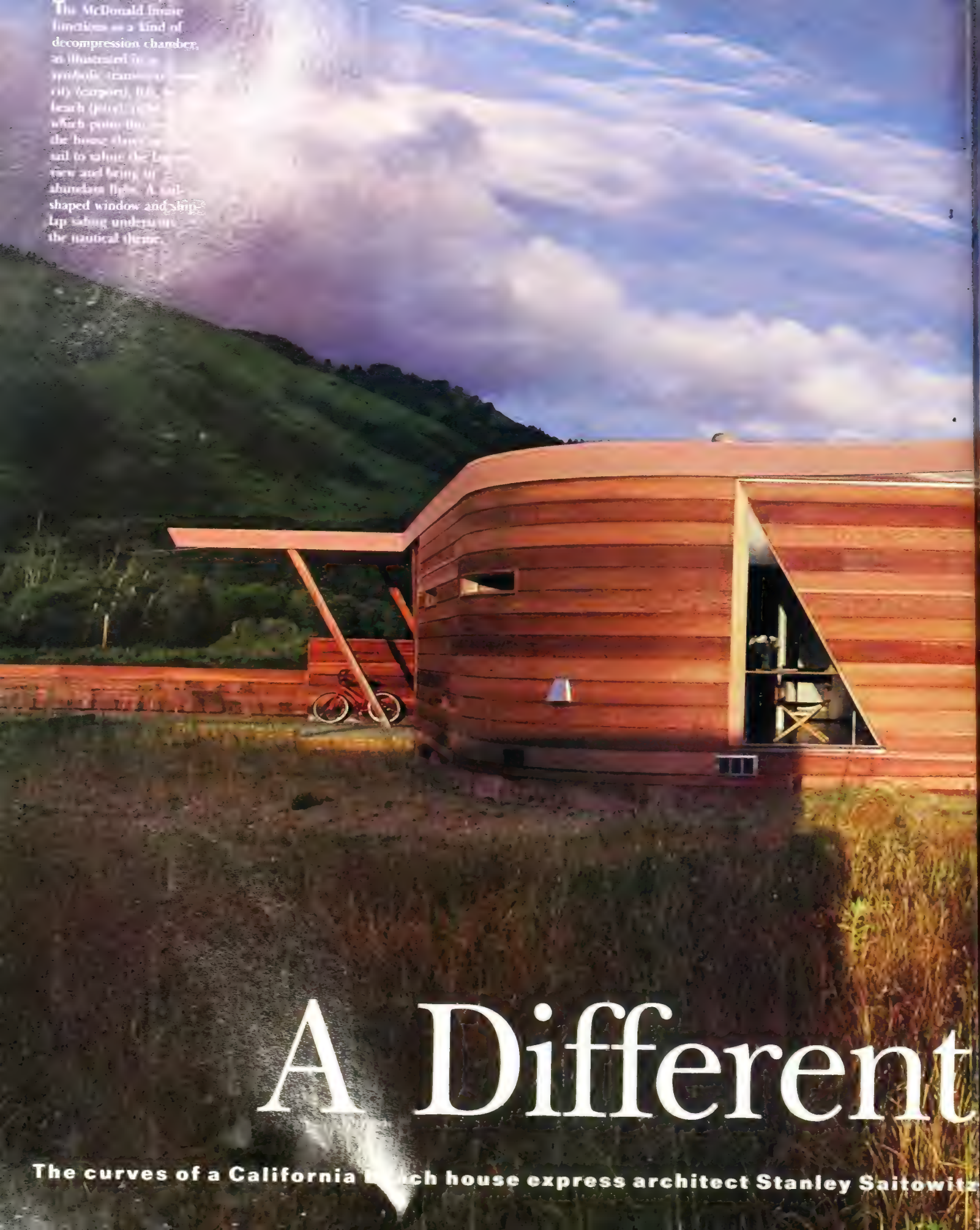








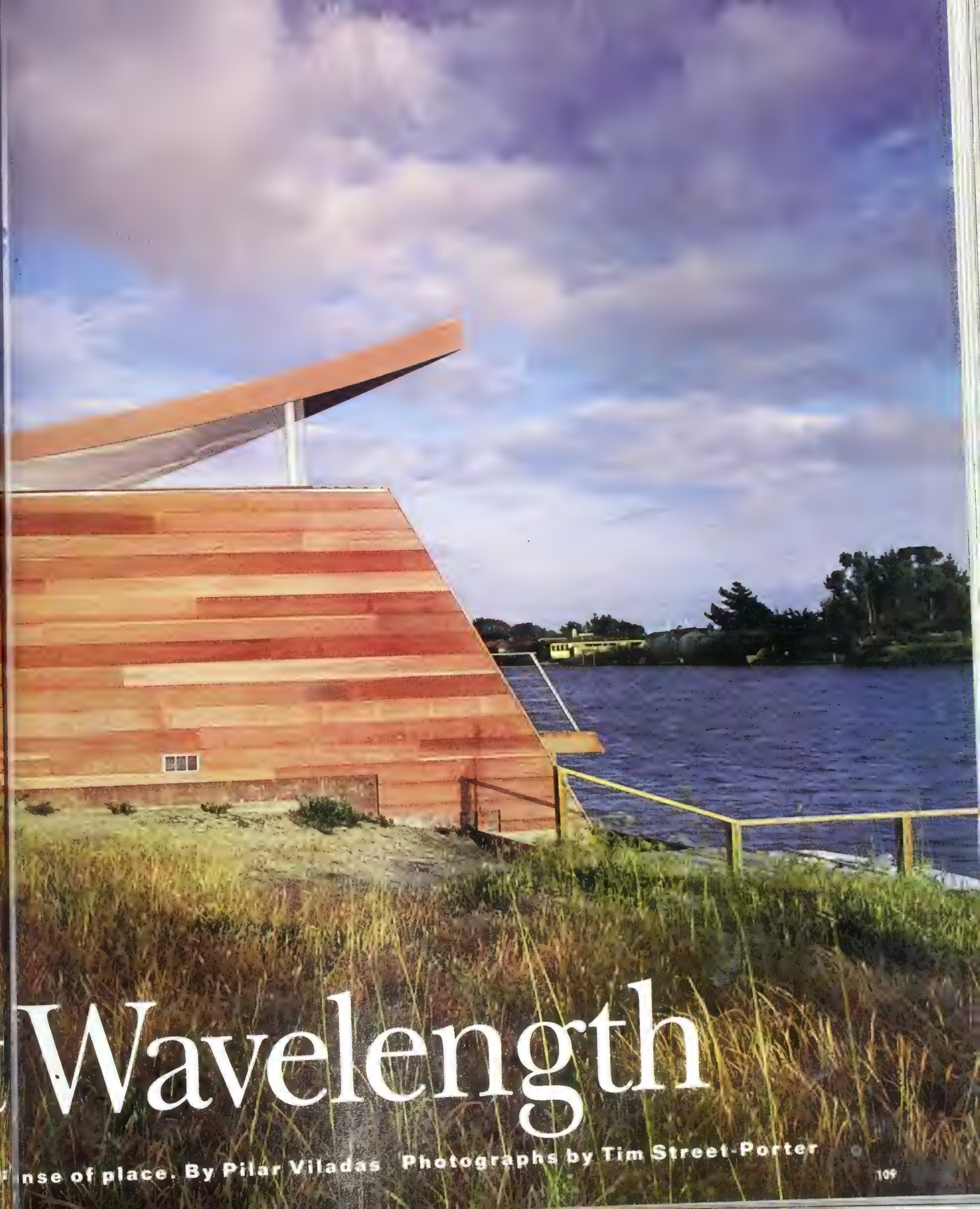
Ever fond of playing the bad boy, Haines joined Jennifer Jones and friends, *left,* in a conga line of fully dressed guests into the pool at the Joseph Cottens' 1955 Fourth of July party. The Palm Springs house, *below,* that Haines and A. Quincy Jones designed for the Walter Annenbergs in 1966 brought Haines continued fame in his last years as well as the commission to redecorate Winfield House, *below left,* Annenberg's residence as ambassador to Great Britain. *Opposite:* One of Haines and Jones's best-known commissions from the postwar era was the Beverly Hills house of Sidney and Frances Brody. Furniture was custom designed for the interior courtyard, *inset,* as well as the living room. The house's generous proportions and light provided a foil for the Brodys' art collection.



The McDonald house functions as a kind of decompression chamber, an illustrated [illegible] symbolic transition [illegible] city (campus), [illegible] beach (pine) [illegible] which point the [illegible] the house draws [illegible] sail to salute the [illegible] view and bring in [illegible] abundant light. A sail-shaped window and slip-lap siding underscore the nautical theme.

A Different

The curves of a California [illegible]ch house express architect Stanley Saitowitz



Wavelength

nse of place. By Pilar Viladas Photographs by Tim Street-Porter







DURING THE WEEK JIM AND MARY-LOU MCDONALD ARE SURrounded by the homey clutter of collectibles—from windup toys to World War I posters—that fill their ornate Victorian house in San Francisco. On the weekend the McDonalds say good-bye to all that, both physically and spiritually. As they cross the Golden Gate Bridge and head into the luxurious wilds of Marin County, mountain roads that twist through redwood groves finally wind down to the ocean at Stinson Beach. There, in a residential development called Seadrift, one house in particular stands out among the others clustered around a lagoon. Small and austere, its ship-lap siding and sloping profile make it look a bit like a houseboat that has come to rest permanently on the shore. It is a far cry from the Victorian splendor of the city, but that was exactly what the McDonalds wanted. "A total contrast to our house in San Francisco" is how they put it to Stanley Saitowitz, the San Francisco architect who designed this 1,100-square-foot retreat. "We wanted a house that didn't need a lot in it to look good," recalls Mary-Lou McDonald.

Saitowitz, a modernist by training, had no trouble with that request. What concerned him most of all was coming up with an appropriate response to the house's surroundings. "I try to make buildings that continue the geography of the site," he explains. "This one is about the relaxation between water and land and about the transition from city to country." Formally that transition begins on the house's somewhat reticent street side, at the carport, an extension of the roof which symbolizes the arrival from the city. It is completed on the much more open lagoon side of the house where the roof flares up like a wave or sail to acknowledge the jetty; boats replace automobiles as Seadrift's preferred mode of transportation. In between, the house serves as a sort of decompression chamber in which its occupants can shed the cares of city life.

Saitowitz sees the house as a shell, with a "driftwood crust" (in fact, the exterior is redwood) protecting an "iridescent interior charged with sunlight." It is, says the architect, simply an amplification of its setting.

Inside, the house recalls the archetypal beach houses we have all known and loved—neat, uncluttered, and bright—but with a few elegant architectural moves to heighten the connection between inside and out. The lifting of the roof in one corner of the living/dining/cooking space creates a clerestory that, along with the sliding glass doors opening onto the deck, brings light and water views into the room with bracing immediacy. From a desk in the living room a sail-shaped window frames a view of the lagoon, and a narrow strip window along the same wall provides the McDonalds with a water view when they are cooking. "It's like being on a ship," says Mary-Lou.

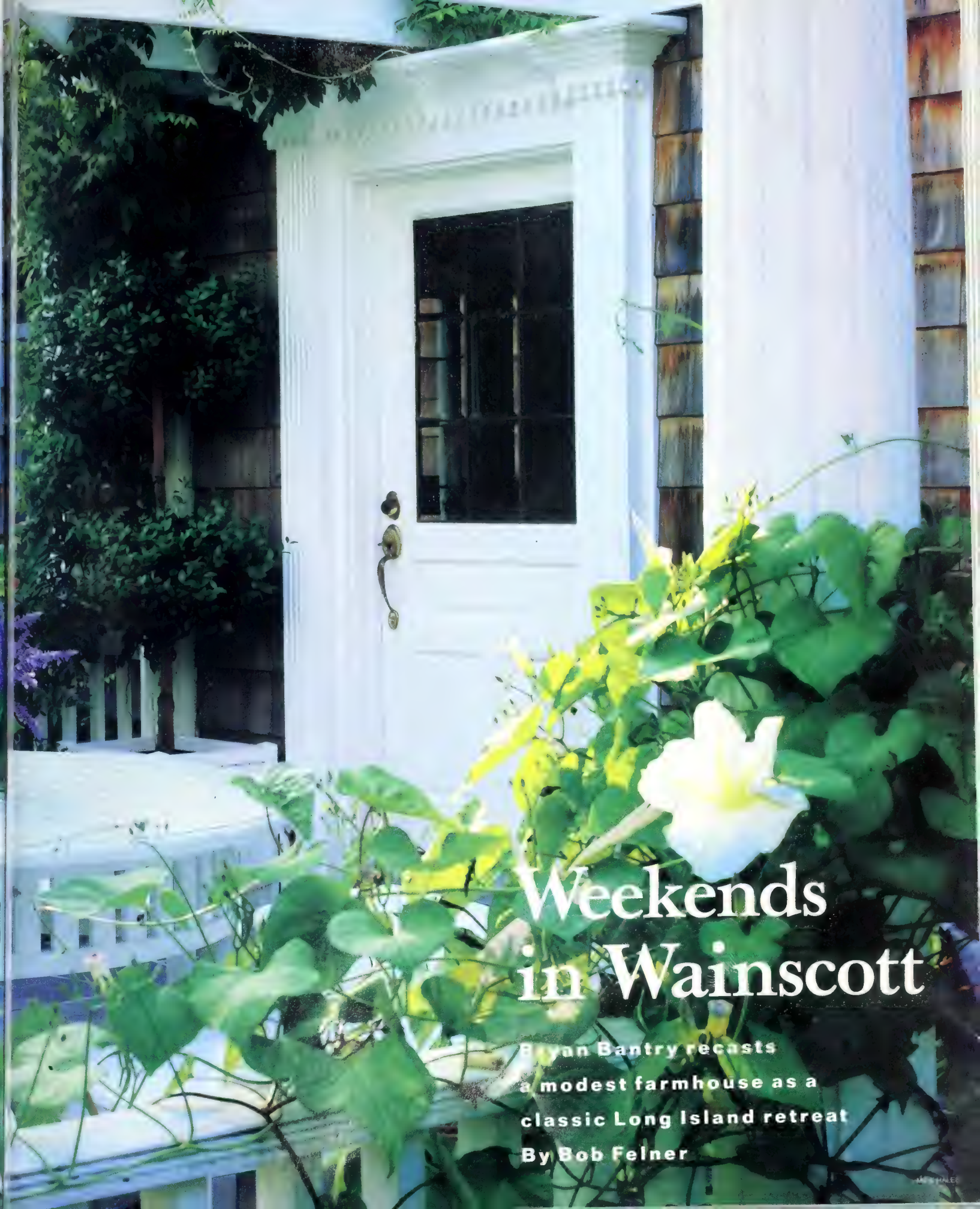
Clerestory windows allow all the rooms to share sunlight. A triangular window in one bedroom is aimed straight at the mountains that you have crossed to reach the house—a perspective also *(Text continued on page 153)*



The house, *above*, is rotated slightly on its site to take better advantage of the water view and to screen out views of neighboring houses. *Opposite below:* The living room is flooded with light from a clerestory in the flaring roof; white walls and particleboard floors create an understated backdrop for the room's spartan furnishings. *Opposite above left:* The carport shelters the owners' vintage Porsche. *Opposite above right:* The kitchen's soffit follows the hairpin curve of the counter.



One of the first things Bryan Bonny did after acquiring his 1920s Tidewater Dutch-style farmhouse was replace its jalousie-windowed front porch with an inviting flower-covered pergola. The round table and benches are from Weatherend. For more, see Resources.



Weekends in Wainscott

Bryan Bantry recasts a modest farmhouse as a classic Long Island retreat

By Bob Felner



Design inspiration ca

BRYAN BANTRY'S RENOVATION SAGA BEGAN IN APRIL 1984 with a tip supplied by the friendly owner of a Long Island landscaping firm. The man's clients had just decided to trade up their modest 1920s farmhouse for an oceanfront dream-house paid for with a blank check. They were anxious to sell, and if Bantry acted fast, he could be the first to see it. Although he had rented a cottage just down the road for several summers, the 33-year-old New York entrepreneur, who represents some of the fashion industry's brightest talents, had never taken notice of the house or its two and a half acres of bittersweet. A quick visit confirmed his worst suspicions—a warren of awkwardly scaled rooms filled the interior; there was cracked linoleum on the floors, pressboard wainscoting on the walls, jalousie windows on the front porch, and a campy corral-style fence around the pool. All this and the unappetizing news that the house sits on what was once the Wainscott village dump. The inspection tour ended in a cramped third-floor bathroom where, out of the owner's anxious earshot, a friend of Bantry's asked, "Well, what do you think?" "I hate it," he hissed. "But I'm going to buy it."

Instead of hiring an architect, Bantry teamed up with Sag Harbor carpenter and contractor Chuck Lattanzio, and with visions of creating a cozy refuge, the two went to work, not knowing that they would rebuild every square inch of the house. The plans were loose—starting at the top with the attic closets, they devised an attack for each room as they came to it. Design inspiration came from books, magazines, and a lot of slow driving around the old villages of Long Island. Sleuthing became a part of Lattanzio's job—"Bryan would hand me addresses," he says, "and I would cruise by them to size up other people's porches, fences, dormers, and front doors." The design for the two new attic dormers was found a block

Inspired by pictures of Cecil Beaton's garden room in Wiltshire, Bantry removed a living room bay window and built his own conservatory, *right*. The 1820 English tilt-top table stands on a 19th-century kilim from Valley House Antiques. Still lifes by Robert Kulicke climb the stairs. *Above:* Chuck Lattanzio designed and built the living room mantel, bookshelves, and coffee table, which is a miniature of Bantry's dining room table. A collection of 19th-century miniature bronzes lines the mantel.

WILLIAM WALDRON

m books, magazines, and a lot of slow driving around old Long Island





a way on a classic nineteenth-century shingle-style house. A poolside pergola at the Shelter Island farmhouse of Bantry's friend Kezia Keeble served as the model for the inviting pergola that now stands in place of the dreary front porch. The plant-filled conservatory, which extends off the living room, came from pictures of Cecil Beaton's own garden room at Reddish House, while photographs of historic architecture and a series of books on buildings of the Old South, a magazine cover, and a business associate's New York apartment inspired the room's pine floors, classical wainscoting, dentil molding, and inset bookshelves.

Upstairs, walls were pushed out to make bigger bedrooms and closets sacrificed to create hallways. Here the linoleum was replaced by random-width pine boards, which painter Fred Butts sponged and patted a woodsy green—a shade that matches the glazing on a pair of art pottery urns. For advice with the furnishings and other finishing touches Bantry turned to decorator Tinka Topping, who says, "Bryan taught me more than I taught him. He has a ferocious attention to detail. He fretted over every fringe and tassel." It was Topping and Butts who suggested the soothing yellow of the living room walls and the rosy guest room fabric that Bantry liked so much he had it made into skirts for his assistants.

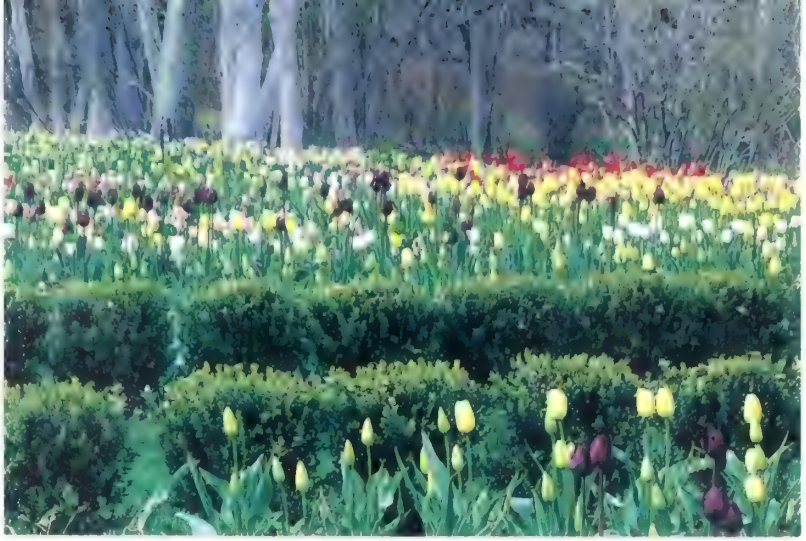
While work was still under way on the interior, Bantry decided to tackle the exterior. Two garden designers came and went, victims, notes Bantry, of "their quaint notions of low-maintenance cottage gardens." A few spring bulbs, a patch of perennials, and some hardy shrubs weren't what he had in mind. What this gardener wanted was floral overkill—something along the lines of Giverny or Kew Gardens or Holland in the seventeenth century. Finally, designer Andrea Davis entered the picture. Since 1988 she has overseen the yearly planting of 35,000 daffodils, 17,000 tulips, and 50,000 grape hyacinths, making for a garden crowded with close to a quarter million bulbs. And that's only the spring flowers. (His suppliers, Sophie and Peter Langeveld, thought

The bright white of the dining room ceiling, floor, and furniture, *above*, illuminates the space even at night. Swag-printed fabric from Le Petit Trianon, NYC, patterns a wall. On the Chuck Lattanzio table, a Limoges tea set and cachepot from Ceralene join a pair of freely growing topiaries from Smith & Hawken. *Opposite above:* A sampling of the 17,000 tulips that bloom in Bantry's garden every year. *Opposite below:* Cream-colored wainscoting and a forest green floor create a cottage look in the guest room where Rose Cumming's rosy fabric appears on curtains and slipcovers on furniture from Ronald Jonas, NYC. The tablecloth and pillow fabric is from Cowtan & Tout.

he must own a garden center.) Summer has its own masses of irises, foxgloves, astilbes, forget-me-nots, and roses. For Bantry, ordering plant materials and then watching them bloom has a "definite narcotic effect." From late March through September, the first thing he does when he arrives in Wainscott late Thursday nights is flash his car headlights on the garden. Then he calls Davis to file a progress report and discuss plans, like the upcoming addition of 100,000 lupines and 50,000 daylilies. "It's a lot of plants to put in the ground," shrugs Davis, "but really, anything less would look pokey."

In the sixth year of Bantry's ownership the house and garden offer no hints of what he calls their "Tobacco Road past." The bulldozers on the front lawn, the two-over-two mullioned windows, and the jalousies exist only in dog-eared "before" photographs. The Caldor's stopgap lampshades still look good on the Conran's stopgap lamps. The guest room trompe l'oeil curtain-patterned wallpaper (inspired by the wallpaper in Claudette Colbert's dressing room during a Broadway show Bantry coproduced) has begun to fade nicely. The pergola is overrun with vines, and the painted floors have taken on a pleasingly scruffy look. Says Bantry with satisfaction, "Everything looks as if it's always been here." ▲

Editors: Senga Mortimer and Kathleen Vuillet Augustine



Bantry wanted floral overkill—something along the lines of Giverny or Kew Gardens or seventeenth century Holland



Crafting a Style

Anne and Ronald Abramson are live-in curators for their collection of handmade modern furniture

By Patricia Conway

Photographs by Jon Jensen





sofa, chairs, and
v table by Charles
owley are grouped
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For every collector there comes a moment when the question of what to buy is eclipsed by the problem of where to put it. Even the largest houses and apartments have a finite amount of space. Sadly, new acquisitions as well as old favorites are relegated to basements, attics, or warehouses. Pieces are rotated in and out of storage or sold off to reduce the surplus. Eventually they may be rescued by surprised heirs or deposited in museums to which falls the tricky job of cataloguing lifetime collections documented only by tattered sales receipts.

Not so in the case of Anne and Ronald Abramson, who are amassing one of the largest and finest collections of craft furniture in the country. Their approach is much bolder: furnish a suburban house with craft pieces, live in it, and, when it's full, buy an apartment and have it designed specifically as an environment for art. When that apartment is full, too, buy another in the same building. In short, the Abramsons have built their own live-in museum, with foyers, living rooms, dining rooms, kitchens, bedrooms, even closets intended principally to accommodate handmade furniture.

"We use the first apartment for weekends in the city and for entertaining," Ron explains. "The second apartment will be for guests." Understandably, the atmosphere is more gallerylike than residential, but no gallery could display the best work of more than two dozen top craft artists so extensively or so seductively. "Everything in the apartment is handmade," according to Ron, "even the wood floor," which was inlaid by Jay Stanger. The inlay, used throughout the public spaces in the main apartment, was Anne Abramson's choice, a kind of reverse trompe l'oeil alternative to carpeting (usually it is carpeting that is woven to mimic the patterns of parquet or stone floors). The bedroom carpeting, although not custom designed, is by the noted textile artist Jack Lenor Larsen. Even the plates and cups are the work of craft artists.

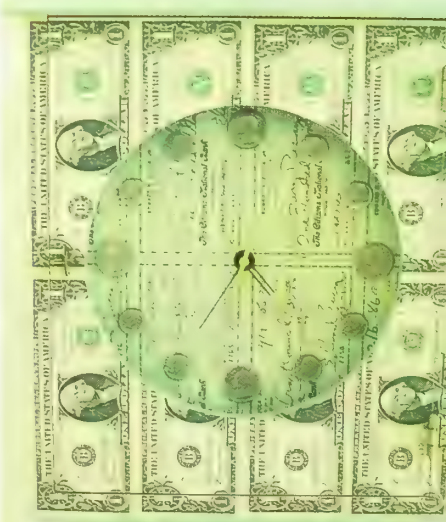
The setting for this collection is an interior designed by David M. Schwarz/Architectural Services to function equally well as both living and display space. Carefully attuned to allowing individual works of art and craft to speak for themselves, the space nonetheless makes its own rather powerful design statement. Because the first apartment was purchased while the building was still under construction, it was possible to install special modifications such as the skylighted barrel vault, gabled ceilings, and high oculus windows. The resulting volumes, emphasized by cove lighting under the gables, are strong enough to counter the forceful presence of the furniture without overwhelming it.

In the kitchen a diagonal inlay of black vinyl floor tiles beneath a serving island plays off the gabled ceilings and the triangular entrance foyer, introducing an asymmetry that perfectly complements craft artist Charles Mark-Walker's painted wood stools. Although David Schwarz claims that none of the spaces was designed with a particular artist or piece of furniture in mind, it is difficult to imagine Mark-Walker's stools anywhere but in this room, on this floor.

Ron Abramson, a Washington, D.C., attorney, and Anne, the publisher of *Museum & Arts* magazine, work as partners in assembling their collection. Like other collectors, they know many of the craft artists whose pieces they own, often inviting them to stay in the apartment [illegible] has *(Text continued on page 148)*



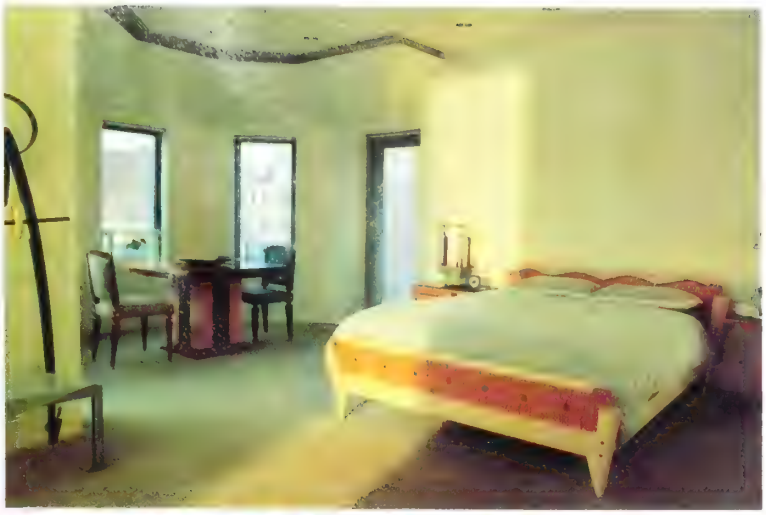






A Mark Del Guidice dresser of painted maple, *top right,* with brass and [illegible] Australian lacewood veneer top. *Above right* and *opposite center left:* Edward Zucca chairs upholstered in Jack Lenor Larsen [illegible] surround a Zucca table of bleached [illegible] maple, ebony, and Honduras mahogany. Tea set from Rosenthal. *Right:* Dollar bills and coins on Zucca's Time Is Money clock. *Opposite bottom left:* A Kalle Fauset chair with a Ron Puckett writing table.





Wendy Stayman end tables, *left* and *far left*, flank a James Schriber maple and satinwood bed. Carpet by Jack Lenor Larsen. *Below center:* Jay Stanger floor inlay. *Below:* A Schriber purpleheart table. *Bottom center:* Charles Mark-Walker's stools and glass plates by Kurt Swanson and Lisa Schwartz. *Bottom right:* Chairs by Vickie Moss, at left, and Peter Dean alongside a sofa and table by Rosanne Somerson.



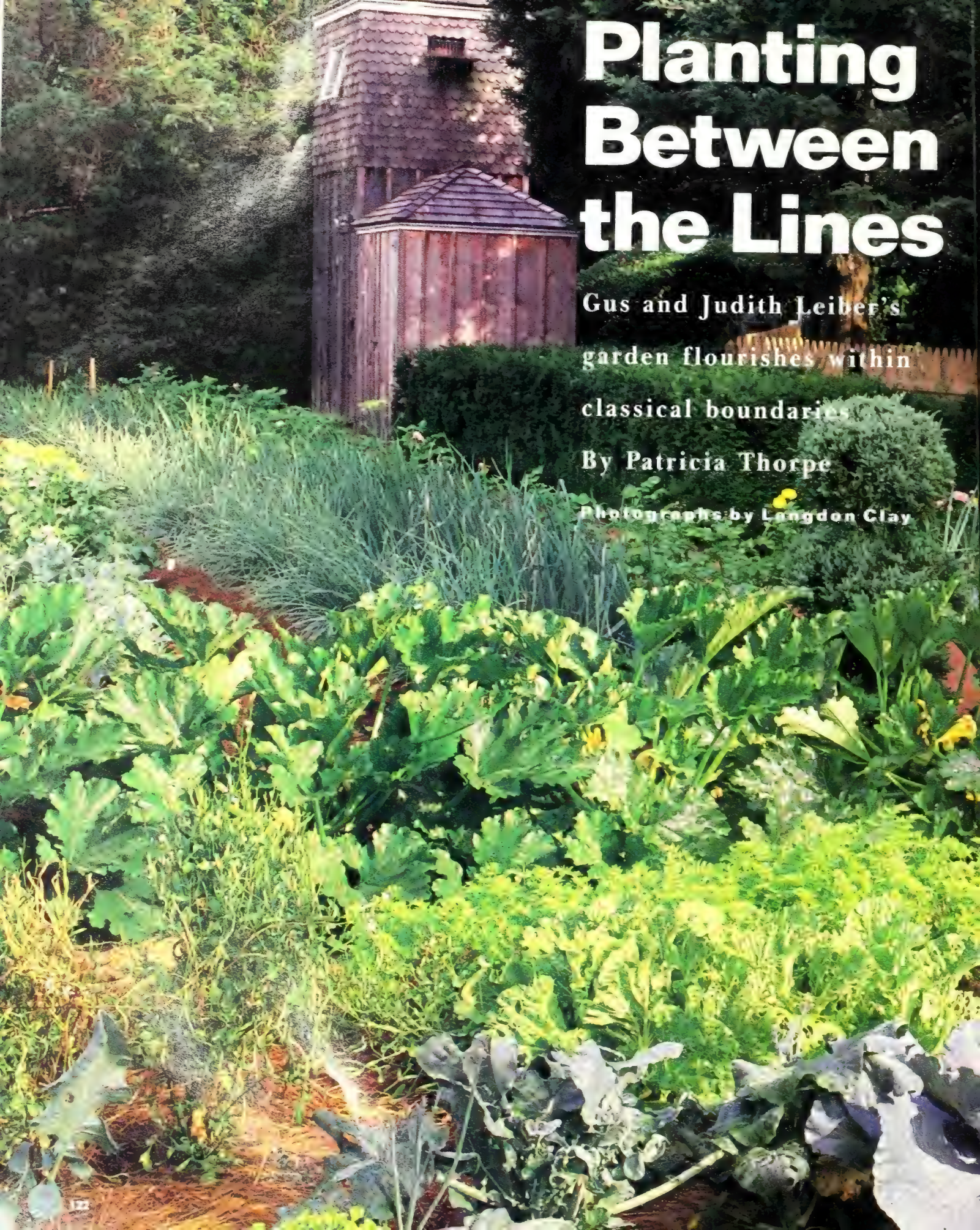










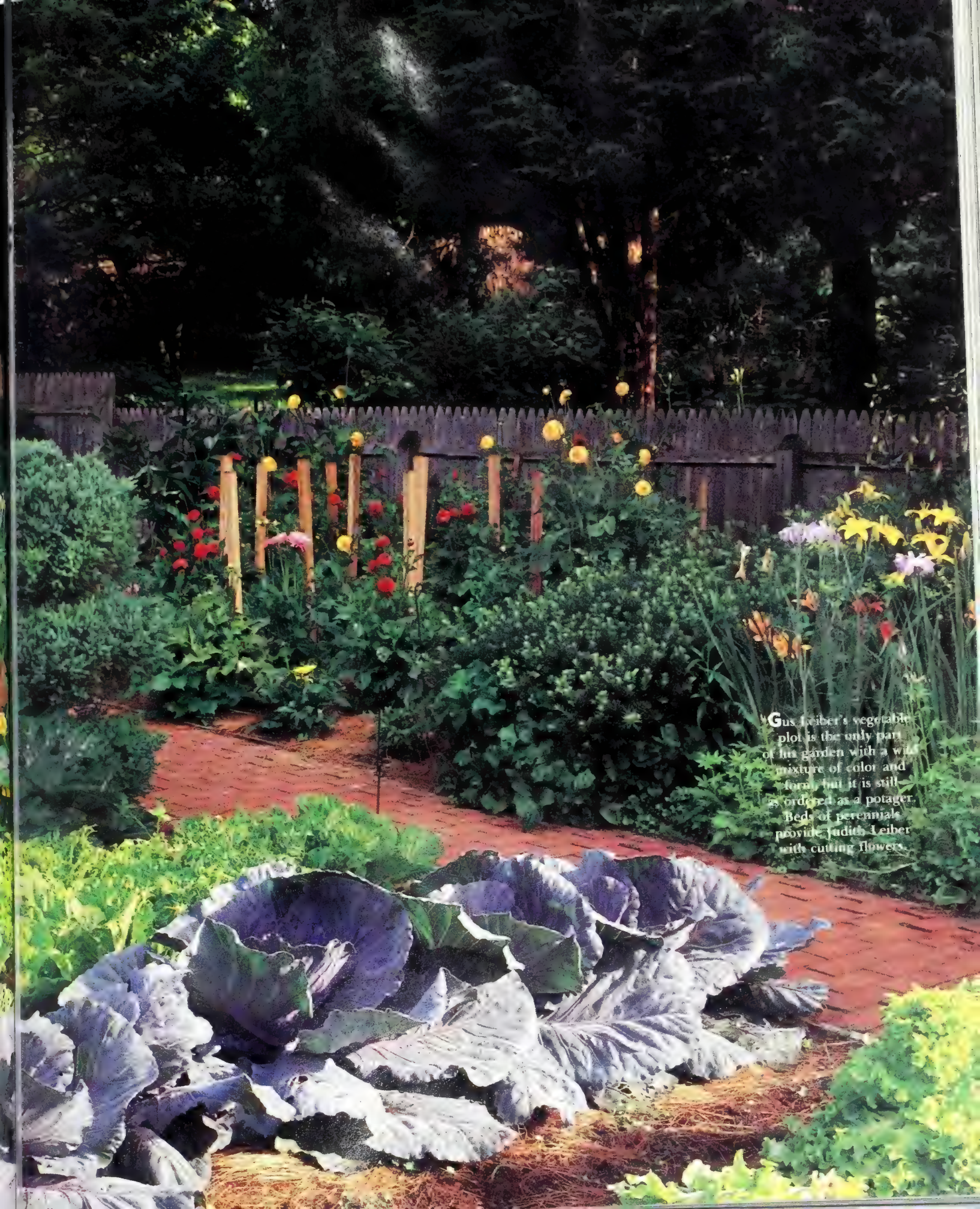


Planting Between the Lines

Gus and Judith Leiber's garden flourishes within classical boundaries

By Patricia Thorpe

Photographs by Langdon Clay



Gus Leiber's vegetable plot is the only part of his garden with a wild mixture of color and form, but it is still as ordered as a potager. Beds of perennials provide Judith Leiber with cutting flowers.

THE STORY IS A FAMILIAR ONE: TWO BUSY NEW Yorkers buy a modest house and land in "the country." They will visit on weekends, grab an occasional summer vacation, retreat for a few days from her successful manufacturing business, from his art studio. Even the land is familiar: less than two acres of wild oats and willow clutching at the yellow sand of Springs, Long Island, a flat rectangular parcel whose few outstanding features originally included dumps of medicine bottles, coffee tins, and old tires.



"It took two years just to clear it," recalls Gus Leiber. "The land cried out for attention, for order." Yes, that is a call many of us have heard as we struggled through the first days of a garden. But most of us don't answer that call by creating a landscape as intricate and formal as a French parterre with brick paths, manicured hedges and treillage, dovecotes and herms. Although the similarities to the classic French formal style are noticeable, this is not a garden designed by a sophisticated European bringing his traditions to the New World. Gus Leiber grew up in rural Titusville, Pennsylvania. Judith Leiber is a native of Hungary and arrived here in 1947 as Gus's war bride. The couple now travel widely in connection with her business (she is the president of Judith Leiber, Inc., which produces exquisite and world-famous handbags and leather goods) and visit the great gardens abroad. But all that was unknown to Gus before he started work on his own backyard.

Gus Leiber, *above*. *Right:* A burst of color from a climbing rose flares against the greens of trellis and topiary. *Below:* Wedges of box surround beds of roses and herbs.

How, then, did a garden like this ever get started, particularly in the mid fifties, when low maintenance was the battle cry of the suburban settler? "No, I certainly wasn't keeping up







It is hard to resist the impression of a Tuileries compressed to fit a backyard

with the Joneses," laughs Gus. "No one I knew was doing anything like this. And after a while I had to give up everything—I used to play tennis, but there just wasn't time. I seem to have blundered into a particularly high-maintenance kind of garden." Le Nôtre might have agreed.

It is hard, at first, to resist the impression that you have stumbled upon a little Tuileries compressed to fit in a backyard, but longer acquaintance with Gus's garden reveals that this is not at all imitation French, but a landscape that shares some of the same vocabulary while achieving quite a different effect. There is none of the French insistence on grandeur here. Elegance of proportion replaces the drama of extravagant space. A variety of subtle details supplants the endless repetition of form. Although there is a strong central axis focused on a distant herm, the paths that develop off this axis are unexpectedly asymmetrical so that once you begin to explore you never return in quite the same way. Gus's garden is as intimate and personal as Versailles is public.

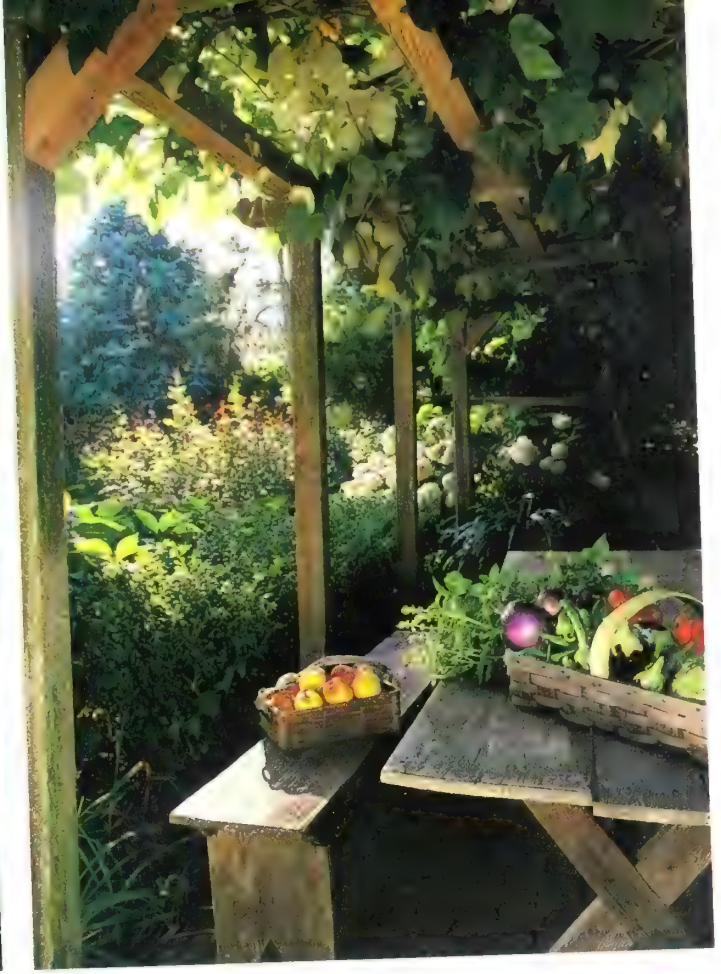
Are French formal gardens a particular love of the Leibers? "Well, I could never do that, I couldn't control it," Gus says, "and I like the English ones better. But I didn't have any brick walls—that's why I started with the trellises. I can't do that topiary either, but I do really love hedges."

You might have guessed that from the photographs. Hedges are everywhere: tall hedges making walls, small hedges edging larger hedges, smaller still framing wedge-shaped quadrants of herbs and roses. The shapes and textures of the hedges are so complex that they are never simply static boundaries. The small round leaves of box play against the larger ellipses of privet; black green needles of yew against bright flat fans of chamaecyparis. Most of the plantings are evergreen, with occasional deciduous specimens for dramatic accents: a swelling mound of winged euonymus breaks over a clipped evergreen rectangle; the extravagant foliage of the oak-leaf hydrangea arches over box.

The garden may have begun haphazardly, but through 33 years of labor Gus Leiber has realized a landscape work of art, a work that is superficially very different from his paintings, which are bold expressionistic figures or faces full of color and lively satiric gesture. "When I started the garden, there was no plan. I just did a bit here, then something over in another direction. It was like starting a painting—you just work at it until something starts to come out." But while the firm frame and determined two *(Text continued on page 151)*

Clematis, *above*, drapes the trellis around massed wisteria. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Hydrangea is a midsummer accent among the evergreens. A grape arbor extends informal dining outdoors. Brick paths and courtyards emphasize the garden's formal structure. Judith Leiber's fanciful bags are inspired by garden themes. Details see Resources.



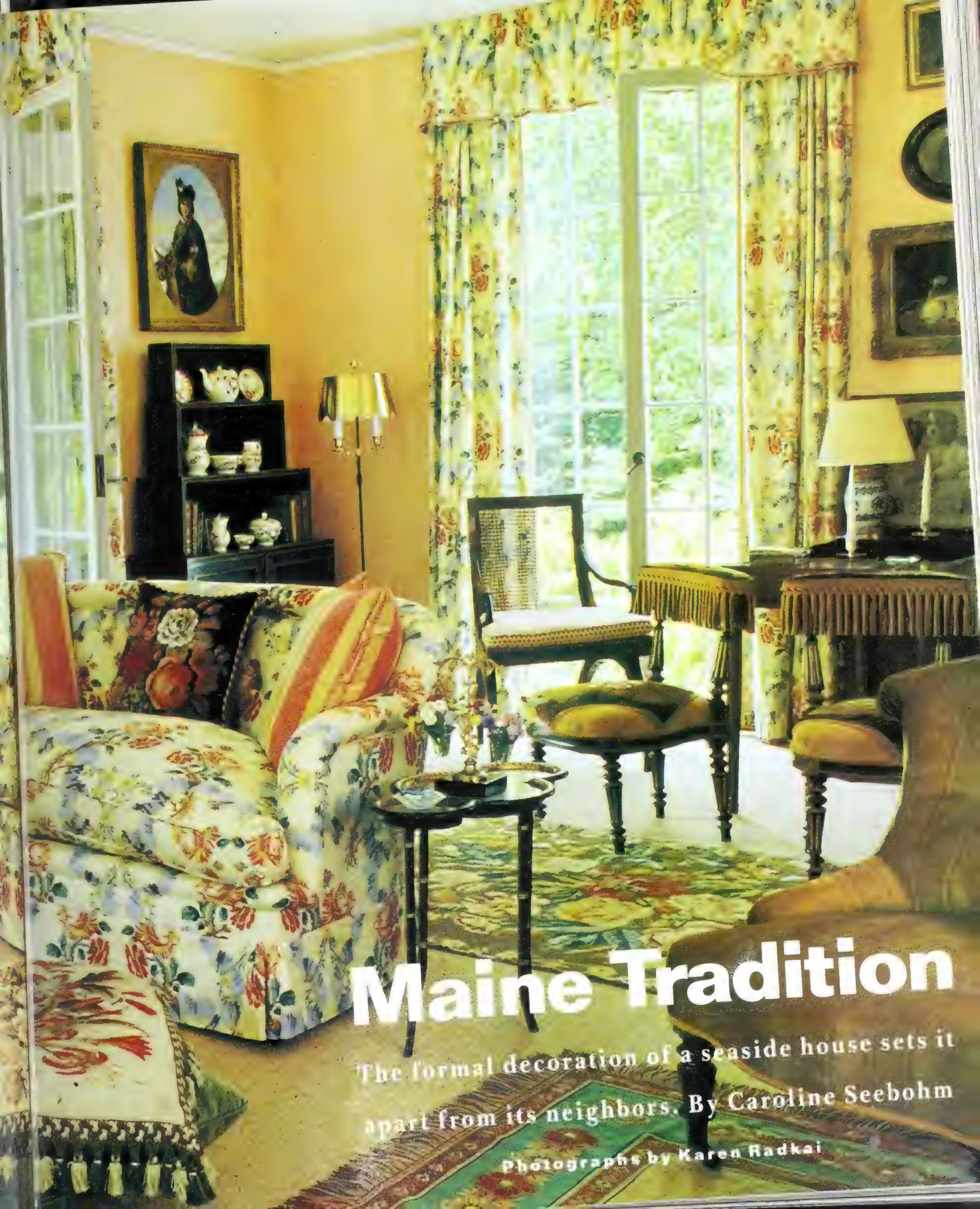








Pale yellow walls and a fireplace framed by a Louis XVI marble mantel brighten the living room, furnished with sofas in a Brunschwig chintz. Carpet from Rosecore. Details see Resources.



Maine Tradition

The formal decoration of a seaside house sets it apart from its neighbors. By Caroline Seebohm

Photographs by Karen Radkai



PROTECTED BY PINES IN SUMMER, WRAPPED WITH SNOW IN winter, the vacation houses along the coast of eastern Maine have an uncompromising quality and a sturdy charm that comes from having accommodated generations of the same family. One such house, built on a hilltop in 1901, surprised the local community by looking more like a New England federal manse than a Victorian turreted cottage, then the preferred summer house style. Like those ornate resort structures, however, it was heavily shaded by trees, which allowed no view of the water. The rooms were dark, installed with grand mantelpieces, and better suited to formal dinners than to barefoot repasts.

Twenty-five years ago it was bought by its present owner and her late husband as a warm-weather retreat for themselves and their seven children. Most Maine houses by this time were awash with wicker and rag rugs, but this one, in keeping with its stately interior, became a repository for an inherited collection of fine American furniture. "When we bought the house, the children thought they were finally going to get one of these easygoing put-up-your-feet vacation places," confides the owner. "Unfortunately, they were disappointed." Everyone nonetheless appreciated the newly exposed views of the sound—the result of some arduous tree clearing—and the expanded screened porch, an ideal spot for lounging and watching boats sail by.

In 1983, after leaving the interior untouched for nearly two decades, the owner decided it was time to enact a transformation. Passing on much of the heirloom furniture to her grown children, she enlisted the help of decorator Nancy Pierrepont, and the two set out to rework every room. The main priority was to make the place more comfortable. In the living room this was accomplished by replacing an overlarge wooden mantel with a delicately carved Louis XVI design that allows more space for people to relax around the fire—a necessity during summer evenings when the fog rolls in. Nancy Pierrepont recognized the quality of the mantels throughout the house and the two she added came from the original supplier, William H. Jackson of New York. (Jackson also happily took back the two she supplanted.)

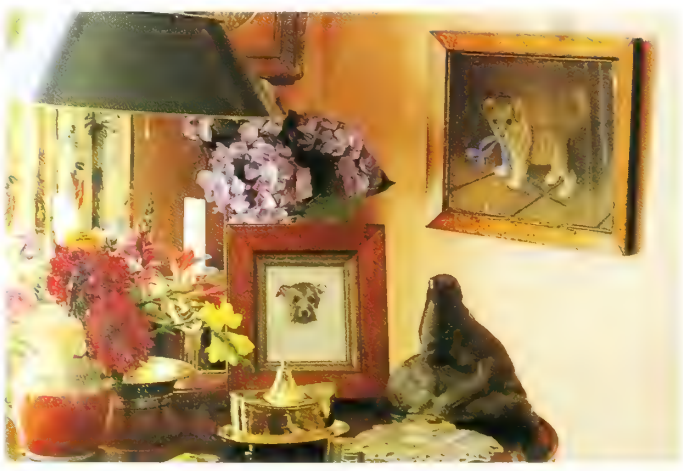
"I was lucky," says Pierrepont. "The rooms are so beautifully proportioned no structural changes were necessary." There was also little need to embark on any art- or antiques-buying trips thanks to the fact that her client had, over the years, plunged into many collecting enthusiasms, the results of which mostly languished in closets waiting to be rediscovered. They included Victorian embroideries, ship paintings, silhouettes, English and Chinese export porcelain, and enough dog portraits to fill a small museum. "This is going to be the dog room," the owner announced to her children, pointing to the spacious living room. For a moment they looked horrified, imagining their mother sacrificing the elegant decorations to her five dogs.

Client and decorator happily saw eye-to-eye on all of the design decisions—they both loved chintz, tufted sofas, needlepoint flourishes, bright clear colors, and practicality. For as well as the five dogs, they had to take into account a steady stream of guests and the wear and tear of the Maine climate. Thus wool sisal is at home with antique embroideries, découpage with rare china. "The mix is eclectic and unusually satisfying," notes Pierrepont.

Even with these changes, however, one might perceive a comforting thread of continuity in the house's history. The rooms, much brighter and more welcoming now, have maintained something of the formality of their earliest incarnation. Wicker never makes it past the porch. Guests are received in the sunny living room. And, after a day on the water or up a mountain picking blueberries, the family and their friends still dress for dinner as if they were expecting the president. ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

An 18th-century French table set with Coalport plates and surrounded by Directoire chairs is the centerpiece of the dining room, *opposite above*. Clarence House wallpaper provides a serene backdrop for curtains in a bright tulip chintz. *Opposite below:* Dog portraits line the entry hall staircase. The striped wallpaper is from Cowtan & Tout. *Above:* Decorator Nancy Pierrepont with her two West Highland terriers, Pluck and Beans. *Below:* More dog portraits cluster in a corner of the living room.







Dog paintings and porcelain languished in closets waiting to be rediscovered



Spiraling ribbons and floral garlands on a Boussac chintz offset white walls in the master bedroom, *right*. Victorian armchairs and a Colefax & Fowler needlepoint rug surround the fireplace fronted by a Pierre Deux trompe l'oeil fire screen. *Above:* Pierrepont preserved the 1920s French wallpaper that patterns a guest room. Silhouettes and a Chinese export tea set decorate the mantel.

In another guest room, *above*, a Victorian bamboo and lacquer cupboard and dressing table are joined by slipper chairs in a Brunschwig glazed chintz. The ingrain carpet is from Scalamandré. *Left:* A cascade of Boussac chintz forms a canopy above the master bed dressed in Pratesi linens. *Below:* Late 19th century beds from Frederick P. Victoria, NYC, are upholstered in a Brunschwig floral fabric.



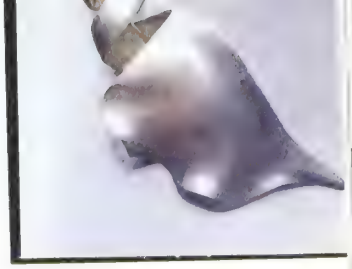


New Settings



JEWELRY DESIGNERS APPLY THEIR ARTISTRY TO GRACIOUS OBJECTS FOR THE HOME

BY WENDY GOODMAN **Photographs by Chris Callis**



O MUEHLING mixes and thologizes the modern the baroque with his shed silver bud vase and of black coral and silver ons. *Above:* Muehling's er shell pin. *Opposite:* tamorphosis, the first home lection, by **IZABEL LAM,** ludes bronze flatware own unfinished) that ns to transcend its earthly ments. *Opposite inset:* Lam's gasus vermeil earring. tails see Resources.



ROBERT LEE MORRIS refers to his jewelry as "liquid geometry," a term that also applies to such tabletop designs as a glass and bronze candleholder and a black suede box with brass feet, *left*. *Below:* Morris's brass leaf necklace. *Bottom:* "I want the table to glisten," says **STEPHEN DWECK,** whose silver, vermeil, and bronze serving fork and knife and other lavish pieces are inspired by simple organic forms. *Bottom left:*



Dweck's blue topaz and silver starfish pendant. *Opposite:* **LISA JENKS** incorporates primitive shapes and art deco–inspired design to make pewter paperweights, frames, napkin rings, letter openers, salt and pepper shakers, and candlesticks that might be described as modern antiques. *Opposite below:* Jenks's Pinnacle Drop silver earring.

WHILE THE WORLDS OF FASHION and interior design enjoy a mutual attraction as powerful as gravity, innovative jewelry designers are mining the give-and-take of ideas, materials, and applications to create objects for the house, or "accessories," as they are known—a humble term for, say, candleholders and picture frames that may display candles and pictures but are also works of art, to be cherished and displayed in their own right.

The themes that distinguish the jewelry designs of these young artists make their tabletop pieces equally unique—great minds do not all think alike. Whether she is designing jewelry, clothes, or objects for her first home collection, Hong Kong–born Izabel Lam, for example, employs a sensual, ethereal vocabulary; her bronze flatware seems to transcend its earthly elements. "I think people only have a few shapes in them," says Ted Muehling, whose vases and utensils advance his exploration of





the natural forms, such as shells, branches, and stones, that fill his Greenwich Village loft and that have informed his jewelry designs for twelve years. Artwear founder Robert Lee Morris, who has created jewelry for Calvin Klein, Geoffrey Beene, and Donna Karan, makes boxes, candleholders, and gardening tools that share the liquid geometry of his necklaces, bracelets, and pins.

Brooklynite Stephen Dweck finds inspiration in his surroundings. "Brooklyn, believe it or not, still has a ton of nature," says Dweck, who adorns the table with the same passion and precision he brings to his romantically intricate jewelry, sculpting delicate leaves and branches into the silver and vermeil handles of serving knives and forks. And if Lisa Jenks's modern yet ageless earrings, bracelets, and rings look quite functional, her pewter paperweights, letter openers, and salt and pepper shakers, incorporating primitive shapes and art deco–inspired design, are supremely decorative. In fact the same can be said of the work of all of these designers. Their "accessories" are to the table what a strand of pearls is to the bare neck. ▲



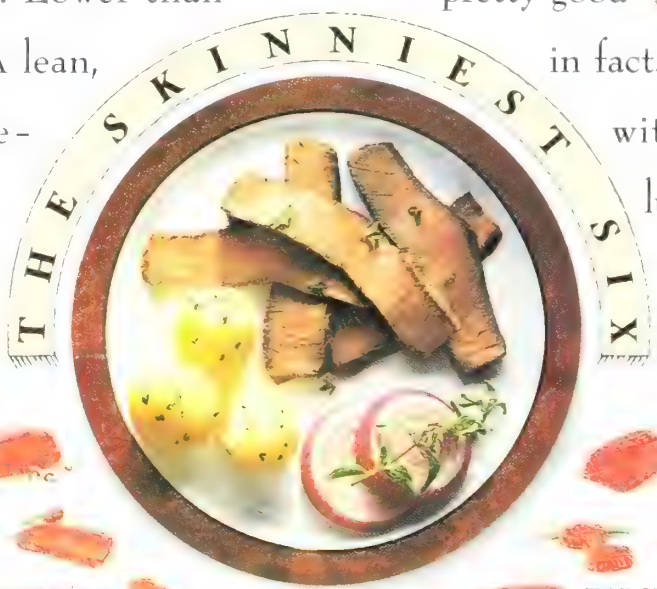




If you're looking for lean, you're in Luck.



I'd like to tell you a juicy story. A story everyone in Luck, Wisconsin knows. It's about herb marinated beef steak. It's about braised steak provençal and broiled steaks with company potatoes. But most of all, it's about good fortune. Because many cuts of beef are surprisingly low in calories. Lower than most people think. A lean, trimmed three-ounce serving averages less than 200 calories. Round tip, for example, hardly tops 149 calories. That's an inspiration to anyone holding a menu. Or following a diet. You know, according to legend, the town of Luck was named by Dan Smith, an early logger. Having faced much adversity in life, he solved the problem by always being "in Luck." Today, our luck is still pretty good—delicious, in fact. Where would we be without beef? Out of luck, I'd say. See you in the next town.



ROUND TIP 149 calories
5.0 gms total fat* (1.8 gms sat. fat)

TOP ROUND 169 cal...
4.3 gms total fat* (1.5 gms sat...

TOP LOIN ...
7.1 gms total fat* (2.7 ...

EYE OF ROUND 141 calories
4.0 gms total fat* (1.5 gms sat. fat)

TENDERLOIN 175 calories
8.1 gms total fat* (3.0 gms sat. fat)

TOP SIRLOIN 162 calories
5.8 gms total fat* (2.3 gms sat. fat)

Beef.
Real food for real people.

*Source: USDA Handbook 8-13 1990. Figures are for a 3 oz. cooked serving. Beef trimmed before cooking. 4 oz. uncooked weight 3 oz. cooked.
For a beef recipe booklet, write the B.I.C. Dept. ... 444 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. Please enclose 50¢. © 1990 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.*

Great Rooms

Designer and special-effects guru Bran Ferren applies his magic to the kitchen

By Paul Goldberger

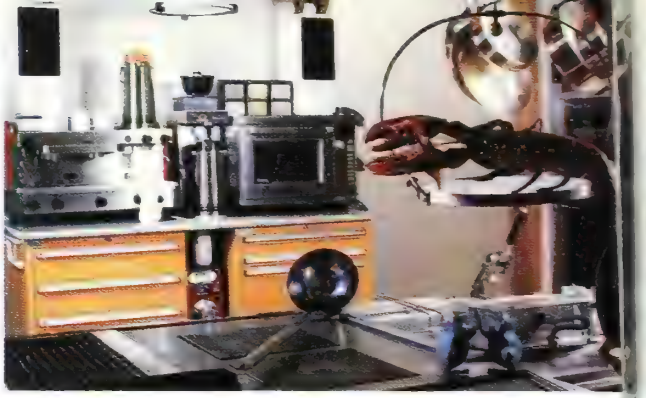


When people in East Hampton talk about Bran Ferren's rambling shingled house—which is surprisingly often, considering that it competes for their attention with other rambling shingled houses by Robert A. M. Stern, Charles Gwathmey, and nearly every other American architect of note—they speak first of the façade, which has a trio of windows set in the pattern of a two-story-high smiling face. Then they speak of the kitchen. This world is full of kitchens that are alleged to have been designed so that their owners can cook and entertain friends at the same time, but next to Bran Ferren's most of them are no more than galleys with a couple of stools thrown in. Ferren has a *kitchen*—a room 34 feet long by 26 feet wide, with three Traulsen refrigerators, three bright orange enamel sinks, 44 metal drawers, two convection ovens, and built-in deep fryer, slant grill, wok stove, griddle, espresso and cappuccino machine, and charbroiler. The floor is oak, the ceiling is white tile, the countertops are gray

■ Bran Ferren and Robyn Low, *above. Below right:* Beyond the kitchen's central island and cabinets adapted from aircraft tool storage units, a stainless-steel Traulsen wine cooler, four-door refrigerator, and freezer are built into the far corner. Glass-paneled doors at left open off the front hall. *Below:* Refrigerated Ferren-designed drawers keep vegetables fresh.









■ A steel cart, *above*, brings oils, vinegar, condiments, and baking ingredients within reach anywhere in the 884-square-foot space.

■ Two convection ovens, a baking oven, and a plate warmer flank a custom-made wok stove—all recessed in an alcove to reduce heat transmission into the room. The rolling table in front of the ovens follows Robyn Low around the kitchen, providing a convenient surface for food preparation and cooling.

■ The island houses three gas burners and four hot tops (two gas and two electric), a griddle, a slant grill, a deep fryer, and a bain-marie with its own faucet. The range hood was fabricated in Bran Ferren's welding shop. A lever corkscrew perches at one end of a granite semicircle that seats five for casual dining. *Top:* Audio speakers are mounted above a restaurant-caliber Cimbali espresso and cappuccino machine, a vacuum coffee maker, and a 16,000-watt Panasonic microwave oven.

"How do you get the best professional kitchen stuff, put it all together, and not have it end up looking like the basement of a hospital?"



■ A cookbook rests on an antique English music stand. Italian mosaic tiles trim cabinet bases and a white American Olean tile ceiling helps reflect light.

and white speckled granite, and the metal drawers are tangerine. There are lots of windows, accents of natural wood, and not a single conventional cupboard because Ferren doesn't like them. Five people can sit around a semicircle of granite in the central island, but if they are willing to stand, the kitchen can probably hold another fifty.

To anyone who knows Bran Ferren, head of Associates & Ferren, the East Hampton special-effects and design company that has created effects for the film *Little Shop of Horrors*, among other projects, it is almost superfluous to point out that the designer was Ferren himself. He has cast almost everything in his life to reflect his peculiar blend of technology and whimsy—this kitchen, like the entire house, is an exuberant mix of the industrial, the witty, and the funky. It is telling that an antique telephone hangs on the kitchen wall beside a sleek plastic high-tech phone system—and that glass-paneled doors open directly off the front hall, a clear sign of the kitchen's importance in the hierarchy of the house.

Ferren originally designed the house for himself, but as fate would have it, not long after it was completed, Robyn Low, a chef, food consultant, author, and proprietor of the catering firm Feast Hampton entered his life. They now occupy the kitchen, and the rest of the house, together.

"The real problem in designing this kitchen," says Ferren, "was how do you get the best quality professional stuff and put it all together and not have it end up looking like the basement of a hospital. But I didn't want one of those cute kitchens with pretty tiles and a Garland range. We don't entertain very formally, and I said to myself that I'd rather have an empty unfinished kitchen than one I didn't like."

Unfinished Ferren's kitchen was for a time, as he researched equipment and through it learned the art of cooking. He concluded, first, that space was the most important element of all—like a restaurant kitchen, his has discrete areas for different tasks, but there is much more room in between for the drink-holding kibitzers whose presence is a constant reminder that this is no restaurant at all. A large stainless-steel cart permits oil, flour, seasonings, and other ingredients to be wheeled to any work area. Most of the equipment is industrial, but some of it bears Ferren's mark, such as the cabinetry, which consists entirely of metal tool drawers—the first order their manufacturer had ever had for tangerine-colored toolboxes.

"Designing the kitchen was wonderful," Bran Ferren says. "After all, it was a whole new set of toys to learn about." ♠ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*



■ Industrial lamps hang above an Aero sink, a 90-second-cycle Champion dishwasher, and a graduated set of English pharmaceutical mortars and pestles. Oversize whisk from Think Big, NYC.

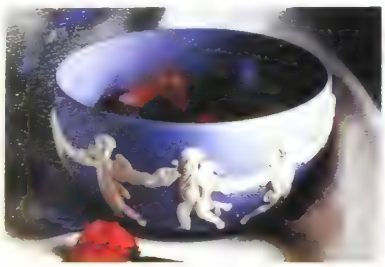
HG ZEROES IN ON STYLE By Wendy Goodman

Forecasts



Patricia Clyne

Frank Lloyd Wright window



Wedgwood bowl



Pour Toi



Bill Blass

Fashion designers look homeward



Christian Francis Roth



Annie Sherburne rug

for fall collections that mingle runway



Ralph Lauren



Ralph Lauren rug and chair

allure with drawing room chic



Valentino



Etruscan vase

Home on a hanger. *Far left:* Patricia Clyne's Frank Lloyd Wright coat and a detail of the window that inspired it. *Left to right, from top:* Wedgwood bowl; Wedgwood-patterned sweater from Pour Toi; Bill Blass's drawer-pull suit; Christian Francis Roth's mosaic blazer; Annie Sherburne's tile rug; Ralph Lauren's American Indian blanket coat; chamois armchair and Navajo-style rug, also by Lauren; Valentino's tunic with Etruscan motifs; Etruscan vase, c. 575–550 B.C. Details see Resources.



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Resources

COVER
Lighthouse wood lamp from craftsman Tony Monaco of Turning Studio, Hoboken (201) 792-2849.

DESIGN
Page 30 Junichi Arai's Rock Pattern, Fiendish Crepe, Korean Carrot, Aluminum Lamé Stripe, pattern by Nuno, Square Patchwork, pattern by Nuno, Spider Web, pattern by Riko Arai, to the trade at Ilana Goor/Nuno Showroom, NYC; Bradbury Collection (by Aug 15), Los Angeles.

MERV PLAYS THE DESERT
Page 70 Iron/glass lamps, similar to the trade to order at Waldo's Designs, Los Angeles (213) 278-1803. **71** Sofa, club chairs, standing lamps, antique marble tray on coffee table, Indian pottery elephant, candlesticks, hut object, and covered bowls on far coffee table, ceramic covered bowls, chairs around far table, shutters at window, similar to the trade to order at Waldo's (see above). Indian walnut coffee table, c. 1860, similar at Charles Pollock Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 651-5852. Antique Oushak carpets, similar at Woven Legends, West Hollywood (213) 652-3138. Antique wood/marble side table, similar at Paul Ferrante, Los Angeles (213) 653-4142. Antique bronze pot next to chair, similar to the trade at K. Spiegelman Interiors, West Hollywood (213) 273-2255. **72** Allegro cotton, to the trade at Quadrille, for showrooms (212) 753-2995. Club chairs, TV-lift cabinet, ceramics, bedspread, similar to the trade to order at Waldo's (see above). Antique kilim, similar at Joseph Toorian Antique Carpets, Pasadena (213) 934-8308. Antique wood/mother-of-pearl table, similar at Paul Ferrante (see above). **73** English Moon Rock verdigris over brass fitting, from P. E. Guerin, NYC, for showrooms (212) 243-5270. **74** Malibran viscose/cotton, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Club chairs, table, ceramics, candlesticks, mirror, bedspread, similar to the trade to order at Waldo's (see above). **74–75** Linen Mesh for bedhanging, curtains, to the trade at Kent-Bragaline, for showrooms (718) 784-2012. Club chair, raw silk/silver lamé on chair, mother-of-pearl/pewter urn, silver boxes, pillowcases, antique candlestick, TV-lift cabinet, similar to the trade to order at Waldo's (see above). Wrought-iron bed, similar to the trade from Gregorius/Pineo, Los Angeles (213) 659-0588. Etruscan ceramic/platinum urn lamp, similar to the trade at Formations, Los Angeles (213) 659-3062.

PRIMARY MOTIFS
Pages 80–87 Custom-made hand-braided wool rugs, some custom-colored, from Art Underfoot, Upper Montclair (201) 744-4171. **82–83** Trestle table with custom base, finish on chairs, from cabinetmaker Mario Rodriguez, Brooklyn (718) 387-6655. **84** Ludwig cotton, to the trade at Kravet Fabrics, for showrooms (800) 645-9068. Union Cloth for shades, to the trade at Decorators Walk, for showrooms (516) 249-3100. **86** Cross-handle brass tub/hand shower set, from P. E. Guerin (see above for pg 73). **87** Angela chintz for bedskirt, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beachwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. Basket quilt, c. 1865, at America Hurrah, NYC (212) 535-1930.

L.A. HUES
Pages 94–99 Decoration, by Jarrett Hedborg Interior Design, Sherman Oaks (818) 501-4239. Decorative art, by Nancy A. Kintisch, Los Angeles (213) 666-2795. **94–95** Custom Dorchester sofa, Warwick armchair at left, both by Jarrett Hedborg for Nancy Corzine, to the trade at Nancy Corzine, for showrooms (213) 652-4859. De Medici cotton on sofa, Farnese cotton on armchair, at Fortuny, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Anjou cotton/silk jacquard, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; JEH/Denver, Denver; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Primavera, Toronto. Custom frames, by artist Heidi Wianecki, Santa Monica (213) 829-7163. 17th-century Flemish tapestry pillows, at Gazebo Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 658-7110. Malayer rug, c. 1910, at Aga John Carpets, Los Angeles (213) 657-0890. Toledo mirror, to the trade at Brustlin, for showrooms (213) 289-0991. Viscose/cotton piping on sofa, tassels on chair pillow, to the trade at Houlès, for showrooms (213) 652-6171. **96** Custom Richelieu bench, Saint Tropez bergère, to the trade from Nancy Corzine (see above). Madagascar woven straw, to the trade at J. Robert Scott Textiles, for showrooms (213) 659-4910. Painting, at George Stern Fine Arts, Encino (818) 906-1882. **97** Monte Carlo cotton jacquard quilt, pillowcase, Chain embroidered cotton top sheet, Hearts cotton jacquard pillow sham, at Pratesi, Beverly Hills (213) 274-7661. Marie Amélie chintz, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844. Fringed stool, similar at Nonesuch Antiques, Santa Monica (213) 393-1245.

WEEKENDS IN WAINSCOTT
Pages 112–13, 117 Landscape design, by Andrea Davis, East Hampton (516) 537-2780. **112–13** Weatherend table, 60" wide, $3,700, benches, $2,008 ea, from Weatherend Estate Furniture, Rockland (207) 596-6483. **114** Mantel, bookshelves, table, similar to order from Chuck Lattanzio, Sag Harbor (516) 725-3051. **114–15** Tilt-top table, similar at Valdemar F. Jacobsen, Cold Spring Harbor (516) 692-7775. **116** Plissé chintz, 54" wide, $19 yd, by Christian Schlumberger, at Le Petit Trianon, NYC, for Schlumberger showrooms (212) 879-5530. Lattanzio table (see above). Morning Glory Spray Limoges teapot, tray, demitasse cups, cachepot, by Céralène Raynaud, at Baccarat, for stores (800) 847-3004, in NY State (212) 826-4100. **117** For fall catalogue: Quality Dutch Bulbs, Box 225, Hillsdale, NJ 07642. Swainson chintz, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above for pg 97). Odom chair, matching ottoman with shaped front, Sheraton-style headboard, to the trade at Ronald Jonas Interiors, NYC (212) 691-2777. Acorn Leaf cotton, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 94–95).

CRAFTING A STYLE
Pages 118–21 Similar furniture and glass art at Snyderman Gallery, Philadelphia (215) 238-9576; Pritam & Eames, East Hampton (516) 324-7111; Society of Arts & Crafts, Boston (617) 266-1810. For specific craftsmen, call American Craft Council Library (212) 274-0630, 1 query free, $2 ea additional. **120** King's Cloth wool, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. **121** King's Tweed wool carpet, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen (see above). Flash stoneware tea set, from Rosenthal USA, for stores (718) 417-3400.

PLANTING BETWEEN THE LINES
Page 127 Purses, by Judith Leiber: grouse (#8627) with rhinestones, $2,355; aubergine (#8580) with amethysts/rhinestones, $1,520; butterfly (#8712) with rhinestones, $2,645; ladybug (#8928) with rhinestones, $1,810; serpent on box (#8792) with hematite rhinestones, $2,170; frog (#8659) with rhinestones/semiprecious stones, $1,120 (all minaudières lined with gold kid, detachable shoulder chains), at (some to order) Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus; Marshall Fields, Chicago (Water Tower store); I. Magnin; Amen Wardy, Beverly Hills, Newport Beach.

MAINE TRADITION
Pages 128–29 Louis XVI mantel, at William H. Jackson, NYC (212) 753-9400. Rivoli chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 87). Durham wool carpet, to the trade at Rosecore Carpet, NYC, Dania, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Phillips-Crawford, Beachwood; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Linn Ledford, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Richard Guillen, Laguna Niguel; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; McNamara & Harris, Phoenix; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Collins-Draheim, Seattle; H & I Carpet, Toronto; Ghiordes Knot, Troy. Louis XVI frame with etched mirror, to the trade at John Rosselli International, NYC (212) 772-2137. **131** Combed Collection strié wallpaper, $22.50 roll, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Marlborough Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 94–95). Pelargonium Fancy chintz on sofa, 48" wide, $73.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). **132** Guirlandes cotton, 59" wide, $68 yd, to the trade at Boussac of France, for showrooms (212) 421-0534. Portuguese needlepoint rug, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 94–95). Autumn Hydrangea fire screen at Pierre Deux, for stores (800) 874-3773. **133** Haddon Hall chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 87). Smithsonian wool/nylon carpet, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Open cut-work cotton lace linens, at Pratesi, NYC (212) 288-2315. Antique-style beds, similar to order from Frederick P. Victoria, NYC (212) 755-2549. Mirage chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 87). Cowtan & Tout's Marlborough Stripe wallpaper (see above for pgs 94–95).

NEW SETTINGS
Page 134 Sphere bronze flatware, by Izabel Lam, $130 5-piece set, at Elements, Chicago; Material Possessions, Chicago; Nuvo, Dallas; Janice Rudy, Houston; Fast Buck Freddie's, Key West; Archetype Gallery, NYC; Montana Mercantile, Santa Monica; to order at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Vignette, San Francisco. Pegasus 24-kt vermeil earring, by Izabel Lam, $170 pr, at Quadrum, Chestnut Hill; Elements, Chicago; Contemporary Museum Shop, Honolulu; Sculpture to Wear, Los Angeles; Walker Art Center Shop, Minneapolis; Archetype Gallery, NYC; Saint Louis Art Museum Shop, Saint Louis; Artcessories Gallery, Santa Monica; to order at Whitney Museum, NYC; Vignette, San Francisco. Etruscan Antique chintz as background, by Twigs, to the trade at Fonthill, NYC, for other Twigs showrooms (800) 824-4204, in CA (800) 251-7586. **135** Ted Muehling's Bud brushed sterling vase, $700, Shell black coral handle/sterling bowl spoons, $350 ea, sterling Shell pin, $225, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. **136** One-of-a-kind candleholder, not available. Root jewelry box, buck with antiqued brass feet, $1,200, Graduated Leaf necklace, brass with 24-kt gold plate, $540, at Robert Lee Morris, NYC; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham (jewelry box to order). Stephen Dweck Home Collection sterling/vermeil/bronze serving knife, $875, fork, $925, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; 24 Collection, Bal Harbour; Village Drummer, Gulfport; Tootsies, Houston; to order at Neiman Marcus; Etc. at Village Sportswear, Birmingham; Dayton Hudson, Minneapolis. Starfish 497-ct blue topaz/antiqued

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Resources

sterling pendant paperweight, by Stephen [illegible] weights above). **137** [illegible] oo Stripe napkin [illegible] $35, Zigzag napkin ring, $35, Tattoo salt/[illegible]er shakers, $113 pr, Striped letter opener, $85, Small Circular Frame with Dots, $90, Small Zigzag frame, $90, 3-Stack candlestick, $250, Target paperweight, $115, Diamond with Dots salt/pepper shakers, $113 pr, Target letter opener, $75, Ball salt/pepper shakers, $113 pr, Lisa Jenks's Pinnacle drop sterling earring, $310 pr, all at Quadrum, Chestnut Hill (pewter to order); Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Fourticq, Houston (earrings to order); Gallay/Sunset, Los Angeles; Wilder Place, Los Angeles; Avenue, Omaha; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Vignette, San Francisco; to order at Barneys New York, Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.

FORECASTS

Page 144 Frank Lloyd Wright Windowpane melton coat, by Patricia Clyne, $2,500, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham; Gazebo, Dallas; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Macy's, NYC; to order at Neiman Marcus. Cupid Jasperware bowl, $75, at Waterford Wedgwood, Chicago, NYC, Saint Louis, San Francisco; for other locations (800) 336-1180; Halls, Kansas City; Foley's, Lord & Taylor (in Sept). Long cowl-neck wool sweater with Wedgwood-like raised-knit jacquard, to order from Pour Toi, Reggio Emilia, Italy (522) 69-8415. Drawer-pull flannel with embroidery strapless one-piece suit, by Bill Blass, $3,850, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Gaudi-inspired mosaic wool flannel blazer with skirt, by Christian Francis Roth, $6,250, at Martha International, NYC, Bal Harbour, Palm Beach; Saks Fifth Avenue, Chicago. Gaudi-inspired Four Flowers wool hooked rug, 5'x5', $950 plus shipping, similar to order from Annie Sherburne, London (71) 237-5630. Mountain Lodge cotton/wool robe coat, from Ralph Lauren Country, $1,130, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Birmingham, Chicago, Dallas. Ralph Lauren Home Collection Red Mountain wool dhurrie, 5'x6', $595, Arrowhead Calhoun chair in Caressa chamois leather with handpainting, whipstitching, fringe, $6,680, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, La Jolla, Minneapolis, Palm Beach, Palo Alto, Princeton, San Francisco. Etruscan sequined silk tunic, $4,605, quilted silk/cashmere shawl, $4,155, at Valentino Boutique, Beverly Hills, NYC, Palm Beach.

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Geometry Lessons

(Continued from page 93) ruler-straight lines. The de Stijl group in Holland, taking its cue from Mondrian, limited its forms to the quadrangle and its colors to red, yellow, blue, black, and white. Designers at the Bauhaus weren't quite so austere, yet the tubular metal chairs and other sleek objects for which they became known were hardly models of homey comfort. The optimism embodied in the new art proved to be short-lived. By the early 1930s, Hitler had shut down the Bauhaus in Dessau and Stalin had suppressed advanced culture in Moscow; geometric art and everything it stood for became a lost dream.

Geometry would eventually make a brilliant comeback, but in altogether different surroundings. The place was New York City, and the decade was the 1960s. It was a time when young artists were seeking an alternative to the intense emotionalism of abstract expressionism, which had dominated the art scene for at least a decade. Many found their answer in geometry. Frank Stella earned his first fame with forbidding "pinstripe" paintings composed of repeating patterns of black stripes. Ellsworth Kelly set massive blocks of bright color afloat on plain fields. These artists and others helped usher in the less-is-more orthodoxies of the minimalist movement, which seemed to promise the possibility of a new art that would not dissipate itself in emotional rhetoric but rather would embody the essentials of the masterpieces of the past.

It hardly needs saying that the minimalism of the sixties, with its blunt geometric shapes, came out of the same reductivist principles that produced Malevich and company two generations earlier. But major differences set the two movements apart. For one thing, whereas the European modernists turned to geometry in the hope of revealing some exalted spiritual truth, their American heirs were never a mystical bunch. In 1964, when Frank Stella said of his work, "What you see is what you see," he was reminding the viewer that his pictures don't express anything beyond themselves. There's no transcendence, no spirituality, no hidden life to the painting surface.

Nowadays, young artists continue to be drawn to the ancient possibilities of geometry. Yet the tradition has degenerated from a lofty philosophy into a mere pose. The celebrated group of painters who go by the name neo-geo load up their canvases with rectangles and rhomboids in part to show that geometric forms are obsolete relics, exhausted emblems of a defunct modernism. The work of Peter Halley, the unofficial leader of the group, looks as if it were computer-programmed. Philip Taaffe doesn't bother creating original images; instead he simply appropriates them from Ellsworth Kelly and other predecessors. The neo-geo artists leave one with the disquieting sense that a belief in geometry—and the heroic, idealist outlook it once represented—is no longer possible. It's a cynical message and makes one wonder where art will go from here. Perhaps back to square one. ♠

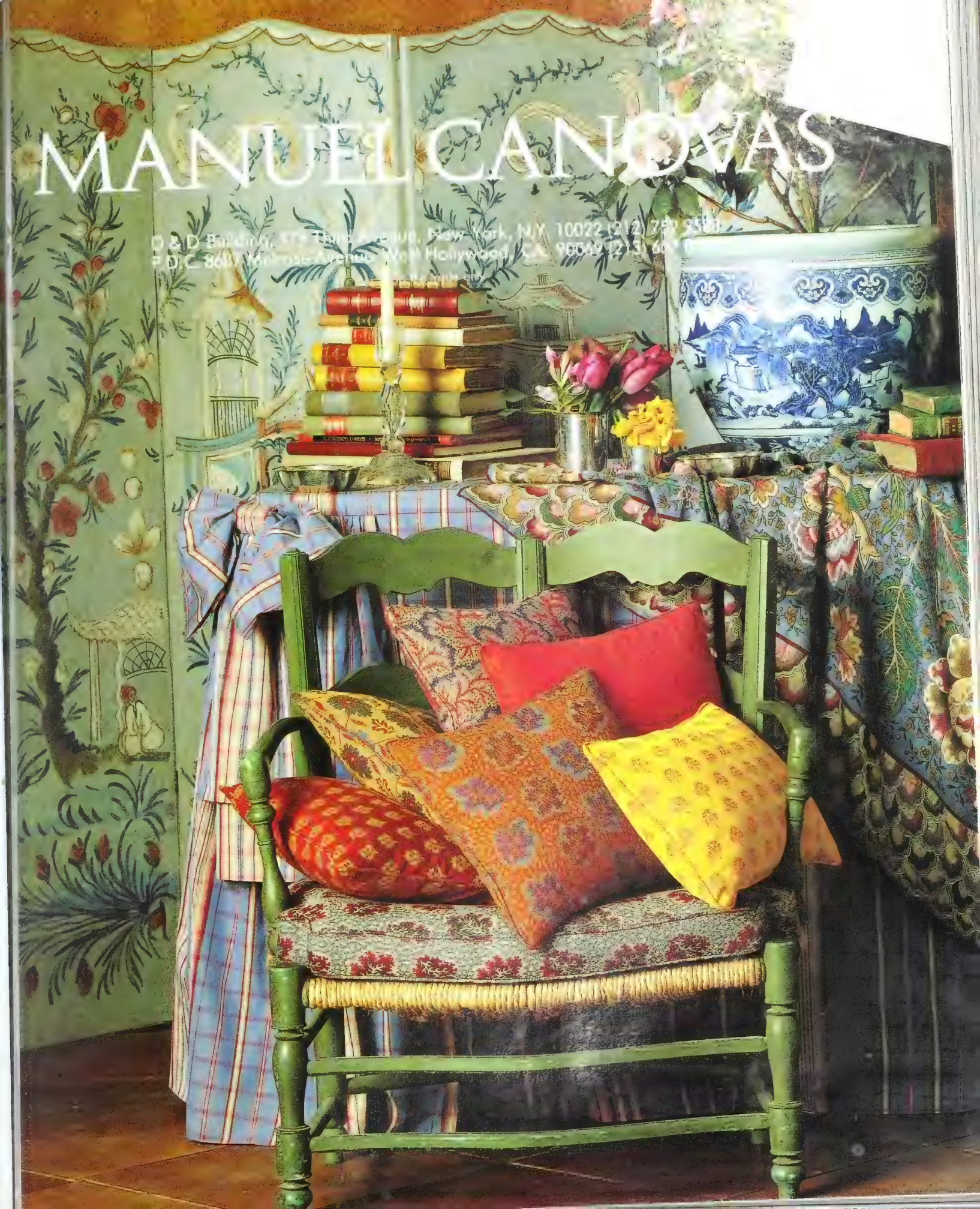
Crafting a Style

(Continued from page 120) been dedicated to their work. "Our approach is to follow an artist's career and purchase pieces from each succeeding phase," says Ron, who is a trustee of the American Craft Council and a member of the board of commissioners of the National Museum of American Art, which encompasses the Renwick Gallery.

The Abramsons date their interest in craft to 1978, when they began collecting art glass. By 1980 they had bought their first piece of furniture, a mirror by [illegible] phonse Mattia. Since then, about [illegible] thirds of their acquisitions have been purchased—"We buy in spurts"—and the rest commissioned from the artist. Although Anne and Ron still collect actively, they consider the first apartment to be complete: "Complete, but not static. We do move things about and make substitutions from time to time." The couple's second apartment is being furnished with craft pieces, too—so, for the moment, there's no problem of where to put everything.

There remains, however, the question of why. What is it that compels collectors like the Abramsons to continue acquiring without deaccessioning, even if it means building additional "homes" for their art? "We feel quite fortunate that we live in a time when handmade furniture is achieving the public and private attention it deserves," explains Ron, "and we feel privileged to know so many of the talented people who make it. Our goal is to applaud that talent, to celebrate the extraordinarily high level of art and craftsmanship that exists in America today." Stepping into the Abramsons' apartment, one can virtually hear that applause. ♠

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Leading Man

(Continued from page 106) everything has lasted." The Haines-Jones collaboration produced six more houses, including another for Phil Berg and Leila Hyams, an extensive renovation for Alfred and Betsy Bloomingdale (she calls Haines "one of the great influences in my life"), and Sunnylands, the sprawling desert estate of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Annenberg, which was completed in 1966. When Annenberg was appointed U.S. ambassador to Great Britain in 1969, Haines was asked to decorate Winfield House, the ambassador's residence in Regent's Park. It was a great triumph for Haines; even skeptical Britons applauded the results.

By 1972, Haines knew he had cancer and that his days were numbered. "He did everything with style, including dying," says Graber. "He stopped seeing people, but you could talk to him on the phone." Graber recalls the day Haines left his house for what he knew would be the last time to go to the hospital. He stopped in the doorway, looked back, and said, "To hell with all this beauty I leave behind me." ▲

Between the Lines

(Continued from page 126) dimensions of a painting can contain all the details of even fairly exuberant subject matter, the matter of a garden is much harder to control.

"Of course, that is the hardest thing: to control what you see in the garden. When you go out to sketch or paint, you can take a tiny motif, a segment like this"—Gus frames the sofa with his fingers—"but when you are outside, there are no perimeters, no frame. You have to look at everything. And it is always changing: the light, shadow, in the snow, in the moonlight. That is why photographs of the garden always look so strange, because they show so little. The real trick, the ideal, is to be surrounded by beauty."

But that control—and the beauty it achieves—has its price in a very literal sense. "I'm grateful that my wife is such a successful businesswoman that we can afford to do this." One gardener works yearround, with a summer helper, keeping up the garden, and there may have to be more if Gus carries out his long-range plans. "I'm hoping to get a bit more land at the back," he says. "I'd keep it natural, well, mostly natural, but it still would need azaleas, rhododendrons. I'd put in a path. And if I had the place next door, I could start another orchard; I had to take out the orchard when my wife wanted a pool."

Even with the garden at its present size, two gardeners have much to do. During my visit they worked steadily in heavy rain, replenishing the urns of brilliant annuals, sharpening the crisp geometry of the yews. In spite of the downpour, Gus's garden was still serenely fascinating and full of life and motion. I mentioned [illegible] gardeners that a garden like this, evergreen and so beautiful in its form, must look as good in January. "Oh, yes," the weary gardener replied, "come back in January. We'll almost be caught up by then." ▲

Editor: Senga Mortimer

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Different Wavelength

(Continued from page 111) enjoyed from a kitchen window on the house's street side. Saitowitz was able to maximize these nature-only views by rotating the house slightly on the site so that it wouldn't look directly across the lagoon to neighboring houses. This maneuver proved something of a challenge for Jim McDonald, a contractor who built the house himself: "That rotation is engraved in my mind and in the mind of the carpenter, Steve Logan, forever," he says.

True to their word, the McDonalds have brought a minimum of possessions to their waterfront house. White walls reflect the abundant daylight, and floors made of stained particleboard evoke a no-frills kind of warmth. A couple of canvas-covered butterfly chairs around a small black stove are about as fancy as the furnishings get; in these rooms anything more would seem fussy. This "clean and mean" aesthetic has its twentieth-century roots in the modernist architecture that Saitowitz knows so well. "The house is modern in that well-lighted healthy sense," he explains. "It's an almost restorative environment." It recalls the houses of Le Corbusier or, with its expansive shiplike deck designed for taking the sun, Alvar Aalto's famous sanitarium at Paimio.

Another consideration that shaped the design of the house was the climate of the region—the northern California coast, while spectacularly beautiful, is not exactly a tropical paradise. And although water is a constant presence, the house is on a lagoon and not, strictly speaking, on the beach. "The way light is brought in," Saitowitz notes, "makes the interior of the house a sort of beach in itself."

The McDonalds are more than pleased with the results. "When we come out here, we always say that we're going to get lots of reading done, but we just love to sit and watch the birds, boats, and hang gliders," reports Mary-Lou. "It's just so peaceful here." It is to Saitowitz's credit that the house is as peaceful as its natural surroundings and that the uncompromising quality of its architecture never compromises the beauty of the landscape. The architect knew when enough was enough, and it is this sense of economy that produced a house that is, as Saitowitz quite correctly describes it, "shipshape." ▲

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

Primary Motifs

(Continued from page 86) sea meets the sky. The shade repeats itself in a wainscoted ceiling and all-but-obsolete venetian blinds trimmed in a slightly deeper hue. Here, as if on an old-fashioned sleeping porch, the owners sit and watch swans and their cygnets pass, and serenely pursue their passion, which is reading.

"It's impossible to be depressed in this house," says the wife. She adores the broad splashes of color, the indestructible fabrics, and the wipeable surfaces. At the same time she is grateful that their substantial investments of time and money went into the grand old house itself, rather than into perishable furnishings. "We were in control of it all," Bill Diamond says. "This is why it is such a special job." He likens himself to a doctor who was referred an anemic patient. "If that house were a human being," he says, "it would be jumping and skipping around, happy and healthy. Now it all works." ▲

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

EDITORS NOTE: In the "Grandes Dames of Decorating" article for May, the architect of the Wolcott Blair house in Palm Beach was Maurice Fatio—of Treanor & Fatio—not David Adler.

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Gandee

Jean-Louis Dumas-Hermès is flying high

If you add on New York City's 8¼ percent sales tax, the new series of kites that Hermès recently unveiled at its East 57th Street shop will run you one thousand seventy-seven dollars and nine cents. (In case you were wondering, yes, it is aerodynamic, and, yes, the string is included.) Now one thousand seventy-seven dollars and nine cents is, as few would disagree, a lot of money for a kite. Such a lot of money, in fact, that I was curious to know just who might buy such an item. "Anyone who sees it fly," said a nonchalant Jean-Louis Dumas-Hermès, head of the venerable house of Hermès, who happened to be in Manhattan one rainy Thursday not long ago to cohost a black-tie fête at the Pierre Hotel with Veronica Hearst, the third, and current, wife of Randolph Hearst, father of Patty Hearst.

While thousand-dollar kites were certainly not on the mind of Thierry Hermès when he founded his harness-making workshop in 1837, great-great-grandson Jean-Louis nonetheless believes that his pricey silk and carbon-fiber constructions are very much in the spirit of the family business. Now as then, he maintains, "elegance in movement" is Hermès's true stock-in-trade. Loyalty to this legacy is a point of honor for Jean-Louis, who believes that "the main role of an enterprise and the person in charge is to be faithful to the idea of the founder. If you have a better idea, start your own enterprise."



The head of Hermès with his new kite.

Jean-Louis didn't have a better idea. So after a brief stint in the States—on the fifth floor of Bloomingdale's, to be precise, where he sold furniture and "learned what is humility"—he headed home to Paris and the family business where he "incubated." His father, Robert Dumas, died in 1978, and Jean-Louis took the reins as président-directeur général of a company that was then, as he describes it, solid and successful but fundamentally "frozen—a little bit conserved in ice." Which, if I understood correctly, is French for stagnant.

But Jean-Louis changed all that. One recent ad hints at how much. Nothing frozen about leggy Linda Evangelista, the short-haired model of the moment, dressed in a $1,295 silk blouse and matching $875 short shorts. The youthful ensemble appears to be composed of two Hermès scarves—the kind Queen Elizabeth and Jacqueline Onassis tie under their chins on blustery days, the kind Hermès sold 1.2 million of last year. The message, in current parlance, is clear: this is not your mother's Hermès.

"There has been a complete revolution corresponding to the fact that the money is distributed differently," according to Jean-Louis. "We have less and less very rich people and more and more rather rich people." Which doesn't mean that such Hermès classics as the Kelly bag no longer sell. Au contraire. If, for example, this afternoon you should decide to order the pocketbook the Philadelphia-born actress-turned-princess-of-Monaco made famous, you'll have to wait eighteen months for delivery. Never mind that, when it finally arrives, you'll have $3,250 less to put in it if you decide on calfskin, $9,995 less if you go for crocodile. Why so much? "We want to be proud of our bags after five years, not only after six months," explains the man who's willing to keep the ladies waiting. "Sometimes in our business there is a choice between quality and quantity. We refuse to go the easy way—to make by machine, quickly, closing the eyes, not smelling the skin." Smelling the skin? "Some otherwise perfect hides," Jean-Louis confides, "have an unpleasant smell. We won't use those."

> Who would buy a thousand-dollar kite? "Anyone who sees it fly"

Toting your lipstick around in an aromatically correct leather purse that costs more than a new Subaru may carry a certain cachet these days, but Jean-Louis doesn't believe his customers are slaves to status symbols. That went the way of the eighties. "Now," he reports, "a selection has been made. People are fed up. They've decided, 'I am not buying the image, I am buying the product.' " Nor are they buying an illusory personal lineage, argues Jean-Louis, a man who once he gets going on a subject is hard to stop. "I don't want my customers to think that having Hermès products means their grandfather played polo in Key Largo in the thirties. I am not selling the culture of a nation. We only give birth to the product, the customer gives life to it."

Jean-Louis must be onto something, because this year the company will ring up an anticipated 3 billion francs in sales, although it will do so discreetly—the cash registers are always hidden at Hermès. Jean-Louis explains his success: "I exist as a craftsman, as an artisan of excellence. The big danger of my colleagues in the luxury trade today is to think they are creators. God is a creator. A duck is a creator." Pourquoi un canard? "Can you make an egg?"

Charles Gandee

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SEPTEMBER

HOUSE & GARDEN SEPTEMBER 1996





COVER *Bedroom in a New York apartment designed by Joe D'Urso. Page 144. Photograph by Michael Mundy.*





HG

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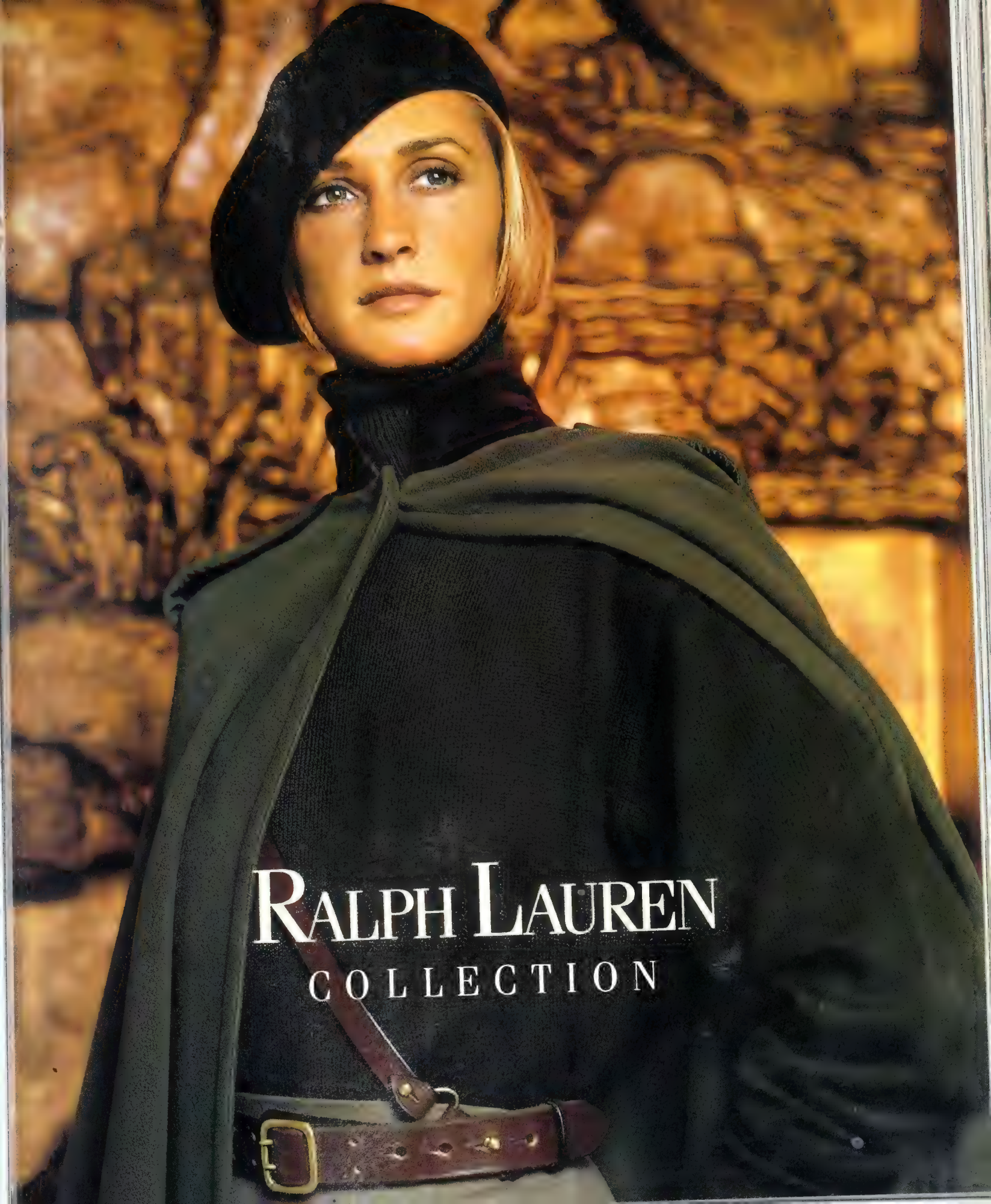
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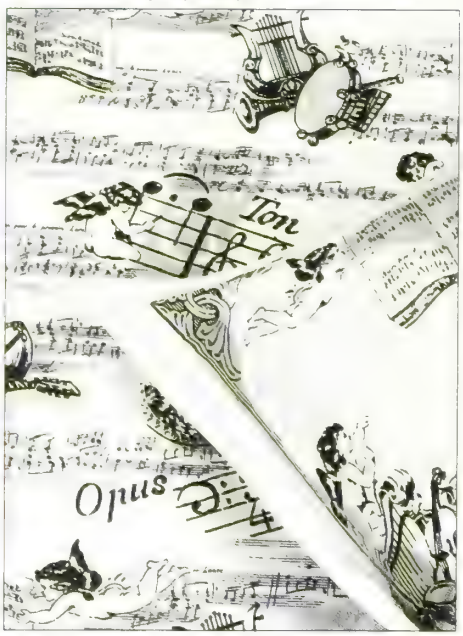


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HG



Domenic Rinaldi, left, gathers vegetables in a Connecticut garden. Page 68. Below: Musical-motif bed linens make for sound sleeping. Page 204.

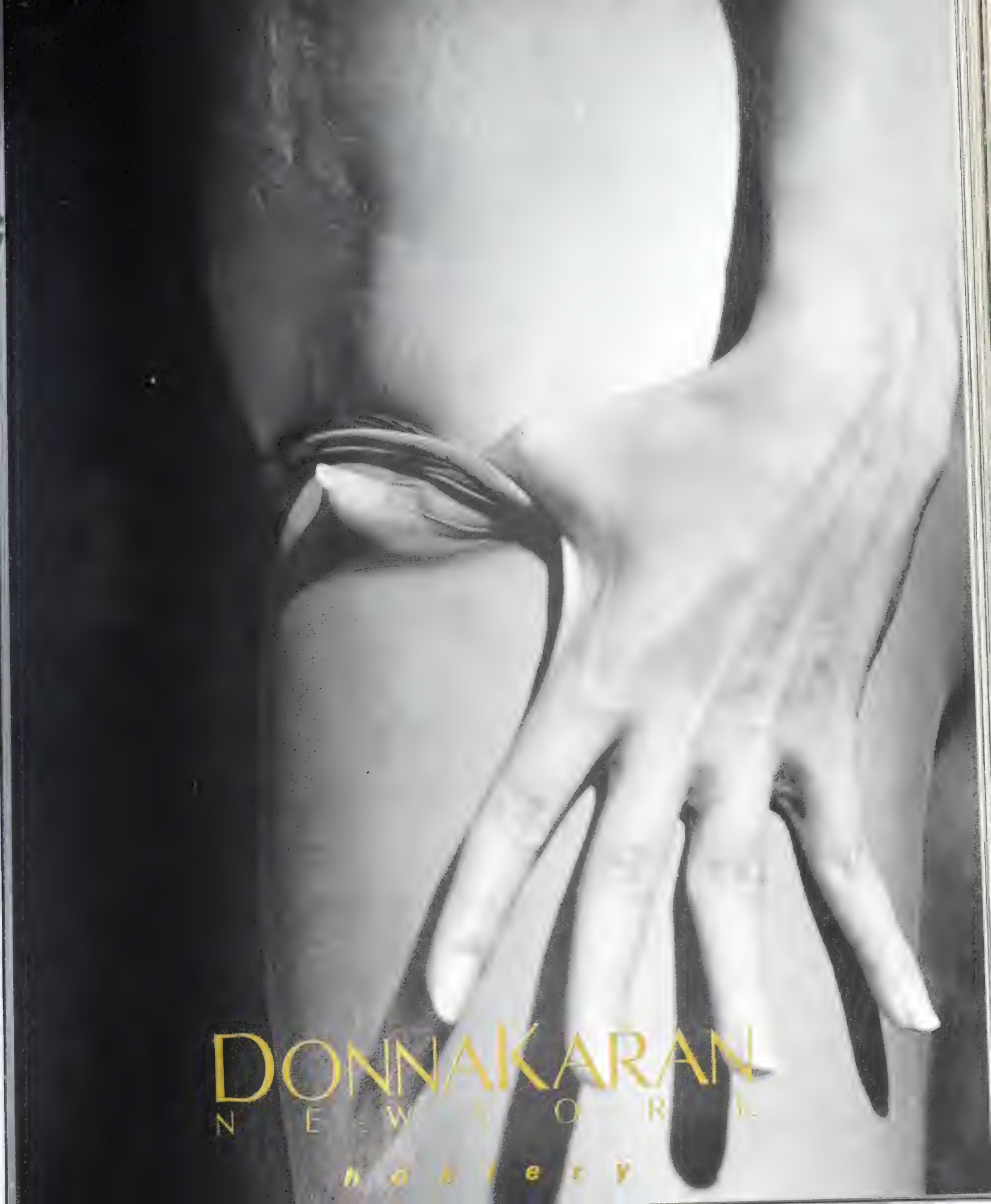




Side table by M. Craig at the High Point furniture market. Page 199.

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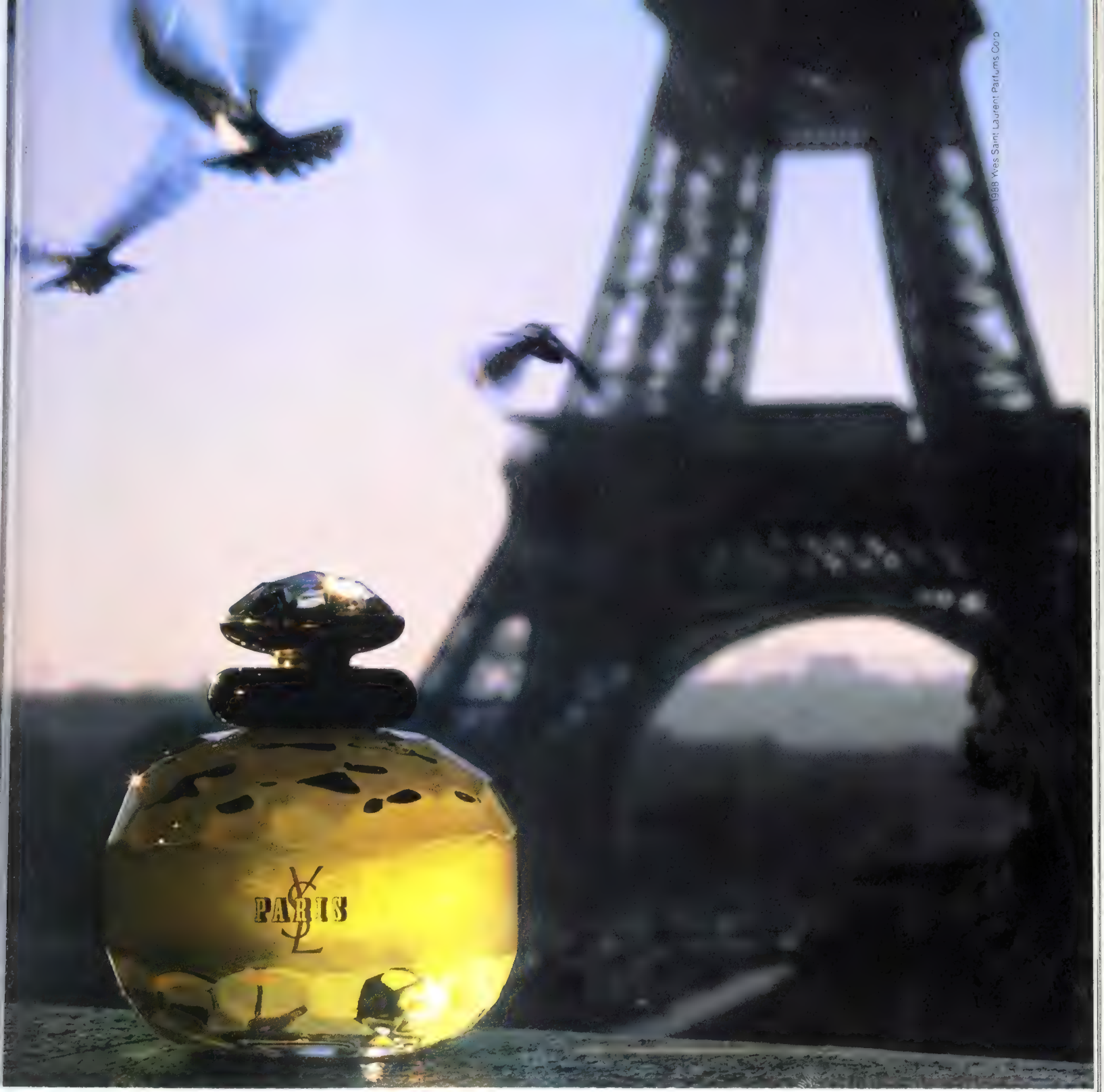
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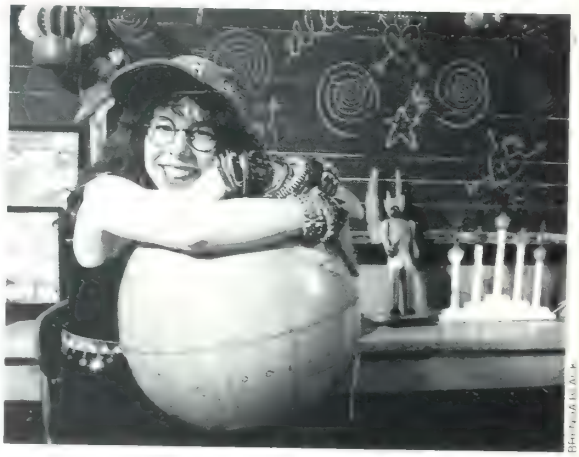
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Contributors Notes



Natasha Spender reports on former United States ambassador Anne Cox Chambers's transformation of a wooded flatland area on her estate in Provence into a remarkable garden. Lady Spender, who is currently at work on a book about her own Provençal garden, praises her neighbor's accomplishment: "She had a great hand in creating her garden, but it's very difficult to get her to acknowledge it. She gets these people to help her and ends up giving them all the credit."



Lynda Barry looks back to her childhood as this month's writer in residence. A cartoonist and author whose work frequently focuses on the "sweet pains of adolescence," Barry goes to great lengths to dig up her material. "In writing about teenagers it's important to stay current, so I actually go into dumpsters at high schools and fish out students' notebooks. I see how they use English, what they say in notes to each other, and what they draw in the margins." Her second novel, *1619 E. Crowley*, is due out next spring from Harper Collins.

Catherine Barnett reviews *Art Across America*, a new book on regional art by William H. Gerdts. An editor at large for *Art & Antiques*, Barnett spends many months a year filing reports on the cultural scene from around the world, though her travels in America are less extensive: "I grew up in California and live in New York, so I don't know what's in between as well as I'd like. This book is so far-ranging, it's like a stagecoach ride through America's past."




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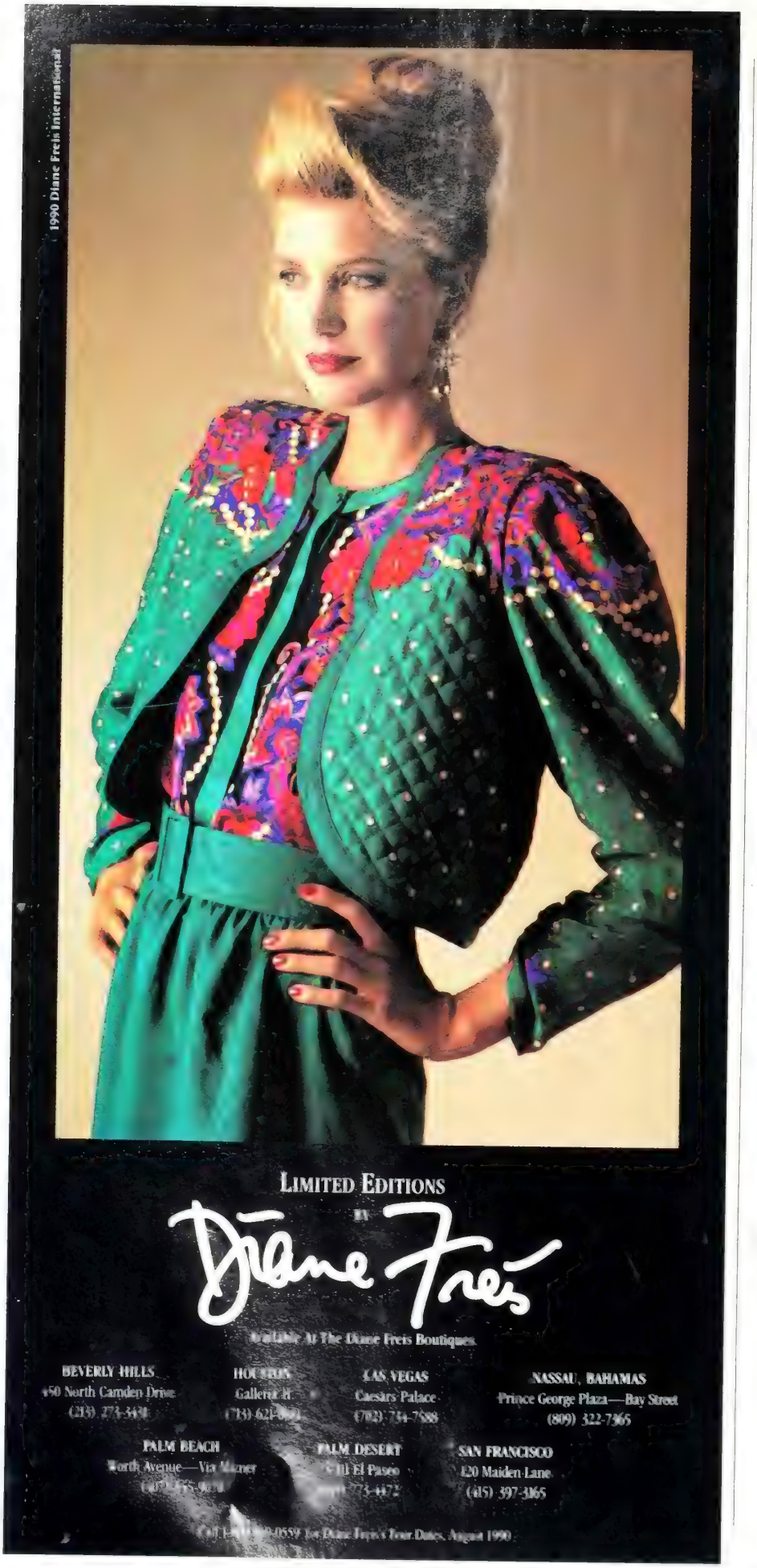
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Contributors Notes



Allen Lacy, a garden columnist for *The New York Times* and professor of philosophy at Stockton State College, discovered the rewards of gardening as a child and has been at it ever since. "It puts you in touch with the rhythms of the seasons and takes your mind off the daily routine." Lacy recently completed his eighth book, *The Garden in Autumn,* which is excerpted in this month's HG.



Anne Foxley, an associate editor of HG, contributes to the visuals of the magazine, from overseeing photo shoots to tracking down innovative interiors—"I'm open to everything from a shack on the beach to a slick city dwelling." For this issue she pinpointed a noteworthy trend for the "Forecasts" page, selected standout furniture designs in High Point, North Carolina, and helped capture one of Joe D'Urso's latest commissions.



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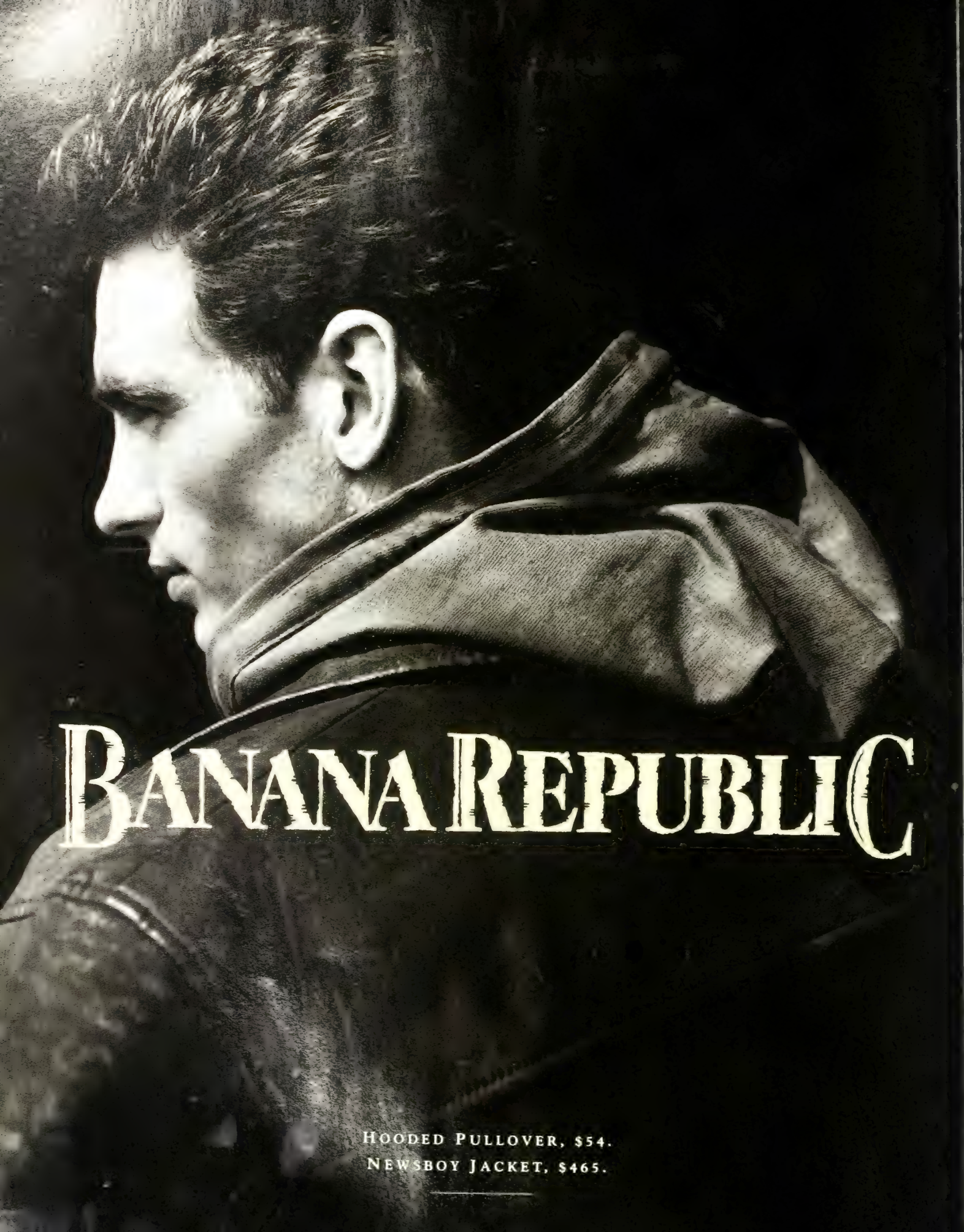
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

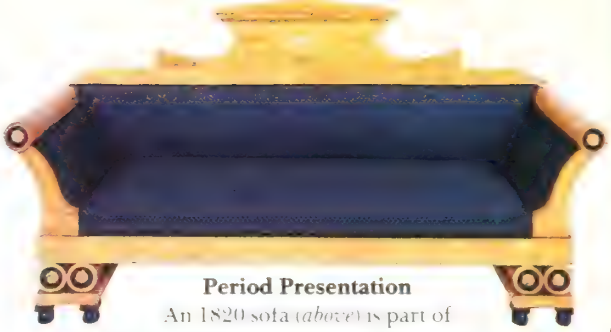


For generations cuddlesome canines have captured the imagination of English portraitists, and they continue to be a favored study for artists on both sides of the Atlantic. Englishman Dan Dunton, represented by the Stephanie Hoppen Gallery, NYC (212) 753-0175, depicts a King Charles spaniel (*above left*) frolicking before a country manor, while Belgian painter Thierry Poncelet of Akko Van Acker Antiquités, Paris (1) 42-60-22-03, dresses a similarly well-bred hound (*above*) in black tie for a series he calls Aristochiens. A black-eyed ancestral bulldog (*above right*) by Mid Gordon, also of the Hoppen Gallery, strikes a powerful pose, and two precious pugs (*above far right*) by Henry Koehler of Arthur Ackermann & Son, NYC (212) 753-5290, snuggle up. *American Bred* (*right*), by Baltimore artist Christine Herman Merrill, who shows at William Secord, NYC (212) 249-0075, portrays in oil on mahogany the enduring charms of that pedigreeless pooch, the mixed breed.

notes



Monkey Shines
Reproduction Louis XVI gilt-bronze monkey candlesticks (*left*), $2,850 a pair, are among the many fine accessories available at Yale R. Burge Antiques, 305 East 63rd St., NYC; (212) 838-4005.



Period Presentation
An 1820 sofa (*above*) is part of "Biedermeier: Neoclassicism in German and Austrian Domestic Design, 1815–1848" at the Decorative Arts Study Center, 31431 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano, Calif., Aug. 28–Nov. 17. Call (714) 496-2132.



Stitches in Time
Robert Hughes and Julie Silber examine Esprit's Amish quilt collection (*above*) in *Amish: The Art of the Quilt* (Knopf, $100). To order (800) 733-3000.



Buon Appetito Best-selling Italian cookbook author Marcella Hazan and partners have opened a restaurant, Veni, Vidi, Vici (*above*), 41 14th St., Atlanta; (404) 875-8424.



Sweet Dreams Lucrezia, an Egyptian cotton comforter, $1,365, is adapted from an opulent Aubusson design by Frette, NYC and Los Angeles.



Under Cover The Lou Lou slipcover (*left*), $210, is one of many available at San Francisco designer Sami Rosenzweig's new shop, Slips, 1543 Grant Ave., San Francisco; (415) 362-5652.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MONICA STEVENSON; SHARON RISEDORPH & LYNN KELLNER; TIM RUNNE; E. TIM HEFFERNAN; COURTESY OF [illegible]



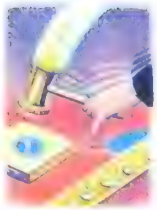
Restoration Drama Tapestries and textiles (*above*) are cleaned ($10–$25 per square foot) and restored by Chevalier Conservation, 500 West Ave., Stamford; (203) 969-1980.



Tray Chic Muralist Marina Rasini's trompe l'oeil trays (*above*), $150, and other accessories can be ordered from K. Maisonrouge Antiques, Washington Depot, Conn.; (203) 868-9427



Professional Parties Nancy White Kahan's *Entertaining for Business* (Clarkson N. Potter, $40) offers advice on staging large functions (*left*). To order (800) 733-3000.



AUCTIONS & SHOWS

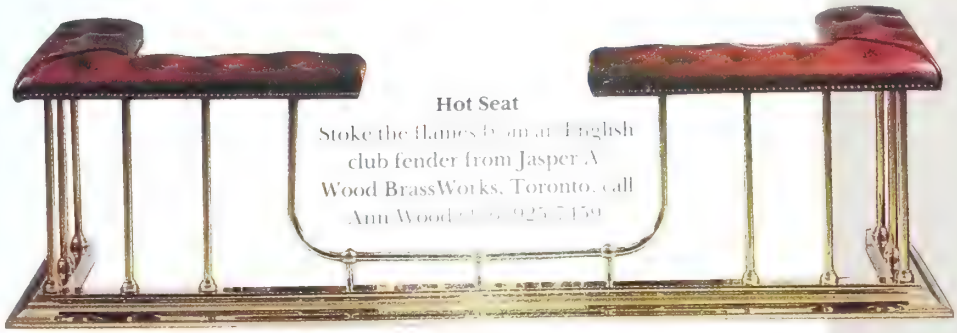
• Skinner, 357 Main St., Bolton (508) 779-6241: Sept. 14, American and European paintings and prints; Sept. 26, ceramics; Sept. 27, American and European furniture and decoration. • William Doyle Galleries, 175 East 87th St., NYC (212) 427-2730: Sept. 12, 19th- and 20th-century decorative arts, furniture, and paintings. • Butterfield & Butterfield, 220 San Bruno Ave., San Francisco (415) 861-7500; 7601 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles (213) 850-7500: Sept. 19, silver, American and European paintings; Sept. 21, oriental carpets and rugs; Sept. 22, European and California wines. L.A. only: Sept. 17, 18, art deco and art nouveau furniture and decorative arts. • HG editor Nancy Novogrod will speak on Sept. 14 at the Theta Charity Antiques Show of Houston, George R. Brown Convention Center, Houston (713) 850-6909: Sept. 13–16.



Eau Wow Christian Lacroix's new fragrance, C'est la vie! (*right*), $160 an ounce, fills a flacon inspired by the designs of Garouste and Bonetti. At fine department stores nationwide.



Private Viewing A cherry screen (*above*), designed by Edward Hammonds, showcases American Indian portraits by E. S. Curtis. At Whitehead & Mangan, 375 Bleecker St., NYC; (212) 242-7815.

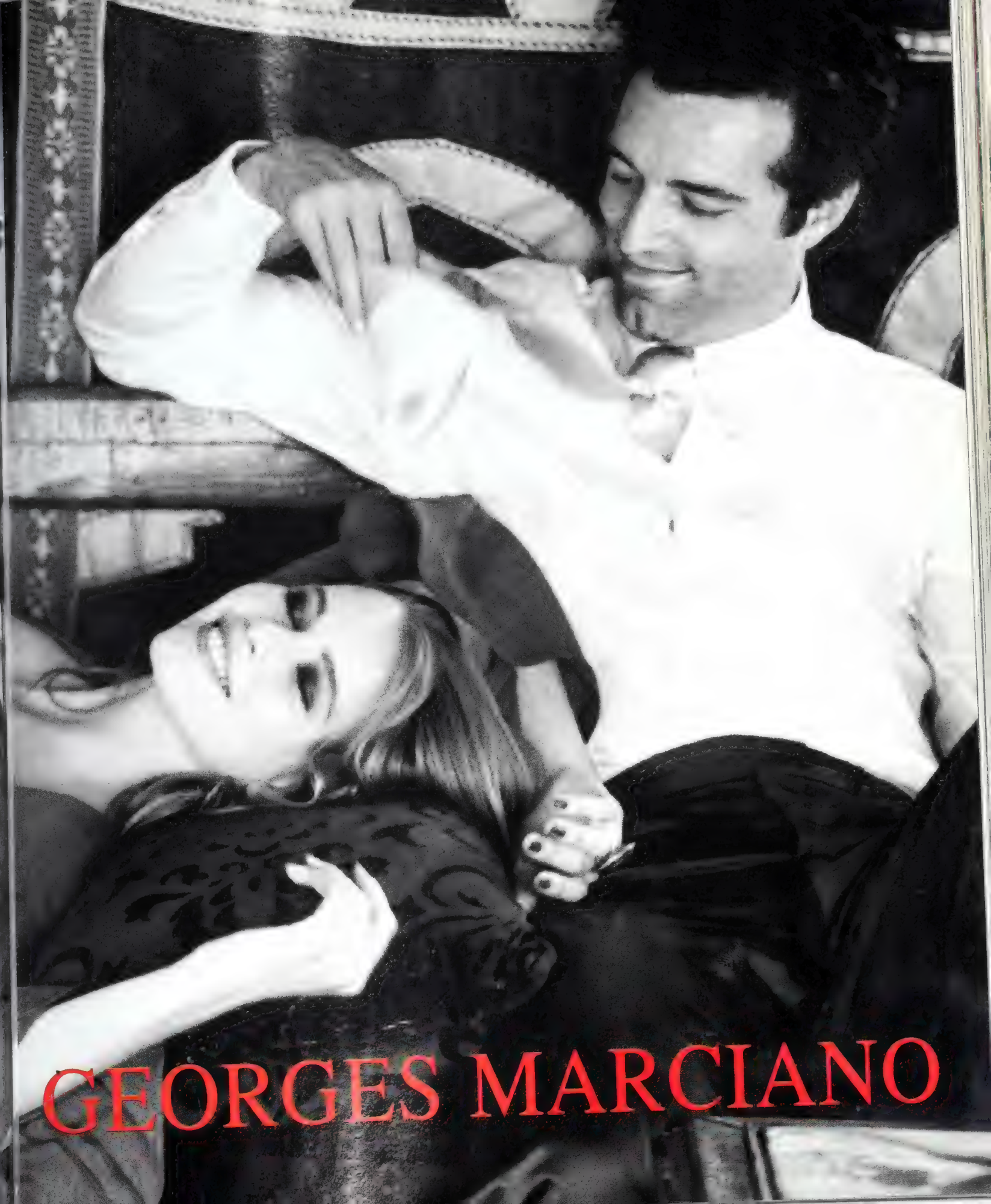


Hot Seat Stoke the flames by an art English club fender from Jasper A Wood BrassWorks, Toronto; call Ann Wood [illegible] 925-7459.

Star Studded Schumacher draws inspiration from historic Lyndhurst for its Stars fabric, part of the latest National Trust Collection. To the trade, for showrooms call (800) 423-5881.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ANDRE KUHNERT; JOHN DOMINIS; COURTESY CHRISTIAN LACROIX; YURI MARDER MICHAEL MAHOVLICH MICHAEL SKOTT MONICA STEVENSON



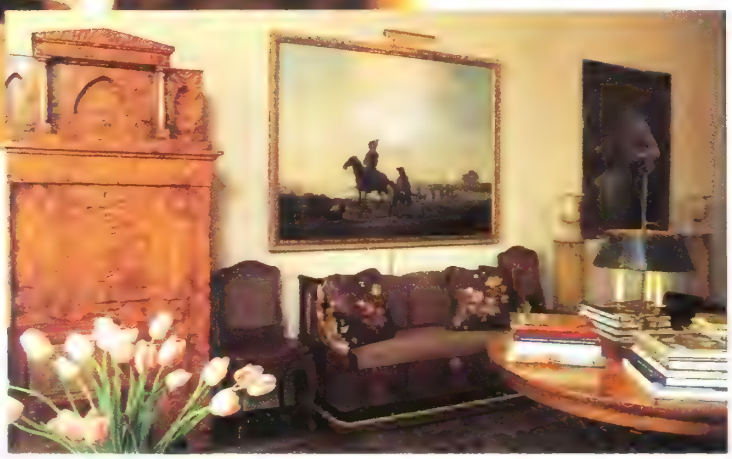

GEORGES MARCIANO

Transatlantic Taste

For Sotheby's Thierry Millerand, style is an international affair

BY MARTIN FILLER





NEW YORK Thierry Millerand, above, lives among treasures including a Biedermeier armoire, right, and a copy of an Aelbert Cuyp canvas. PARIS His pied-à-terre, below, was decorated by William Foucault. Details see Resources.



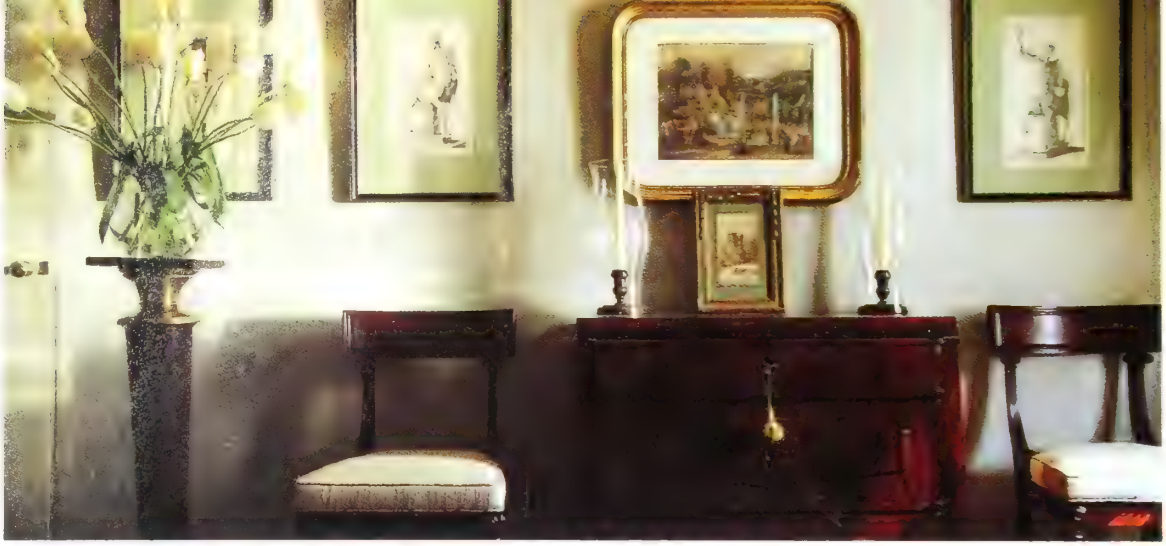
For those of us who enjoy direct contact with beautiful objects, the auction house seems to be the best of all professional worlds. And after eighteen years with Sotheby's in New York, where he is head of the European furniture department and since 1984 a senior vice president, Thierry Millerand is inclined to agree, though with certain qualifications. "The great thing about my job is seeing new things every day," he explains. "But it's sometimes frustrating, because you always come across objects you'd like to own. And it's not necessarily the expensive ones, which is very obvious, but even a chair for $2,000 or $3,000, which can be a masterpiece of its kind. Yet you can't buy everything. In my job the problem is that you really know what is good and what is bad, and certainly I could not afford the very best."

Nonetheless Millerand, one of the most durable figures on the volatile international auction scene, has managed to create for himself some remarkable private surroundings filled with many beautiful—and very good—things. Above all, those interiors are serene retreats to which he can escape from the whirlwind of change amid which he works. But that sense of transition did not make Millerand cling to his inherited possessions when he moved here from France.

"Something I learned when I came to America is that one does one's own thing," says Millerand. "I sold the family pieces I didn't really care for, like the Louis XV commode everyone has in his apartment or château, and kept the simple Louis XVI mahogany furniture, which is much more to my taste." To these he has added many bargain-priced discoveries from Sotheby's (including its low-ticket Arcade auctions), and even on occasion from archrival Christie's (a Jean Cocteau caricature of Millerand's grandfather Alexandre, who was president of France from 1920 to 1924). Many come from dealers known within the trade for their excellent values and high quality. Those include the Fischer-Kiener Gallery in Paris, where Millerand found several of the exquisite eighteenth- and nineteenth-century watercolors and drawings that hang on his walls (still others were bought at the Hôtel Drouot auction rooms), and Jean Paul Beaujard in New York, source of a hand-

FROM TOP: CHRIS SANDERS; JOHN HALL


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NEW YORK The dining room, right, with William IV chairs and an antique tole pedestal, also serves as a study. Below: In the bedroom, beneath a striped silk curtain by decorator Suzie Frankfurt, a folding screen draped with Millerand's ties. PARIS The bedroom, bottom, is dominated by a Charles X sleigh bed and fall-front secretary.

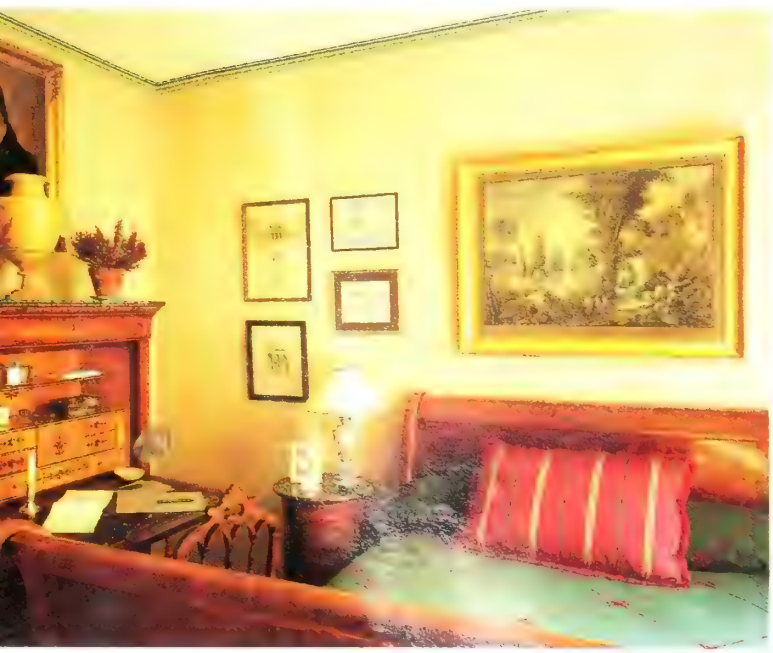


some Russian Biedermeier fruitwood bench chest.

Based in Manhattan, where he lives in a flat on the Upper East Side, Millerand makes so many business trips to Paris that he has a pied-à-terre there in the fashionable Invalides quarter. Although readily distinguishable from one another, his apartments on both sides of the Atlantic are clearly those of an individual with consistently superb taste. He spurns the decorative overrichness he must confront in much of the material he is called on to appraise, and his rooms share a lightness of touch that gives them an accessible ease far different from the off-putting pomposity that antiques-filled interiors often project. It takes a relaxed sensibility, for example, to hang an eighteenth-century copy of a well-known seventeenth-century canvas by the Dutch master Aelbert Cuyp in a New York sitting room frequented by art experts familiar with the real thing. Neither is Millerand deterred from mixing, in his Manhattan bedroom, a 1930s green-leather boardroom chair with a signed Louis XVI mahogany guéridon.

"In my job," says Thierry Millerand, "the problem is that you really know what is good and what is bad"

Professional that he is, Millerand does not assume that even a decorative arts specialist such as himself can dispense with the services of a decorator. He has gotten help from several: Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley (who did most of the New York apartment), Vincent Fourcade (responsible for the ample chintz-covered sofa in the sitting room), and Suzie Frankfurt (who designed a new bathroom and the green and white striped silk curtain and counterpane in the bedroom). The Paris flat is the work of William Foucault, a young decorator and antiques dealer whose broad knowledge of French design history and Gallic love of fine fabrics (from antique embroideries to crisp new cotton prints) gives those spaces an unmistakable sense of place. Millerand's far-flung domiciles possess an appealing air of human incident rather than the aura of fanatical perfectionism, imparting an element of surprise more intriguing than in the sheer purchasing power of great wealth. The perspicacious Thierry Millerand believes more in the fortuitous encounter than the long-planned assault. "I'm very lucky seeing the things that I do all the time," he admits. "And I *do* like buying, I must say." ▲ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*




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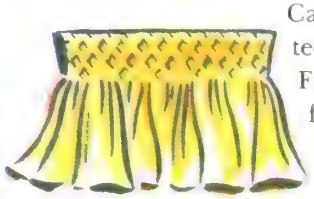
Lady Caroline, left, surrounded by pelmets of her own design.

Windows of Opportunity

Lady Caroline Wrey takes a dim view of boring curtains

BY RHODA KOENIG

To you and me curtains may just be something to keep the daylight and neighbors at bay, but to Lady Caroline Wrey curtains are a religion, a way of life, a fine brave thing to get behind and push. "I am passionate about curtains," she says. "The window offers the greatest opportunity to decorate, so I say, 'Go to town!'" Lady Caroline, who has been designing curtains for the past eight years in London, has begun bringing the good news about curtains to the masses—or, at least, groups of twenty at a time who turn up to hear her talk and to have a go at constructing their own miniature curtains under her firm but ladylike supervision. Lady Caroline is equally passionate about pelmets, the English term for valances. When asked if it is possible to have a curtain without a pelmet, she reacts like a Victorian matron who has been asked about some arcane and probably illicit sexual practice. "There *are* such things," she replies frigidly. "I am not the person to talk to about them."



Honeycomb smocking in yellow damask.

The wife of baronet-in-waiting George Richard Bourchier Wrey, Lady Caroline is the daughter of the fifteenth earl of Lindsay and grew up in Fife and London. After graduating from Oxford, she taught English for a few years, but once married, she wanted a business she could run from home. When friends asked her to reproduce for them the curtains she had done for herself, she decided to turn pro. She is now deep into the world of curtains (and, of course, pelmets), discoursing easily and long on Vandyke edging, goblet pleats, double tails, honeycomb smocking, and choux rosettes ("They start out looking like bath caps but then come out looking like cabbages—well, more like cauliflowers, to be honest").



Diamond-buttoned pattern in cotton.

Lady Caroline is well versed in not only the structure of curtains but their history—the development of blinds, rails, the pulley system, and "Thomas Jefferson's wonderful festooned draperies." Her American lectures, sponsored by Jonal, a Madison Avenue accessories shop, have taken her to New York, Connecticut, and Oklahoma, a state "less than a hundred years old, yet they've done so much. They have some of the most beautiful chintzes you've ever seen."



Goblet pleats with blue buttons.

While Lady Caroline admits she "worships" chintz, she doesn't think it the solution for all human ills. "I feel that in the dining room there should be anything *but* chintz—linen, for a matte look, or silk. I light from the bottom, and if you have silk the whole thing comes alive at night." In London she buys her fabrics at Colefax & Fowler, Charles Hammond, and Mrs. Monro.



Box pleats hung from a convex board.

Although Lady Caroline is sure that other curtain-makers mean well, she frets that they lack confidence. "You must be bold with your colors. And so many people have tails that are far too short." The window, she feels, is a face, and "if the pelmet is too small, the face looks big and fat with a silly little berry on top. We want an injection of



Gap turtleneck $19.50, as worn by
MANOLO BLAHNIK, designer.
Photographed by Herb Ritts.

...imagination in the pelmet." ...sometimes finds herself at odds with ...American definition of a curtain, which to her is a poor thin thing, rather than the English type, rich and plump and reinforced with interlining.

Lady Caroline is also interested in blinds, although she doesn't advise people to try making them at home, "unless they've taken my course." She is particularly keen on the shirred variety known as Austrian blinds, especially in the kitchen. "Most kitchens are all angles. I feel a great desire to dissolve the hard lines." Austrian blinds were "terribly popular in the 1690s," she says, "but suffered great indignities in the 1970s, when they were all the rage again and covered with pink bows." Neither of us mentions their resemblance to frilly panties that causes them to be referred to in certain circles as "knicker blinds" and "whores' drawers."

> Asked if it's possible to have a curtain without a pelmet, Lady Caroline reacts like a Victorian matron confronted by an illicit sexual practice

Her theory and practice have been set down in *Lady Caroline Wrey's Curtain Book*, to be published in England next spring. She is currently expanding her British and American lecture tours and scaling down her decorating ("I do about four houses a year, but I'm really choosy about who I take"). In time she will have the option of changing her title to Caroline, Lady Wrey, but this is one extra bit of trim she'll ignore. "An earl's daughter *always* goes through a door before a baronet's wife." (For information on courses: Lady Caroline Wrey, Lindsay Designs, 60 The Chase, London SW4 0NH; 71-622-662...)

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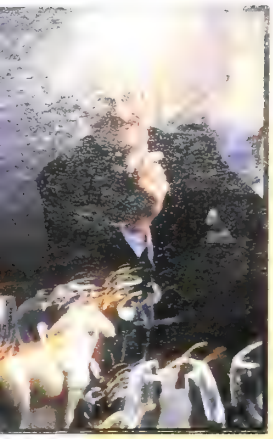
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ESPRIT







Christopher Hacker, top left, is adding sparkle to Steuben by commissioning, top right, clear-glass classics by new artists. Clotilde Bacri, right, oversees the advancement of Daum's naturalist style and technical wizardry with such pieces as, above, a decorative torchère, a Dali clock, and a head sculpture. Far right: Sketches for Daum by designer André Dubreuil.

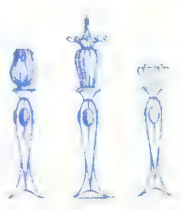
Crystal Gazing

New artistic directors at Steuben and Daum look to the future

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

If Christopher Hacker is, as he modestly claims, only "the caretaker of this moment in time at Steuben," then America's finest crystal house is being well tended during a significant moment. As a vice president and the director of design, Hacker is responsible for everything from product development to graphic design to the look of the store. In three years he has added new sparkle to a company whose quality hadn't faded but whose image had, by hiring architects Bentley LaRosa Salasky to bring the elegant Fifth Avenue store up to date and by inviting designers and architects such as Angela Cummings and Michael Graves to turn their talents to glass. Hacker's strategy for shaping a new tradition at the venerable company also includes working with lesser-known talents and established house artists, exploring new designs in engraved glass, and tapping the archives for pieces to reproduce. The clarity of Steuben glass—which contains about 30 percent lead; full lead crystal is 24 percent—is, says Hacker, "a limitation and a freedom. It makes us think about form above all else. Glass has a form it wants to exhibit if you can send it off in the right direction." As luck would have it, Hacker has a very good sense of direction.

A vice president and art director at Daum since 1987, Clotilde Bacri is Hacker's counterpart. Though her background is in fashion, Bacri found the transition from fabrics to glass undaunting. "When you are in a creative business, the way of thinking is the same," she says. Bacri's way of thinking is both imaginative and on target: she has moved the 120-year-old house rapidly back into the spotlight in France and into the light of day, via a boutique on Madison Avenue, in this country. For Bacri, maintaining tradition is less a matter of issuing reeditions than of advancing Daum's naturalist style and techniques—most notably the pâte de verre method of glass-making. Color and nature flourish in the Cactus collection by Hilton McConnico, the Trapani coral collection by Garouste and Bonetti, and the Étrangetés series of tables and vases by Philippe Starck, while the recently introduced Grand Vase collection by André Dubreuil glorifies technique—in one piece, eighty pounds of molten glass are handblown within a metal framework. Though these collections draw from Daum custom, they reflect a thoroughly modern vision and Bacri's impressive ability to coax out of designers who have never worked in crystal extraordinary new facets. ▲



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America's Great Unknowns

A comprehensive new book explores the geography of regional art

BY CATHERINE BARNETT



Local color. Clockwise from top: *Beach Scene*, c. 1879, by Samuel S. Carr; *In the Province*, 1920, by Charles Demuth; *West Rock, New Haven*, 1849, by Frederic Edwin Church; and *Creek at Moonrise*, 1921, by Birger Sandzén.

WHEN I WAS SIX, MY PARents loaded all five kids (the youngest was two, the eldest eight) into our big white Dodge station wagon, and we set out to cross the country, east to west. Until that trip I hadn't explored much beyond the long driveway that led to our house, the enormous silver refrigerator in the kitchen, and the rugged hills of Rock Creek Park. These enticements made for a large and glorious world, and I longed for nothing more.

We spent three months on the road. While my parents drove, we wrestled and napped in the back, periodically raising our heads to watch in disbelief as hour after hour of exotic and totally bewildering landscapes zipped past the windows. Under my father's stern tutelage, we set up camp in the Poconos, on the banks of Lake Michigan, at the foot of the Bighorn Mountains, in the Tetons and in the Rockies, and finally in a sun-dried California town we learned to call home.



Twenty-five years later, **Art Across America: Two Centuries of Regional Painting** (Abbeville, $425) rekindles the excitement of that first trip. Its three volumes are as much an ode to the vastness and diversity of the country (there are paintings of Mississippi rivers, South Dakota plains, Virginia farms, and Texas hay) as they are a celebration of its artists, most of whom worked and died in relative obscurity. William H. Gerdts spent years researching this project (a herculean task for which he enlisted the help of students and scholars from all parts of the country), determined to show that American art up to 1920 was not the sole province of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia nor the product of just a few well-known painters. Like those three months spent zigzagging across the country, Gerdts's work challenges comfortable notions, exposing unexplored and fertile territory.

A professor at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, Gerdts has written extensively on American impressionism and landscape painting. He includes portraits, still lifes, and history paintings but focuses primarily on the landscape, and *Art Across America*, organized like an atlas,



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: SMITH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.; BEQUEST OF ANNIE SWAN COBURN (MRS. LEWIS LARNED COBURN); 1934; MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON; ANONYMOUS GIFT IN MEMORY OF NATHANIEL SALTONSTALL; NEW BRITAIN MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, CONN.; JOHN BUTLER TALCOTT FUND; PHOTO: E. IRVING BLOMSTRANN



GIORGIO ARMANI SpA - Photograph: Aldo Fallai

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could almost pass for a travelogue. Each volume addresses a different part of the country: New England, New York, and the Middle Atlantic states; the South and the Near Midwest; the Far Midwest, the Rocky Mountain West, the Southwest, and the Pacific. Hand-drawn regional maps highlight the art centers, which are as large as Chicago or Pittsburgh or San Francisco or as small as Scalp Level, Pennsylvania, called—more poetically—the American Barbizon. It is a lavish set, with more than 1,000 reproductions. It is also overwhelming: standing thirteen inches tall, the three volumes weigh in at thirty pounds.

Gerdts's work is welcome, especially at a time when regional distinctions have been so effectively whitewashed by the malling of America. Just as towns in America begin to look the same, with Benetton and McDonald's taking over, so too do museums, which typically bypass local achievement in the rush to exhibit art with a national (read New York) stamp of approval. (Nowhere is this tendency stronger than in the field of contemporary art, where a painter often has to win New York recognition before being taken seriously at home.) Would-be collectors, pushed out of the increasingly heated market for American art by escalating prices, may find solace—and new buying prospects, if not a lost genius or two—in this overstuffed compendium. Without overstating the achievements of the hundreds of relatively unknown artists he has selected, Gerdts puts the flavor back in "local."

He tells us briefly about the country's first professional black artist, Joshua Johnson, a freed slave from the West Indies; about Francis Guy, an Englishman working in Baltimore who learned to paint landscapes by stretching a thin gauze over a tent window and tracing the scene; about the painter whose specialty was painting brothels (Gerdts describes the subject matter as "indoor pleasures of a very specific nature"); about one of the most heavily populated compositions ever created, which features 196 likenesses; about Whistler, who was discharged from West Point (other drawing students there included Ulysses S. Grant and Stonewall Jackson); about the effect of the 1906 earthquake on San Francisco and Monterey artists; about two Taos painters who hired cowboys and Indians from Buffalo Bill's Wild West show to model for them while they were in New York; about George Caleb Bingham, Albert Bierstadt, Gilbert Stuart, George Inness, John Twachtman, Frederic Edwin Church, John Marin, Stuart Davis, and a roster of America's most celebrated painters, who need no introduction.

Otto Bacher's *Ellas's Hotel, Richfield Center*, 1885, left. Below: George Catlin's *Saint Louis from the River Below*, 1832–33. Bottom: *Mrs. Thomas Everette & Her Children*, 1818, by Joshua Johnson.



Without overstating the artists' achievements, Gerdts puts the flavor back in "local"



But this is not a book to curl up with for a good night's read; though well written, it is a reference book, more encyclopedic than engaging. The author, in some ways, is simply too democratic, telling us too little about too many different artists in too many towns. Constrained by the sheer number of individuals he was determined to include, he shows only a single work by each (unless, like Winslow Homer, the artist worked in several regions); such a limited selection, nonetheless, whets appetites and broadens perspectives. Gerdts takes us on an exhilarating and accelerated drive through uncharted terrain. We are happy for the glimpse, however fleeting, but would like more time to set up camp. ♠



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Family Harvest

Several generations have savored the produce of one kitchen garden

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN

Right on the crest of a hill above Waterbury, Connecticut, stands a sprawling colonial-style frame house and its one-acre fruit and vegetable garden. Built in 1895 to be the summer retreat of a Naugatuck iron magnate and later enlarged, the house is now the permanent residence of one of his grandsons and his family. The old cutting garden has been turfed—the fate of many formal plantings in the surrounding area—and the driveway basketball hoop gets as much use as the tennis court. Children's toys, not paraphernalia for Grandfather's horses, lie around the mudroom. Almost the only constants through changing times have been the remarkable kitchen garden and 87-year-old Domenic Rinaldi, who will retire this fall after having tended it for almost 40 years.

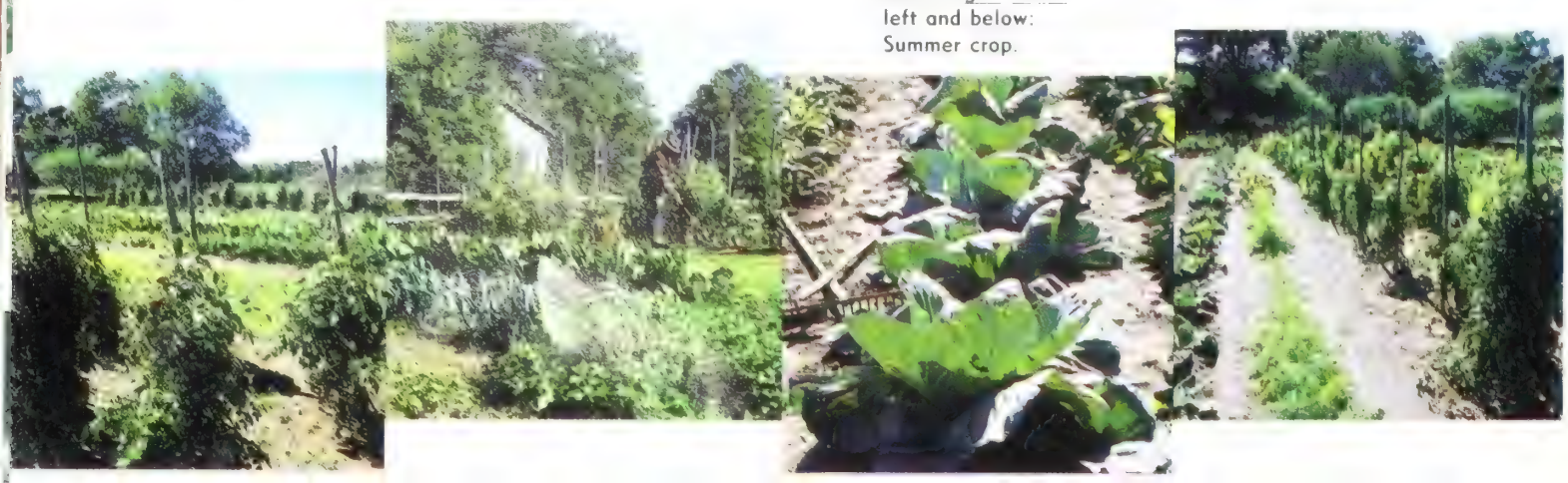
"When I was five years old," says the owner of the property, "I could look out the kitchen window and see Domenic at work. Now I'm 42 and he's still there." Rinaldi came to this country as a teenager, from a small town near Naples, and both he and the Connecticut garden have taken on the beautiful look of things that have worked long and hard. Dressed in a clean but dirt-stained brown shirt and jeans smooth with age, Rinaldi sports a brown tie printed with yellow clover blossoms tucked into his shirt and a gray fedora that seems to have settled permanently across his brow. His old rubber boots buckle up the front.

Likewise, the garden is no nouveau potager but a plot made largely from Burpee seeds which manages to be a local landmark. An elegantly simple rectangle surrounded by a weathered split-rail fence, it feeds three related families and Rinaldi on asparagus, spinach, lettuce (Bibb, buttercrunch, romaine, and green ice), cabbage, cauliflower, pole beans, limas, peas, raspberries, strawberries, tomatoes (60 plants in all—VF, Big Boy, cherry, and orange plum), onions, beets, leeks, peppers, squash, peaches, rhubarb, chickory, endive, three sorts of potatoes, and melons. "I plant cantaloupe now too," admits Rinaldi. "It's the kids that like it." All winter, the tack room of the old horse barn is filled with boxes of "keepers": potatoes, onions, carrots, beets.

The symmetrical plot is a proud feature of the property: it is the beacon that lets the visitor know he's arrived and is a lovely sight from inside the house. Even better is to stand in the garden and look out. Beyond the eight-foot ash bean poles, the tomato tepees, and the orchard of peach trees on ground that gently slopes away, the distant buildings of Waterbury are just visible in the valley to the east, and farm fields stretch to the western horizon.

Climbing roses line sections of the fence, and peonies from the former cutting garden now edge the rows of crops, but for the most part, the attraction of the place is its succession of blossoms and vegetables and fruits, and the aged, well-worked soil (enriched each year with cow manure from down the road) that gives like butter to a foot's depth. "The vegeta-

Domenic Rinaldi, above, cuts wood from nearby forests for tomato tepees, below far left, and bean poles, below right. Below left and below: Summer crop.



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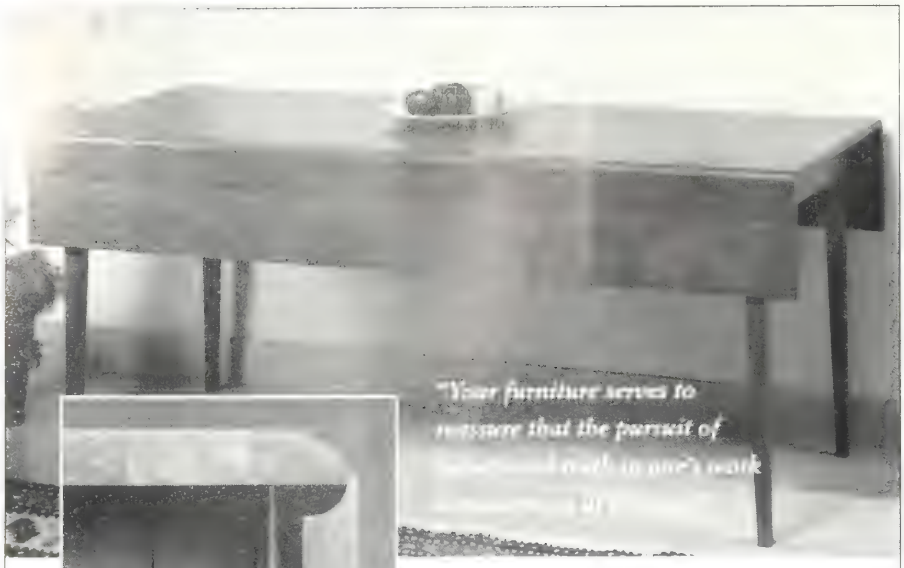
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bles are our flowers," says the owner. First comes the greening of the asparagus, strawberries, and raspberries; then the blossoms of the berry plants and the peach trees, as the cool-weather lettuces poke out of the ground alongside the newly planted endive and chickory which were started in the three-foot-deep hotbed nearby; then the whole garden rises with the flowering of beans and squash and the pale stars of tomatoes; and finally, summer brings its abundance of clustered red berries, yellow and red tomatoes, golden cantaloupes, and broad, leafy greens of every tone and texture.

The garden has been a constant reminder of useful work, from the moment Rinaldi reappeared in the spring to part the split rails and admit his 1957 Ford 601 Workmaster tractor to the last pulling up and storage of the stakes and tepees in the late fall. "I like to see all this stuff grow," he says. "I work all the time, so I can see everything grow." No secret formula explains Rinaldi's success, only constant, patient attention to his crops. Every morning he arrives promptly at seven thirty and, with an hour off for lunch, labors nine hours in the garden. His nearby toolshed is a measure of what he does: there are leaf rakes and ground rakes and the wood rake with half-moon spokes for smoothing the beds, there are the old backpack sprayer and the crank-driven duster for rotenone and other pesticides, there is the smooth-worn scythe for orchard grass and the spades and the trowels and the hoes. The family's part of the work is the harvest, for which baskets hang from a shed wall.

Perhaps the best emblem of Domenic Rinaldi's skilled and steady effort lies down in the former horse barn in a hollow. Between the sides of an iron bench hangs the little that is left of a grinding wheel once four feet or more in diameter. "Remember when we brought it up from the old mill?" he asks the owner, perhaps forgetting that his present boss was then only a boy. Each year, Rinaldi has brought the scythe and the ax and the hoes here to hone them. Now the wheel is worn nearly to the nub, but the garden is still growing. ♠



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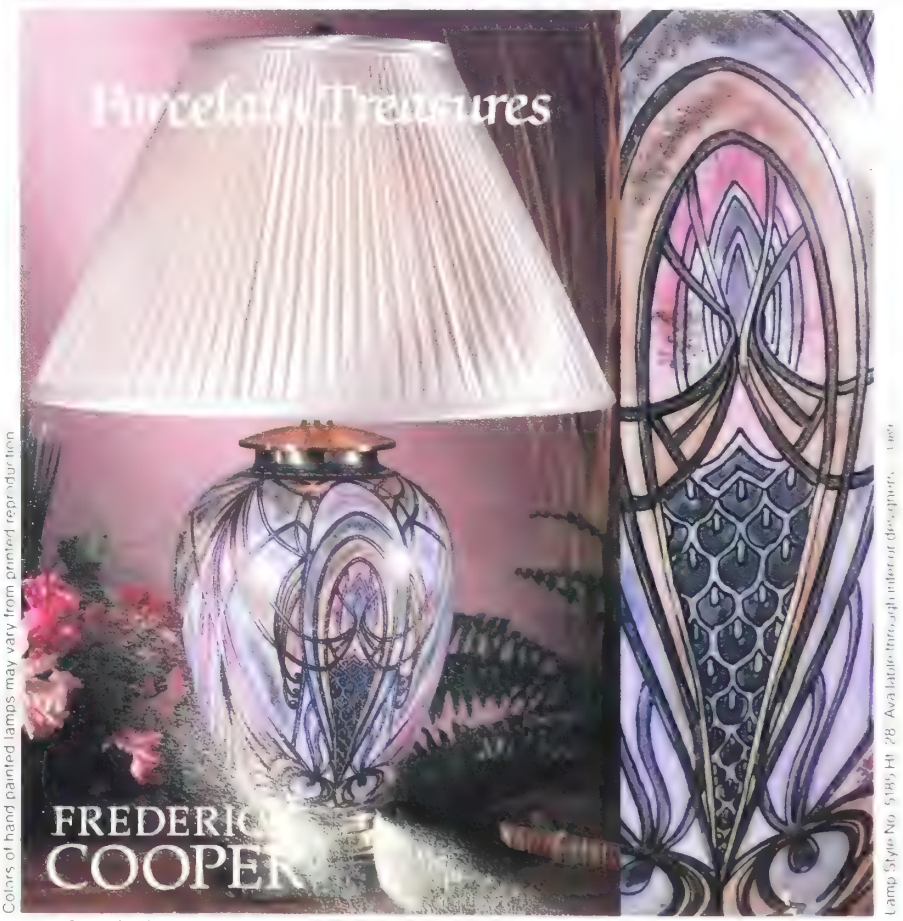
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A House Divided

Remodeling becomes the battleground for a couple's tastes and emotions

BY LYNDA BARRY



One day somewhere in 1960, my parents packed me, my brother, and their shaky marriage into a beat-up DeSoto and headed west on Interstate 90 from their trailer in small-town Wisconsin to their first house in Seattle, Washington. Maybe they thought the move would help.

A real estate man felt sorry for them and gave them a "deal." For $300 down, the house with the broken windows, tarpaper "brick" siding, and black stickerbush-covered yard was theirs. I can still remember the feeling I had when we first drove up to it. It looked like the [illegible] house on a bad street in hell.

The owners had built it themselves in 190[illegible] and had lived in it since they died. It was a small two-bedroom, but everything about the place evidenced mysterious and burning visions of budget splendor. For example, there were two separate front doors, elaborately detailed and nearly identical, leading into the same dinky living room. You walked in, ducked under a raw-looking outsized chandelier fired by twenty multicolored light bulbs, and came to a dead halt in front of two huge oak columns supporting nothing in particular, hand-carved in the Ionic order.

There was thick molding scrawling along the ceilings, hardwood floors finished only to the borders of obsessively nailed-down carpets, and a big painting of a moonlit night in Holland hung over a fireplace made of carsick-green brick. "What could these people have been thinking?" my mother said. And so the remodeling began.

The psychology of remodeling is an interesting one. I'm not talking about the kind of remodeling you carefully plan with your architect, who has breathtakingly fresh concepts of light and space. I'm talking about the psychological state that compels someone to nail up plastic "mahogany" paneling on every wall, lay Beefaroni-colored Karpet King shag on the floor, and stain the fat kitchen cabinets from the U Finish It Furniture Barn with a thick coat of "walnut" varnish that will never completely dry in your lifetime.

Anyone who has looked for a house has seen these sorts of thought-provoking home improvements. Most people chalk them up to bad taste. Having been raised in the jungle of spatter-shot ceilings and burnt-gold light-switch plates, I hesitate to call it that. Bad taste implies the existence of taste. It implies a grasp of the basic concept. The forces that drove my parents to take up hammer and paneling had more to do with the surfacing of man's most primitive instincts when faced with a horrifying situation: fight, flight, or remodel. The situation was their marriage.

They knew it wasn't working, but they were in their twenties with two kids, and it was a time when people didn't jump the marriage ship so easily. Not because people didn't want to, it was just that the country hadn't gotten the hang of it yet. So they started working on the house. It was like a wish. If they could fix the house, maybe everything would be fixed.

In the beginning they worked side by side. All of us would get into the pink and black Rambler station wagon and head out to Pay 'n Pak to pick up cheap two-by-fours and remaindered paint. We worked together in the yard planting the laurel from Sears's garden store. And I remember the rare

THEY KNEW THEIR MARRIAGE WASN'T WORKING, SO THEY STARTED WORKING ON THE HOUSE



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sweetness of those times, watching them together talking, laughing, and building something.

Then one afternoon hell finally chewed back through the restraints and broke loose. My mother had spent all day carefully pruning the big plum tree in the backyard. She left for work, and my father decided to prune it a little himself. When Mom came home and saw he had worked on it, she cut the tree down. We lost a lot of trees that way.

Then my father fell victim to sudden urgent seizures of hatred toward anything with a natural wood finish. I can remember watching him impulsively saw down the two oak pillars during halftime while he was watching a football game one Sunday afternoon when my mother was at work. I can remember when my mother walked in and saw them gone, how she stood very still for a moment and then calmly locked herself in the bathroom for nine hours.

After that, remodeling efforts were done solo. My dad would decide there should be a bedroom in the basement, my mother would decide the kitchen should be painted cantaloupe and lime green. They would just start the project and never talk to each other about it.

Painting had always been my mother's realm, but somehow my father got the bug and got it bad. His sense of color was sort of "third-world charm" and he wasn't big on prep work. I have seen him paint dead flies into the corners of windowsills. The day he painted the hardwood floors and the side of the bathtub with bright orange enamel was the beginning of the final countdown. My mother stopped speaking to him.

He tried to make up for it by covering the floor with woodgrained contact paper and was genuinely surprised when his gesture went, well, "unappreciated." For him contact paper was a beautiful solution to nearly every problem. He had a thing about it. When he moved into the basement bedroom, he converted the laundry room into his shaving area and so thoroughly covered every square inch of it with contact paper that the effect was literally psychedelic.

By then the house was eaten away by the half-finished projects that neither of them had the heart to complete. There was a deep dime-size hole that appeared in the kitchen floor which got bigger and bigger no matter what kind of filler they crammed into it. Neither of them wanted to rip up the linoleum to fix it. It was there for years after my father left.

My mother continued to remodel the house. It's thirty years later, and she is still working on it. She's learned a lot. She can lay tile and hang a door, and last summer she built a deck. She says she's getting close to having it the way she wants it, and then, of course, she plans to sell.

Except for the foundation and basic structure, nothing of the house built in 1901 remains. And nothing remains of my father's era either, except the last time I was there I noticed the turquoise paint still on the basement steps. I remember the day he did them. I was listening to the radio and watching him paint in the ashes that dropped from his cigarette.

And considering everything that happened, I have to wonder why my mother has never painted them over. ♠

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With a dozen books to his name and a gallery on each coast, Garth Clark is reshaping the way we look at ceramics BY EVE KAHN





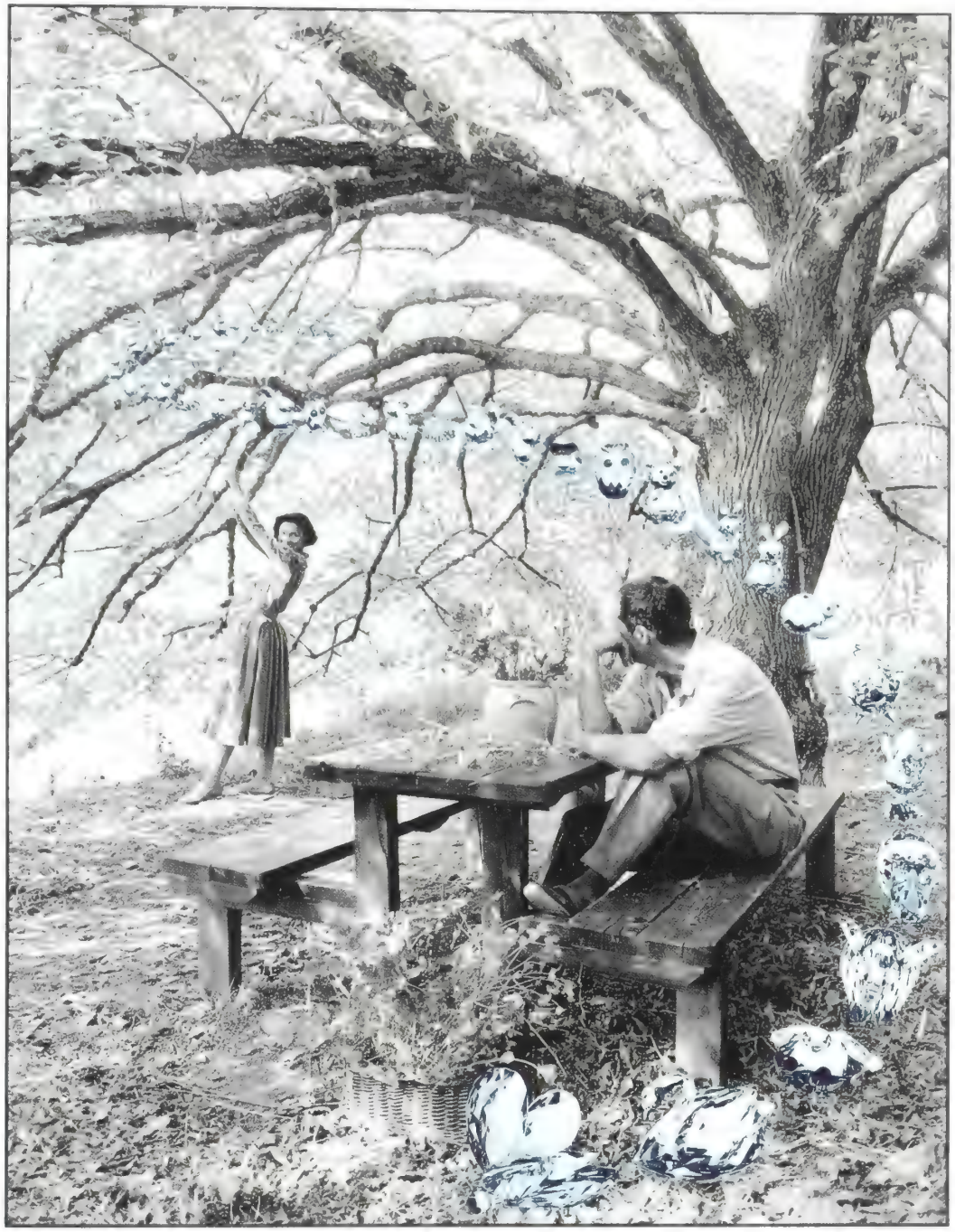
Garth Clark, above, next to a set of gourd-shaped porcelain jars by Adrian Saxe. Left: A stoneware bottle by Peter Voulkos. Right: Ruth Duckworth's porcelain vessel.

Garth Clark has been dubbed the Diaghilev of ceramics, and though he welcomes the comparison with Russia's great ballet promoter, he prefers to call himself "an old-fashioned impresario—part scholar and part merchant." For twenty years he has been writing about ceramics, and for ten years he has been selling the work of contemporary ceramic artists at the Garth Clark Gallery in Los Angeles and New York, among the half dozen fine ceramic arts galleries in the country. "After I discovered ceramics," he says, "I lost my sanity. I've never been bored since."

Visitors to his showrooms could easily learn to share his fervor. Tall, aristocratic, and soft-spoken, he offers something for every taste: delicately painted teapots with enigmatic messages from Anne Kraus; semipornographic color-streaked urns by Phillip Maberry; gold-handled pots in the shape of ampersands by Adrian Saxe; or temptingly touchable iridescent bowls by Beatrice Wood, who at age 97 is still throwing and glazing her own clay.

"She's one of the most glorious human beings I've ever met," Clark says. She's also the reason that he opened his first gallery in 1981 in Los Angeles. He arrived in California in 1976 from South Africa via London and three years later published the first comprehensive study of American nineteenth- and twentieth-century ceramics. By 1981, he says, "Beatrice had no gallery, and she hadn't sold a piece in two years. She was beginning to doubt whether her life's work meant anything." His new enterprise, he adds, brought her right back into the field. With partner Mark Del Vecchio and gallery director Wayne Kuwada, Clark now ministers to a stable of forty artists. Customers typically pay between $500 and $75,000 for pieces that range from a "handsome, useful teapot" to "a major contribution to American ceramic art."

Clark claims he can predict what will sell well ninety percent of the time, but that doesn't prevent him from taking on "good but initially unsalable artists." To maintain his buoyant sales, he brings very different works to his Los Angeles and New York galleries. "In L.A., they like abstract, colorful, sensual pieces, and they tend to buy on instinct," he observes. "In New York, they want the more cerebral work, and they want to see the artist's résumé." On both coasts, however, postmodern pottery with pastel geometric forms has fallen out of fashion. Gaining popularity are classics from the 1950s and '60s by such masters as Peter Voulkos and John



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Anne Kraus's narrative teapot—like "Meissen without its vapidity."



Mason, monochrome minimalist works by artists like Ruth Duckworth, and what Clark calls "very beautiful objects with very deep content," including Kraus's porcelain comments on art and life.

Kraus has become one of Clark's favorite artists, partly because he launched her: she sent him an uninvited package of slides in 1984, soon after she graduated from Alfred University's celebrated ceramics school. Collectors now hotly pursue the 25 pieces she produces each year, paying as much as $2,000 for a mug. Alongside scenes of lonely people and moody landscapes, her works offer arresting captions: "Your dreams will be realized, but later," for example, or "You return to your family home. But a stranger answers the door, who knows no forwarding address." Clark describes Kraus's style as "based on Meissen without its utter vapidity" and warns, "You pick up these lovely little objects, they enter your personal space, and then hit you harder than you expect."



A lidded vase, above, by Roseline Delisle. Top right: An urn by Phillip Maberry, two ampersand-shaped teapots by Adrian Saxe, and an assortment of pieces by Anne Kraus.

Clark and Mark Del Vecchio, who share a Manhattan apartment, own fifteen Kraus creations; they also possess about two hundred other pieces of modern art pottery and a similar number of post–World War II prints, paintings, and photos. ("The nineteenth century gives me a bit of indigestion," Clark explains. "I prefer minimalism with a touch of decadence.") They entertain regularly on a $1 Depression Beatrice Wood luncheon set, eight, and they took possession of an $5,000 Michael Cardew dish. [illegible] dle them carefully, but we're no [illegible] noid. Almost anything can be restored.") They rotate their acquisitions in and out of storage, and they never sell anything once they've brought it home. Clark says ruefully, "We did that once, and it still haunts us."

> "You pick up these lovely objects, they enter your personal space, and then they hit you harder than you expect"

When he's not buying and selling, Clark can often be found convincing collectors to donate works to museums. And early in the morning and late at night, Clark writes. He's currently completing a history of British ceramics from the eighteenth century to the present, and last year he produced two volumes he describes as totally frivolous: *The Eccentric Teapot*, which demonstrates that this humble object can resemble everything from Brooke Shields's head to Three Mile Island's cooling towers, and *The Book of Cups*, in which a Mount Rushmore souvenir mug appears a few pages after surrealist Méret Oppenheim's famous fur-lined coffee cup. In a more serious vein, he coauthored the award-winning *The Mad Pot[illegible] Biloxi*, about ceramist George Ohr.

The impresario comfortably straddles the roles of collector, dealer, and historian—most of the time. Once in a while, he feels a twinge of doubt. "I know I'm making an impact on the course of ceramics history," he says. "And I hope I'm on the right course." (Garth Clark Gallery, 24 West 57 St., New York, NY 10019, 212-246-2205; 170 South La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90036, 213-939-2189.) ♠

As I See It #6 in a series
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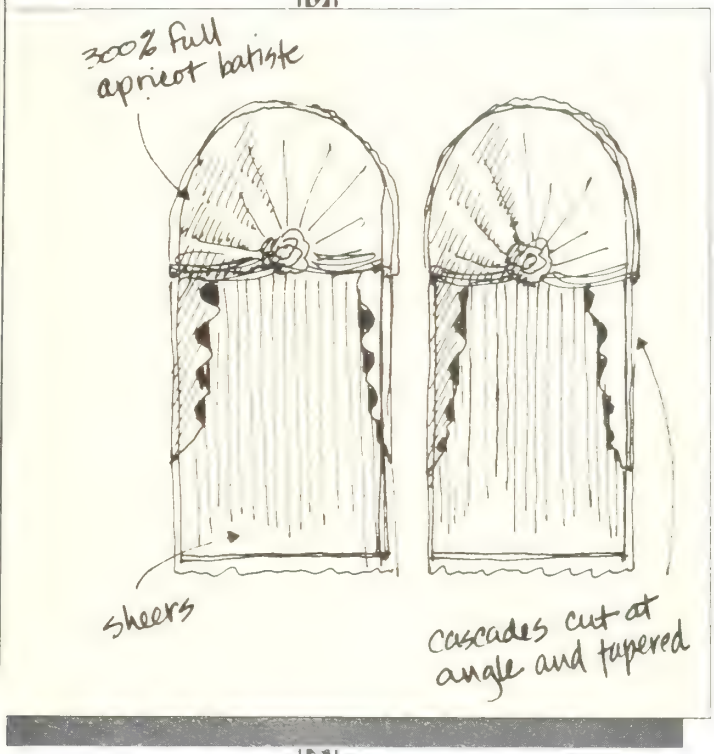
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Visionary Village

A Welsh architect conjures up a Mediterranean town on Cardigan Bay

BY JAN MORRIS

A curious vision greets any yachtsman making landfall at the northeastern corner of Cardigan Bay in Gwynedd, Wales. Here the massif of the Eryri Mountains comes down to the sea, giving the scene a distinctly portentous majesty, and here in the lee of a wooded peninsula appears an isolated and very unexpected tableau of buildings looking across a sandy estuary: a campanile, of all things, a dome, a tower or two, a tumble of bright-washed cottages, a white country house at the water's edge.

There is something almost hallucinatory to this settlement, standing so still and silent above the sands, set so exotically against the treeless and often drizzly mountains. A vision it is, for this is the celebrated fantasy of Portmeirion, which looks ageless and sounds immemorial but was really invented, name and all, for calculatedly enlightened purposes in the 1920s. Its creator was the Welsh architect Sir Clough Williams-Ellis, who wanted to demonstrate that a seaside development need not be unsightly, could complement rather than compromise its environment, and could indeed be art.

You may at first think it a frivolous kind of art, if ever you yourself step ashore at Portmeirion, where the first things to greet you are half a superannuated sailing ship, permanently grounded, and from a high belvedere a remarkably convincing stone figure of an unidentified man, possibly Shakespeare. Strewn here and there are colorful cottages of indeterminate architectural provenance, some perched high above the water, some clustered around a stagy kind of village green with a town hall and a fishpond. Miscellaneous statuary is plonked around together with various venerable buildings rescued from demolition elsewhere.

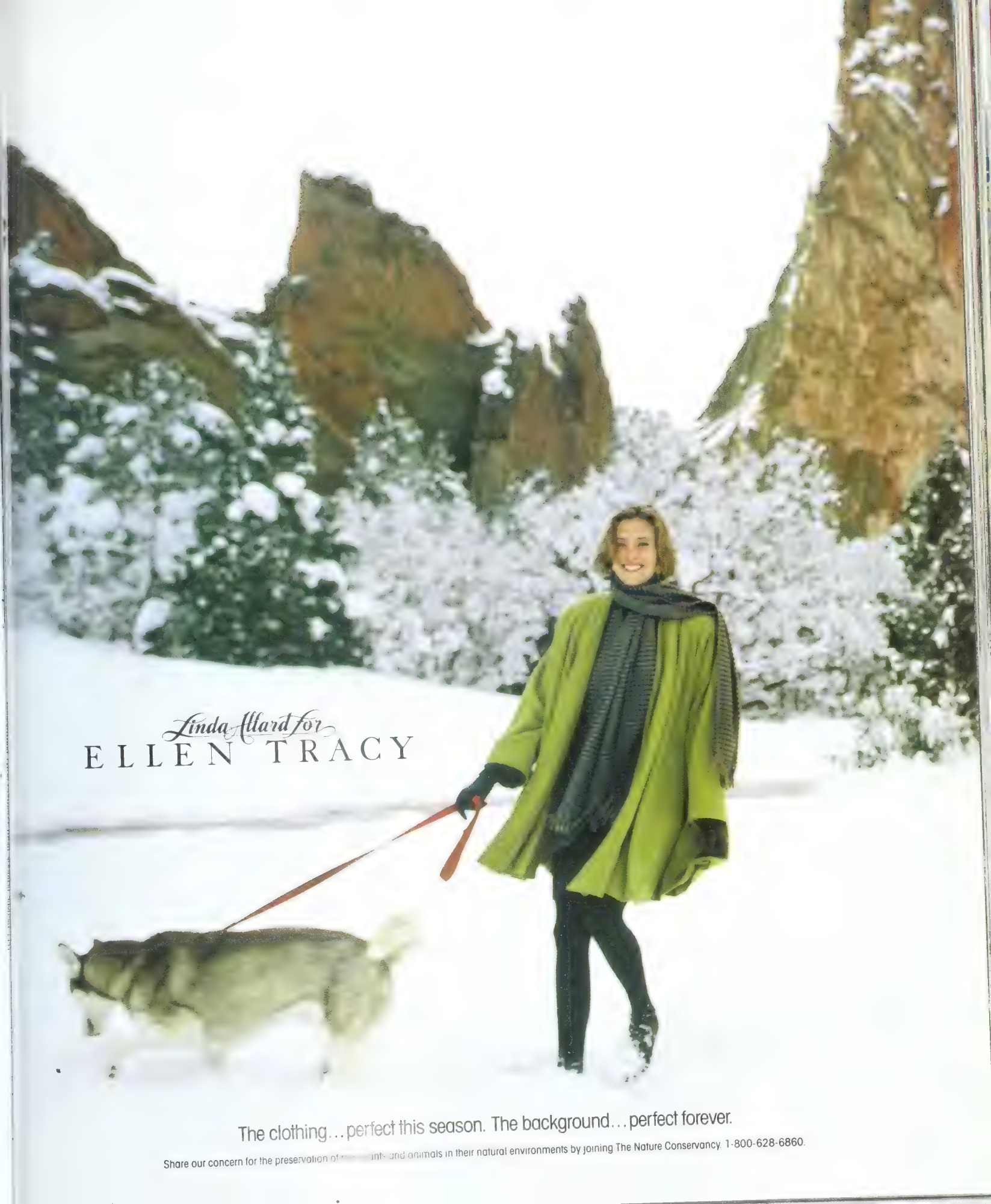
What on earth is it? Well, at one level it is a hotel—you can sleep and eat in the big house on the foreshore, or rent one of the cottages. At another level it is an architectural exhibition, the tour de force of a fecund imagination, expressing itself in flights of fancy, coups d'oeil, grace notes, and caprice. While the Portmeirion style began as purely Italianate, Portofino being Clough's inspiration, it developed with a wildly eclectic enthusiasm that one might call Welsh Enthusiastic. Besides the Mediterranean colors and rooflines there are glimpses of pure classicism, hints of the Regency, corners of local vernacular, and the odd flourish of rococo. It is a grand garden too, mostly of the wild kind, for the whole peninsula belongs to Portmeirion and is a prodigy of rhododendrons and azaleas, interspersed with patches of heathland and wound through by wooded paths above the sea.

But most important, Portmeirion is what Williams-Ellis originally meant it to be—a vision. He was not a great architect, but he had a genius for synthesizing art and nature. The gaps between the buildings are at least as important as the buildings themselves, and there is a constant lovely interplay of masonry and sand, sea, and mountain. It is meant to make you smile, but also to make you think about the relationship between mankind and the rest of the world; indeed, Portmeirion already seems an organic part of the ancient and solemn landscape all around.



Sir Clough Williams-Ellis, above, created the artistically defiant town of Portmeirion, above left, in the 1920s and '30s.

Today its vision has gained an extra dimension because the Welsh identity has acquired a new energy. Portmeirion is run by Clough's grandson and his wife, and as modern patriots, they have restored it to its truest origins. The old Welsh language, when taught, is habitually spoken here now, the restaurant is a favorite with local people, and harp music often sounds across the green. The survival of Welshness itself is sufficiently exotic; what better than this idiosyncratic display of artistic defiance to celebrate its beauty and its fun? (Hotel Portmeirion, Portmeirion, Gwynedd, LL48 6ET Wales; 766-770228) ♠



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Rocky Mountain Baroque

A British master craftsman carves out a niche for himself in Denver BY JENNIFER O'KIEFFE









Ian Agrell, above left, in his Denver workshop. Top: Chief carver, Adam Thorpe, crafting a Chippendale-style frame. Center: Fragments of a newly restored 19th-century Italian altar bracket. Above: A rococo mirror frame by Thorpe. Left: An ornamental detail.

When Ian Agrell carves a piece of sycamore into a two-inch round face at the end of a viola da gamba, he makes sure the angelic young lady has a slight, just a slight, mischievousness in her eye. This clever attention to detail has made Agrell's woodcarving sought after by everybody from the sultan of Brunei to the landlord of the Red Lion pub in Suffolk.

As one of 32 master carvers, an elite association of highly skilled craftsmen in Great Britain, Agrell dedicates himself to maintaining the standards of his time-honored craft. Always with a taste for the unexpected, however, he transplanted these traditions to Colorado a year and a half ago. He saw a need for classical workmanship in America and set up shop in Denver because of its ease of living and, as he says, "because the Rocky Mountains are here."

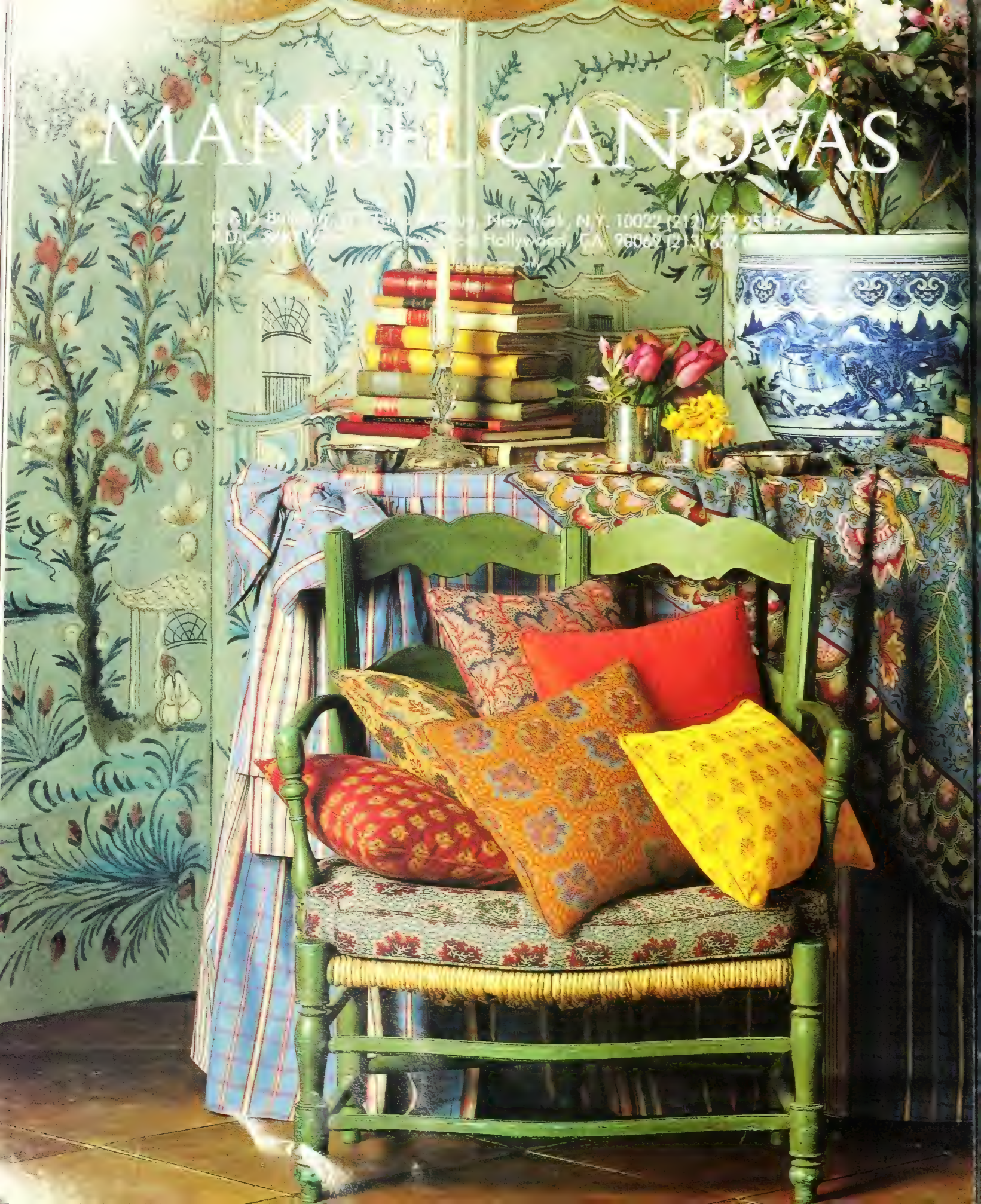
It would seem that a great number of hands and minds were responsible for the wide range of designs that emerge from Agrell's small workshop of six carvers. One piece might reflect the Chaucerian humor of medieval craftsmen, while another might echo the rich flowing lines of Grinling Gibbons or Thomas Chippendale, champions of the English baroque and rococo styles in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. For Ely Cathedral in East Anglia, England, Agrell created an oversize cope chest bearing a rugged and strong-looking Christ figure. He decorated the main stateroom of the new Lloyd's Building in London with [illegible] egg and dart mahogany moldings. And for a British pigeon-racing club he studied the anatomy of the bird for a life-size basswood trophy.

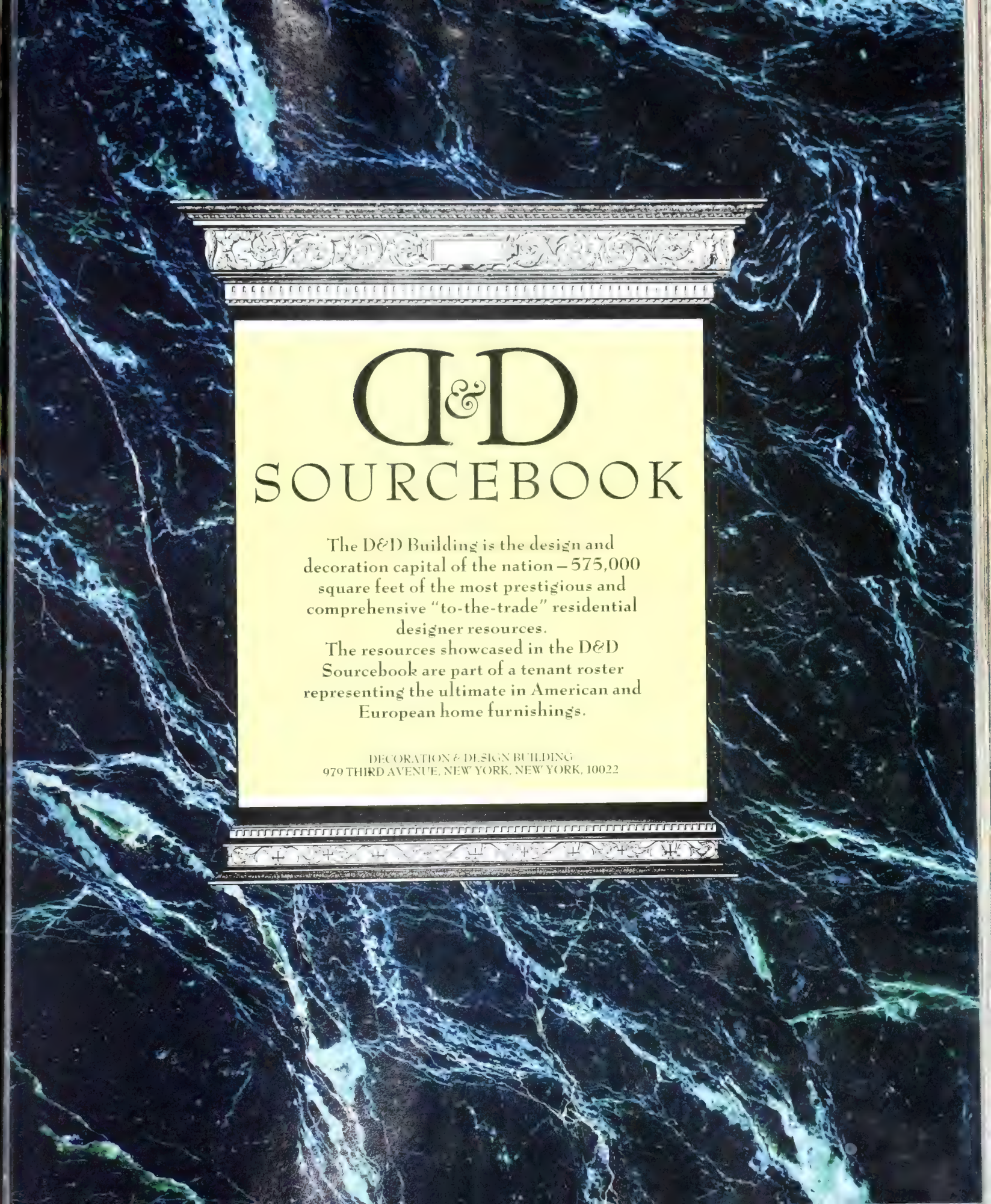
Most of Agrell's commissions have been in Europe, but he is quickly building an American following. For a Texas client he carved a Chippendale-style coffee table with a profusion of acanthus leaves and a set of mahogany curtain rods shaped like snakes. And he'll be supplying the new county government building in Eagle, Colorado, with a flock of walnut eagles.

The process from drawing to finished piece is lengthy—it took Agrell four weeks to complete a six-foot-long coffee table with a relief of Italian foliage. He has no machines in his workshop, but instead uses more than 150 chisels, some over two hundred years old, virtually the same tools that once filled Gibbons's workshop. The craftsmanship that Agrell insists on often goes unappreciated today. "People want woodwork rubbed down to look like another bit of plastic," he says, "but you are meant to see the handwork. The soul and wit of the carver comes out when you run your hand over the wood and feel the chisel marks." (Ian Agrell, 1301 Wazee St., Denver, CO 80204; 303-825-6416.) ●

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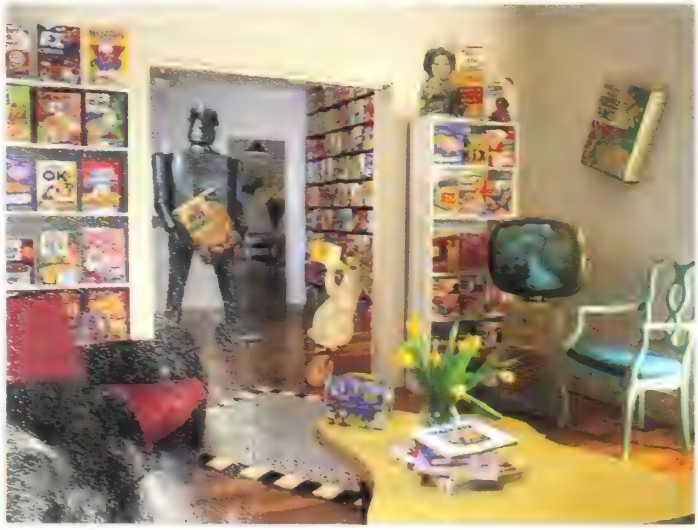
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The Wizard of Wheaties *After cornering the market on vintage cereal boxes, Scott Bruce still has a few Trix up his sleeve* BY MARGOT GURALNICK





Scott Bruce, above, bowled over by cereal collectibles in his Temple of the Grain Gods dining room. Right: A 1950s robot bearing a vintage Rice Krispies box leads the way to Bruce's living room, boxed in with more cereal. Top right: Quisp, c. 1985.





Kellogg's Wild Bill Hickok store display, c. 1956

Scott Bruce calls himself Mr. Lunch Box, Mr. Cereal Box, and, if he's feeling ceremonious, the Grand Exalted Flake. "I'm shameless when it comes to self-promotion," explains the fast-talking 34-year-old purveyor of cafeteria and breakfast table collectibles. In 1985, after working as a curator of a fossil museum, an English teacher to Iranian helicopter pilots, an oil rig worker, and a sculptor—as well as receiving an honorary Ph.D. from Dunkin' Donuts University—Bruce discovered the means to financial solvency and minor celebrity in a pair of tinny thrift shop lunch boxes.

"I realized that nobody had ever single-handedly created a collectible and completely monopolized the market," he says. "So I worked out a formula and implemented it." In short order Bruce amassed some 2,500 post-1940s lunch boxes—a definitive collection in which everyone from Bullwinkle to the Beatles puts in an appearance. Next he launched a newsletter "to build collector interest" and started auctioning his duplicate boxes for a quick profit. (Asking price for a mint condition 1964 blue vinyl Soupy Sales, the Gutenberg Bible of the lunch box world, is $3,000.) By 1988, with the publication of both his price guide and coffee table book, Bruce was singled out as the man responsible for one of America's fastest growing collecting manias. FORGET STOCKS: INVEST IN OLD LUNCH BOXES, headlined *The Wall Street Journal*.

Although he's still sitting on several hundred of his best boxes, which he says he'll unload when the market peaks, Bruce has meanwhile found new fodder for his marketing abilities in cereal, the next commodity he plans to milk for more than anyone ever thought it was worth. Empty boxes of Quisp, King Vitaman, and Crazy Cow and a supermarket's supply of other breakfast cereals line the bookshelves in the Cambridge, Massachusetts, bungalow he shares with his wife, Beverly Kogut, a lawyer who prefers Cracklin' Oat Bran for breakfast. In their dining room, also known as the Temple of the Grain Gods, the permanent guest of honor is Rolectro, a ten-foot-tall robot toting a jumbo box of Rice Krispies. Around the corner is Crunch Alley, a hallway homage to the many incarnations of Cap'n Crunch, which leads to the bedroom, one of the few areas that Kogut has declared "cereal-free."

Bruce decided to add cereal to his repertoire two years ago while honeymoon-

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ing in Niagara Falls within eyeshot of the 1901 Shredded Wheat factory, home of the first ready-to-eat cereal. With Niagara Falls as its logo, "Shredded Wheat brought the excitement of the honeymoon bed to the breakfast table," says Bruce, who discovered examples of the brand's first two boxes in the files of the original printer. He's also managed to find a 1934 Mickey Mouse Post Toasties, "the box that paved the way for a pantheon of cereal box heroes."

By advertising extensively and tapping into an existing network of collec-



Shirley Temple Puffed Wheat store display, c. 1937.

tors, Bruce has amassed over 1,000 vintage boxes ("vintage in the cereal box world is anything prior to 1975"), several carton loads of cereal premiums, and a Lone Ranger frontier town assembled from the box backs of eight 1948–49 Cheerios packages. So few early cereal boxes have survived that their prices already rival the top dollar for lunch boxes. "At this point I don't hesitate to pay $1,000 for a rare cereal box in perfect condition because I know that by the time I'm done with it that thing will be worth $5,000," boasts Bruce, who's currently at work researching *The Complete Cereal Boxography*, writing his next coffee table tome—a survey of the golden age of cereal—and stirring up interest in *Flake*, his latest newsletter. Within a few years, he claims, he'll give up collectibles and take on the film industry as a screenwriter. His first feature? "A box office smash about a cereal killer." ♠



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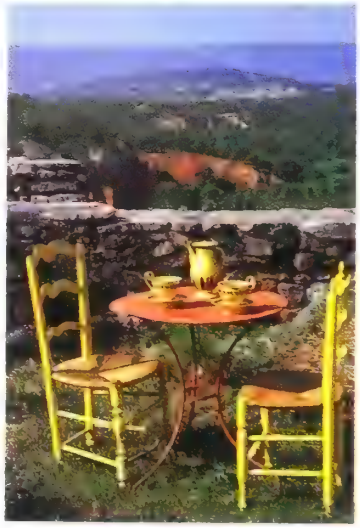
Spiegel



A Nation of Epicures

The French hold fast to their country's culinary traditions

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS



Breakfast overlooking the Luberon Mountains.

On the bullet train from Avignon to Paris I was asked by a French woman, middle class and about sixty years old, what had brought me to Provence. I said I was writing a book that would explore "l'art de recevoir"—the art of receiving or entertaining, as practiced by the French. When I added that the book would place the private French table in the greater context of the entire house, the woman on the train was surprised by my subject. "Do you really think there is such a thing in France as 'l'art de recevoir'?" she asked. "Do you really think the French eat and entertain better than other people?"

After living in France for almost nine years and having eaten in many houses where the food and setting are indeed worthy of each other, the answer is yes. From Alsace to Bordeaux the food, the table at which it is served, and the rooms that provide a backdrop for them both, achieve a union that is peculiarly French. It is a recipe realized with haute cuisine and cuisine rustique, on Napoleonic Sèvres and dishes from the sale shelves at Monoprix, in châteaux and farmhouses, by comtesses and paysans. It is a recipe with magic and charm.

The element of ceremony without fuss or form without bother becomes deliciously exaggerated in private French houses today whenever there is a special occasion. A leg of lamb is ordered from the butcher and jugs of lilac put out in the guest rooms. There is an atmosphere of care, respect, and attention that is all the more engaging for seeming automatic.

"In France," says the food historian Philip Hyman, "the whole notion of fête—that food can be entertainment—is one of the things that keeps it alive. And yet, the celebration too often takes people's attention away from the food in front of them. What is the point of serving nice young green beans if no one notices them?"

Because lunch remains a serious meal to the French, they are also at the table more often, and always with wine. When in 1954 Alice B. Toklas wrote that the "French drink wine with their lunch as well as with their dinner," it was something of a revelation to her American readers. But it is still worth noting today. Wine is served no matter how modest or spontaneous the meal and no matter whose table you are invited to share. The French do not take notice especially, but wine gives their meals shape and rhythm while wrapping the whole in ritual. This applies to the premier cru classé consumed in a château in Bordeaux, the vin de pays consumed in a farmhouse in the Lot, and the gros rouge

At the Provençal retreat of Paris antiques dealers Dorothée and Jean d'Orgeval a table, above, offers an abundance of traditional hors d'oeuvres. Below: Entrance to the Orgevals' kitchen.





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Fresh peaches served with a strawberry sauce.

consumed on a building site in Paris.

Some of the best food in private houses in France today is the result of teamwork, with a household demanding good and interesting things to eat and a talented staff dedicated to making them. The natural interest the French have in food makes them exceptionally good employers of cooks and chefs. The most conscientious maîtresses de maison are noted for standing over their cooks and counting out the number of times the pot-au-feu has been degreased (three), and for lightly rapping them on the knuckles when the cabbage is too

Wine gives their meals shape and rhythm while wrapping the whole in ritual



Snails, left, are sprinkled with salt and vinegar to rid them of toxins.



Jean d'Orgeval, right, prepares aïoli, the traditional garlic mayonnaise of Provence. Below: Classic Lloyd Loom chairs surround a table made from a stone slab



finely shredded. In this way the luxurious tradition of systematically molding a cook to a family's palate is still practiced with some extravagance.

Other houses of means grimly illustrate the saying that the "better" the house in France the worse the food. As in so many restaurants, the distracting splendor of the setting hoodwinks people into thinking the food is equal to it. From here it is a short distance to that vast category of French people who take infinite care laying their tables but are indifferent about the menu.

The difference between eating in a smart French home and a modest one is the difference between a salade nicoise made with peeled and seeded tomatoes and one that dismisses such refinements as foolish. True to the postcard image, many country tables are still supplied with ingredients gathered within a few yards of the front door. With its excellent markets, the countryside represents what is best in food in France today but also what is worst. For standing in the shadow of these markets are the inevitable hypermarkets where in one stop it is possible to buy a loin of pork, have your shoes resoled, photocopy your tax return, and acquire a pair of designer jeans.

The average boeuf bourguignon household, the pillar of French home cooking, has been threatened since the last war, when women went to work in offices and factories in large numbers for the first time. Today, scholars are not optimistic. According to one French sociologist, "only ten to fifteen percent of women of the petite bourgeoisie buy fresh ingredients, still know how to cook, and take time to do it."

The doubting woman on the bullet train was surprised by my subject but still interested. She described her house in Eygalières, a village that was a Neolithic settlement before being occupied by Romans dispatched to divert the local spring waters to Arles. And she spoke about her herb garden, her outdoor dining table under a canopy of vines, her view of the Alpilles, the beautiful worn tiles in her Provençal kitchen. Then she invited me to lunch. There were the normal protestations about how it wouldn't be anything special, just whatever happens to be in the garden, une petite grillade, the local pinard, some fruit. But I will go, knowing it will be good.

The following recipes—from Dorothée d'Orgeval, a Paris antiques dealer who spent much of her childhood in Provence—capture the spirit and flavor of French country cuisine. (The entrée of poached cod, along with the appetizer spreads, will serve ten.)

POACHED COD WITH GARLIC MAYONNAISE

Cod and accompaniments

48 large canned escargots de Bourgogne, plus 48 escargot shells
10 medium artichokes, stems removed
2 tablespoons olive oil
Juice 1 lemon
Salt
10 medium waxy potatoes, scrubbed
3 bay leaves
10 small carrots, scrubbed
1¼ pounds green beans, trimmed
10 hard-boiled eggs
4 quarts court bouillon
10 cod filets, 8 ounces each

How to turn an ordinary fish
into an exotic one.



ONEIDA

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—ayonnaise
garlic cloves, peeled
Pinch coarse salt
egg yolks
at room temperature
2 cups extra-virgin olive oil
Juice 1 lemon
Pinch cayenne pepper (optional)

Cod and accompaniments. Fill the shells with the snails. Wrap in cheesecloth and place in a lobster steamer above simmering water. Fill a nonreactive pot with enough water to cover the artichokes. Add the oil, lemon juice, and salt. Bring to a simmer, add the artichokes and cook 20–30 minutes, or until tender. Drain and add to steamer. Plunge the potatoes, carrots, and beans into separate pots of rapidly boiling salted water (having added bay leaves to the potato pot) and cook until tender. Drain. Plunge the carrots and beans into separate bowls of ice water. Drain. Dry the beans on a hand towel. Add the potatoes and carrots to the steamer. In a large pot bring the bouillon to a simmer and slip in the cod in several batches. Bring the bouillon back to just below a simmer; the fish will take only a few minutes to cook. Gently remove fillets with a slotted spatula. To reheat the beans douse with boiling water. Arrange the accompaniments on individual platters. Serve the mayonnaise separately.

Garlic mayonnaise. Pound the garlic and salt to a paste in a mortar. Blend in the egg yolks until the mixture is pale yellow. Dribble in half the oil, continually stirring with the pestle. Add the lemon juice and 1 teaspoon warm water, then dribble in remaining oil, stirring constantly. Taste for salt. Add the cayenne. Do not chill.

EGGPLANT CAVIAR

2 pounds eggplant, halved lengthwise
4 cloves garlic, cut into slivers
Salt and freshly ground pepper
2 tablespoons, plus 2 teaspoons extra-virgin olive oil
2 shallots, minced
½ cup finely chopped walnuts
¼ cup minced flat-leaf parsley
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Make slits in the skinless side of each eggplant half and insert the garlic. Sprinkle with salt and 2 tablespoons olive oil. Cover with foil and bake 1 hour. Scoop out the flesh and mash with a fork until smooth. Add the remaining ingredients, blending to form a creamy puree. Refrigerate and serve.

CAPER AND OLIVE SPREAD

1½ cups black olives, pitted
1 tablespoon capers
Anchovy filets, 2-ounce can
1–2 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon cognac

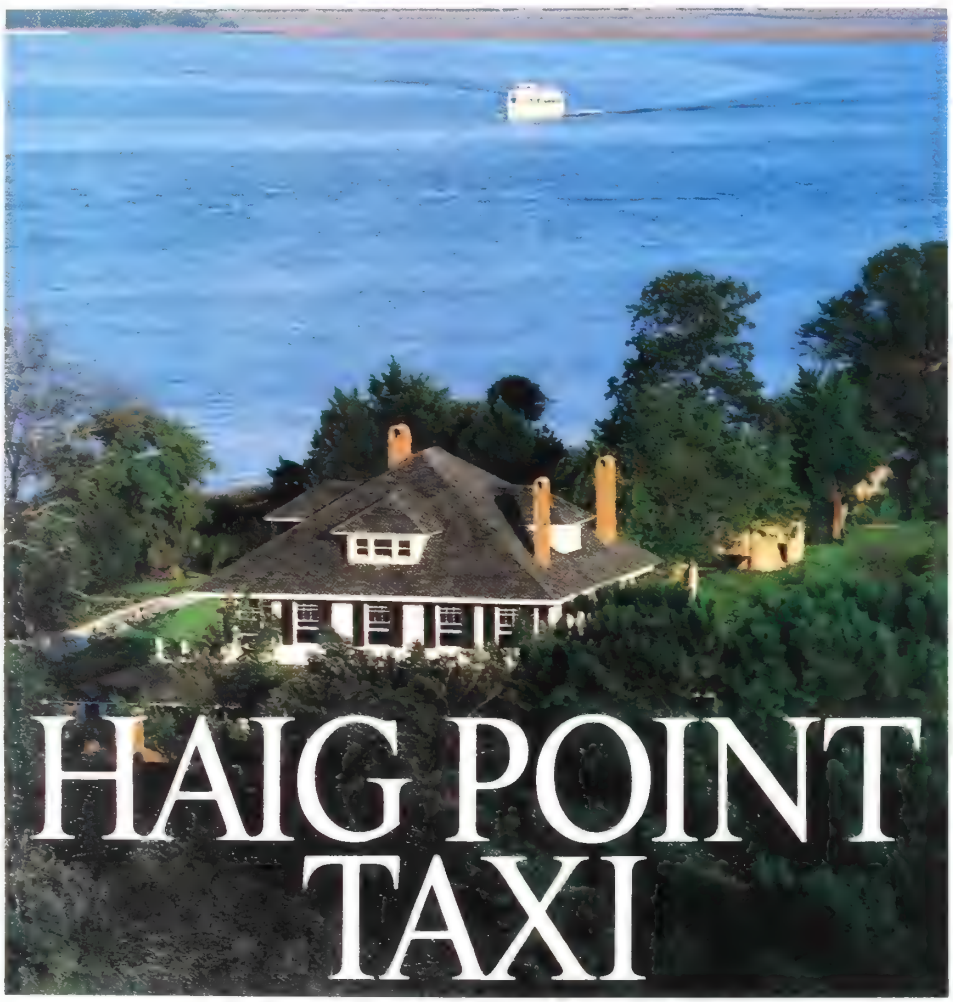
Pound the olives, capers, and anchovies in a mortar to form a paste. Dribble in the oil, stirring continually. Mix in lemon juice and cognac. Let stand at room temperature 1 hour before serving with celery stalks and small rounds of grilled bread.

ANCHOVY SPREAD

Anchovy filets, 6-ounce can
4 cloves garlic, minced
¼ cup extra-virgin olive oil
1 tablespoon red wine vinegar

Mash the anchovies. Dribble in the olive oil, stirring continually. Mix in the minced garlic and vinegar to make a smooth paste. Let stand at room temperature 1 hour before serving. ♠

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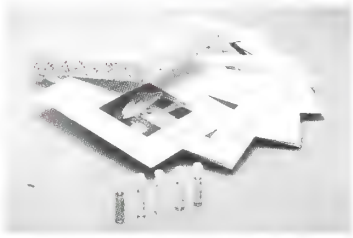
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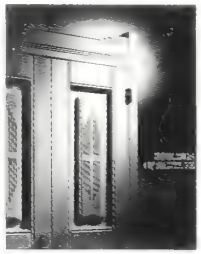
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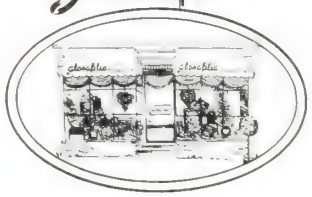
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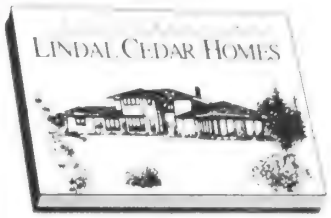
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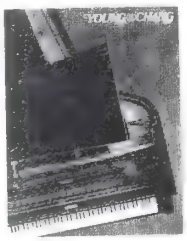
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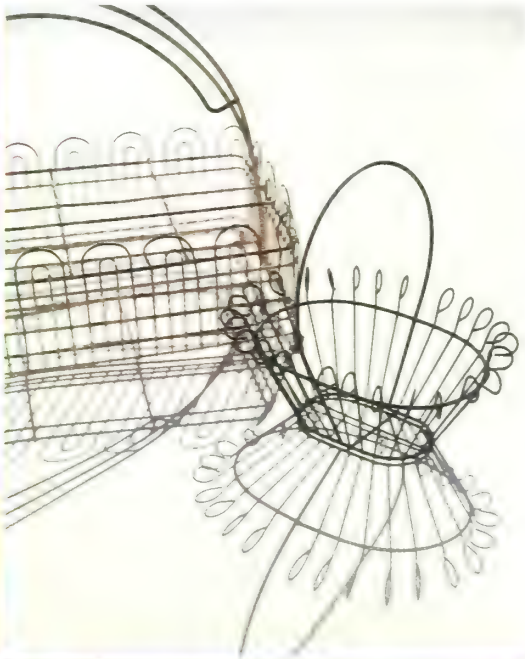
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Down to the Wire

Victorian metalwork puts a new twist on garden ornament BY MARGOT GURALNICK









Advertised as "durable, open, and airy," Victorian wirework appeared in an array of decorative guises, including, clockwise from top left, a planter from John Rosselli, Ltd., NYC; baskets from Pantry & Hearth, NYC; furniture from Barbara Israel Enterprises, Katonah, N.Y.; and a birdcage with a revolving perch from Aileen Minor Antiques, Princess Anne, Md. Details see Resources.

After making the domestic interior bloom with thickets of ornament and jungles of potted ferns, Victorians everywhere discovered the garden as fertile ground for their love of display. Thanks to that great innovation of 1830, the lawn mower, wayward fields were clipped into expanses of green velvet that set off brilliant carpet beds of flowers. By the middle of the nineteenth century, American backyards, parks, and cemeteries had been transformed into open-air rooms ready to be appointed with the latest household fashions. And by the 1870s new hothouses here nurtured botanical imports direct from African swamps and Asian highlands.

The estates of American industrialists boasted manicured grounds in which cockscombs, camellias, dahlias, and other showy flora competed for attention with statues of cupids and deer, Italian carved marble benches, and multitiered fountains of cast iron, the all-purpose material of the day. Gardeners who took a less ostentatious (and sometimes less costly) approach to outdoor living—tending cottage perennials, herbs, and old-fashioned roses—propped their yards with fanciful wirework furniture and accessories painted to harmonize with the greenery.

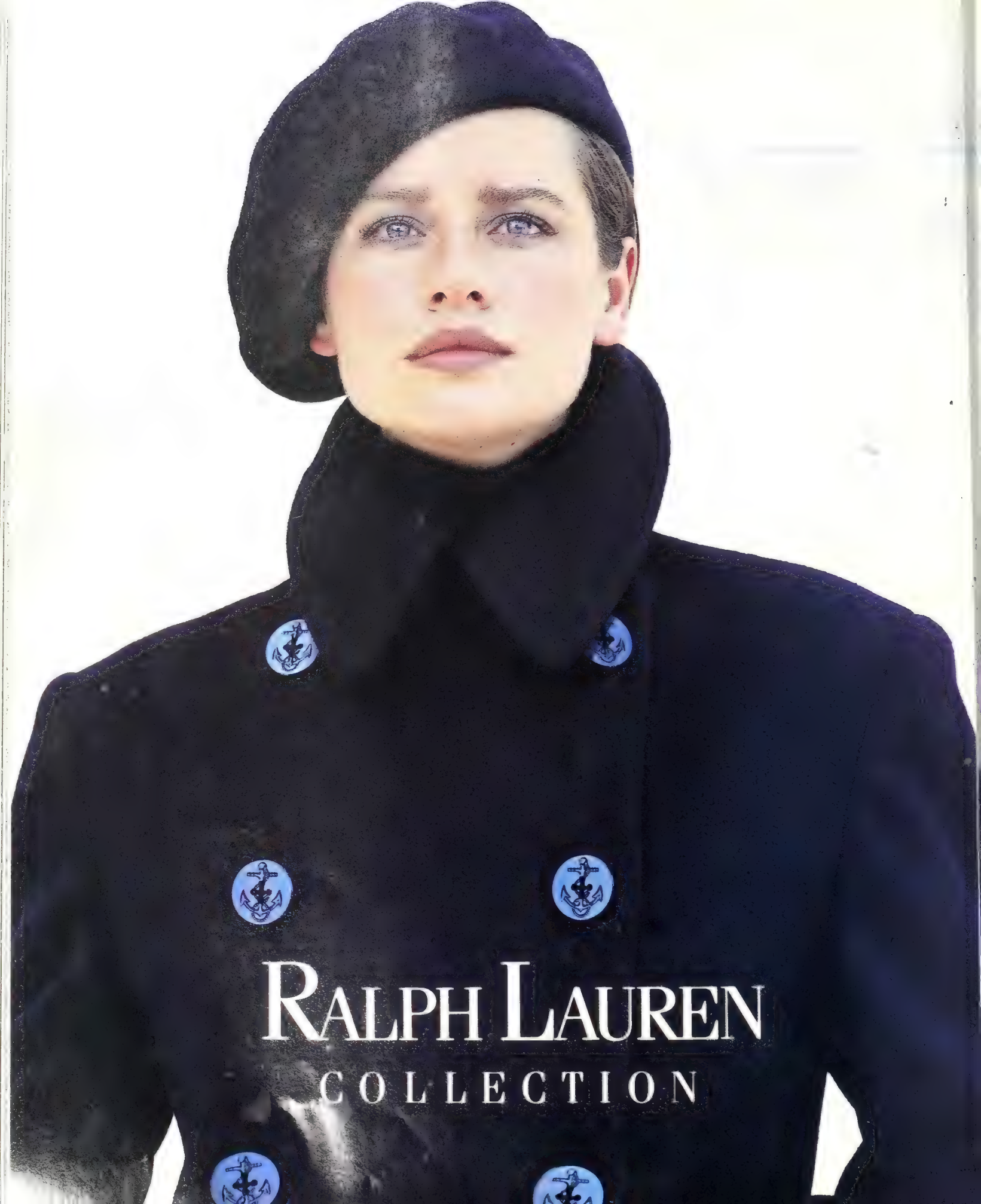
A not-so-distant cousin to Alexander Calder's bent-metal masterpieces, these mass-produced steel and iron designs took the form of sculptural plant stands, settees, birdcages, and even cradles (billed as "entirely free from insect annoyances"). And because they were easily portable (unlike cast iron) and able to withstand the elements (unlike rattan), they made the rounds from conservatory to porch to croquet lawn.

Longer-lived than most Victorian horticultural fashions, wirework has weathered the years in a multitude of pleasing forms. Layers of old paint, chips, and an occasional rusty patch offer good evidence that a piece is vintage. Replicas, offered by the Office of Horticulture at the Smithsonian and other sources, are also available for those who cultivate a nineteenth-century taste for the glossy and new. ▲



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RALPH LAUREN
COLLECTION

september

A DAY'S OUTING to landmark New York State houses with John Dobkin, the new president of the preservation group Historic Hudson Valley, has filled my mind with thoughts about the cultural significance of chairs and sofas, carpets and wallpaper, porcelains and family portraits. All are valuable records of their time and place, telling us as much about an era as about individual tastes. The houses I saw—18th-century Van Cortlandt Manor, Washington Irving's Sunnyside, and the ambitious restoration-in-progress Montgomery Place—are reminders that interest in decoration runs deep. This month we approach the subject with a behind-the-scenes look at the extraordinary sets of filmmakers Ismail Merchant and James Ivory, beginning with *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*, their interpretation of Evan S. Connell's novels. In this film, as in other Merchant-Ivory productions, period interiors play a leading role, conveying the director's point of view as volubly as the dialogue. Real-life rooms also speak out in the September HG, in stories on major projects by John Saladino, Jacques Grange, Richard Lowell Neas, Keith Irvine and Richard Langham, and Joe D'Urso. "Decorators' Private Domains" examines design in its purest form—apartments that five young decorators created for themselves. In addition, we chronicle the exceptional London flat of Christopher Hodsoll, an homage to early 19th century neoclassicism; the landscape paintings of the fauve movement, described by Rosamond Bernier; the career of Pritzker Prize–winning architect Aldo Rossi, in a compelling portrait by Martin Filler; and autumn gardens, presented by eminent garden writer Allen Lacy. These too are cultural records, and HG is proud to preserve them.

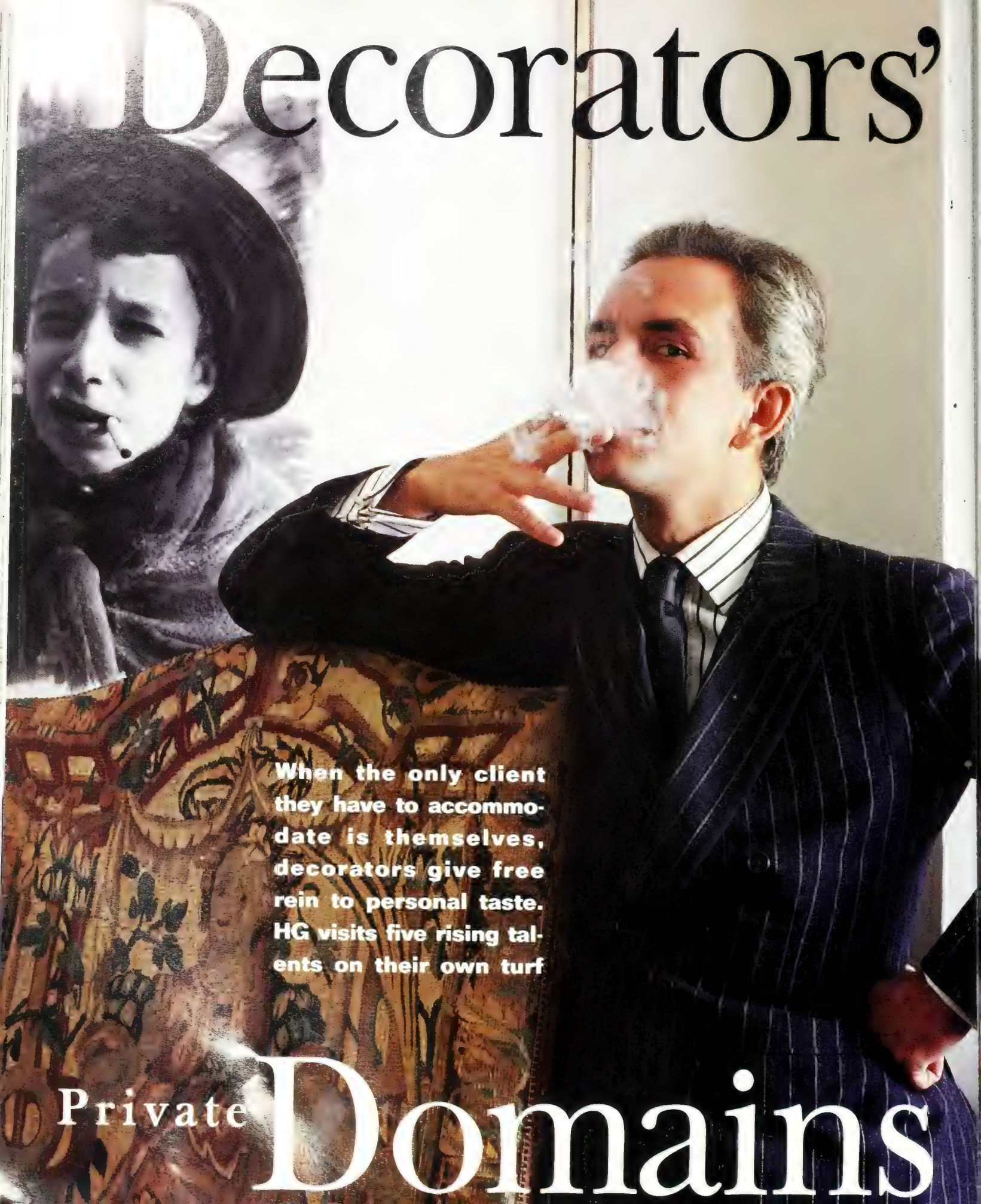


The living room of Las Tejas, a villa in Montecito, California, recently restored and decorated by John Saladino.

Mary Novograd

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Decorators'



When the only client they have to accommodate is themselves, decorators give free rein to personal taste. HG visits five rising talents on their own turf

Private Domains

Gentleman of the Old School

ROBERT COUTURIER



I was brought up to inhabit a world that no longer exists," says Frenchman Robert Couturier earnestly, though he is only in his early thirties. "My mother's life, like that of so many French women, passes in a Louis XV drawing room. My father is devoted to conservation; people from my background spend their whole lives afraid of losing something. I came to New York to escape." At one level Couturier did escape: he now designs interiors, furniture, and buildings and has a staff of six working for him. But there is still an echo of his upbringing in everything he does. His apartment is a mix of the very comfortable—a divan covered in pillows as though for some Eastern potentate—and the hideously uncomfortable. The precision of the arrangement, even of the most baroque items, provides clarity, as does the absence of color from the walls. "It's not a question of whether something is beautiful or not. Of what does it remind you?" says Couturier. "I have a very close relationship with my things, probably more than I have with people." ANDREW SOLOMON



In Robert Couturier's living room, *above*, clean white walls offset a collection of carved, gilt, and upholstered antiques. The curtains are Scalamandré taffeta. *Left:* Couturier's tiny bedroom is draped with cotton bordered by Scalamandré silk damask and gold trim. *Preceding pages:* Couturier, next to a photograph by Gerald Incandela. A side table laden with precious objects. Details see Resources.

La Vie de Bohème

DAVID SALOMON

David Salomon's generous layering of fabrics, pictures, portières, screens, and mirrors gives his tiny walk-up the exotic air of a nineteenth-century bohemian atelier. "Decorating cannot be approached without passion," he says, likening his accretion of objects to the brushwork on a Van Gogh canvas. He credits Geoffrey Bennison—with whom he worked on a Rothschild apartment—and Diana Vreeland with teaching him the value of objects that have personal meaning. "Mrs. Vreeland really didn't own anything precious," he says, fondling a porcelain spaniel purchased from her estate. "But hers was the most sophisticated apartment in New York." Handsome proof that he puts this theory into practice are several marquetry frames and a sturdy slipper chair, all built by his cabinetmaker grandfather. His collage of primitive and elegant fabrics—some irreverently obscuring an important American table—is a Salomon design signature. Even so, "most clients can take only so much color and pattern. But here there is no limit."



Flea market finds and family heirlooms mingle in David Salomon's compact atelier-style apartment, *above*. Every surface bares evidence of his passion for layering fabrics the way artists apply paint. *Left:* Salomon peeks through his bedroom portières made from Lee Jofa printed linen.



"Part of me thinks one table and one chair is enough," says David Kleinberg, who instead lives with a harmonious mix of Biedermeier,

Mix Master

DAVID KLEINBERG

talian neoclassical, oriental, and contemporary furnishings

When a decorator puts together his own apartment, objects tend to settle in like stray kittens. "Often you find yourself presented with something," explains David Kleinberg of Parish-Hadley, "and then somehow you make it work." A case in point is his crescent-shaped sofa, a client's reject, whose space-gobbling curves seemed ideal back when his apartment was bare. Then there's the elegant dos-à-dos that was copied from a client's Napoleon III original. "I think of it as a bench with an armrest in the middle, though a friend once straddled it like a horse." And scattered about are numerous gifts from friends—an ivory and tortoise box, a plaster bust of Sir Walter Scott, a Wedgwood vase. But some of the objects, such as the Austrian Biedermeier secretary—"my first major piece of furniture"—Kleinberg actually purchased. "This is a multipurpose desk. When I lived in a studio apartment, I stored my socks and underwear in it." In his current two-bedroom apartment the secretary "isn't quite big enough" for the wall it stands against. To fill the void harmoniously, Kleinberg adorned the space with an eighteenth-century screen, neoclassical prints, a gilt sunburst, an urn ("a $30 piece of wood"), and a hauntingly sculptural dead Ming aralia ("One day I just decided to stop watering it"). "Basically I took everything I liked—Italian chairs from the last twenty minutes of the eighteenth century, an Asian coffee table, contemporary art—put it in a big bag, and shook it up," reflects Kleinberg. The process may sound chaotic, but the result is, to use his words, "quietly dynamic."



Kleinberg's sage-colored living room features an array of furniture and fabrics procured during the course of his job, including a custom crescent-shaped sofa, a Parish-Hadley bookcase, and an upholstered dos-à-dos copied from a client's original.

Empire Meets Moderne

JOHN BARMAN



John Barman and his pug, Buster, *top,* relax amid his signature mix of Empire and thirties-style objects. Barman's prize piece, an Empire console attributed to Jacob-Desmalter, stands in the entryway. *Above:* Oversize ruby-colored armchairs surround a table with a 1930s base. The curtain fabric is from Schumacher.

Clues as to who inspired the decor of John Barman's seventeenth-floor apartment are positioned throughout the space. In full regalia his muse stares from a frame on a lacquered tabletop, and bronze and dashing he gazes from a shelf. Clearly, Napoleonic taste rules this domain, yet Barman has given the Empire style a fresh twist. After painting the walls and floors a slick white, he boldly combined his ormolu and mahogany side chairs and bronze candlesticks with thirties-inspired club chairs, lamps, and end tables. Barman sees a "real affinity" between moderne and Empire design. The two periods merge amusingly in the glass-topped center table, whose colossal acanthus-leaf pedestal, circa 1935, looks like the result of a growth-hormone experiment. The acanthus motif recurs, scaled down, on the claret and gold silk that covers chairs and pillows. But Barman's most cherished possession is an 1805 console, identical to one purchased by Napoleon for the Grand Trianon at Versailles. "No one ever comments on it," Barman sighs. "It's too subtle," he concludes, smiling appreciatively.

A Different Stripe

ROBERT YOH



A pair of 1930s tin palm trees take shelter in Robert Yoh's playful studio apartment, *above*. Side chairs upholstered in violet silk and an old Brooks Brothers shirt are trimmed with rainbow-hued sneaker laces. A Clarence House stripe papers the walls. The carpet is from Stark. *Right:* Robert Yoh perches on an Addison Mizner table.

Like a boutonnière that squirts water, Robert Yoh's studio apartment looks upright but is full of surprises. Yoh, assistant to Albert Hadley of Parish-Hadley, has a Duchampian knack for putting objets trouvés to new uses. A circular mirror, painted red and yellow, is a wooden form once used for casting railroad wheels. A pair of Louis Whoever chairs are backed in a Brooks Brothers shirt and trimmed in sneaker laces. Yoh plucks a small concrete pyramid from the top of an urn. "A speed bump," he explains. "I looked out my car window and saw Egypt." A visitor chez Yoh also sees touches of Florida, where he grew up. There's an Addison Mizner coquina table with a marblelike patina. Tin alligators creep along the mantel. And tin palms from a 1930s Harlem nightclub spread their spiky fronds overhead. Although the apartment's redecoration was completed a year ago, Yoh's imagination keeps lurching ahead. What's he thinking of next? "Japanese buoys for the palms and glass-chip sidewalk cement for the walls."

AMY FINE COLLINS

Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet and Carolyn Sollis

Lingerie designer Josie Natori teams up with Jacques Grange to decorate her grand pied-à-terre on the rue François-Ier

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache

Paris Ensemble



BORN AND RAISED IN THE PHILIPpines, in what she describes as a matriarchal family—her grandmother was referred to as supreme commander in chief—Josie Natori's practical and creative instincts were both nurtured from an early age. She has studied piano since she was four; she majored in economics and finance in college. She rose to vice president at Merrill Lynch; she left Wall Street and became a lingerie designer. Her intimate apparel is all intricate embroidery; she considers herself, above all, a businesswoman. "I don't really see myself as a designer," says Natori. "I'm a gambler."

Impeccably elegant in a Christian Lacroix suit, seated on a Louis XV chair in the salon of her Jacques Grange–decorated apartment in Paris's chic eighth arrondissement, Natori explains how a combination of inspiration and pragma-



The architectural details and airy proportions of the salon sold Josie Naturi, above, on her eighth arrondissement apartment. Jacques Grange added columns and designed silk curtains to billow over an Aubusson carpet. Details see Resources.

informed its creation. "I'd always dreamed of having a house in Paris. After spending several summer vacations here with Ken [her husband and business partner], I started to look for a pied-à-terre. This was the first one I saw. It was very dark, with art deco wood paneling, except for the salon, which had its beautiful molding intact. But I was mesmerized by the possibilities, by the space and proportions of all the rooms." Natori dreamily understated the apartment's shortcomings to Ken ("I told him that it just needed a paint job") but also had the good sense to find someone, perhaps the only one, who could realize the possibilities—who could make the place, as she says, "Parisian in every sense of the word."

Jacques Grange began by convincing his clients that the fin de siècle apartment's basic blueprint should be respected. "Originally, Ken and I thought we would have our own rooms separate from the main rooms of the house," says Natori. "But Jacques thought we were mad not to utilize its flow of space. He was right." The library, dining room, and salon radiate from the hallway through original glass-paned French doors; mirrored French doors separate the salon and the bedroom. Grange replaced the older panes, stripped the rooms of their paneling, and decorated them with his trademark lavishness.



"I saw the design as neo-eighteenth-century Paris with a touch of an aquatic floaty feeling," he says. That feeling, established by the fluid progression of rooms and their transparent thresholds, is enhanced by silks that fall from tabletops and windows like ballgowns in mid waltz. In the salon, for example, red and white striped silk Decorum curtains billow across two large Arabesque [illegible]. The decorator also installed [illegible] to define a [illegible]



marble bust commands a corner of the salon. The lacquer table is inlaid with tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl and topped with Sui porcelain figures; the figures on the side table are Ming. *Inset:* A bustier from Natori's fall collection is embroidered with pearls, gold beads, and gold thread.



Upholstery designed by Jacques Grange after a flame pattern he and Natori found in an antiques shop dramatically amplifies the deep red of a Kashan rug and Fortuny fabric on the library walls. *Opposite:* An 18th-century Venetian chandelier and a pair of 17th-century Portuguese portraits preside over the dining room.





...the ...of the ...of ...
'...cellimus' at its peak of bloom, sedum 'Autumn Joy' living up to its name, and *Hosta plantaginea*, its grand leaves beginning to turn. *Opposite:* In high autumn, sedum undergoes the last of its myriad color changes before its seed heads darken to mahogany.



LEFT: ALLEN ROKACH RIGHT: JOHN NEUBAUER

The Forgotten Season

Many American gardens come into their own only when summer has passed

By Allen Lacy

About autumn and gardens there is a widespread but entirely unfounded notion that spring and summer are the gardening seasons and that autumn brings everything to an end, except for chrysanthemums and chores. Autumn means that while we listen to geese honking overhead as they migrate south, we rake leaves, tidy up perennial borders, and kneel in the dirt to plant next spring's bulbs before we put away our tools for the winter. But the conventional wisdom about fall is dead wrong. A garden can be at its very best in autumn—although it took me many years to recognize the rewarding possibilities of this neglected season.

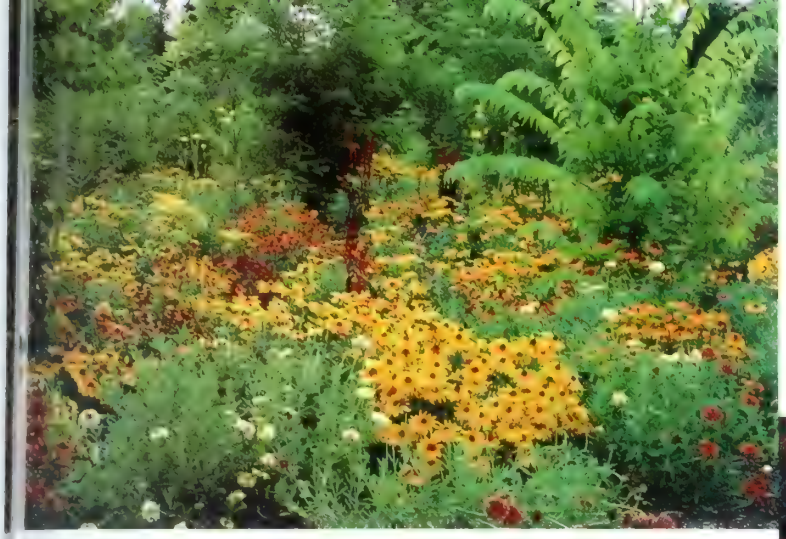


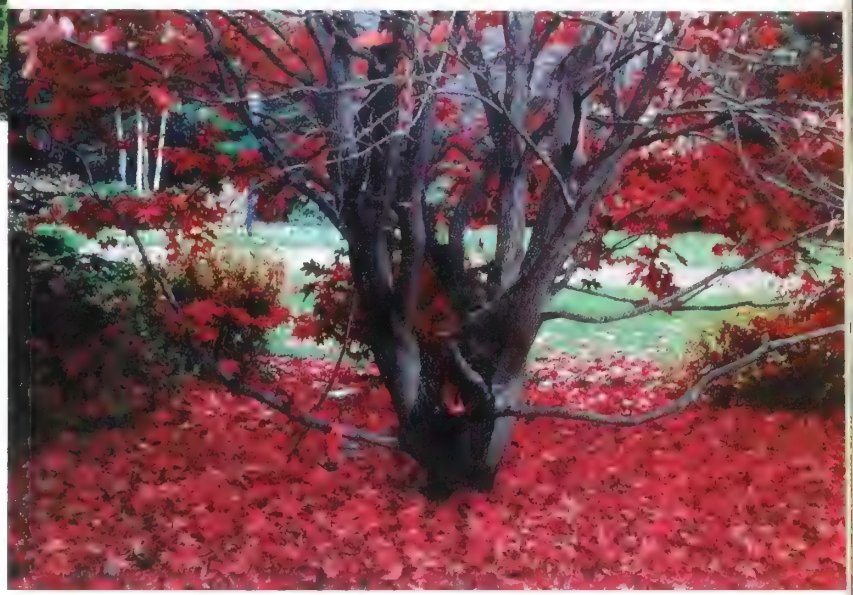
The smoky tones of lythrum, ornamental grasses, and joe-pye weed make the yellow of rudbeckias in the distance all the brighter. Although Americans have paid little heed to our native joe-pye weed, Britons treat it as the royalty of the late season garden.

Even before this recognition, of course, I knew a few things about fall. Certainly in most of America it's the best time of the year to be in the garden, even if just to do the chores. Autumn is a kindly season, and a forgiving one, with its own special rhythms. Although the nights grow steadily cooler and longer, the soil cools down more gradually, still holding summer hostage. It warms our hands and our souls as we work in it. And fall is the best season to transplant many perennials and woody plants. Soil that is still warm, plus the slow soft rains typical of autumn in much of the country, encourage strong root growth. Cool nights discourage sappy vegetative growth that can be damaged by the more extreme weather to come. Fall-planted perennials and shrubs will not suffer the stress that afflicts some of those planted in spring as they struggle to make root systems and also come into flower in too brief a time.

Even weeding becomes a pleasure in autumn, or at least less of a drudgery. If the garden has been reasonably well tended earlier in the year, the few weeds that remain are easily dispatched. Thus far I have stayed with the conventional wisdom, the reflections on autumn by a spring and summer gardener grateful for the lull among weeds, ready to kneel down and plant my spring bulbs, writing what I could have written a decade ago and would have written then. But some Septembers ago, I noticed that something had happened in my garden, a shifting of balance by small accretions that tilted the plot of land I till toward autumn. Gradually, a couple of plants at a time, and quite unintentionally, I had accumulated perennials and shrubs with a prolonged period of bloom, plants whose flowers lingered well into fall, as well as those, like asters, whose flowers first appeared in autumn. It was these plants themselves that taught me about the overlooked possibilities of the season. Once I had learned their lesson, I began seeking out additional plants for an autumn garden, taking full advantage of the great and growing number of fine mail-order nurseries in America.

My garden is now at its best in the fall, with an abundance of bloom I could not have imagined ten or even five years ago. On a recent day in mid September I counted some 75 different kinds of perennials, annuals, shrubs, and bulbs in flower, in a long list from *Abelia* 'Edward Goucher' to *Viola* 'Molly Sanderson'. A good many other plants were not in bloom yet, but started later on. These, mostly October bloomers, included *Chrysanthemum nipponicum*, *C. arcticum*, various hardy cyclamens, two perennial sunflowers, *Lespedeza thunbergii*, or Japanese bush clover, and five different cultivars of the *Erica* × *darleyensis* winter heaths—all by themselves a substantial group of worthy plants. Five weeks later, only 17 of the mid-September 75 had quit blooming for the year; eleven were near quitting. All the rest were still putting on a show. Even on Thanksgiving, the garden had not said its final word. Some chrysanthemums remained, and still in bloom were pink oxalis, some herbaceous potentillas, sweet alyssum, abelia, and 'Betty Prior' roses. Deep blue and apricot primroses—the apricot ones intensely hon-





Tall spikes of *Lobelia splendens* rise above a spreading tide of gloriosa daisies, *above*. *Right:* Fallen Japanese maple leaves form a pool of dramatic color. *Below:* The rough rusty red leaves of oak leaf hydrangea consort with *Anemone x hybrida* 'September Charm', the warm white blossoms of *Asteromoea mongolica,* and the little pink buttons of centratherum.



eyed—blossomed beside a doorstep, and a volunteer johnny-jump-up with unusually large dark purple flowers had just chimed in.

Autumn inevitably is a season of winding down, of ceasing, but its changes are very slow and gradual, and if plants are chosen carefully for what they bring to the garden at this time of year, fall can also offer bounty—and I don't mean only its harvest of apples and pumpkins. The same year that I made those three successive inventories of what was blooming from the middle of September to Thanksgiving, I made a late April inventory as well. It showed 39 different kinds of plants in bloom. Some, like tulips and crown-imperials, were highly spectacular. But the inventory itself was less rich and various than its equivalent in the middle of October. The problem with gardens in autumn lies not in the absence of plants that are lovely then but in our neglect of the season, our failure to widen our knowledge and exercise our imaginations, and our sticking to old, well-trodden, and familiar paths.

If autumn can be the best season in the gardening year, given some careful attention to choosing plants, the question naturally arises: why have we paid it so little heed?

A part of the answer is that we base so many of our expectations on the horticultural traditions of Great Britain and on its accompanying literature. English gardens, however, have almost nothing to teach us about fall. Fall is our recompense for our fiercely unpleasant summers, when we envy the British their long twilights, their moderate weather, and their herbaceous borders, which we look at admiringly but can never quite emulate. If we envy the English their summers and the plants they can grow then that we cannot, they in turn must envy us our autumns and the plants that we can grow then that they cannot. And the plants are many. The American native swamp sunflower, a ten-foot tower of golden glory here in late October, seldom flowers in England, where it is grown for its foliage. A good many ornamental grasses that form seed plumes here or take on interesting shades of red in autumn perform poorly in Britain. Our summer heat enables us to ripen many more fruits and berries.

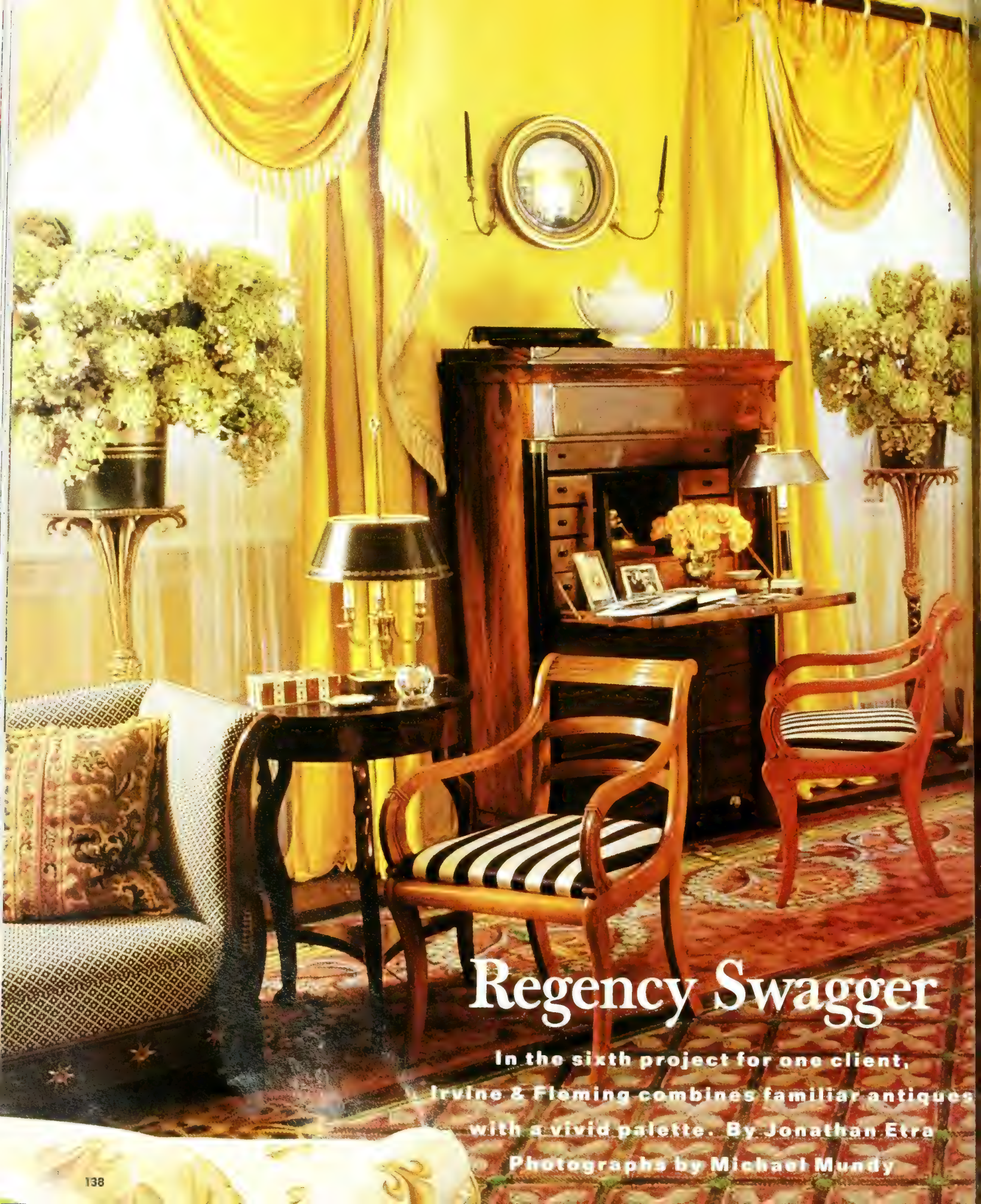
The differences between America and England are founded on scientific realities, but they also show up in literature. British nature poets, on comfortable and lyrical ground with spring and summer, turn dour and unenthusiastic when autumn is the topic. Keats, in his ode "To Autumn," comes up with little besides mists, crickets, apples, and swelling gourds as tokens of the fall. Thomas Hood's "Ode: Autumn" mentions owls, mossy elms, departed swallows, dead roses, bitter fruits, and a cloudy prison for the soul. Shelley's poem on the season is titled "Autumn: A Dirge."

But if British poetry about autumn is dismal and cheerless, American poetry is, to the contrary, strikingly sunny and bright. Henry David Thoreau was enamored of fall as a time of asters and goldenrod, a time when "nought disturbs the serious life of men." The popular poets William Cullen Bryant, Helen Hunt Jackson, and Celia *(Text continued on page 210)*





In Lynden B. Miller's Connecticut garden, purple cabbages combine with *Miscanthus sinensis* 'Variegatus', the ripening foliage of Siberian irises, and the striated leaves of *Iris pallida* 'Variegata'. Blue oat grass completes the picture.



Regency Swagger

In the sixth project for one client, Irvine & Fleming combines familiar antiques with a vivid palette. By Jonathan Etra

Photographs by Michael Mundy



to look like an Empire Aubusson showcases a collection of Directoire and Regency antiques in the drawing room, papered in a radiant yellow stripe from Clarence House. The curtains are Scalamandré silk. Details see Resources.





"THERE'S NO GREATER PLEASURE THAN CREATING A JEWEL out of whatever crops up in a client's life," says decorator Keith Irvine, of the New York firm Irvine & Fleming, who, assisted by Richard Langham, helped turn a four-room pied-à-terre into a sparkling, surprisingly comfortable space. His client, a lively woman who grew up in a well-furnished colonial farmhouse west of Houston, is an avid collector of antiques, particularly Empire, Directoire, and Regency furniture. "I don't enjoy buying antiques for people. I like to work for people who already have them," says Irvine, who considers this apartment the best work he's ever done. "It's an urban fantasy—it could be in London, Paris, New York, or Rome." In truth, the apartment might have been in any of those cities—along with furniture, the owner collects residences. "I float through houses," she confesses. "I've had a lot of them." Irvine has overseen three of these as well as two apartments, and as a result, he says, "I've known most of this furniture for thirty years."

Each of the owner's new dwellings is a distillation of all the others. For Irvine the challenge is selecting what to use where and how to blend diverse elements into a whole—a puzzle he has been solving ingeniously since the fifties, when he worked as John Fowler's assistant at the prestigious firm of Colefax & Fowler in London. "I thought I was just working for a bad-tempered man who underpaid me," Irvine confesses. "In fact, I was incredibly lucky. Those were the great years." The firm had a strong view of English style, and Irvine speaks lovingly of what Fowler believed made a great English house great: "Three quarters is always English, plain and comfortable—the good English Chippendale chair, for



Directoire wallpaper from Brunschwig & Fils, gilded moldings, and a lacquered dado, *right*, "wrap the dining room like a package," says Irvine. *Below:* A dining room still life. *Above:* Irvine applied a wallpaper border from Clarence House to a living room mirror installed by Sister Parish when she occupied the apartment. The banquette is covered in mattress ticking.

Irvine upholstered



ed nquette in mattress ticking and a Directoire chair in "mad violet silk"



example. With such an anchor, you bring in the more flighty elements. Every room must have a little kick of French."

The astute combination of florid and plain is very much the Irvine approach. "I don't like grand furniture," he says. "I like things that pretend to be grand but aren't." Here the purest embodiment of this conceit is the living room rug, a fake Aubusson. "A real one would have cost as much as the apartment," says the decorator. "Instead, we bought an immense sisal rug and painted it. It has high style with a naive edge."

Of course it is the extraordinary arrangement of neoclassical furniture which is the focus of the space. In Houston the owner was exposed to fine furniture at an early age. "My mother took me to antiques stores," she reminisces. "The dealers would give me after-dinner coffee cups." From a fondness for china, her tastes rapidly expanded: she bought the settee now in her New York drawing room while she was still in her teens. The Directoire sconces were also bought "back in the Dark Ages" in Houston. She frequented "wonderful shops on Charles Street" while she was living in Boston's Beacon Hill, and in each of the other cities she lived in or visited she also found choice items. A Charles X chest and table were discovered in the window of a store in a most unlikely little Italian town. The desk in the bedroom was acquired during her years in Denver, bought "so cheaply I gave it to my daughter," she laughs. "When I realized the treasure it was, I took it back." Aspen, New York, and Paris, among other venues, also contributed to her collection.

Irvine edited this abundance down to a manageable size, integrating it into his vision of an open airy space. The apartment was chosen for its large drawing room. Once home to the celebrated decorator Sister Parish, "it was country and gardeny," recalls the present owner. "It took me four months to get her presence out of the apartment. We had to get through six layers of wallpaper. The last was mandarin orange!" With all due respect, Irvine also felt the Parish sensibility as a weight: "It was a Yankee vision of a London house. We took the apartment in a different direction."

The only remaining Sister Parish effect is the large living room mirror that the decorators edged in a Greek key wallpaper from Clarence House. The mirror reflects the sunlight that tumbles in all day through four large windows overlooking Central Park almost at tree level. Irvine strove for curtains "dressy as they come" to serve *(Text continued on page 214)*



The bathroom, *above*, is embellished with Pompeian-style wall designs, a faux marble floor, and a pale blue ceiling. Towels hang from a Directoire-style screen. *Right:* A Directoire sleigh bed on a Stark carpet fills a charcoal-colored alcove in the bedroom. *Opposite:* At the other end of the room, neoclassical curtains of André Bon silk frame a Directoire writing table.


Great Houses of America

A custom-designed De Angelis sofa upholstered in cotton canvas from Henry Calvin rests on natural-colored sisal from Sanford-Hall in the living room. D'Urso modified the steel and glass cocktail table from LCS, but left alone Charles Eames's classic 1960 walnut stool for Herman Miller. The bamboo and paper floor lamp is by Isamu Noguchi. Details see Resources.



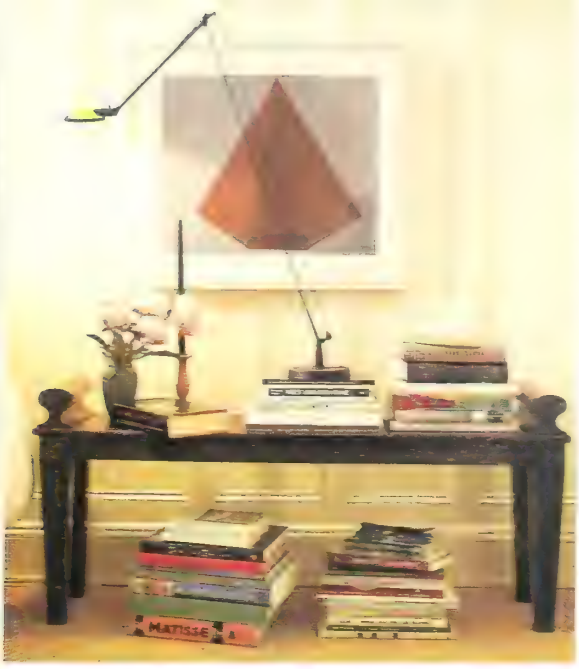
The Essential D'Urso

With characteristic restraint, designer Joe D'Urso outfits a Greenwich Village apartment

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Michael Mundy









An English bench in the bedroom, above, supports books and a halogen reading light from Anemone. The watercolor is by Ed Wolf. Right: Ingo Maurer's Blochi and Illuminaire's French Directoire side table from Philippe Starck, NYC, and a Bauhaus-era chair next to an iron and brass bed. Marcel Breuer's tubular-steel dining table is from Elite, W. NYC Bistro. The bathroom is lined in black marble with fixtures from P. E. Guerin.

D'Urso is le



ıtocratic in the nineties, more open to the tastes of his clients



meticulously restoring the period ornament where it had deteriorated, replicating where parts had been destroyed. He also saw to it that Flynn's apartment had a fitting entry, which it lacked. From a former coat closet adjacent to the front door he carved a small but elegant foyer, which he lined in the same marble that extends into the nearby bath. Like the kitchen, the bath is persuasive evidence that luxury has little to do with scale.

Since Flynn's furniture collection consisted of four eighteenth-century English dining chairs, D'Urso took him shopping and together they assembled a quirky collection of pieces that D'Urso arranged with characteristic care. A glimpse confirms that the designer is comfortable about mixing periods and styles. In the bedroom, for example, Biedermeier meets Bauhaus and French meets English—a little Eames stool rests next to a big iron and brass bed. A straw-colored sisal carpet ties the disparate elements together.

Across the foyer in the living room, D'Urso opted for more contemporary pieces—an overstuffed sofa slipcovered in white cotton canvas, a freshly minted steel and glass cocktail table, and a wicker wing armchair suitable for summer in Southampton. Which, not incidentally, is a mere thirteen miles down the Montauk Highway from East Hampton, where D'Urso is now at work on Flynn's weekend house. ♠ *Editor: Anne Foxley*

In the dining area, *above*, 18th-century English chairs from Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC, surround a custom-designed granite and painted steel table. *Opposite:* Though compact, the kitchen is meticulously crafted of bleached maple, honed granite, and both clear and wire glass.





The dining room balcony offers a sweeping view of the palatial salon. A Chinese carpet, c. 1900, from Doris Leslie Blau, NYC, unites an array of French antiques and custom-made furniture. Brunschwig & Fils damask covers the walls and appears as curtains that nearly scrape the 18-foot ceiling. Details see Resources.



Château Manhattan

Decorator Richard Lowell Neas looks to France for ways to transform a New York duplex.

By Christopher Petkanas

Photographs by Michael Mundy



DAVID GILMOUR SAYS HE ENDURED VISITING SOME TWO hundred Manhattan properties before moving from London into a towering 1920s East Side duplex. "On Eaton Square we had the kind of space I thought was impossible in Manhattan until we saw this. As for the decoration, all my life I've been a Francophile. I've been wandering around France since I was seventeen."

The Canadian entrepreneur and his wife, Jill, settled on decorator and decorative painter Richard Lowell Neas as their man to evoke France in Gotham after seeing the glamorous bedroom he designed, with his client Cheryl Tiegs in mind, for the 1986 Kips Bay Decorator Show House. "I had done Kips Bay seven times and never gotten any work from it, so that year I decided I would do something completely over the top," Neas remembers. "There was a half million dollars of eighteenth-century French, English, and Italian furniture in that room, and the Gilmours went mad for it."

Presented with a down-at-the-heels apartment that had not seen a stroke of freshening since the 1950s, when it was home to singer Lanny Ross, Neas says his sole directive was to achieve the showcase atmosphere of a great French country house. The designer does not hesitate to use the word "château" to describe the feeling they wanted to suggest, and he is flattered when friends tell him the apartment looks as if the Gilmours sent for a decorator from France to do it. Neas was positively fastidious about details, from the finely sculpted moldings to the practically invisible light switches. "The overall look was inspired by classic French château decoration, but the upholstered furniture has the kind of comfort the English cherish," says Neas of the most ambitious and extravagant commission of his 21-year career. "All the Louis are represented, but there are none of those big stiff French pieces that are impressive enough but not all that comfortable. The rooms, in pale beiges and ivory blues with red accents, reflect a collector with diverse interests. The Gilmours would have been bored by a pure French château, and I would too."

Neas's sole directive was to achieve the showcase atmosphere of a great French country house

While the degree of finish and quality of furnishings in the apartment would seem to guarantee owners who are intensely interested in their surroundings, Gilmour insists his home is "not an obsession." Neither, certainly, is entertaining. After several unsavory experiences with a handful of chefs, Jill Gilmour—who prefers not to stir the sauce herself—ruled out dinner parties. She decided instead to offer friends the novelty of formal teas—pots of Earl Grey, whole wheat scones, Devonshire cream, and strawberry preserves. For dinners, she says, "we have guests for cocktails at home and then take them to our favorite restaurant, La Grenouille."

Knowing that formal dinners would be rare, Neas added a combination library and sitting area at one end of the dining room and, at Jill Gilmour's behest, painted pale sky and clouds on the ceiling. "The gilded Adam dining chairs are upholstered in brown leather," Jill notes, "because I have dogs and also because I didn't want the decoration to be too formal." Neas embellished the dining room balcony that overlooks the vast salon with a pair of tall eighteenth-century iron gates that were laid horizontally to create a railing. This end of the room is flanked with wooden columns. "Before, the ceiling looked as if it was about to fall because there was nothing holding it up," says Neas, who painted the pillars to look like Caen stone from Normandy.

Caen stone reappears in a mantelpiece that the Gilmours found in Paris. The mantelpiece, together with the eighteen-foot ceiling in the salon, encouraged Neas to make a number of bold design decisions, including the addition of more than a dozen purely cosmetic off-white beams, distressed to resemble split wood. Added at right angles to two bearing beams in the salon, they give the room the visible architectural bones its scale demanded. A dull straight staircase in the entrance hall was replaced by a sinuously curving one, its railing a copy of the old ironwork in the dining room. And where the architect of the building originally placed an open terrace, Neas introduced a snugly enclosed sitting room and put painter James Alan Smith to work creating a trompe l'oeil brick and stone ceiling based on those in the vaulted arcade of the place des Vosges in Paris. A collection of richly patterned batiks that the Gilmours gathered in Indonesia appear in the room as lampshades, pillows, and upholstery on a Louis XVI chair.

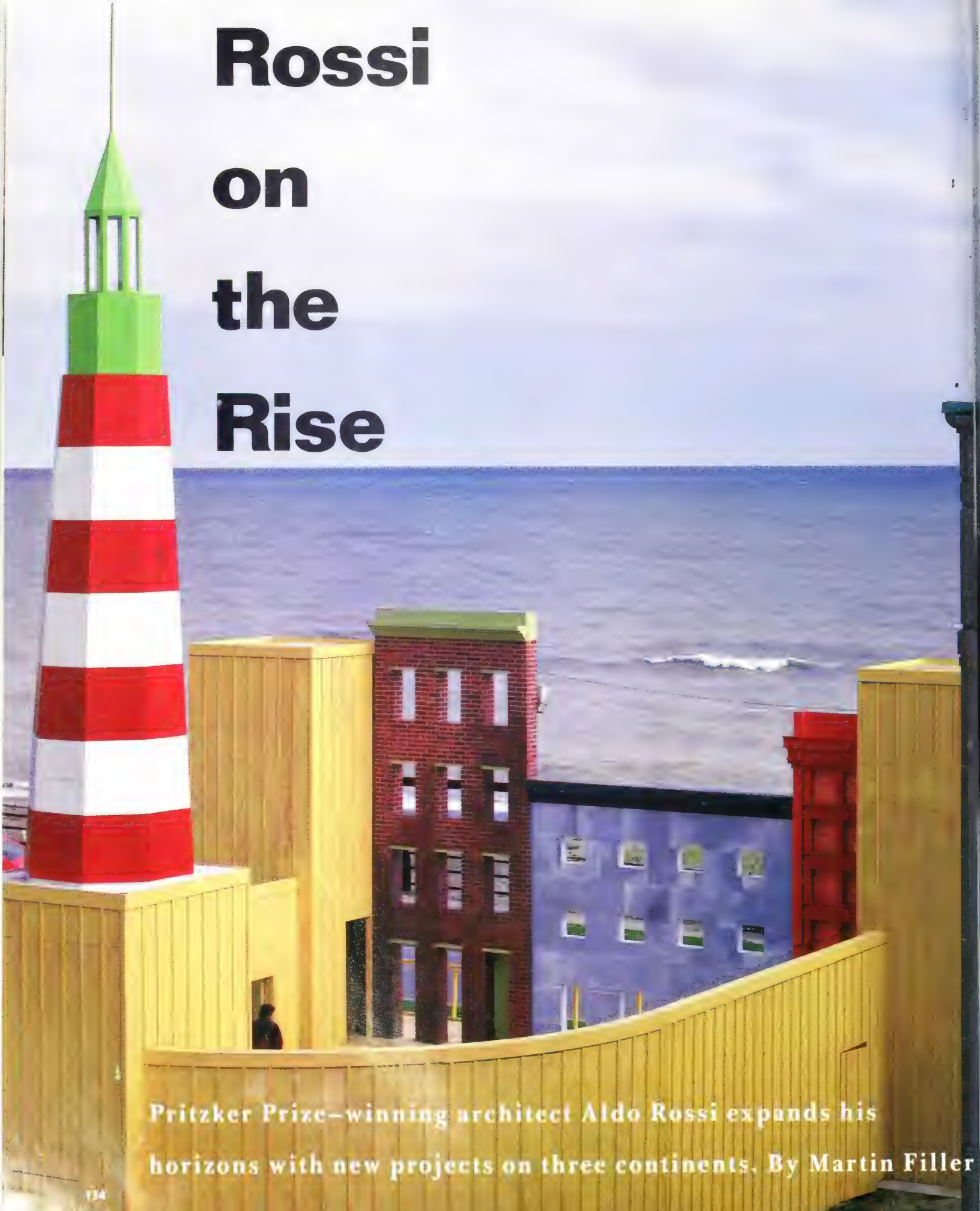
While Neas says he would "love to get his hands on a real French château," that's not the reason he recently moved part-time to France. "I decided to go to Normandy," he says, "to practice my first métier, decorative painting." In anticipation of his move, Neas taped a long list of French words, together with their English meanings, to the bathroom mirror of his New York pied-à-terre. By the time his bags were packed he had already learned that *efficace* means efficient and that *oser* means to dare. ▲ *Editor: Babs Simpson*





Neas created the illusion of greater height in the dining room, *above,* by extending the lacquered walls onto the ceiling. Robert Adam chairs surround a Louis XVI table. The far end of the room is furnished with a chesterfield sofa and reproductions of the brass bookcases Billy Baldwin made for Cole Porter. *Right:* Neas transformed a terrace into a sitting room he embellished with a trompe l'oeil ceiling and plaster walls that mimic Caen stone. *Opposite:* Peonies fill a delft tulipière in the salon.

Rossi on the Rise



Pritzker Prize–winning architect Aldo Rossi expands his horizons with new projects on three continents. By Martin Filler



The elusive Aldo Rossi takes temporary refuge behind one of the new folding chairs he designed for Alessi *Opposite:* The architect's Toronto Lighthouse Theater, overlooking Lake Ontario, 1987–88.



IF THE MOST COMPELLING ART ARISES from the tensions between opposites—order and accident, ugliness and beauty, timelessness and immediacy—then it is understandable why Aldo Rossi is now being acclaimed as one of the greatest architects of our time. Formal recognition of what has long been accepted as fact among his coprofessionals came in June at a ceremony in Venice where Rossi was presented with the Pritzker Architecture Prize, the self-styled Nobel of that field. Rarely has the prestigious award gone to anyone as deserving or as deceptively simple.

In his sixtieth year, the Milan-born Rossi retains the innocent appearance of an altar boy, but his earnest visage masks a mass of contradictions, both personal and professional. He has been at once a Catholic and a Communist, a puzzling pairing of beliefs for those not familiar with Italy's convoluted political landscape. For decades Rossi had been exceptionally ascetic, but at the onset of middle age, following a near-fatal car crash, an unexpected streak of hedonism began to emerge from his quiet nature. He was fired from his professorship at the Milan Polytechnic in 1971 for his political sympathy with protesting students and went into a voluntary three-year exile in Switzerland.

Although obsessively reclusive, he is the author of some of the most important autobiographical and philosophical writings by an architect since Frank Lloyd Wright. A dweller in the realm of architectural fantasy made visible in his incomparable drawings, Rossi is also the builder of some of the most brutally unsentimental structures during a period of extreme superficiality in architecture. His stark confrontation of death in his unforgettable cemetery buildings at Modena places his approach to the classical ideal in another league from that of his contemporaries. They tend to see that ancient tradition as an invitation to a merry picnic; for Rossi, classicism means participation in a weighty and unending historical drama.

Implicit in Rossi's Pritzker Prize is the acknowledgment that no present-day architect better understands how to incorporate the past into modern design. Rossi uses many familiar classical motifs—pediments and porticoes, cornices and colonnades—but stripped of decorative ornament and free from the cloying nostalgia into which historicism so easily descends. And he is quick to point out that he is no Gianni-come-lately postmodernist. "I began my research into tradition in architecture years before the term 'postmodern' was ever used," recalls Rossi in a rare interview,

Rossi's eight-story ossuary, *above*, and columbaria, San Cataldo Cemetery, Modena, Italy, 1971–84. *Below from left:* Two interiors in his new Teatro Carlo Felice, Genoa, 1982–90; model for Sapporo Tower, a restaurant in Japan, 1989; façade model for church in Cascina Bianca, near Milan, 1990; interior of El Dorado Bar, Fukuoka, Japan, 1989; Il Palazzo hotel and restaurant complex, Fukuoka, 1987–89.







TOP: TIMOTHY HURSLEY; BOTTOM FROM LEFT: ...



No present-day architect knows better than Rossi how to incorporate the past into modern design

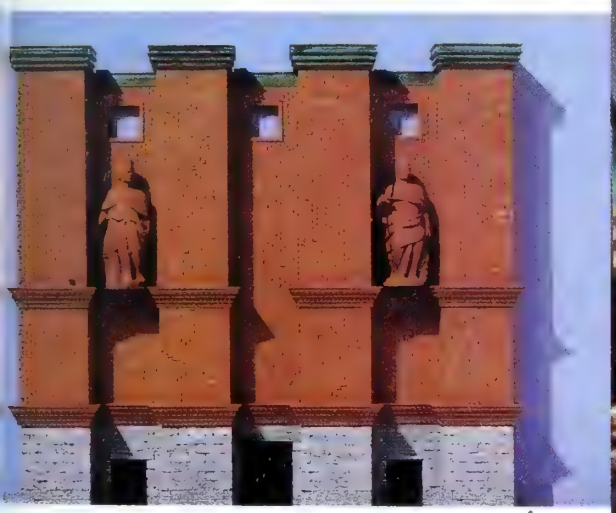
given in his University of Venice classroom not long before the Pritzker Prize was bestowed on him. His interest in tradition is not limited to the high style. He has been as much influenced by vernacular Italian farm buildings as by the great monuments of the masters. In fact, now that he is building on three continents, the question of how to deal with history—or even whose history—is raising issues that the uncommonly reflective Rossi did not have to confront during his long years of obscurity as an academic theorist and teacher.

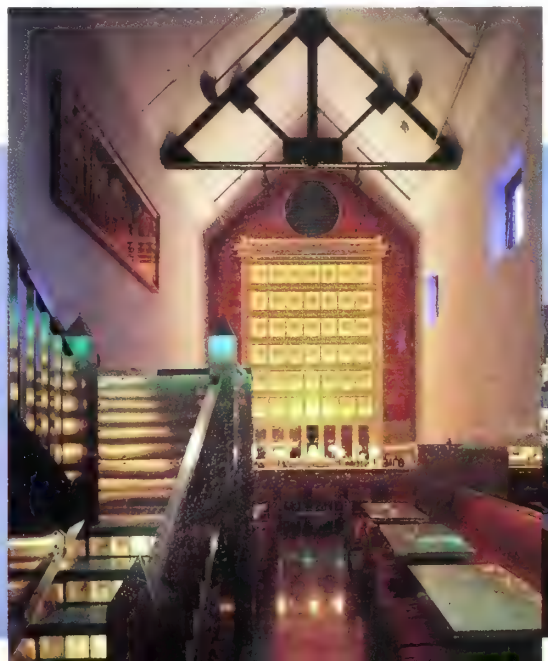
"I have always taken my ideas on architecture from every part of the world," he explains. "But at the same time I am very interested in understanding the country where I am working. For example, I've recently made some small houses in Pennsylvania. I tried to understand the American tradition, but in the end the houses are my own. I've made quotations from Palladio many times in my architecture, but if you go to Louisiana and see Palladian buildings there, it's really very different from Palladio."

Even more of an indication of Rossi's burgeoning recognition around the world is the amount of new work he is doing in Italy, which has been notoriously inhospitable to its own best architectural talent. Among the projects Rossi has recently completed there is the new Teatro Carlo Felice in Genoa, a fountain in Milan, and a 300,000-square-foot regional government center for Perugia, the capital city of Umbria. The stately building in Perugia is not only one of his largest executed works to date but also the scheme that most resembles the paintings of Giorgio de Chirico, whose haunting surrealistic cityscapes have been a potent influence on Rossi's architectural imagery.

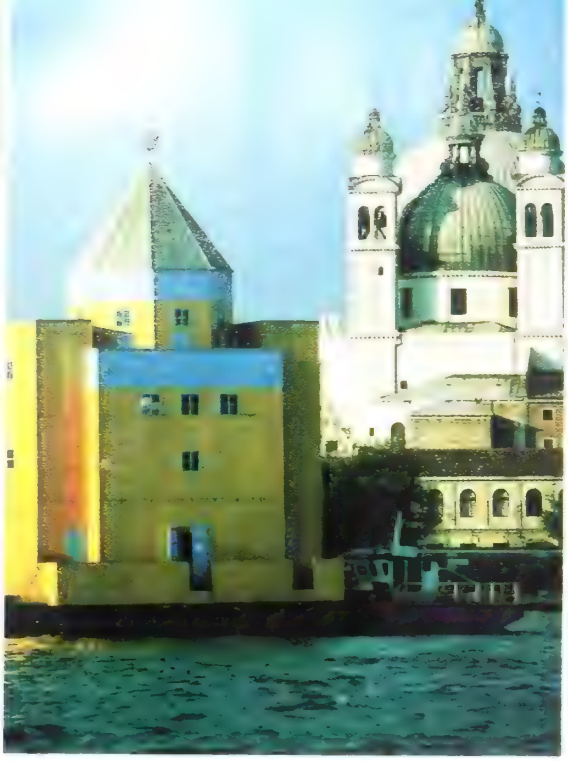
Indeed, like Chirico's dark and depopulated dream sets, Rossi's vision of metropolitan life is far from the festive atmosphere often summoned up by American architects who want us to believe that their open urban spaces will be as carefree as a sparkling midday on the Piazza San Marco. Rossi understands the pathos of daily existence in big cities—its visual bleakness, its social isolation, its spiritual alienation—and he does nothing to romanticize the harsh realities as he finds them.

On the other hand, his gentler sense of the enjoyment of domestic life, which is more acutely appreciated in Italy than almost anywhere else in the industrialized world, is uninhibited by









Does Rossi see his Florida scheme as the Epcot Center version of his own career?

his brooding awareness of mankind's tragic tendencies. The contrast shows in his product design as it underscores those divergent points of view. "There is a continuity between domestic objects and architecture, but with a difference," says Rossi, who has designed both with equal success. "There is a difference from the point of view of feeling and spirit, but not of form."

That helps explain the monumentality with which Rossi invests his product designs, from his tea kettle and espresso maker for Alessi to his beach-cabana armoire for Longoni. Each, regardless of size, possesses a commanding architectural scale that in no way compromises its suitability, yet raises it above the decorative norm for such objects. To Rossi, the home is nothing less than stage and sanctuary in one, and his attention to its pleasures and protocols is as complete as it is in his work on the urban scale.

No less remarkable in their thoughtfulness are the architectural sketches that have made Rossi one of the most widely collected draftsmen of his generation. He is careful to draw distinctions between his capriccios and his depictions of works in progress. "They are two different mediums," he observes. "Sometimes I like to make a drawing just for its own sake, sometimes for construction. Those I make for construction are more real for me because they have more power. Not long ago in London I spent two days at the Royal Institute of British Architects looking at the drawings of Palladio, and I found them very instructive. The early Palladio, who didn't have much work, made many drawings. The late Palladio, who had much work, made fewer, but those are very full of feeling."

Rossi's gripping renderings have helped the architect, with less than a dozen built works to his credit until 1980, to convince clients around the world that he was capable of bringing his concepts to reality. Although Rossi follows the imperatives of place and moment in the genesis of architectural design, he also believes in the continuity of ideas that can unite very different sets of circumstances across geography and time. One of his most moving, and mobile, schemes is the Teatro del Mondo—Theater of the World—a temporary floating auditorium he designed in 1979 for the Venice Biennale. In that legendary city, amid some of the most resolutely unalterable sites in the world, he achieved the virtually impossible. He added, if only fleetingly, a structure that conveyed such authority and presence that after it was removed from its mooring at the Dogana, across from the Piazza San Marco, it seemed as though the architectural character of Venice had been permanently diminished.

The Teatro del Mondo might make a reappearance on our own shores. Rossi included *Text continued on page 210*



Rossi's 1986 drawing for his University of Miami School of Architecture, *right*, now under construction in Coral Gables, includes sketches for replicas of two of his most successful earlier designs. At lower left is the Teatro del Mondo, built in 1979, and, center opposite, his Segrate monument and fountain of 1965. *Above:* The floating Teatro del Mondo, when moored at the Dogana in Venice in 1979.

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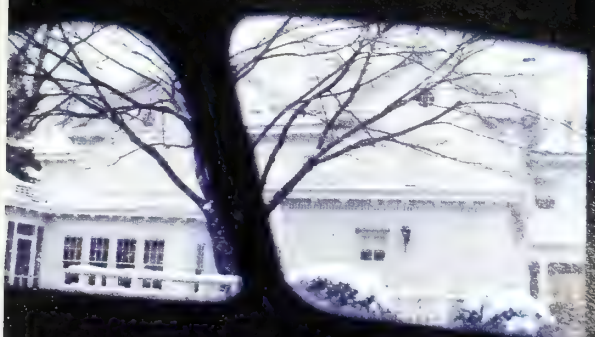
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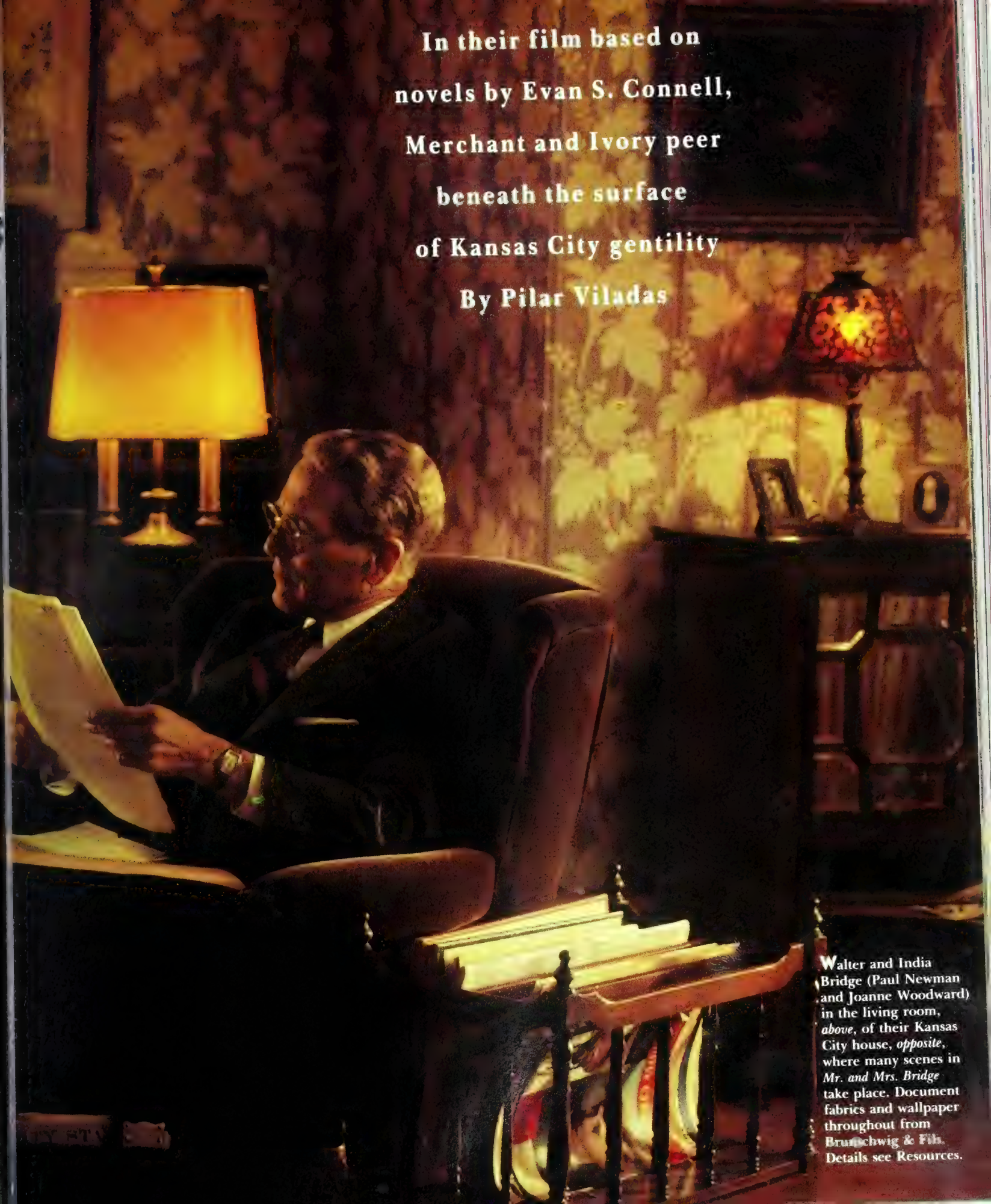
LIVING



ROOM

In their film based on novels by Evan S. Connell, Merchant and Ivory peer beneath the surface of Kansas City gentility

By Pilar Viladas



Walter and India Bridge (Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward) in the living room, *above*, of their Kansas City house, *opposite*, where many scenes in *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* take place. Document fabrics and wallpaper throughout from Brunschwig & Fils. Details see Resources.

On a quiet tree-lined Kansas City street, a white clapboard house sits primly atop a gently rolling lawn. Roses climb the trellis at the front door. Inside, the morning mail is stacked neatly on the hall table. Honey-colored sunlight pours through the windows of the tasteful but slightly frumpy living room. In one corner, comfortable armchairs—brown mohair for the man of the house, floral-printed cotton with a crocheted antimacassar for the lady—are placed near a large radio console.

Upstairs in the girls' room, cabbage rose wallpaper and checked curtains vie for attention with knickknacks, perfume bottles, and mementos; the inside of the closet door is plastered with a collage of movie star photographs. In the boy's room, wooden model airplanes hang from the ceiling, and one wall is covered with a map of the United States with airline routes marked by tacks and string. A catcher's mask hangs on the closet doorknob, and Hardy Boys mysteries are neatly stacked in the bookcase upon which sits a sign that reads BUSTER BROWN SHOES ARE SOLD HERE.

Welcome to the Bridge house. Never mind that the roses are artificial, the furniture is borrowed, the sunlight's golden hue comes from colored gels stuck to the windows, or that the dining room has a large ungainly photographer's light affixed to the ceiling instead of a chandelier. It may only be a movie set, but to anyone who has read *Mrs. Bridge* and *Mr. Bridge*, Evan S. Connell's semiautobiographical novels of upper-middle-class Kansas City in the 1930s and '40s, it is so powerfully evocative that you feel suddenly transported into the books themselves, as if Walter or India Bridge could appear at any moment.

In fact, it is Paul Newman or Joanne Woodward who could appear at any moment, because they are playing the unflaggingly proper, emotionally distant protagonists of *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*, Merchant Ivory Productions' soon-to-





The Bridges in the country club dining room, *above*. *Opposite:* Producer Ismail Merchant, at left, and director James Ivory. *Right* and *below:* A retrospective of Merchant-Ivory films.



A Room with a View

Slaves of New York



Maurice



Quartet

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW GARN; JOEL WARREN











CHRISTOPHER CORMACK



be-released film version of Connell's novels and the product of the latest collaboration of producer Ismail Merchant, director James Ivory, and screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. These three, who have been working together for over 25 years, have produced many literary adaptations, including Jean Rhys's *Quartet,* Henry James's *The Europeans* and *The Bostonians,* and E. M. Forster's *A Room with a View.*

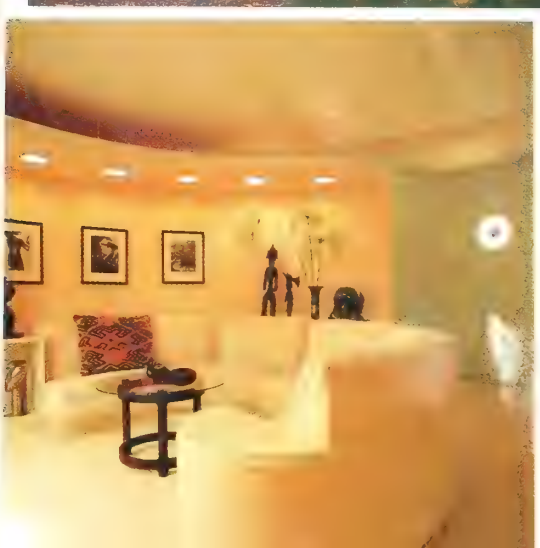
Among these literary luminaries, Connell must surely be the most tight-lipped; his chilling yet ultimately moving portraits of a prosperous repressed lawyer and his dutiful unquestioning wife (which are loosely based on Connell's own parents) are drawn in the sparest possible prose. India Bridge "brought up her children very much as she herself had been brought up, and she hoped that when they were spoken of, it would be in connection with their nice manners, their pleasant dispositions, and their cleanliness, for these were qualities she valued above all others." As for Walter Bridge, "Often he thought: My life did not begin until I knew her. She would like to hear this, he was sure, but he did not know how to tell her. . . .So the years passed . . .and eventually Mr. Bridge decided that his wife should expect nothing more of him. After all, he was an attorney rather than a poet; he could never pretend to be what he was not."

For James Ivory, deciding how this stiff-upper-lip world should look was relatively easy; he came from just such a background



James Ivory, a former architecture student, is a director who takes an extraordinary interest in the design of his movies. Deciding how this appearances-are-everything, stiff-upper-lip world should look was relatively easy; he came from just such a background. "I grew up in a small town in Oregon, but middle-class society there was exactly like that of Kansas City," he explains. On the other hand, although Merchant and Ivory are known for their sumptuous period films—which are invariably made on impossibly small budgets, the price they pay for complete artistic control—this one was different. "It's the first period film I've done that took place in my lifetime," Ivory says. "It was harder to make decisions because I was able to be more critical. When you're dealing with the 1850s, it has to be an approximation, but there's such a record of what the world was like in the 1940s." In fact, Ivory refers to the design of *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* as a "scientific reconstruction," which meant, for example, finding a house that was architecturally appropriate to the mood of the story—"something buttoned-up and New England–looking"—and then finding another house in which to shoot the kitchen scenes, since the kitchen in the Bridge house had been modernized.

Of course, there's art in this scientific reconstruction, and the credit for that goes to production designer David Gropman and art director Karen Schulz, the husband and wife team who also designed Merchant and Ivory's last feature, *Slaves of New York,* based on Tama Janowitz's book of short stories. (Also responsible for the look of *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* are cinematographer Tony Pierce-Roberts, who worked on *A Room with a View* and *Slaves of New York,* and costume designer Carol Ramsey, another *Slaves* veteran.) "It is difficult to represent a family that is conservative in both taste and spending habits," explains Gropman. "If the house looks a little stodgy and simple, it's an accurate reflection of the period and the family." Inevitably, he walked a fine line between understatement and overstatement. "In movies you usually have to overdesign, because you never know what the camera is going to see and how much is going to make it onto the screen. But in *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* you could take this idea too far. For instance, though we made sure to include all the objects of everyday life, we couldn't leave personal items lying around in the rooms, because Mrs.



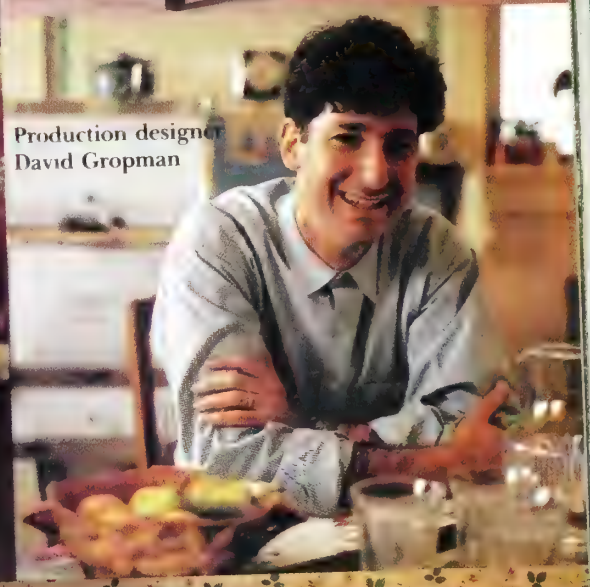
Paul Newman and James Ivory, *top left. Above left:* A 1937 Kansas City house serves in the film as the house of psychiatrist Dr. Sauer. *Left:* The interior retains architect Kem Weber's original built-in seating. *Opposite:* In the Bridge house, production designer David Gropman sought to capture the atmosphere of an upper-middle-class household in the 1930s and '40s, redecorating the living room to reflect each decade's taste.



The living room in the 1940s



The living room as it looked in the 1930s



Production designer David Gropman



Another house provided a "period" kitchen



Mrs. Bridge's sewing room



Bridge would have immediately put them away. So I tried to make the furnishings compensate for that. In the living room corner, his chair is near the radio; hers has knitting left on it. There are two small bookcases; hers has a whole shelf devoted to children's books, because she's the one who reads to the children. Mr. Bridge's has history books."

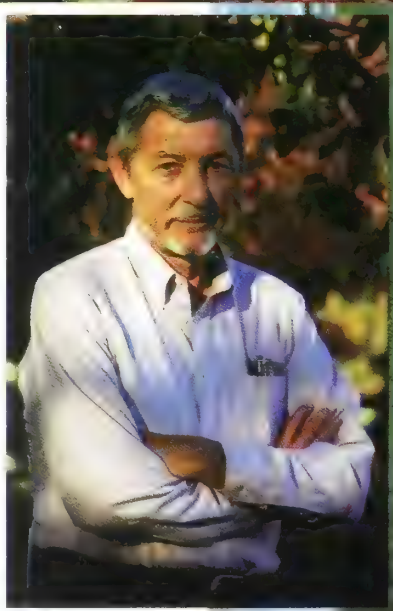
Since the movie spans two decades, it was important to change with the times. The Bridges abandon the double bed they share at the beginning of the film for the more "modern" twin beds of the 1940s (these also symbolize the vagaries of conjugal bliss over the course of twenty-some years of marriage). Gropman redecorated the living room to reflect the change in taste from the thirties to the forties: a restrained palette of burgundy and gray gives way in the next decade to more cheerful, although slightly less elegant, greens and yellows. "The textbook design of the thirties was very simple, in continued reaction to the Victorian era." Moreover, explains Gropman, Ivory didn't want the film to have the "quaint charming look of so many period films. It takes you out of the movie,

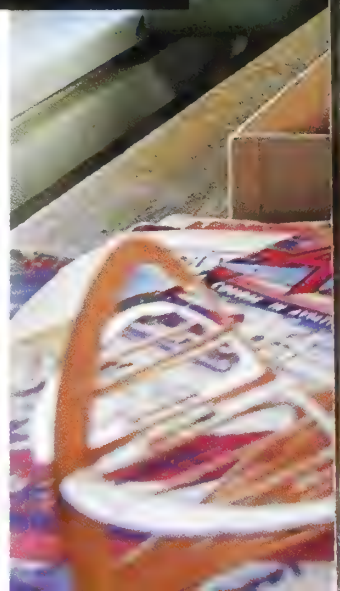
"In movies you usually overdesign, because you never know what the camera is going to see"

and all of a sudden you're thinking, where can I get a chair like that?"

Gropman and Schulz did extensive research in books, magazines, and showroom brochures, and they looked at numerous photographs of houses, including the one nearby in which Evan Connell grew up. The fact that the film was shot in the same Kansas City neighborhood added extra layers of meaning to its design. A lamp in Douglas Bridge's room was made by Evan Connell as a boy, some of the borrowed furniture belonged to people who knew the Connell family, and much of Mrs. Bridge's treasured silverware belonged to Connell's mother. It was lent by his sister, Barbara Zimmermann, who became an unofficial arbiter of authenticity on costume as well as set design.

The reason that so much was borrowed for the film was budget. Merchant and Ivory had more than $7 million to work with—an almost unheard-of amount of money for them, but still a slender purse by Hollywood standards. And of that, a substantial portion of the production design budget went, says Ivory, to re-creating the Moulin Rouge for the scenes in which the Bridges go to Paris. But if all those furnishings hadn't been borrowed (or bought in thrift shops), some of the film's atmosphere would have been lost. "There's something about the gentle wear and tear that has an emotional quality," explains Schulz. "That's true of locations, too." Indeed, some of the film's other locations—historic Longview Farm in Lee's Summit, Missouri (a mansion which became the country club on screen), the long-abandoned but intact Aztec Room at the President Hotel (also the *(Text continued on page 210)*





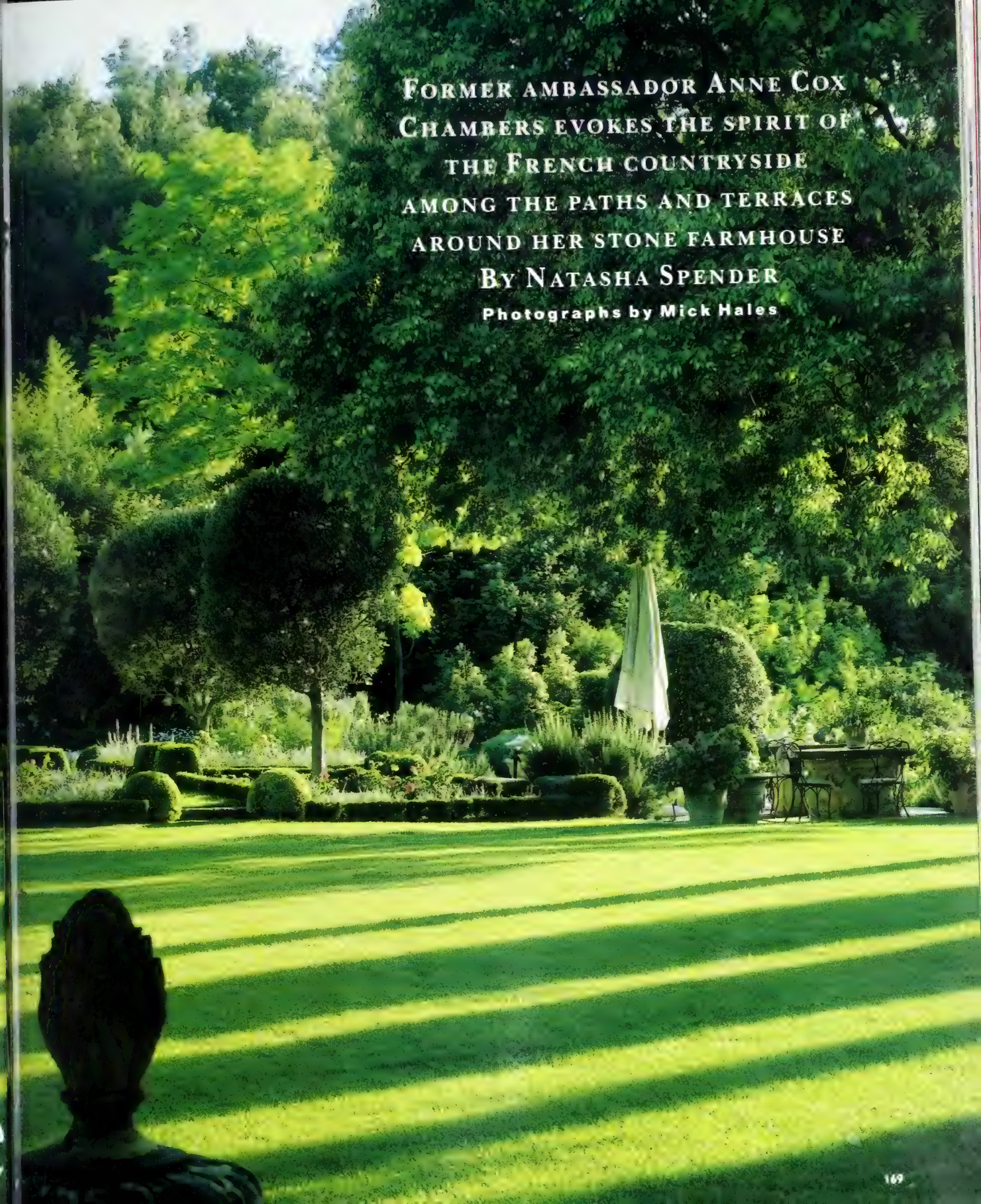
In his novels *Mrs. Bridge* and *Mr. Bridge*, author Evan S. Connell, *above*, paints evocative pictures of the children's lives. *Top:* In the film, Ruth and Carolyn's room (where Mrs. Bridge sits with Ruth, played by Kyra Sedgwick) is filled with young girls' mementos. *Right:* Douglas Bridge's room is all boy.


NC348
Tiger



Outside the house a cypress allée climbs to a hidden swimming pool. Rosemary Verey's round topiary olive trees punctuate a formal rose garden laid out by Anne Cox Chambers with Peter Coats and the late Roderick Cameron.

Shades of Provence



Former ambassador Anne Cox Chambers evokes the spirit of the French countryside among the paths and terraces around her stone farmhouse

By Natasha Spender

Photographs by Mick Hales



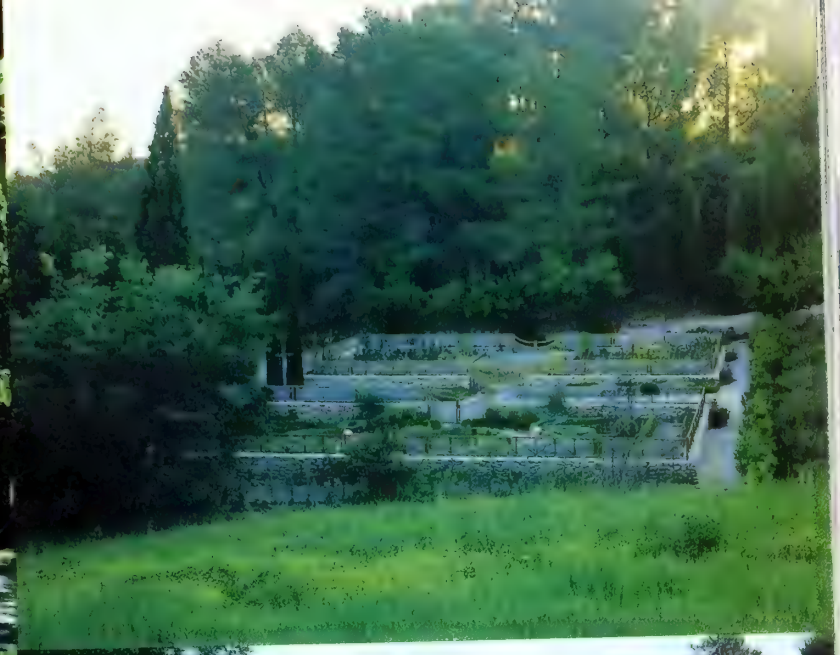
As she neared the end of her years as United States ambassador to Belgium, Anne Cox Chambers found herself reluctant to leave the French-speaking corner of Europe she had always loved and set about looking for a permanent home in southern France. Knowing that the unquiet life of the Côte d'Azur was not for her, she decided to explore Provence. On her first visit she was met by a real estate agent bearing an album of gloomily grandiose châteaux, the French stereotype of American taste abroad. This was not at all what Anne had in mind, and to her relief the agent returned with examples of the old farmhouse, or mas, characteristic of the region. An initial foray to view properties near Aix-en-Provence discouraged her: despite memories of Cézanne's Mont-Sainte-Victoire, the gaunt unyielding landscape with its rash of modern houses proved disappointing. She was tempted to abandon the quest, but politeness toward her eager young guide prevailed.

Then, returning via Cavaillon to Saint-Rémy-de-Provence, Anne saw the dramatic jagged peaks of the Alpilles—the limestone mountain range beyond which the wide flatlands of the Crau and the Camargue stretch to the Mediterranean—and the landscape cast its spell. At the western tip of the Alpilles, a stone's throw from the Romanesque chapel of Saint-Gabriel, the agent drove up a steep rutted lane until he reached the hidden enclave of Le Petit Fontanille, a simple spacious mas with a large barn. The ancient site (a Roman aqueduct and coins had been found there) was completely encircled by mountain slopes except on the northwest, where a view opened far across the plain to Tarascon. Looking away from the house

Anne Cox Chambers, *left,* **with plantsman Ryan Gainey.** ***Opposite, clockwise from top left:*** **The front door of the mas is flanked by topiary bays and shaded by grapevines. Stone walls enclose a potager and cutting garden inspired by a 17th-century English plan. Pots of oleander stand outside the pool pavilion, formerly a French village laundry. From the garden terrace one can see as far as Tarascon. A pair of antique urns mark the summit of the cypress allée. Wildflowers are sown annually in the meadow.**

NOËLLE HOEPPE













back into the Alpilles, Anne faced an allée of slim towering cypresses ascending to a wild maquis-clad ridge, but leading apparently nowhere. Her imagination was immediately kindled. Here could be a focal point, a statue perhaps, or an obelisk, with maybe another approach along a meandering path. Le Petit Fontanille presented an irresistible invitation to create a garden.

No sooner was Anne in possession of the property than she invited the English garden designer Peter Coats to advise her. "Well, it's no Versailles," he remarked, "and you can't make it one, but you have beautiful trees." All garden designers crave the bonus of mature trees. And there were tall graceful acacias, *Sophora japonica*, gleditsia with its feathery pale green spring foliage, and the deeper toned micocoulier, the tree that shadows the public gardens at Arles, painted by Van Gogh. The trees are underplanted with the strong sculptural shapes of palm and yucca, *Fatsia japonica*, and ligularia.

Anne and Peter's first project was to turn an arid tract in front of the house into a spacious lawn and to transform the unkempt barnyard into a stone-paved terrace. They made a small formal rose garden that leads to a circular stone basin, bordered in spring with cream and pale pink tulips. Shallow grassy steps were made on the slope of the allée, near which Anne and Peter added more clumps of cypresses, two marking the entrance to a new serpentine walk through quietly contrasting foliage. The ice gray leaves of the oleaster 'Olivier de Bohême' and eucalyptus have airy phantomlike tones, especially at dusk. Darker accents of *Prunus pissardii*, purple berberis, rich blue ceanothus, and glossy choisyas glow against pale roses, banksia, *Hibiscus syriacus*, and small crape myrtles, whose trunks shine like twisted skeins of beige silk. On a blazing summer day this inspired subtle planting *(Text continued on page 212)*



Clipped ribbons of gray and green santolina frame beds of herbs and vegetables in a potager enclosed by walls and latticework. To the left of the far wall, bushy rose[illegible] hedges parallel neat rows of lavender.





London textile and antiques dealer Christopher Hodsoll is at home with the past in his flat in Warwick Square

By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by James Mortimer

Remaking History

CHRISTOPHER HODSOLL'S FLAT IN WARWICK SQUARE IS rather grand. Everything in it is chunky and faded and satisfying: big comfortable chairs upholstered in worn sienna red leather, large oak bookcases with plaster busts on the shelves and rings from glasses on the wood, huge paneled double doors to every room, and enormous time-misted mirrors over the fireplaces, reflecting everything—including yourself—as though through the haze of memory.

Hodsoll is not unlike his furnishings—easygoing, overstuffed, comfortable, but visibly aware of his impressive station. The owner of Bennison, the antiques shop on Pimlico Road where Geoffrey Bennison delivered his definitive judgments on British grandeur for almost twenty years, as well as Hodsoll McKenzie Cloths, a textile shop just down the street, Hodsoll regularly resorts to the word "cozy" to characterize both his shops and his apartment. It is not a word that springs immediately to mind to describe rooms with twenty-foot ceilings, fireplaces larger than many London kitchens, and desks with tops the size of skating rinks. And yet it is not an inapposite word. The effect of these rooms is human and intimate even when they seem to ooze history from their vast surfaces; one understands how Hodsoll and Sarah Bradley, with whom he lives, can let their two-year-old daughter, Georgiana, run merrily through their elegant apartment.

When Hodsoll bought the flat, it was, except for the bedroom, a shell. All the period details have been restored, reconstructed, or imported. The fireplaces are old ones, but

The rooms of Christopher Hodsoll's London flat are grand but inviting. Hodsoll, with his girlfriend, Sarah Bradley, *above*, characterizes the entrance hall, *right*, as a "rip-off of the Soane Museum." Its sienna red walls set off plaster casts of ancient details, and a disc motif in the custom molding is elaborated by round forms such as the inlaid tabletop and Atlas's globe. Details see Resources.






MotorSport



An assortment of crackled leather furniture from the 1840s converses in the drawing room, where golden hand-stenciled walls help to avoid an oppressive feeling. *Opposite:* The shelves contain such curiosities as a blowfish and a stuffed mole.



The effect of these rooms is human even when they seem to ooze history

they came from a dealer; the doors are old ones, but the doorframes were built to suit them. The ceiling moldings were made to Hodsoll's own design, a series of discs on a flat ground below a simple cove, as though someone had glued a row of giant M&M's around the top of the room and painted them white. The motif of the disc recurs everywhere. There are ebonized circles at the corners of the doorframes and rosettes at the corners of the Victorian fireplace in the dining room. Three round dots, like an ellipsis, run across the backs of the reproduction dining chairs. The disc is echoed more subtly by the orb on Atlas's shoulders in the entrance hall, by the globe and the round mirror in the drawing room, and by circular end tables everywhere. The shape is an emblem of fullness and of balance, and fullness and balance are hallmarks of the place.

The entrance hall—"an out-and-out rip-off of the Soane Museum," says Hodsoll—is painted sienna red and covered in architectural fragments. These are mostly nineteenth-century plaster casts of ancient details—the capital of a pilaster here, the toe of a caryatid there, a nose or a bracket or a piece of a frieze in studied contrast to an acanthus leaf or a lion's paw. At the center of the room is an inlaid table, and in one corner the brooding figure of Atlas, his shoulders hunched forward and the world balanced in the crook of his neck. The hall is at the center of a radiant plan: the drawing room, bedroom, dining room, kitchen, and a guest bathroom are all accessible from it.

In the drawing room, the walls have been hand-stenciled in a giant pattern of the flocked wallpaper/Victorian brocade variety, but this has been done in golden yellow on cream, pigments brought back from Morocco, and it is part of why the room, for all its heavy furnishings, is so appealing. It has the breath of history upon it but is never too formal, never oppressive. The bookcases are devoid of books and full of Victorian quiddity: a collection of crystals mounted on a wooden stand, a blowfish preserved by some miracle of nineteenth-century science, a marble miniature of the Arch of Constantine brought back from a grand tour. There are quasi-ancient vases with big handles and narrow necks and there are lumps of coral and there are shells. An albino mole is taxidermized in a box with a tuft of grass and a little panorama. It's like a cross between a Wunderkammer and a child's fantasy, a combination of the exotic and the bizarre.

The dining room is marginally more restrained. Here the bookcases are full of books, but there are all manner of items piled on the mantel. The table, made by Robert Jupe in the mid-nineteenth century, is a massive oaken number that can extend to seat fifty. We had lunch in the dining room, served on big plates, the silver weighty and satisfying to hold, the cut-glass goblets helping the pale yellow wine refract afternoon light from the Warwick Square *(Text continued on page 212)*





Another view of the drawing room, *above*, shows curtains in handwoven fabric from Hodsoll McKenzie. All fabrics in the house are available through Clarence House. *Right* and *opposite:* The dining room features an oak table that extends to seat fifty and Hodsoll-designed chairs from Bennison, London, with inlaid ebony rondels that continue the disc theme. *Below:* Unpainted plaster walls lend a restrained effect to the bedroom and complement a mid 19th century opera design and an early 18th century Chinese watercolor of a bank. Ziegler rugs from the 19th century grace rooms throughout the house.







Brush Fire

For a brief moment, the fauve painters shed a new light on the landscape in art

By Rosamond Bernier



IN THE SUMMER OF 1888, IN A LETTER TO HIS YOUNG PAINTER friend Emile Bernard, Vincent van Gogh said something that has resounded throughout the twentieth century: "More and more it seems to me that the pictures which must be painted to make present-day painting completely itself and raise it to a height equal to the serene peaks which were attained by the Greek sculptors, the German musicians, and the French novelists, are beyond the power of one isolated individual. They will therefore probably be created by a group of men combining together to execute an idea held in common." This was to be true of cubism, of German expressionism, of dada and surrealism, of Russian constructivism, of American abstract expressionism, and of much that has happened everywhere since the end of World War II. And nowhere was Van Gogh's pronouncement more immediately borne out than in the work of the fauve painters.

What happened is the subject of an exhibition, "The Fauve Landscape," which

Matisse painted *View of Collioure*, above, in 1905, the year the fauves exhibited together at the Salon d'Automne. *Left:* Color explodes in a detail from the same landscape.

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B





was set free to lead its own life, and the effect of that uncorseted liberty is not yet exhausted.

It was not a new ambition. Paul Gauguin had already urged it upon colleagues in 1888 when he was working at Pont-Aven in Brittany. "Don't copy from nature too much," he advised. Color could speak a language all its own, he said, and it would be for the successors to bring that about. And there were Georges Seurat and his friends and above all, Paul Signac—who believed that he had cracked the secret of color with the use of the dot as the surest painterly expression. The triumphant colors and the happiness Signac had said, "We have prepared his palette for him." But the fauves were not interested in Gauguin had been in elaborate symbolism or in the expression of esoteric inward states. They were attracted to Signac's ordered [illegible] blood brotherhood, as Signac and his circle had done.

Matisse was all the more open to fauvist ideas because he had spent a summer near Signac in 1904 and did not feel, as Signac did, that the future of painting would spring entirely from the painstaking use of the color dot. "One cannot live in a house that is too well-kept, a house tended by country aunts," Matisse said later. "One has to go off into the jungle." For reasons such as this, he had become close to André Derain and Maurice de Vlaminck in 1901. Derain and Vlaminck were best friends. *(Text continued on page 208)*



In works such as his 1906 *Landscape near Chatou, above*, Vlaminck pressed paint right from the tube onto the canvas. Painted the same year, Albert Marquet's *Posters at Trouville, left*, and detail, *right*, was inspired by the passing scene.





Classical Order

Built on a hill in Montecito, California, Las Tejas draws its inspiration from Vignola's 16th-century Villa Farnese outside Rome. Designer John Saladino restored the house to its original splendor and outfitted the vast interiors, such as the drawing room, *opposite*, with a mix of antiques and furniture of his own design. Details see Resources.



Decorator John Saladino summons the glory that was Rome for a house overlooking the Pacific

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Langdon Clay

THREE [illegible] CHARACTERISTICALLY very composed John Saladino received a call [illegible] of a venerable Mediterranean [illegible] Montecito, California, [illegible] im react in a way surprising to [illegible] has ever met John Saladino. He [illegible] those fanatics who have been to too many Bette Davis movies," recalls the bicoastal designer. "I knew each room in advance of their describing it."

Saladino's intimate acquaintance with the house, as well as his giddiness, can be explained by the fact that he had put in a bid to buy it himself. And though he'd lost Las Tejas, as the [illegible] tile, stucco, and stone pile is known, the commission to restore it wasn't such a bad consolation prize. Built in increments by three different architects between the 1880s and the 1920s, the house harks back to a time more glorious than our own. Perhaps because Francis W. Wilson, who remodeled the house in 1917, had looked east, not west, for his aesthetic inspiration—to Caprarola outside Rome, to be precise, where architect Giacomo da Vignola built the Villa Farnese in the mid sixteenth century for Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, the grandson of Pope Paul III. By coincidence, Saladino has been looking in the same general direction for his aesthetic inspiration since 1967, when he spent a year working in Rome.

While some designers might have been intimidated by Las Tejas, Saladino was not. One of the mainstays of his career has been a reliance on classical references and allusions to the glory that was. So the house's scale and theatricality, its links to an opulent past, appealed. In short, the designer felt right at home. "Why are we so afraid of the word 'theater'?" he asks. "Because we come from this puritanical background that says if it doesn't keep you warm and you can't eat it, you should throw it out. I think houses should cater to our emotional needs. I always tell clients, 'If you walk into a room and it does not move you, then the room is a failure.'"

Reliance on the past notwithstanding, Saladino lives in the present. Which meant that his job in Montecito was what he calls "a tightrope walk—I wanted to maintain a respect for classical architecture and for the golden era of Montecito when the Mediterranean style was at its apotheosis, and yet I didn't want to create a mausoleum." In other words, he was willing to be faithful but not fawning.

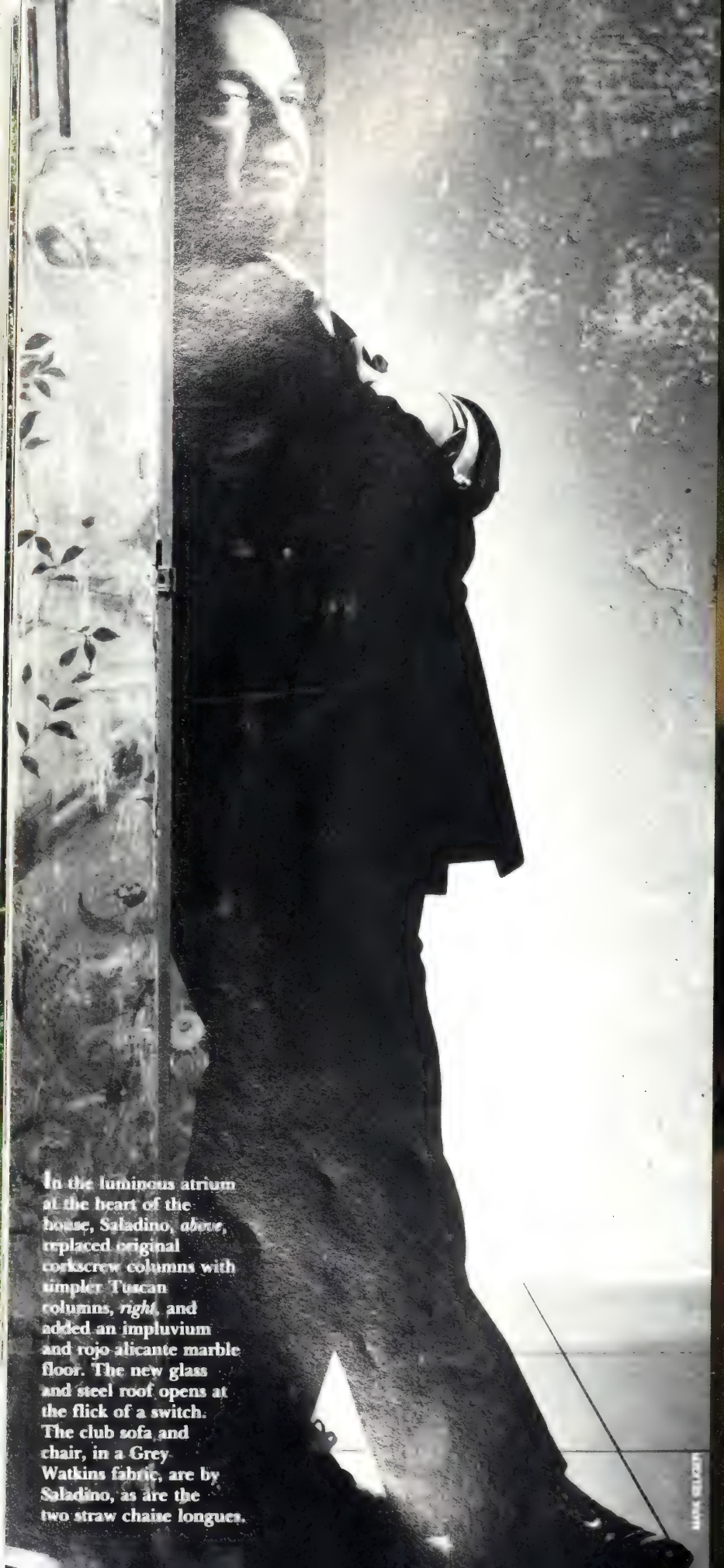
Saladino was intimately acquainted with the house—having put in a bid to buy it himself

Although there is no mistaking the vintage of Saladino's decorating—his signature mix of antiques and contemporary upholstered pieces, mostly of his own design, addresses issues of both appropriateness and comfort—there is, at times, some confusion as to where Francis W. Wilson stopped and John Saladino started. Which, of course, the latter designer intended. It was, after all, his intention to insinuate himself into the pattern he had inherited—if not



Leather doors studded with oxidized-bronze nailheads in a Roman grille pattern bisect the wall of Douglas fir bookshelves that Saladino designed for the living room. The white octagonal table is from Ambience; the two William Switzer fruitwood and silver chairs are from Roger Arlington. Saladino designed the leather lounge chair and ottoman, as well as the tripod side table. The trompe l'oeil ceiling was painted by Christian Granvelle.







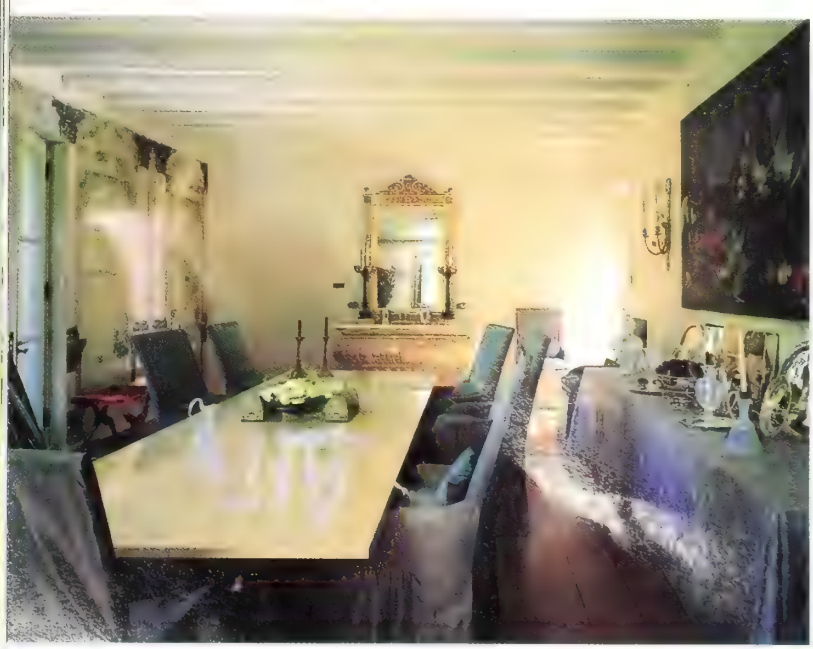
In the luminous atrium at the heart of the house, Saladino, *above*, replaced original corkscrew columns with simpler Tuscan columns, *right*, and added an impluvium and rojo alicante marble floor. The new glass and steel roof opens at the flick of a switch. The club sofa and chair, in a Grey Watkins fabric, are by Saladino, as are the two straw chaise longues.







From the south terrace, *above*, the view stretches past a water stair to a small casino and the Pacific. *Below:* In the dining room, trompe l'oeil murals depict the view from an Italian loggia. The sycamore and lacquer table is a Saladino design; the chairs are covered in Lee Jofa taffeta. *Opposite:* At one end of the gallerylike entry, pedestals support 17th-century alabaster urns from Quatrain, L.A. The 18th-century Italian console and Regence-style stool are also from Quatrain.



seamlessly at least unobtrusively. Though no surface was left untouched, Saladino's hand is nothing if not discreet. "I don't like new surfaces," he explains. "And I don't like terribly strong colors. I prefer metamorphic, elusive colors—'Is that celadon, or is that gray? Is that beige, or is that taupe?' That kind of thing." It is precisely that kind of thing that enabled the designer to update the house without destroying it.

In the living room, for example, Paris-based painter Christian Granvelle's trompe l'oeil ceiling could be an ornate testimonial to an earlier era's artistry. Similarly, a wall of new bookcases punctuated by pilasters and a massive pediment crowning a pair of studded leather doors appears to have made the journey from then to now without so much as a nick. And nearby in the light-filled central atrium, a new gurgling impluvium and new Tuscan columns extend the illusion of meticulously preserved architectural artifacts.

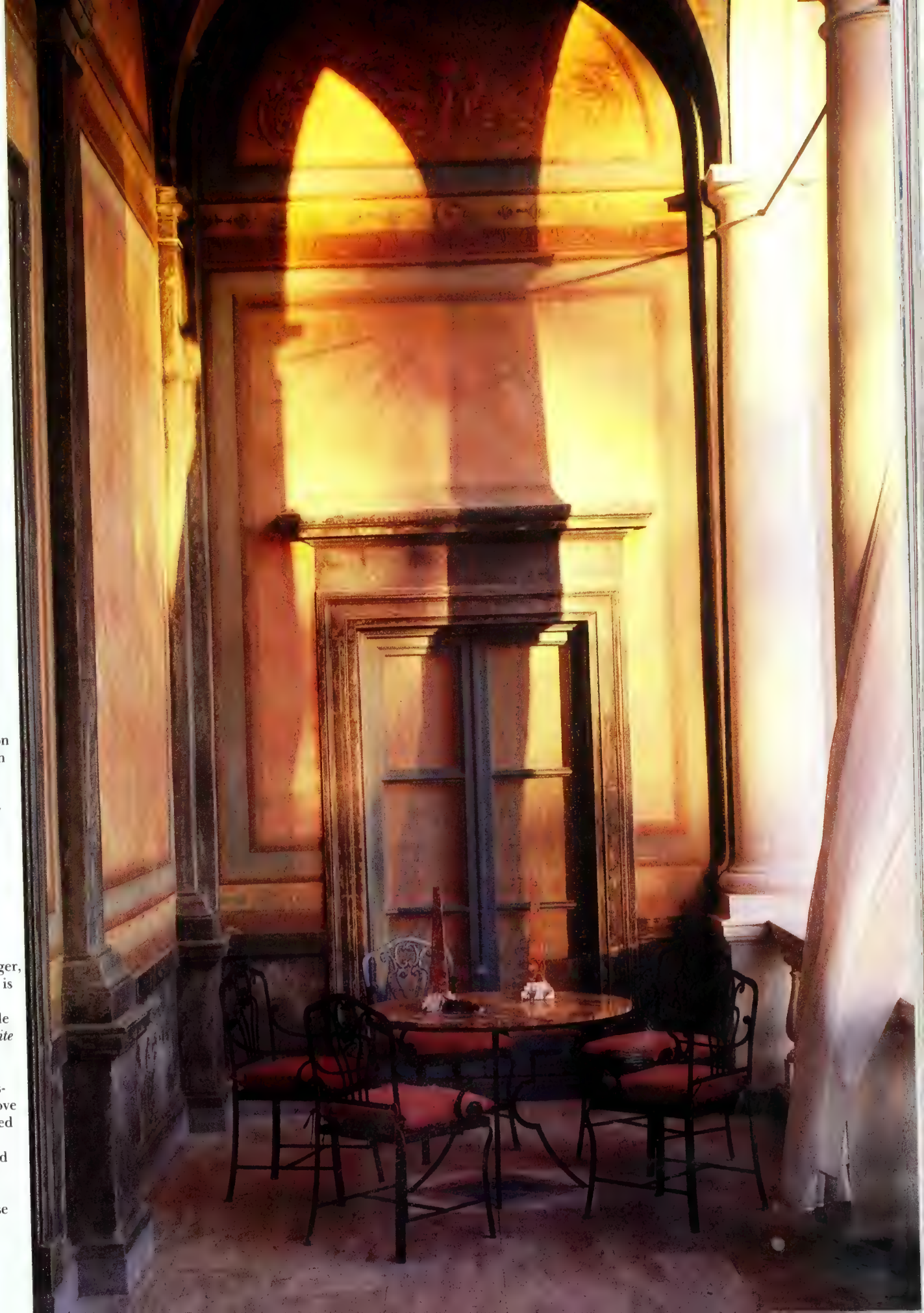
Such deferential treatment may be less than pervasive in the current be-creative-at-any-cost climate, but Saladino is confident his tack is the appropriate one: "I am not interested in inventing every new form. I am not interested in being trendy. I don't want cyclone fencing in my living room. I am conservative. Frankly, I don't think I can improve on the Doric order. The greater challenge is to use classical elements in inventive ways—not to try to reinvent the column." ♠

"I wanted to respect the past, but I didn't want to create a mausoleum"









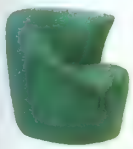
/hite parachute nylon llows along the south ggia, *right*, where a avertine and iron ble is surrounded by rought-iron chairs. *pposite above:* In ıe master bedroom, lk from Gretchen ellinger hangs om the steel-frame ed and an 18th- entury Italian sofa om G. R. Durenberger, an Juan Capistrano, is ıpholstered in linen. The three-legged table s by Saladino. *Opposite elow:* In a guest edroom, an 18th- entury French bull's- ye mirror hangs above ı love seat upholstered n Fortuny cotton. The walls are covered in a patterned toile from Lee Behren Silks. The Portuguese needlepoint carpet is from Stark.

Photography: Toscani


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great ideas



Every October and April, the sleepy town of High Point, North Carolina, is transformed into a mob scene of wholesalers, retailers, designers, decorators, and journalists, all with comfortable shoes on their feet and furniture on their minds. They arrive from points as far away as Tokyo and Tel Aviv, and as nearby as Greensboro, to size up the goods—the thousands and thousands of chairs, sofas, chests of drawers, and occasional tables—that companies display across six million square feet of showroom space inside the International Home Furnishings Market buildings, the world's largest furniture center. Destined to be sold in department stores, advertised in catalogues, and dangled in front of contestants on television game shows, the designs that surface at High Point must have broad appeal. In the past that meant traditional American comfort rather than trendsetting style, the mass-produced rather than the custom carved and stitched.

But all that is quickly changing. In recent years manufacturers have begun ambitiously upgrading levels of workmanship and looking to more sophisticated sources of design. These days much of the furniture and accessories on parade at High Point bears the imprint of design-world heavyweights, including Mario Buatta, Mark Hampton, Charles Pfister, and Lee Mindel, all of whom once catered solely to a private clientele. Their new influence in the commercial marketplace means that the time it takes for an idea to make its way from the sketch pads of the design community to the showrooms at High Point has been radically cut.

The 55,000 people who convened at High Point last spring were greeted



Mario Buatta, *right,* **stopping traffic at High Point with his children's designs for John Widdicomb.** *Above:* **Vladimir Kagan's chair for Directional. Details see Resources.**



great ideas



Design at High Point once meant traditional American comfort rather than trendsetting style. But all that is quickly changing by an abundance of furniture with hand-carved, gilt, and painted details. Upholstered pieces from sources such as Henredon, Sherrill, Drexel Heritage, and Dapha boasted dressmaker flourishes in the form of pleats, ruffles, and crisply tied bows. Flexibility was a new and noteworthy selling point. If retailers preferred to have their corner cupboard treated with a teal-colored milk paint rather than a woodsy green or their club chair covered in a bold stripe rather than a rose chintz, in most cases they only had to ask.

"People are more aware of high styles, and they're much more image-conscious," notes Michael Greengard, president of John Widdicomb, the company that summoned Mario Buatta to its front line. "In the forties, fifties, and sixties, when people got married, the first thing they did was furnish the bedroom. Now they go right for the living room." Catering to this all-frills consumer is a group of North Carolina–based companies—some of which have been owned and run by the same families for years—that are fast expanding their repertoires under the leadership of a younger, savvier generation. "We know that people aren't just looking to buy matched suites of furniture anymore; they're willing to be much more daring," says Nancy Dowdy of Century Furniture, a business that her father founded in 1947. Last spring Century unveiled a line of labor-intensive Smithsonian reproductions—each of their Philadelphia Chippendale highboys takes 225 hours to complete—alongside a group of Jay Spectre's flashy Hollywood-style designs. Similarly Baker, long a leading manufacturer, has introduced a collection by McMillen, the blue-chip decorating firm that Jacqueline Kennedy put to work at Blair House, as well as a group of uncluttered contemporary designs by Charles Pfister.

"People are more aware of the design world than they've ever been before," says Mark Hampton. "They've been exposed to different looks in magazines, books, and movies, and now they're responding." One consistent response on the part of consumers has been a call for the tried and true. "These days everyone wants to live with antiques," says Buatta, "but the best examples have gotten so expensive they're out of everyone's price range. By designing copies, we fill a gap. And, after all, if I am designing one of something, why not make sixty-one of it?" Buatta isn't the only one borrowing free-











ly, and imaginatively, from the past. For Ashley Manor, New York decorator Charlotte Moss invented her own versions of the classic overstuffed armchair, dressing-table bench, and upholstered dining chair and urged High Point audiences to envision Coco Chanel, Wallis Simpson, or Lady Colefax sinking happily into her designs. Hickory Chair's Mark Hampton Collection—a broad array of sophisticated, eminently useful furnishings, many of which were culled from the decorator's work for private clients—features Gothic-style wall brackets, an Adam-style dining chair, and a Regency-inspired center table supported by a trio of gilded dolphins (to commemorate, lest we forget, Lord Nelson's victory at the battle of Trafalgar). Henredon's Natchez line focuses on gracious antebellum living, and John Widdicomb's Russian series mimics Catherine the Great–style splendor.

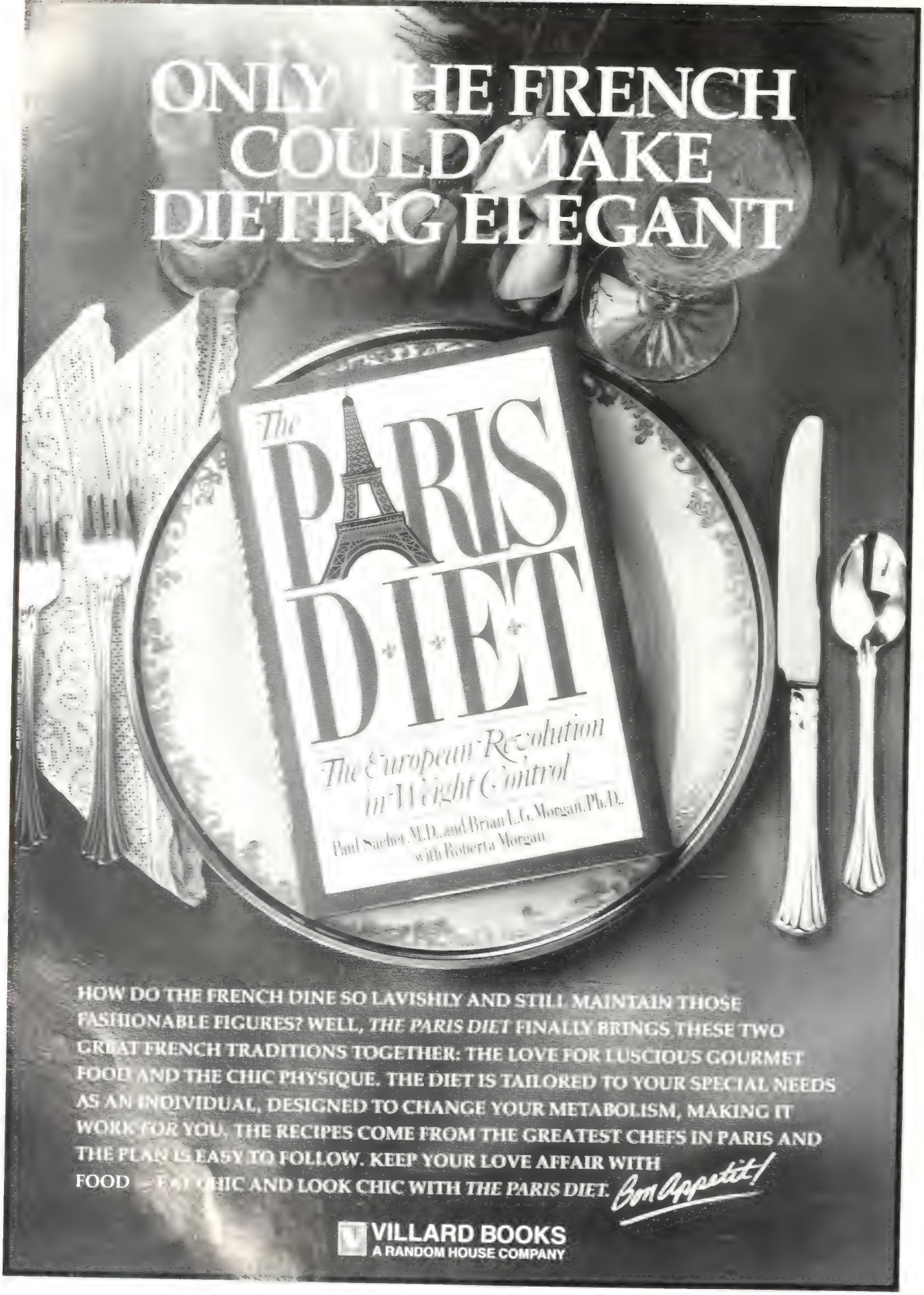
More of the past seems to be what's in store for the future—and it's not just a question of taste. "Consumers will continue to clamor for products with lasting value," predicts Rod Kreitzer, president of Baker. "We'll be seeing more classics and less freakish furniture," adds Buatta. After all, the antique—whether authentic or reproduced—has proven to be an investment with reliable returns. Within weeks of unveiling their Smithsonian highboy at High Point, Century sold its entire inventory at $12,300 a piece. GERALDINE FABRIKANT

Editor: Anne Foxley

Highlights from High Point, *clockwise from right:* **Karges's Regency-style chaise; tea-washed linen on a Mark Hampton–designed dining chair from Hickory Chair and an armchair from Pearson; Harden's painted pine table; detail of Century's Smithsonian highboy; architect Lee Mindel with Shelton, Mindel's library table and bookcase designed for Union-National; leather ottomans from Bernhardt; Charlotte Moss–designed dressing-table bench from Ashley Manor; lamp table from John Widdicomb's Russian Collection; dining chair from Drexel Heritage.** *Far left:* **Renaissance revival–style chair from Henredon.** *Opposite top:* **Baker's reissue of Finn Juhl's 1950 armchair.**



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HG ZEROS IN ON STYLE By Anne Foxley

Forecasts

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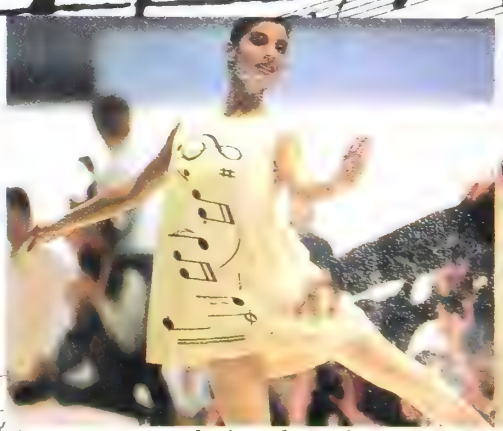






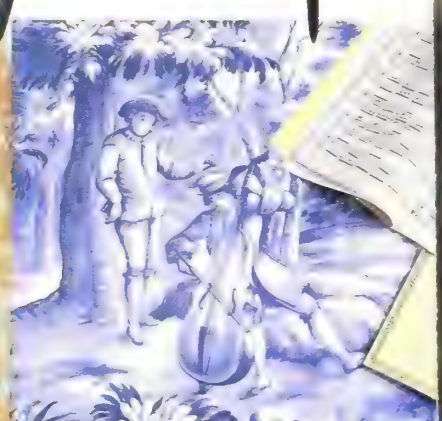
Adaptations include, *clockwise from above*, hand-painted chest designed by Florence de Dampierre for Patina. China from Boutique Rochas. Mark Hampton's neoclassical end table for Hickory Chair Co. Steel chair with lyre back by Mark Brazier-Jones. Azulejos cotton print from Brunschwig & Fils. Lyre series chair by Jack Lenor Larsen on Lyle & Umbach's hand-painted sisal from Luten Clarey Stern. Grand piano by Fred Baier. Rayon note tunic from Moschino Couture. Enamel umbrella stand by Piero Fornasetti for Norton Blumenthal. Hand-tufted wool rug from Schumacher. *Background:* Descamps bed linens. Details see Resources.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: E.J. LANOR THOMPSON; DAVID SCHILLING; LUCIANO DANELLI; ANDREW GARN; JEAN-BAPTISTE MONGE; STEVE NELSON (2); PHILIP GRAY










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Resources

CONTENTS

Page 18 [illegible] ass details, by Michael Craig, $3,800, from M. Craig & Co. [illegible]

SIMPLE

Page 42 Oak Twig on chairs, by Colefax & Fowler, 48" wide, $[illegible] yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. **50** Versailles for curtains, on bed, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488.

ANTIQUES

Page 114 Planter, similar to the trade at John Rosselli, Ltd., NYC (212) 737-2252. Baskets, $200 (rectangular), $85 (oval), at Pantry & Hearth Antiques, NYC (212) 532-0535 by appt. Armchair, $800, settee, similar at Barbara Israel Enterprises, Katonah (914) 232-4271 by appt. Birdcage, similar at Aileen Minor Antiques, Princess Anne (301) 651-0075. More wirework sources: NEW YORK Cynthia Beneduce Antiques, NYC (212) 645-5037; Kelter-Malcé, NYC (212) 989-6760; Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. CALIFORNIA Consignment Cottage, Los Angeles (213) 462-8866; Indigo Seas, Los Angeles (213) 550-8758. GEORGIA Smithsonian Institution wirework reproductions, to the trade at Garden Source Furnishings, Atlanta, for stores (404) 351-6446.

DECORATORS' PRIVATE DOMAINS

Page 120 Charme Taffeta, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Raphael Damask on chaise, sofa, bench, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beachwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. Mexican Stripe on chairs in foreground, to the trade at Trade France, NYC (212) 758-8330. Damas de Paris as border, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Balzac on bed, 1.3 m wide, Fr750 m, from Madeleine Castaing, Paris (1) 43-54-91-71. **121** Jacobean Print on left wall, Indian Print on sofa (reverse side), to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (212) 688-0444. Stenciling on right wall, valances, by Gail Leddy of Oasis Studio, NYC (212) 247-0915. Lee Jofa's Indian Print for curtains (see above). **122–23** Sea grass carpet, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. Custom twist-leg table, similar to order from Mark Sciarrillo, Southport (203) 576-0717. **124** Dart vases, Empire candelabra, 18th-century urn, Louis XVI vases on windowsill, at Ingrao, NYC (212) 758-2770. Center table, a Michael Gaines design, through John Barman, NYC (212) 838-9443. Mohair Supreme on chairs, at Maharam & Vertical Surfaces, to order (800) 645-3943. Damasco Borgia on pillow, chair, 49 ½" wide, $297 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). Canterbury Check, to the trade at Schumacher, for showrooms (800) 423-5881. **125** Large Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). Leopard carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000.

PARIS ENSEMBLE

Pages 126–27 Borgia silk fo[illegible] Decour, Paris (1) 45-53-15-24. **128** S[illegible] $550, at Martha International, NYC, Palm B[illegible] from Yves Saint Laurent Rive Ga[illegible] 988-3821. **130** Glicine 48"–51" w[illegible] at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. **131** Decorative painting by Christian Gra[illegible]nd Archeos, Montecito (805) 969-9080.

REGENCY SWAGGER

Pages 138–39 Turkish Reversible carpet (u[illegible]ed) to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Buckingham Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). Gauze Taffeta for curtains, custom fringe, Via Appia Plaid on chairback, Midlands on sofa, Francesco Taffeta on armchair seat, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Satin Stripe on armchairs, to the trade at J. H. Thorp, division of Decorators Walk, for showrooms (212) 355-5300. Turgot Horsehair Texture on méridienne, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). **140** Large Greek Key wallpaper border, $9 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). **141** Gallier Diamond wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). **142** Berries carpet, from Bouclé Collection, to the trade at Stark (see above). **143** Cantate Taffeta, to the trade at André Bon, for showrooms (212) 355-4012. Custom fringe, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Grand Galon Athénée border on curtains, $12 yd, Horsehair on chair, approx 25" wide, $307.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48).

THE ESSENTIAL D'URSO

Pages 144–45 Sailcloth, 57" wide, $24 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, for showrooms (415) 626-8332. Aztec sisal, 12' wide, $45 yd, to the trade from Sanford-Hall, NYC (212) 684-4217. Shelton, Mindel cocktail table, adapted by D'Urso, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, for showrooms (212) 838-6420. Eames stool (#413), from Herman Miller, for dealers (800) 851-1196. Floor lamp, base (#BB3), $236, shade (#55DD), $126, by Noguchi, from Akari-Gemini, for dealers (805) 966-9557. **146** Bench, similar to the trade at J. Garvin Mecking, NYC (212) 677-4316. Berenice reading lamp, $390, at Artemide, for dealers (516) 694-9292. Czech & Speake faucet, handles, from P. E. Guerin, NYC, for showrooms (212) 243-5270. **146–47** Maurer's Flischi lamp, $444, at Light, NYC (212) 838-1130. Table, similar at Philippe Farley, NYC (212) 472-1622. Bed, similar at Hob Nail Antiques, Pawling (914) 855-1623. Breuer table, similar at Fifty/50, NYC (212) 777-3208. **148** Chairs, similar to the trade at Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC (212) 755-3308. **149** Gaggenau stove top, for stores (617) 255-1766.

CHATEAU MANHATTAN

Pages 150–51 Carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. Soligny Texture, Dabo Texture on right sofa, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). Cornsilk for shades, 36" wide, $39 yd, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. **153** Diaghilev for curtains, 51" wide, $210 yd, Vitello leather on chairs, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). Trompe l'oeil painting, by James Alan Smith, NYC (212) 876-4660. Rangoon on chairs and sofa, 55" wide, $119 yd, to the trade at Quadrille, for showrooms (212) 753-2995.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, LIVING ROOM

Pages 160–66 All materials, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). **160–161** New Hambledon Wool Damask on walls. **162** Harrow Damask Chintz, in *A Room with a View* set. **165** Courtnay Strié wallpaper, Verdure Cotton/Linen Print for curtains, Scala Metisse on chairs, in 1940s living room. Hardwick Cotton/Linen Print for curtains, Thistle Sheer for undercurtains, Serge Woven Stripe on sofa, Hogarth Wool Stripe on armchairs, Traviata Large Fringe on armchairs, Metropolitan Mohair Velvet on lounge chair, in 1930s living room. Palmiers wallpaper border in kitchen, Ormseby Chintz for curtains, Framboise wallpaper, Carsten Check on sofa, in sewing room. **166** Bagatelle wallpaper.

REMAKING HISTORY

Pages 174–75 Copies of classical to 18th-century details, £100–£1,200; Hodsoll-designed column cabinet, £2,000 pr; Hodsoll-designed column lamps, £650 pr, from Bennison, London (71) 730-

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3370. **176–77** Hand-stenciled walls, by Nicolette Meeres, London (71) 730-4043. **178** Hodsoll designed chairs, £950 ea, table, copies of 19th-century plaster heads, £380 ea, Hodsoll-designed bookcases, £14,000 pr, chafing dish, candlestick, Ziegler rug, from Bennison (see above). Wool Stripe fabric, by Hodsoll McKenzie Cloths, to the trade to order at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). **179** Florentine wool for drawing room curtains, Fiesole wool for dining room curtains, both by Hodsoll McKenzie Cloths, to the trade to order at Clarence House (see above for pg 48).

CLASSICAL ORDER

Page 187 Ruspoli Viscose on sofas, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Chintz Uni red cotton on pillows, to the trade at Yves Gonnet, for showrooms (212) 758-8220. Courtisane Silk Stripe on pillow, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). Quadrant steel/glass/mahogany table, by John Saladino, antique wood columns, Italian bench, Louis XIII armchair, Renaissance chest, Directoire fauteuils, similar to the trade at Saladino Furniture, NYC (212) 838-0500. **188–89** Woodwork, designed by Saladino, executed by Karl Springer Woodworking (to the trade), Long Island City (718) 361-9780. Octagonal table, to the trade at Ambience, for showrooms (212) 688-0170. Chairs, to the trade at Roger Arlington, for showrooms (212) 752-5288. Tripod steel/glass table, by John Saladino, to the trade at Saladino (see above). Ducale velour leather, on chair and ottoman, to the trade at Spinneybeck, a Knoll company, for showrooms (800) 482-7777. Pompeian ram's-head lamp, from Lyle & Umbach, to trade at Luten Clarey Stern, for showrooms (212) 838-6420. **190–91** Renshaw, to the trade at Grey Watkins, for showrooms (212) 371-2333. Club sofa and chair, Tube floor lamp, all by John Saladino, to the trade at Saladino (see above). Etrusche-line coffee table, bench, at John Good Imports, Los Angeles (213) 655-6484. Sunglow on chaise longue pillows, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, for showrooms (718) 706-7000. Silk braid trim on pillows, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Petal wrought-iron/rattan bench, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern (see above). **192** Versailles Taffeta, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (212) 688-0444. Jennifer on table, to the trade at Grey Watkins (see above). **193** Urns, console table, stool, similar at Quatrain, Los Angeles (213) 652-0243. Profile, similar at R. M. Barokh Antiques, Santa Barbara (805) 965-8685. **194** Isadora, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (718) 729-2850. Sofa, similar at G. R. Durenberger Antiquarian, San Juan Capistrano (714) 493-1283. Tripod steel/glass table, by John Saladino, to the trade at Saladino (see above). Titian on sofa pillow, to the trade at Boris Kroll, for showrooms (212) 755-6660. Cotton Velvet on chair, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above). Rococo fauteuil, similar at Quatrain (see above). Rolling Hills carpet, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. Alberelli on love seat, at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Cromwell Bench love seat, by John Saladino, to the trade at Saladino (see above). La Liberté Américaine, to the trade at Lee Behren Silks, division of Decorators Walk, for showrooms (212) 355-5300. Carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Commode, c. 1790, similar at R. M. Barokh (see above).

GREAT IDEAS

Page 199 Child's lounge chair, Higgins junior wing chair, $900 COM, both by Mario Buatta for John Widdicomb, for dealers (616) 459-7173. Cecily's Ribbons Chintz on lounge chair, Deauville Plaid on wing chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). Astro chair, by Vladimir Kagan, in Lamous man-made suede, $1,575, $922 COM, for dealers (919) 841-3209. **200–01** Regency-style handcarved chaise in antico bollo leaf, $4,980 COM, from Karges Furniture, for dealers (812) 425-2291. San Valentino on chaise, 50 ½" wide, $144 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). Adamesque dining chair in cream/gilt finish and linen (#758–99), by Mark Hampton after chair in his collection, for Hickory Chair, $1,370, for dealers (704) 328-1801. Tufted slipper chair in Clichy linen/cotton, $1,214, from Pearson, for dealers (919) 882-8135. Console/server, from From Country Inns Collection, $862, from Harden Furniture, for dealers (315) 245-1000. Smithsonian Collection Philadelphia highboy, $12,300, from Century Furniture, for dealers (800) 852-5552. Library table, $4,500, book pedestal cabinet, $3,750, both by Peter Shelton, Lee Mindel, and project architect Michael Gray for Union-National, for dealers (716) 487-1165. Leather-covered ottomans, from Bernhardt Furniture, for dealers (800) 345-9875, in NC (704) 758-9811. Wallis Bench in silk stripe (3545-7663), by Charlotte Moss for Ashley Manor, $1,350 COM, to order at Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320, for Ashley Manor dealers (919) 882-8131. Russian lamp table with inlaid granite top, verre eglomisé side panels, by Chad Womack for John Widdicomb, $2,800, for dealers (616) 459-7173. Heirloom Collection Chippendale-style dining chair, $850 COM, in cotton/spun rayon (#652755), 54" wide, $24 yd, from Drexel Heritage Furnishings, for dealers (800) 447-4700. Natchez Renaissance revival-style chair in linen velvet, $1,455 COM, from Henredon, for dealers (800) 444-3682. Finn Juhl armchair not available; for inquiries write Baker Furniture, 917 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. 60654

FORECASTS

Page 204 Firenze Musica chest, by Florence de Dampierre for Patina, $4,950, for dealers (800) 635-4365. Hand-painted Cors de Chasse plate, edition of 250, Fr1,200, from Boutique Rochas, Paris (1) 47-23-54-56. Lyre end table, by Mark Hampton for Hickory Chair, $1,199, for dealers (704) 328-1801. Lyre chair, to the trade at Mark Brazier-Jones Decorative Arts, London (71) 638-7550 or Craig Lynn, Los Angeles (213) 859-5590. Azulejos Cotton Print, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). Lyre Series armchair with European beech frame (#6363), to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Les Fleurs de Musique rug, by Lyle & Umbach, hand-painted by Michael Stromar, 5'x7', $5,775, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Mario Villa, Chicago, New Orleans; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Vermillion II, Los Angeles; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco. Grand piano, by Fred Baier, one of a kind, from $33,000, similar to order, to the trade at Fred Baier/Tim Wells (607) 844-4095. Rayon tunic with embroidered notes, $910, by Moschino Couture, from Neiman Marcus; Bacci's, Vancouver. Umbrella stand, hand-enameled by Piero Fornasetti, $1,075, to the trade at Norton Blumenthal, for showrooms (212) 752-2535. Trombone rug, to the trade at Schumacher, for showrooms (800) 672-0068. Nocturne music-motif queen-size bed linen, flat $58, duvet $109, sham $26, at Descamps, NYC (212) 874-8690.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

Brush Fire

(Continued from page 184) Hell-raisers in a little suburb of Paris, overenergized bikers and oarsmen, they came on like bohemian rednecks. Vlaminck, in particular, was for trashing the museums entirely and starting art all over again. Matisse was in his thirties at the time, and his new confrères were younger and wild to an extent that made even him nervous. "Painting will drive me crazy," he wrote to Henri Manguin in 1904, "and I shall try to get out of it as soon as I can." Matisse was therefore agreeably surprised to find that when Derain joined him at Collioure in the summer of 1905 he behaved like a thoroughly civilized man (Derain was then 25) who knew his museums and could hold his own in discussions of every kind.

Of course, Matisse never "got out of it." If he stayed right in, it was in part because the fauve moment was to serve him, as it was to serve the others, as an indispensable way station in the course of a very long career. In later life they had nothing in common except the year or two in which they had raced forward, as an art critic once said, "like an army that had got ahead so far and so fast that it had run out of supplies, and run out of gas, and lost contact with headquarters. Color had been set free, but in such a way that it had nowhere to go but backward."

Fauvism as such was bound to be short-lived. Whether in Le Havre, in Paris, or in Collioure on the Mediterranean coast, fauve landscape was the work of men who took fire from one another and stayed together until the job was completed. After that, each was on his own. Fauvism was in essence an art of maximum statement. But it was not in Matisse's nature or in Braque's or even in Derain's to squeeze paint straight from the tube onto the canvas. The major fauve painters took from the ecstatic moment what each one of them wanted, and thereafter—in three or four years, at most—they moved on.

The traditional public of the Salons in Paris knew nothing of these hesitations and qualifications. To them the fauves really did seem like wild beasts. Matisse's *Woman with the Hat* was denounced as a calculated insult to French womanhood—Matisse had to forbid his wife to go into the


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Hearth Fire

at the Salon where the painting was on show. But then the human figure was a sensitive subject for Salon visitors. Landscape touched them less closely, and it was in landscape, harborscape, and townscape more than anywhere else that the fauve painters were completely at home.

In being so much at home they taught us to see London in a new way, and Antwerp and Sainte-Adresse (made familiar in earlier times by Monet) and L'Estaque in the south of France (previously sacred to Cézanne) and the big, strong, heavy profile of the harbor town of Collioure. As to what they did in all these places, the upcoming show is the best guide that we could wish for. Make no mistake, this was a crucial moment in modern art. The fauve painters raided art history for sites already familiar, and they raided idioms adumbrated a generation earlier and put them to their own uses. But they also made their own contribution, and that contribution set their successors free. ▲

Merchant and Ivory

(Continued from page 166) Aztec Room in *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*), and the venerable Savoy Bar & Grill (the Muehlebach Hotel dining room, where Mr. Bridge lunches)—only add to the film's richness.

Some things, however, couldn't be borrowed, and they were too expensive to be bought. Brunschwig & Fils donated document fabrics and wallcoverings after they were approached first by Gropman and then by Merchant, whose powers of persuasion are legendary. According to Murray Douglas, Brunschwig's senior vice president, "We don't usually do this sort of thing, but the kind of production Merchant-Ivory does is so wonderful and creates such a sense of real people living—that's what *we* like to do." Benjamin Moore donated 100 gallons of paint. Even London tailor Gieves & Hawkes got into the act, providing suits for the male characters.

Gropman affectionately recalls Ivory's stickler-for-detail approach to design. "If you didn't set the table properly, with absolutely correct silver, etcetera, Jim would go into a tirade: 'Am I the only person around here who was brought up properly? Doesn't anyone around here know how to *live*?' " Ivory himself admits, "I've been a pain in the neck to art directors, but since our films are so domestically situated, I have to be very precise about what I want done." Gropman says: "It's much better to have a director who knows what he wants. Someone who lets you do whatever you want is the kiss of death."

Now that the story of the Bridges has been told, Merchant and Ivory are looking to the future. They have a script for another Forster book, *Howards End*. And they hope to begin production soon on *Jefferson in Paris*, an account of Thomas Jefferson's five years as the American ambassador to France. "It's a tremendous challenge," says Ivory. "It's a hundred years earlier than *The Bostonians*, which makes it a hundred times more difficult. And," he adds, "there are so many sets." ▲

Forgotten Season

(Continued from page 135) Thaxter all found fall the best time of the year. In "Evangeline," Henry Wadsworth Longfellow hailed autumn as "that beautiful season . . . the Summer of All-Saints!"

The differences between the poetry that autumn has inspired in Great Britain and in America are not the product of differences in national character. They are simple matters of latitude. Every part of the United States except Alaska lies well to the south of all of the British Isles. Our intuitive geography may place London due east of New York City, but our intuitive geography is out of whack. England lies east of Labrador. Its benevolent climate comes courtesy of the Gulf Stream, moderating what otherwise would be ferociously cold winters. Latitude, however, is absolute, and latitude governs the hours of daylight.

At the autumn equinox, London and New York, Edinburgh and Atlanta, and every other spot on the globe have the same day length. After that, England plunges swiftly toward the darkness of the winter solstice. Our own days shorten as well, but less precipitously, and the farther south one goes, the greater the remaining minutes of daylight. Plants keep on blooming and gardens continue to be beautiful, with a wealth of perennial salvias, verbenas, hardy cyclamens—a host of plants to continue many weeks for our delight.

We need to take more advantage of our southerly latitude, to learn to be autumn gardeners instead of paying court to spring and summer alone. The possibilities are enormous and the pleasures almost boundless. ▲

Adapted from The Garden in Autumn. *Copyright © 1990 by Allen Lacy. To be published next month by the Atlantic Monthly Press.*

Rossi on the Rise

(Continued from page 158) a reproduction of it in his preliminary plans for the University of Miami School of Architecture in Florida, now under construction on Lake Osceola. In the plans for the multibuilding complex Rossi had also included a replica of one of his best early works, the 1965 fountain and monument to the anti-Fascist resistance in the northern Italian town of Segrate. That idea is much less appropriate for Florida, and it makes one wonder if Rossi thought of this commission as a kind of Epcot Center version of his own career.

While requests for designs pour in as a result of his new celebrity, Rossi is now at work on his first church, that most difficult of building types for contemporary architects. Is a strong sense of faith like Rossi's required to design a church? After all, Le Corbusier, creator of the pilgrimage chapel at Ronchamp, one of the most awe-inspiring religious spaces of this century, was hardly a true believer. But Rossi makes no claims for divine inspiration, only architectural freedom. "A church is a building like any other building," he asserts. "You are free to make of it what you like. Here, in a suburb of Milan, I have tried to express the world of suburbia as well as the continuity of the church, so it will be very different on the outside than it is on the inside. Personally, the only kind of architecture I would not like to build is a jail, because I don't want to make a space to close people in." ▲

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Remaking History

(Continued from page 179) gardens into prismatic rainbows. Along the length of the dining room and the drawing room there is a balcony on which Hodsoll has set up a table and some chairs. "On summer evenings, we eat outside and look in," he explains. From inside, the tossing branches of blossoming trees look like a postcard; from outside, the massive interior looks like an engraving. Both spaces are enticing—the luxury is knowing how easy it is to move from one to the other.

Everything in the bedroom is simpler except the ceiling molding and cornice rose, the only bits of the original plasterwork to survive. These are baroque in the extreme, but they do not detract from the overall effect of restraint and austerity. The walls are unpainted plaster, the uneven hue of what has been lately stripped. The room is dominated by a wardrobe that could easily contain a lion, a witch, and the better part of a magical kingdom. There isn't a single built-in bookcase or closet—"I hate built-in furniture," says Hodsoll. The curtains are of heavy silk velvet brocade—the fabric, in fact, from which the stenciled pattern on the drawing room walls was copied—but the bed has a simple white linen duvet. The bathroom is made not of tiles but of enormous slabs of white Carrara sculpting marble, the spirit of its modernity in keeping with the rest of the flat.

"Cozy," says Christopher Hodsoll from one of the great red leather sofas in the drawing room. And so perhaps it is. Certainly it is the case that the prospect of standing up again grows steadily less appealing as you sit in your own red leather chair, running a meditative hand across the faded and crackled patches where its arm joins its back. ♠ *Editor: Judy Brittain*

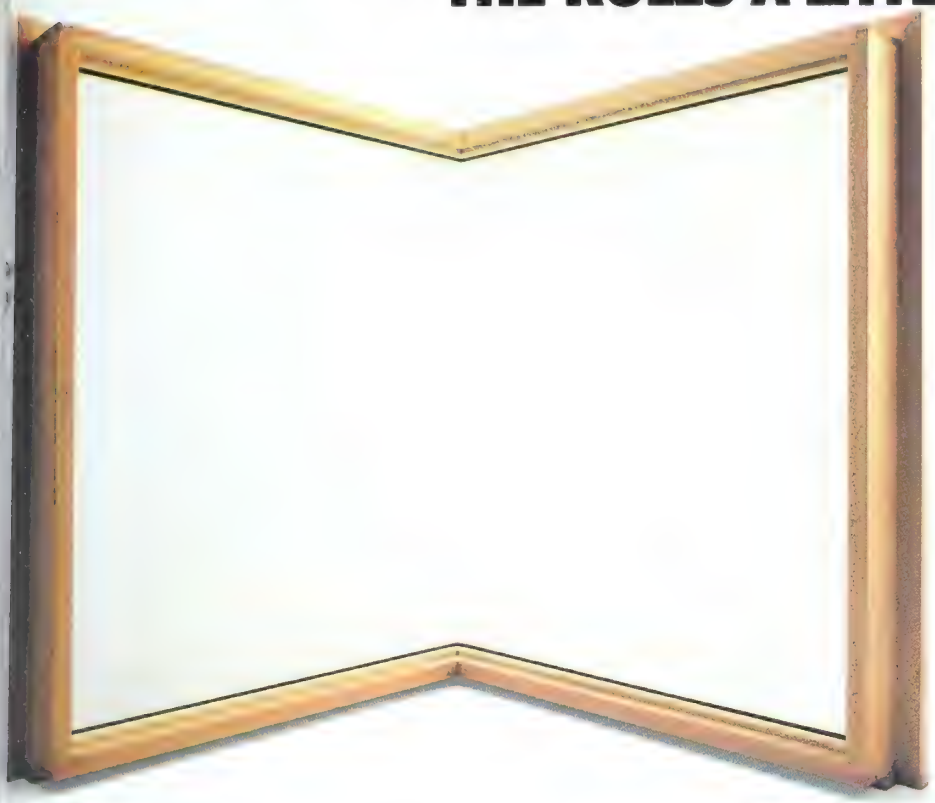
Shades of Provence

(Continued from page 172) emanates a cool mystery.

Other happy collaborations began for Anne with the gardening friendships formed during what she calls the era of the three R's: Rory, Ryan, and Rosemary. Rory (the late Roderick Cameron), an American neighbor in the Vaucluse, had designed the well-known gardens at La Fiorentina and Le Clos before he joined Anne on local plant-hunting expeditions. Among Rory's larger finds were age-old olive trees, which could, surprisingly, be transplanted at any season. They now mediate between the swimming pool Anne cleverly sited above the allée—where it is invisible from the lawn below—and the romantic meadow garden she and Rory sowed with wildflowers. Much as a house-guest dedicates a watercolor to his hostess, Rory left his signature in the form of a diminutive box-edged parterre tucked away beside the entrance steps. Filled with white tulips and forget-me-nots, it extends a festive welcome.

Ryan Gainey is a superb plantsman and designer Anne coaxed from her other hometown, Atlanta. On short visits to Le Petit Fontanille he seems to scatter seeds everywhere, sensing exactly which plants will live happily together. To come upon the misty harmony of tall white foxgloves reaching up toward an acacia, ethereal in

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bloom, is to know that Ryan has passed that way. He, in turn, coaxed his friend Rosemary Verey to come from England. Ryan created a seventeenth-century-style potager with bands of gray and green santolina and Rosemary made a cutting garden inspired by a design in Leonard Meager's *The English Gardner* (1688). Low walls topped by simple lattice fencing enclose both gardens on the far side of a field of lavender where they are visible from the garden terrace. Seated after dark on the stone dining terrace—surrounded by the scent from pots of lilies, gardenias, and jasmine—one is possessed by the grisaille enchantment of Le Petit Fontanille.

Though Anne Cox Chambers's garden is scarcely seven years old and European in style, it has the timeless, calm inevitability one sees in Kyoto. There are unintentional hints of the Japanese "borrowed landscape" in the curves of shrubs that gently echo the contours of the mountain, just as the columnar form of the cypresses is recalled by the obelisk Anne finally placed at the summit of her allée. From the charm of box-edged formality to the wayward plenty of meadow or woodland garden, the walks of Le Petit Fontanille merge harmoniously with wild Provençal nature. Yet one can imagine taking a glider from the little airfield nearby and floating westward along the ridge. High above the parched fields of olives, the menacing limestone outcrops of Les Baux, and the untamed sullen maquis, there would be instant wonder at the sudden glimpse of this secret garden as a jewel, glowing green within the mountain. ▲

Paris Ensemble

(Continued from page 128) sitting room that personalizes the grand dimensions of the space without diminishing its drama. The salon is the most formal room in the apartment, but it is also comfortable. "We use it all the time," says Natori. "Yet each room has its specific appeal. People have many moods and this apartment reflects that."

The mood of the library—where deep red Fortuny fabric walls set off red and yellow upholstery in a flame pattern copied from cloth that Grange and Natori found in an antiques shop (she originally thought it might inspire a line of lingerie)—is intimate and seductive, rather like Natori's designs. The dining room is pure theater, with Louis XV–style chairs in a dark green silk, a massive Venetian chandelier, and a pair of full-length seventeenth-century Portuguese portraits against golden walls painted by Christian Granvelle to echo a detail in one of the salon rugs.

The bedroom, on the other hand, is a neutral zone, at once cool and warm, subtly hued. Grange designed a simple but luxurious four-poster bed, which hints at a canopy with pastel striped side curtains that close only halfway. And there is a Louis XV chaise in soft gray damask. "It reminds me of David's portrait of Madame Récamier, even though I never have time to lounge," says Natori—who has just introduced a casual but sexy line of "at home" apparel for equally busy and equally sophisticated career women. Her schedule only permits the designer a few days a month in Paris, but this apartment is her sanctuary: "It's the only place on earth I could sleep eighteen hours a day." ▲

Regency Swagger

(Continued from page 112) as a rich background for the rest of the room. The solution was lavish chromium yellow curtains of silk satin which hang from lacquered poles. Radiant striped yellow wallpaper also glows with light. Humorous touches appear in the banquette covered in mattress ticking and a Directoire chair upholstered in what Irvine calls "mad violet silk."

Behind lacquered doors with gilded moldings, the apartment's civilized foyer is designed to hint only slightly at its other role as dining room. In this neoclassical space, a black and white marble floor is joined by a lacquered dado, gilded cornice, and band of Directoire document wallpaper. Directoire chairs surround the table, and the room is lit in part by Directoire sconces. The artful excess creates a festive, if miniature, dining space.

The bedroom also contends with the limitations a pied-à-terre poses for devotees of baronial houses. "The bedroom is masculine, not feminine," explains its resident, "because it holds the overflow for parties." There is indeed nothing frilly about the vast Directoire daybed, the glossy off-white and stippled-gray walls, or the Directoire chairs, which have put in appearances in each of the owner's houses and have never been re-covered. ("They've earned their wrinkles," says Irvine, quoting John Fowler again.) Nor could either gender object to the most prominent feature of the room, fantastical Empire-style curtains created by Richard Langham.

In the bathroom the tone of the decor changes from stylish to sybaritic. Walls painted with Roman and Pompeian motifs bestow a classical grandeur on the humble process of washing up. Irvine especially values the curtains here, "made of the simplest cotton batiste edged with a green crystal fringe to catch the light."

The apartment, the result of six years of search, distillation, and acquisition, is now complete. Tonight, however, there is an auction. Instead of early to bed for tomorrow's departure for London, the collector has her eye on two marble tables. Pointing to a space near the door, she wonders, "Wouldn't they look wonderful there?" If not in this apartment, then certainly the next. ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

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Mark Zeff—Have Talent, Will Travel

Mark Zeff finds significance in the fact that a clairvoyant once told him that when he turned 35 he could either become a recluse at the top of a mountain or extremely successful—and that would be the end of my life." Mark Zeff finds significance in the fact because even now, at the tender age of 31, he wrestles with the weighty dichotomy. "If somebody asked, 'Where in the world would you like to live?' I would say, 'In a simple house on a little island with a fishing village down the road,'" says Zeff. "And then the next sentence would be, 'I would have to leave that place within one month and come back to New York.' That's the conflict of my life—from the metropolis to the little island, from being a recluse to being a vibrant, interactive, social animal."

Though judgment day on the clairvoyant's prediction is four years away, the smart money is on the metropolis—on the "vibrant, interactive, social animal" side of the young designer, who left Australia in 1982 because "everybody was sort of pretentious and boring and narrow-minded," which, coincidentally, is the same reason he left South Africa in 1976—that and to avoid the army. Zeff is too bright-eyed, too ambitious, too carefully dressed, too socially skillful, and too eager to make a name for himself to hide his light under a bushel. He is too adept at standing out in a crowd as he makes his way through it, which is a talent guaranteed to put him in good stead as an up-and-comer in Manhattan's decorating establishment.



Designer Mark Zeff at work.

Although Zeff has all the prerequisites for success in New York City in the nineties—including an abundance of that most critical quality of all, self-confidence—misfortune has dogged many of his professional moves. His premier lighting collection "flopped." He was let go from his first job at a commercial firm. He opened a furniture dealership in 1984 which he dissolved in 1986. He accepted a job with another designer, whom he "grew to despise." One of his first residential commissions was for a man he dubs "a real pig." His first large-scale commission was to renovate the Westbury Hotel, which he abandoned when he decided that he "couldn't stand it anymore."

"Designers are almost like Mozart—all of us"

But if Zeff has been slow to get out of the gate, so to speak, he understands why. "I don't attract the big fish. My clients are people who are brave." One such intrepid soul recently commissioned him to design the Grolier, a Manhattan supper club, which, according to its designer, "is nothing like anything you've ever seen." The idea, according to Zeff, is "of the closed door, the speakeasy, the elegant underground nightlife—dining, dancing, beautiful blues bands playing in the corner, lots of champagne." The Saturday night I stopped by, there were no beautiful blues bands playing in the corner—only the dulcet tones of Sade on the stereo wafting through the double-height dining room where mahogany walls are lined with black leather booths, five available with curtains that can be closed for public privacy. True to Zeff's promise of forbidden pleasures, however, the Grolier's staff is composed of conspicuously beautiful young women teetering on higher-than-high heels in black sleeveless body stockings with lung-hugging scarlet velvet vests adorned with bulbous matte gold buttons. The guaranteed-to-get-a-girl-noticed uniforms were designed by Zeff's wife, Carolina Zapf, whom he describes as "brilliant." She is also the daughter of the highly successful industrial designer Otto Zapf, whom he describes as the "Pierre Chareau of the nineties."

There's a taste of the thirties, a feel of the forties to the Grolier, but Zeff prefers the response of diners who have said that "when they're in the space, 'time just stops.' As far as I'm concerned, I do not have a style that implements any one culture." That same hard-to-pin-down aesthetic pervades the apartment Zeff completed for "a very conservative lady who allowed me to do extraordinary things." Such as? "I took Fortuny fabric and tore it and put it up on the walls. I did chairs that rusted as they sat there. It was a statement—everything was broken, everything looked like it had been there a thousand years. Archaeology is something I have always wanted to study but didn't have the time."

At present, Zeff reports, "I am thinking in terms of the future, and I am also thinking about the past. The future for me is difficult. I am not doing Mr. and Mrs. Smith's house on Long Island. I will. But my head is not there. One of my fortes is furniture. One day somebody will recognize that and say, 'We want you to do something terrific for us.' And I do believe that Coca-Cola will hire Mark Zeff to design their new interiors—or their new can." But whether Coca-Cola does or not, Zeff remains confident of his career as a designer. "We are almost like Mozart—all of us. Nobody really knows how it happens. I think it's one of those delicate balances of heaven and hell. I really do." **Charles Gandee**

RUEDI HOFMANN

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HG

HOUSE & GARDEN

New York

Tom Wolfe on the Perfectly Crafted Town House

Mark Hampton on Entertaining

Gloria Steinem on Decorating Her Apartment

A Classic Rose Garden

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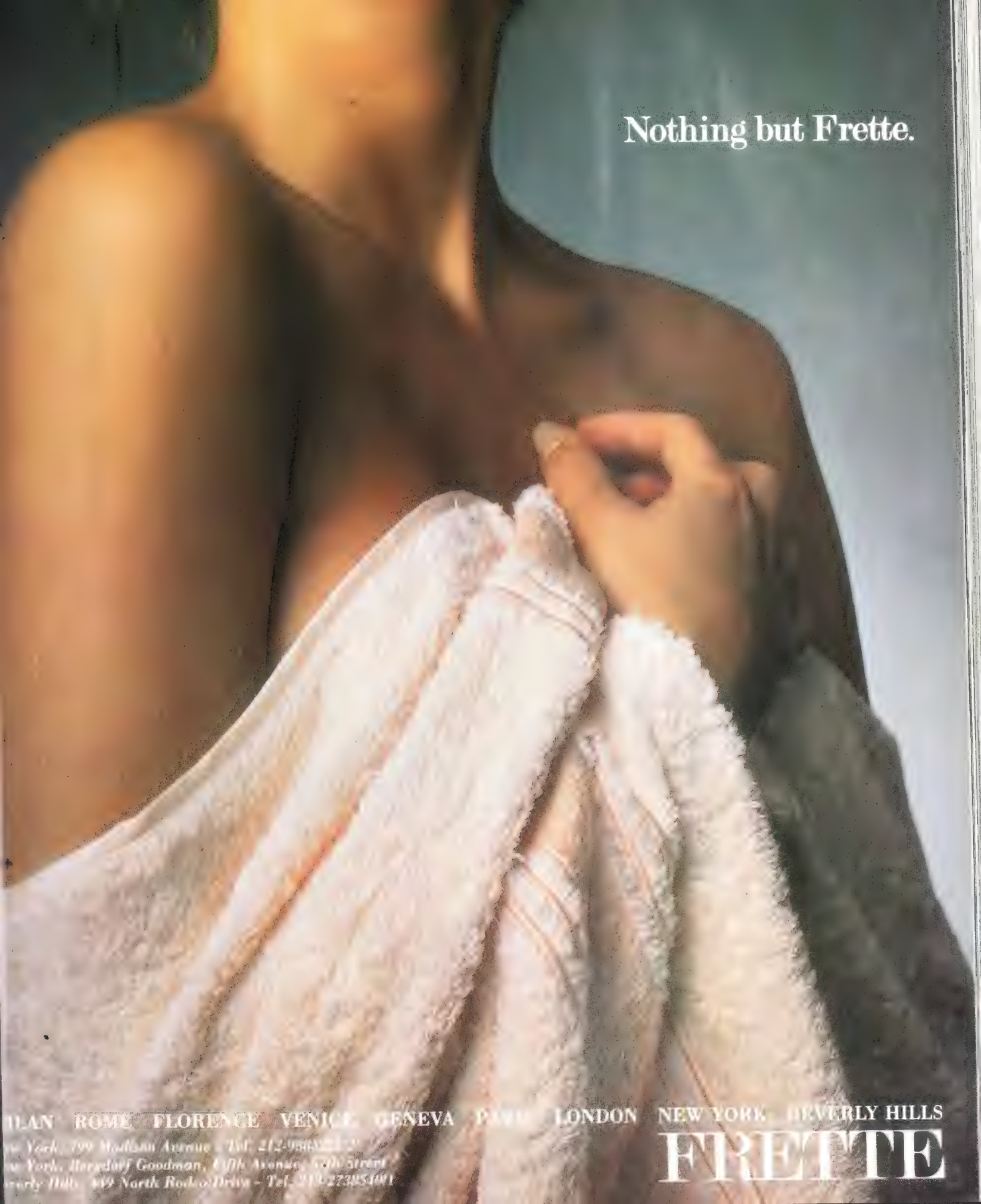
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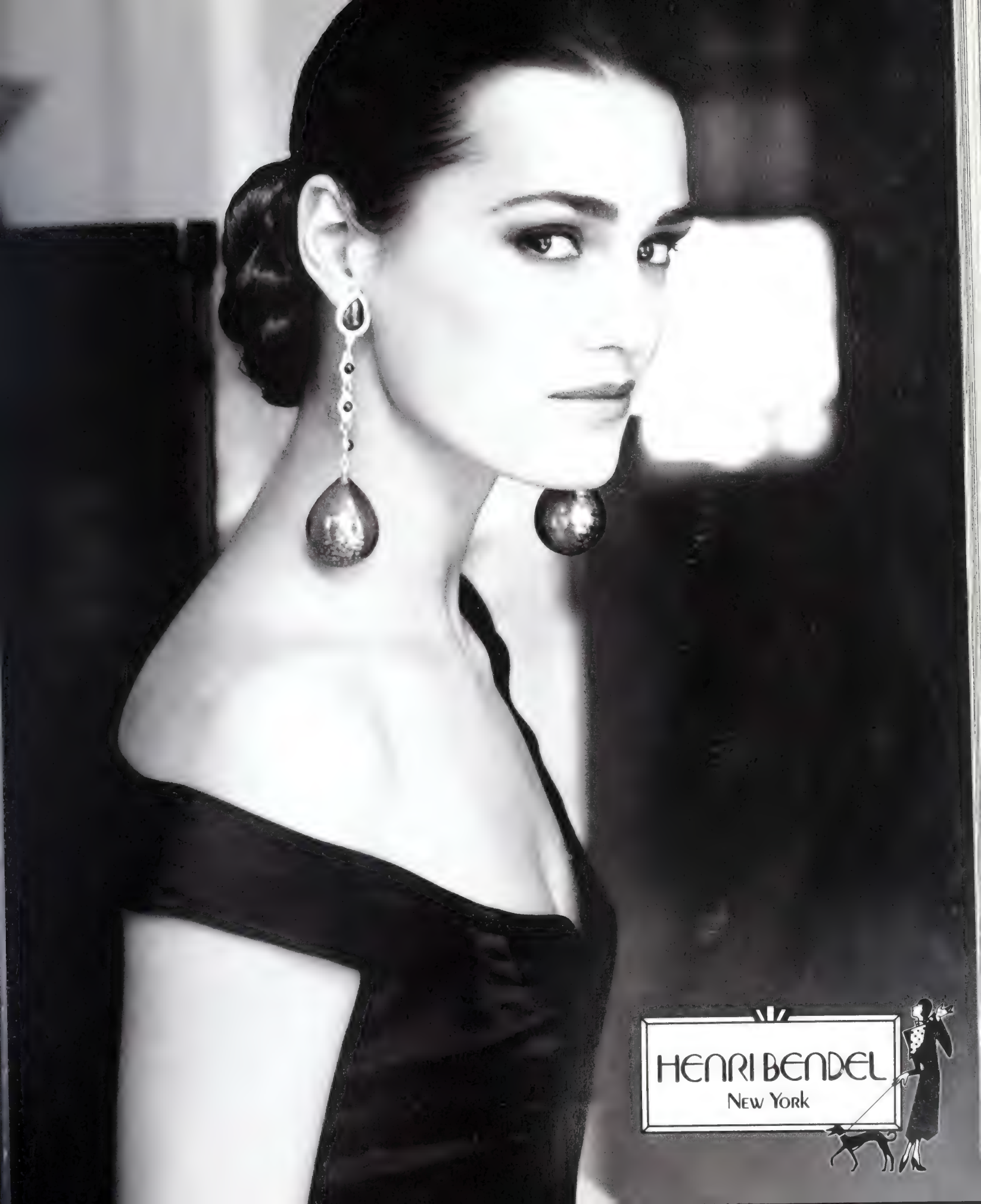


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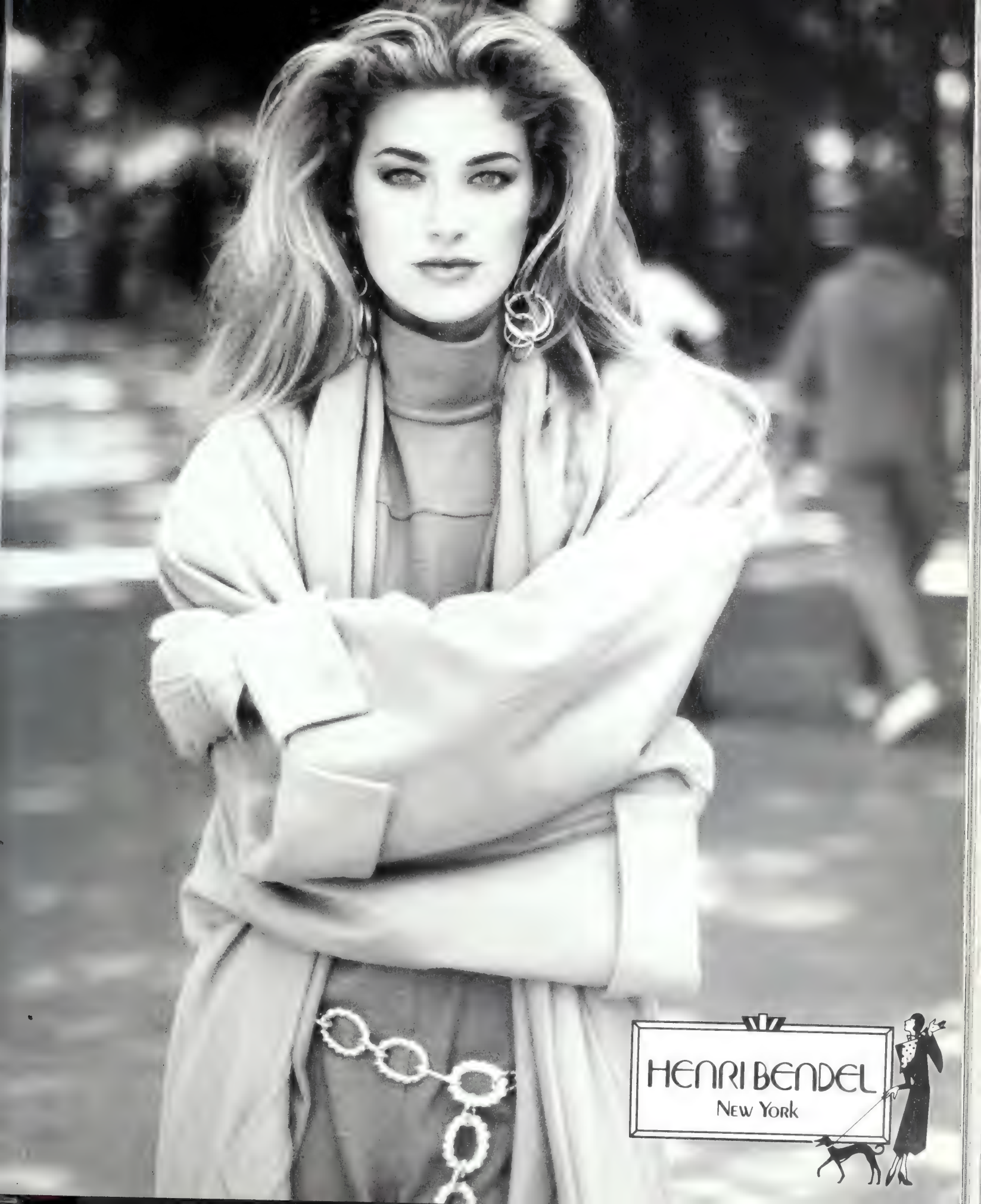



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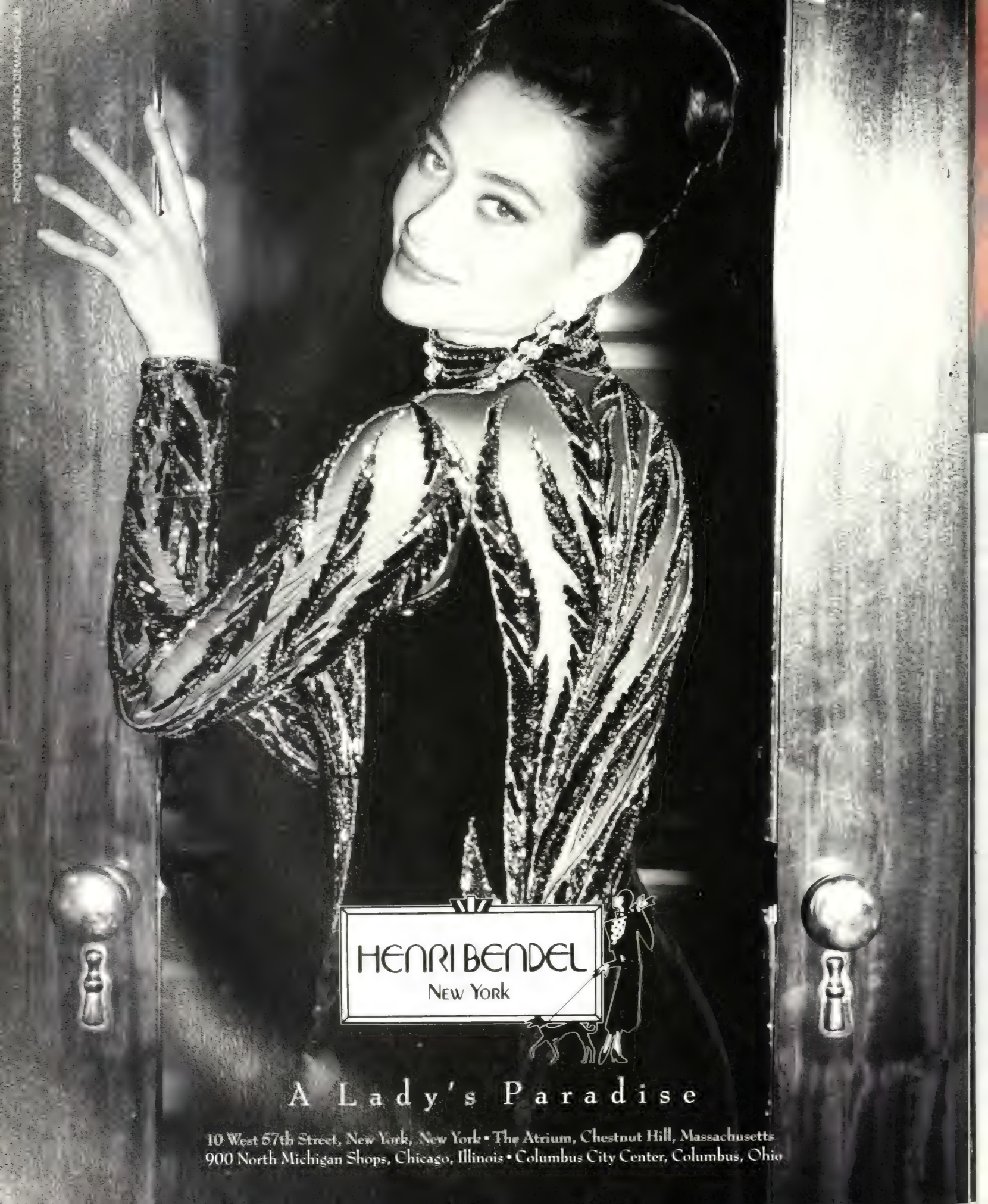

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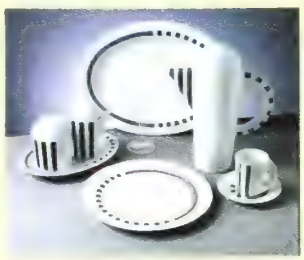


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Friends gather at Isaac Mizrahi's tea party. Page 186.

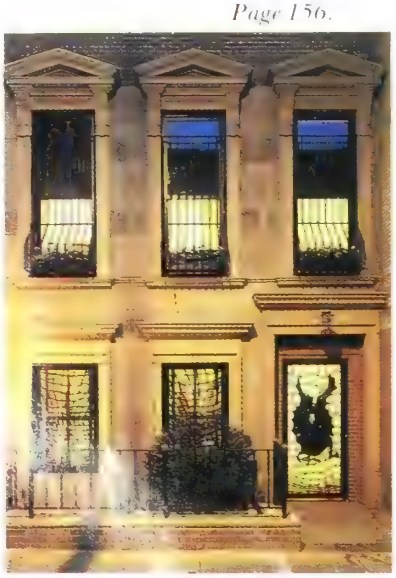


COVER *A rooftop garden overlooks Central Park and the skyline beyond. Page 176. Photograph by Oberto Gili.*



Climbing roses, above, at the New York Botanical Garden. Page 220. Below: A Fifth Avenue apartment decorated by Shelton and Mindel. Page 230.

Ornament abounds on the façade of an Upper East Side town house. Page 156.





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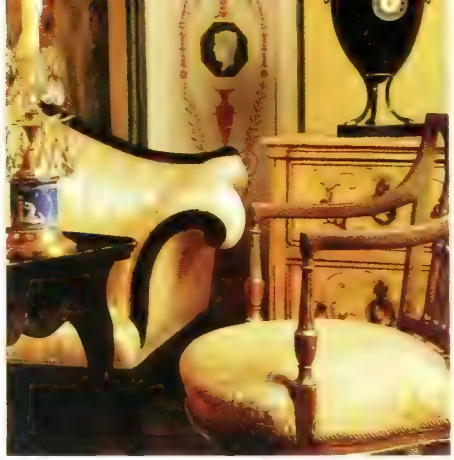
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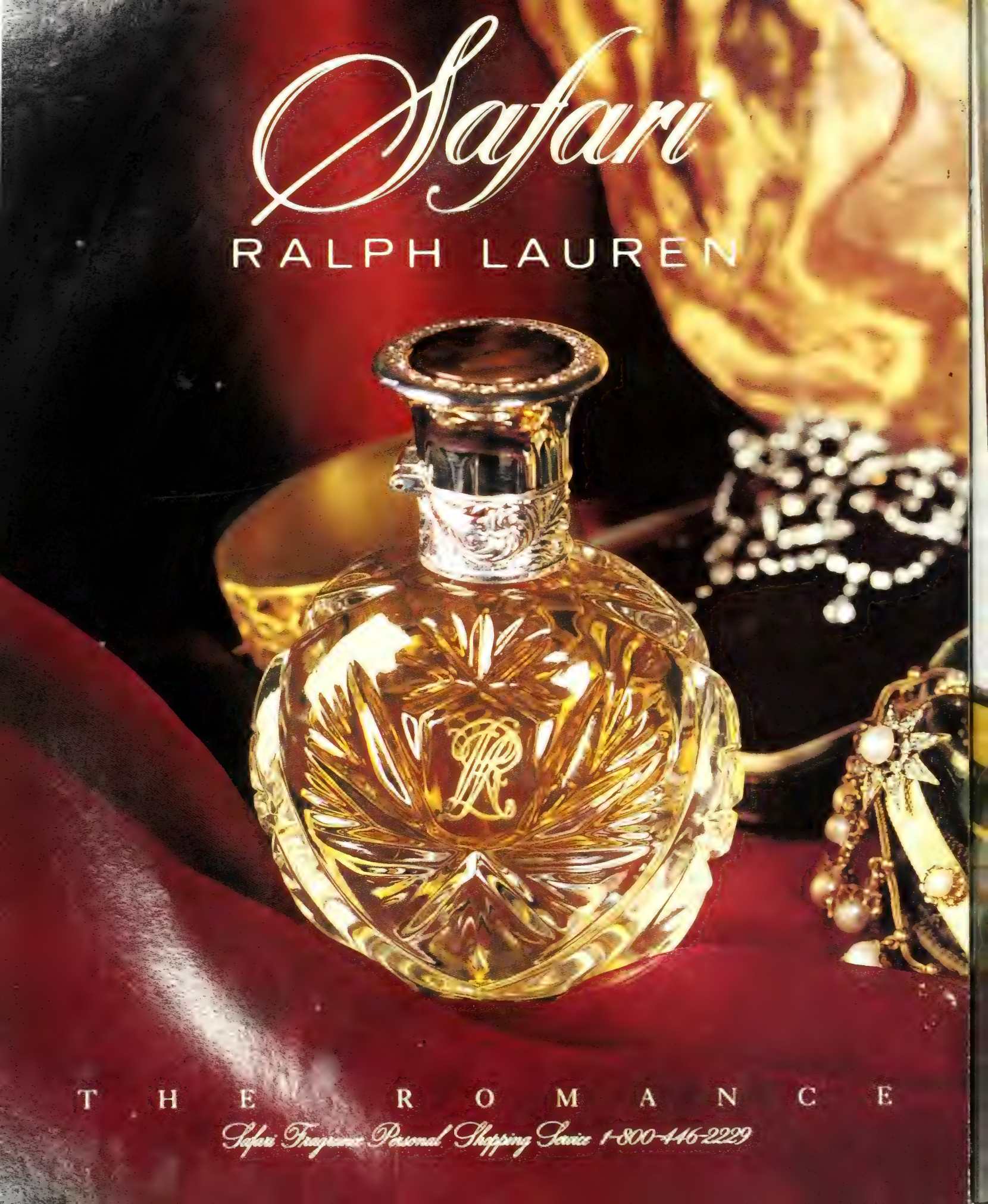


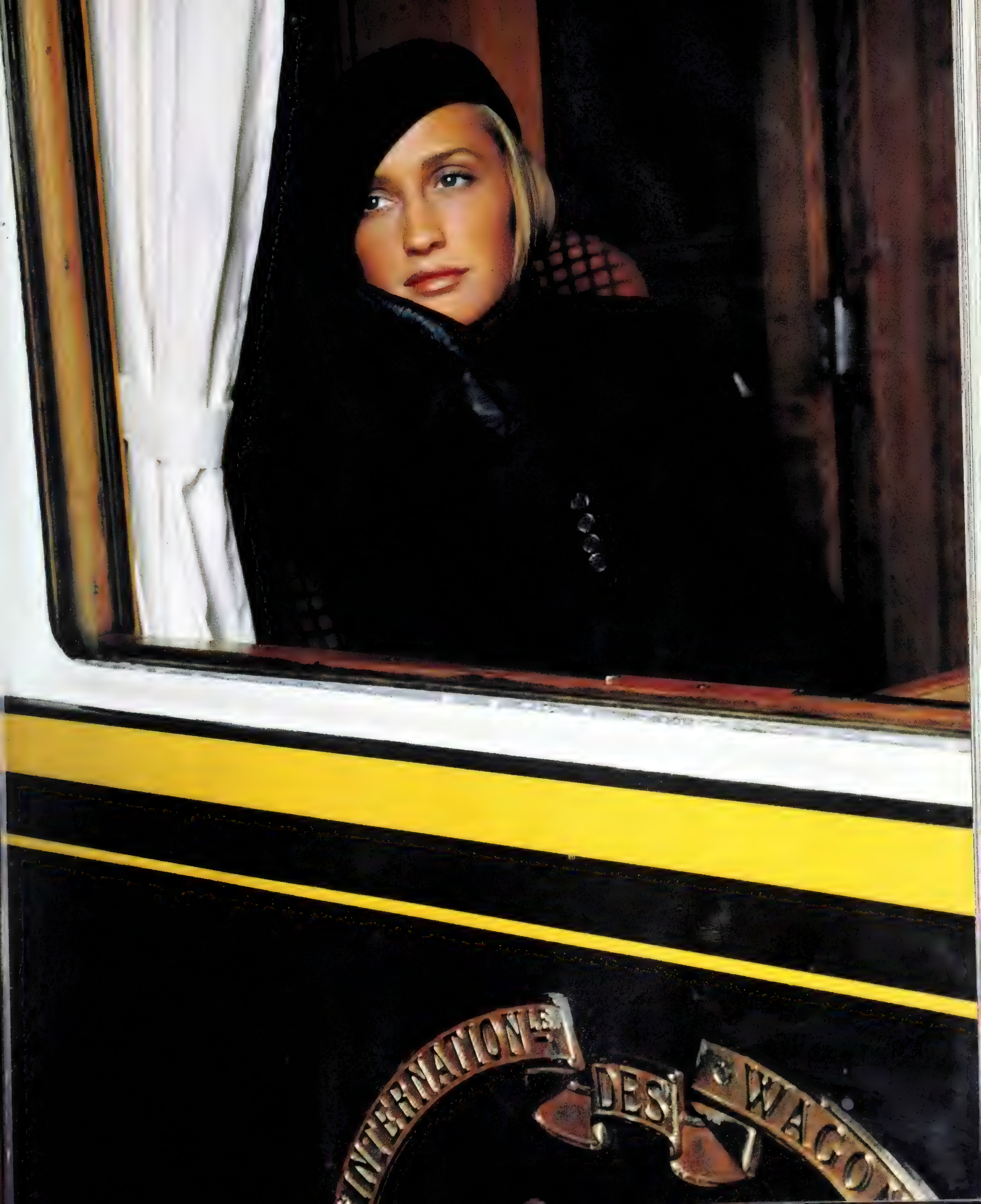
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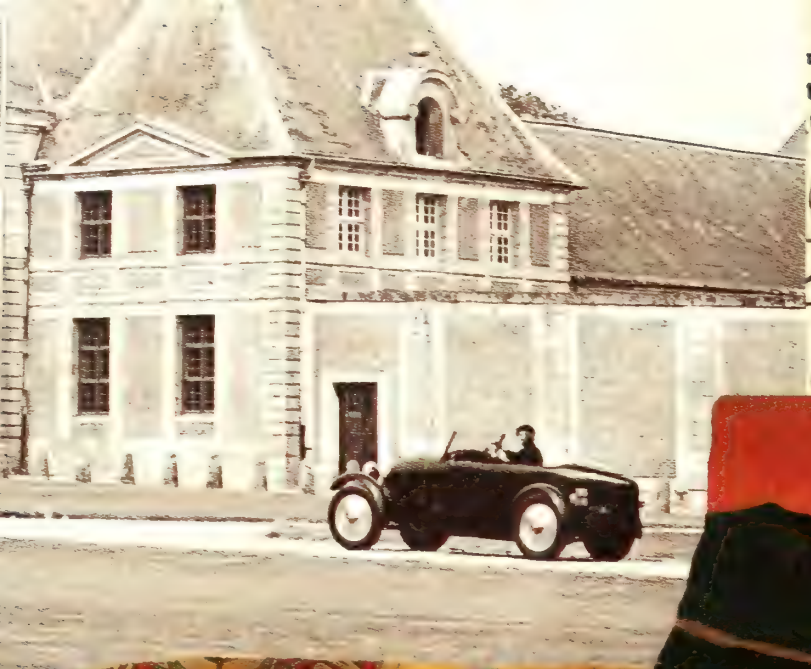

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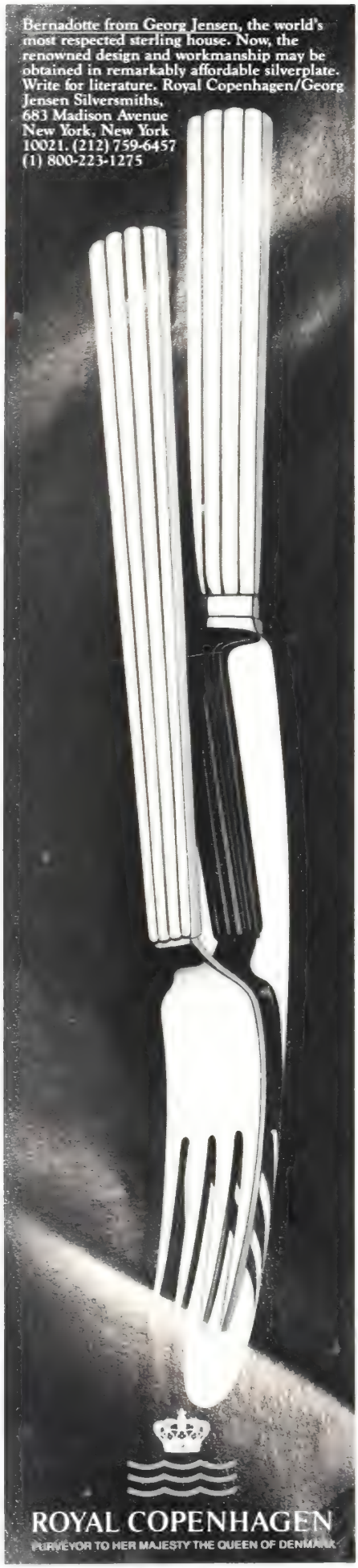





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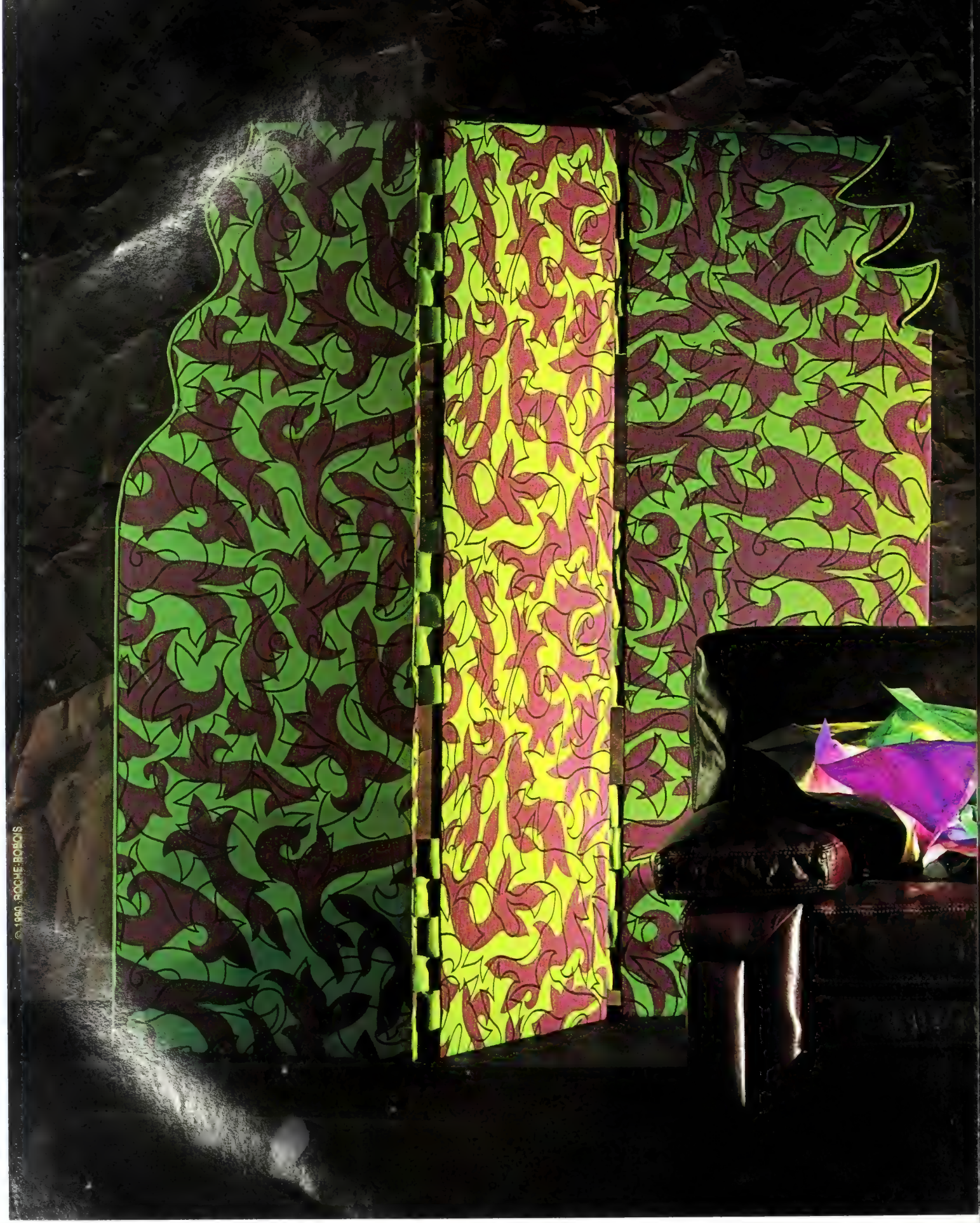
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Contributors Notes



Tom Wolfe explores the Upper East Side town house of attorney Ed Hayes, the inspiration for criminal lawyer Tommy Killian in Wolfe's best-selling novel, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. Wolfe, who mocked the machine-age look in *From Bauhaus to Our House*, finds satisfaction in the craftsmanship throughout the Hayes house: "I do think human beings love ornament. It tends to domesticate unmanageable forces."



Susan Orlean gained a traveling salesman's knowledge of hotels while researching her book *Saturday Night*, a look at how people across the country spend the most popular night of the week. For HG she rates seven Manhattan hotels: "Space in New York is limited, so ingenuity is at a premium. At a Ramada Inn in Houston you can round up forty head of cattle in your room, but not here. The trick is to take a tiny space and make it feel expansive and comfortable."



Gloria Steinem, a leading women's rights activist and author who never thought she would use a decorator, writes about discovering one who works magic. "I've come to realize there are a few designers who really enhance your life—they're not just in it to make money or impose their own taste or be socially impressive. They're true artists." Currently writing *The Bedside Book of Self-Esteem*, Steinem is also a consulting editor of the new *Ms.* magazine, an updated version of the publication she started in 1972.


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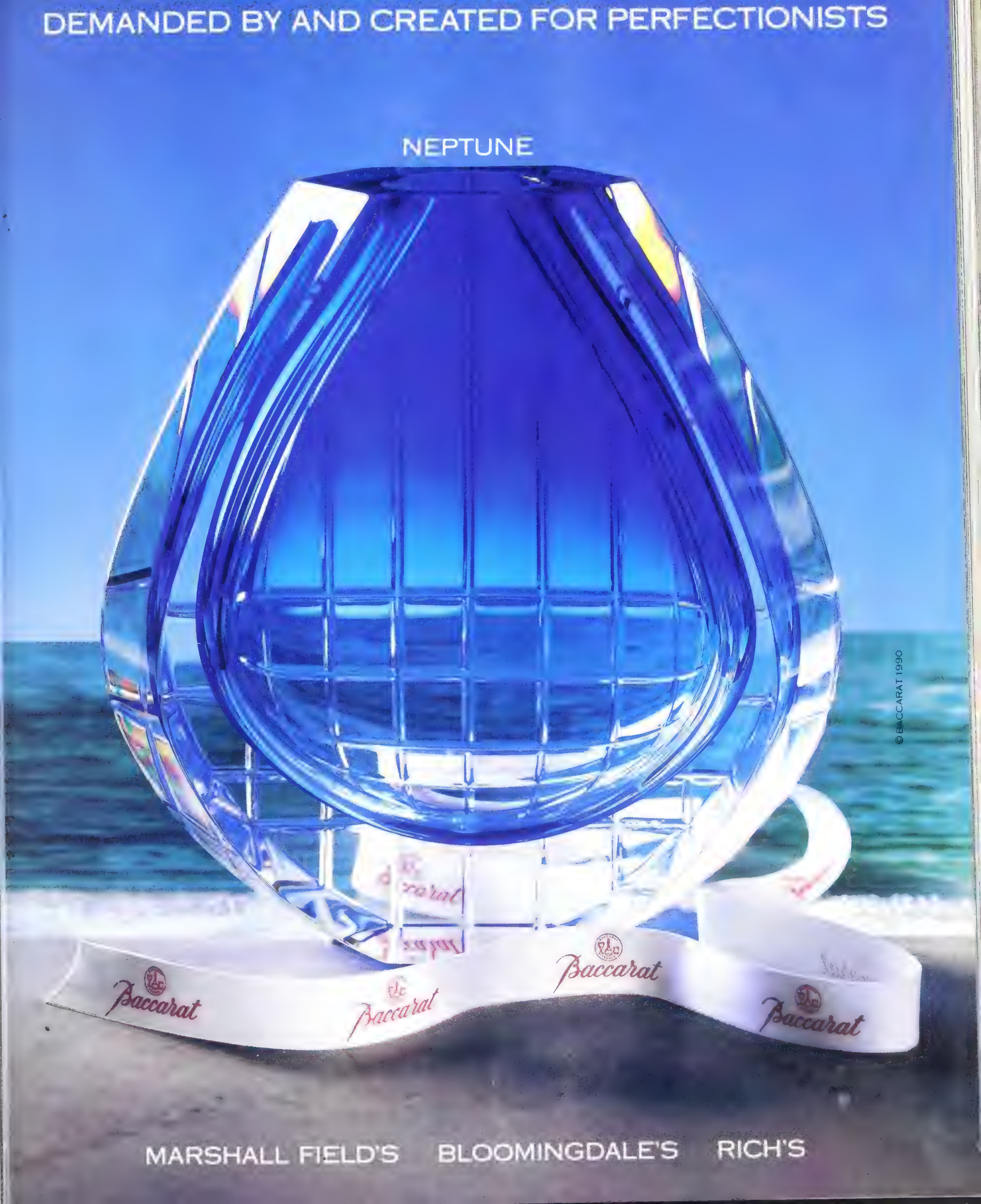
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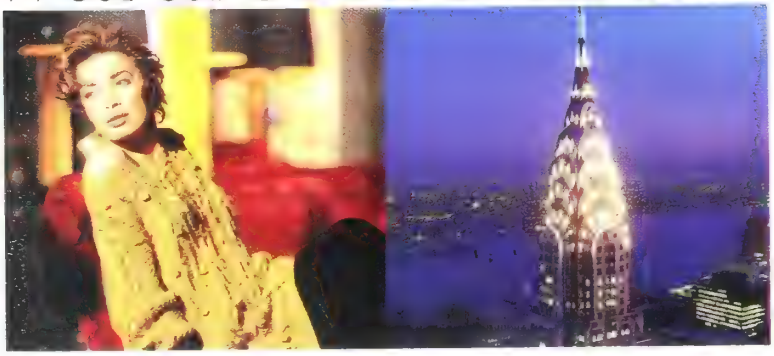
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RULES



TODD EBERLE

Brad Gooch visits the Greenwich Village town house of modeling mogul Katie Ford and her husband, entrepreneur André Balazs, a couple he describes as "key tastemakers who are redefining elegance for a new generation." A former model who used his experiences as material for his first novel, *Scary Kisses*, Gooch is at work on a biography of poet Frank O'Hara and *The Golden Age of Promiscuity*, a historical novel that covers life in Manhattan from the late seventies to the late eighties.



JEANNETTE MONTGOMERY

Gini Alhadeff is the founder and editor of *Normal*, a journal of art and literature that "comes out whenever I can raise the money." Alhadeff, who was born in Egypt, raised in Italy, and learned to speak English in Japan, has made Manhattan her permanent home: "You know how it is—you come here and realize you can't live anywhere else. It's a large mistake but precisely the kind of mistake New York makes you commit." For the October HG, Alhadeff profiles *Vanity Fair* style director Marina Schiano.

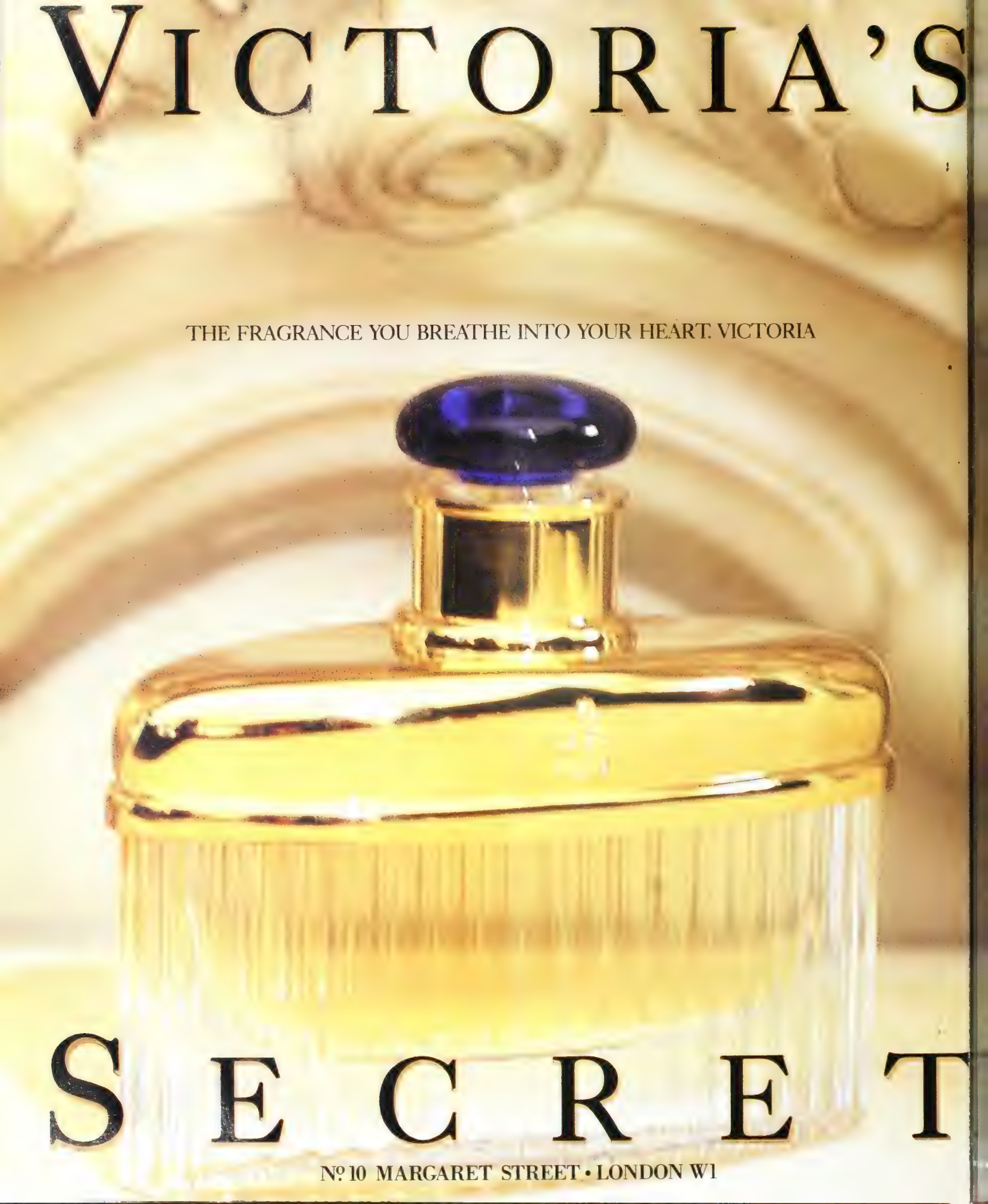

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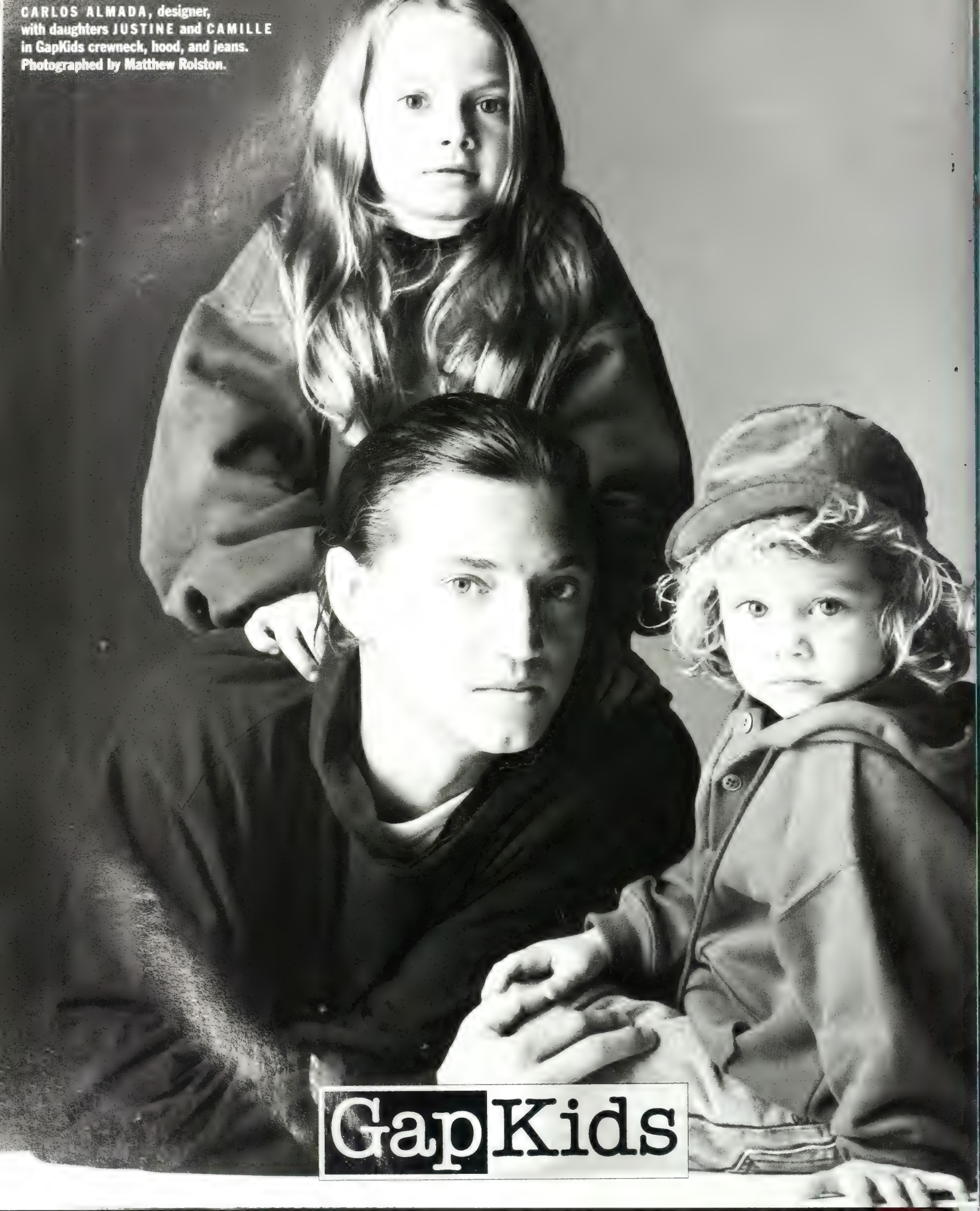
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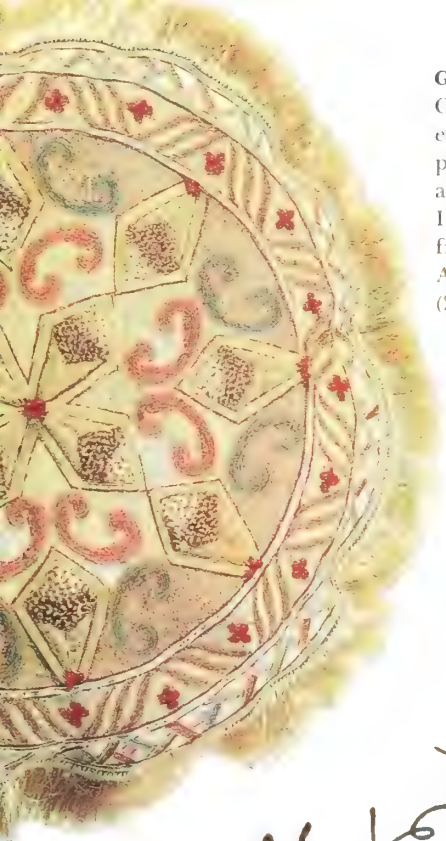

CARLOS ALMADA, designer,
with daughters JUSTINE and CAMILLE
in GapKids crewneck, hood, and jeans.
Photographed by Matthew Rolston.
GapKids

Notes

HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



Griffins, jackals, and mermen lurk in the depths of Elizabeth Street, a cavernous new showroom of ornaments dating from the 17th century. Owners Allan Reiver and Gil Shapiro consider their wares—most of which were implemented by well-known sculptors such as Antoine Louis Barye and Henri Léon Greber—art rather than decoration. Stone and marble fireplace surrounds, fountains, and a set of 17th-century horse stalls round out the collection. (210 Elizabeth Street, New York, NY 10012; 212-941-4800)



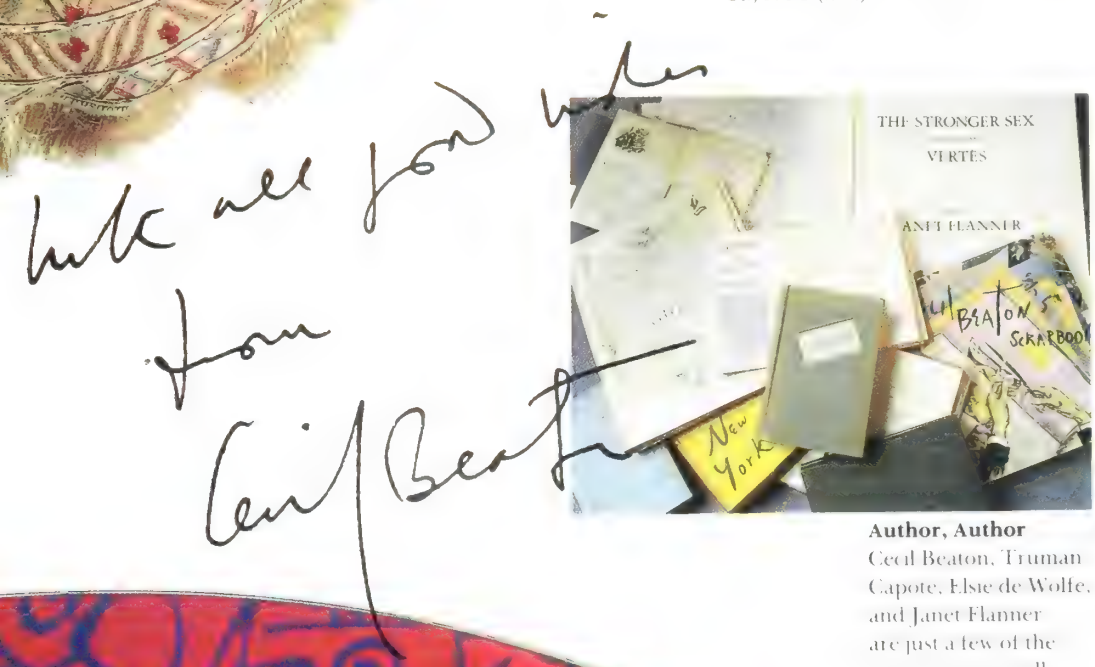
Good as Gold
Gold bullion embroidered pillows (*left*), $200, are imported from India and available from Design Archives, NYC (212) 995-9012.



Tole House Briger/Scofield's tole lanterns (*above*), $4,200, sconces, and wastepaper baskets are available at P. Briger Antiques, 42A East 74th St., NYC (212) 517-4489.



On the Block
A Louis XIV side cabinet (*above*) and other pieces from the collection of noted French interior designer Jacques Garcia will be auctioned on Oct. 27 at Sotheby's. For information (212) 606-7213.



Author, Author
Cecil Beaton, Truman Capote, Elsie de Wolfe, and Janet Flanner are just a few of the signatures you will find in the first editions and rare books (*above*) at Gunson & Turner Books, NYC (212) 826-9381 by appt.



Local Talent
This season's New York design titles include (*above*) David W. Dunlap's *On Broadway: A Journey Uptown over Time* (Rizzoli, $65); R. Craig Miller's *Modern Design, 1890–1990: The Design Collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art* (Abrams, $60); Chippy Irvine's *Private New York: Remarkable Residences* (Abbeville, $50); and John Esten's *Manhattan Style* (Little, Brown, $45).



Urban Jungle Artists Erni Vales and Gil Aviles join furniture maker Robert Ferraroni to produce the Graffiti fabric and sofa (*above*). To order from Ferra & Erni Gil (718) 599-1195.



Animal Magnetism
Zoomorphic place card holders in sterling silver (*above*) are available in sets of six, $350, at Bulgari, 730 Fifth Ave., NYC (212) 319-9000.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MONICA STEVENSON (2); JEAN YVES DUBOIS; DAVID W. DUNLAP; MONICA STEVENSON (4)

notes



What Elsie The Elsie trefoil ottoman (*above*), $975, named after decorator Elsie de Wolfe, is versatile as a seat, table, or leg rest. At Charlotte Moss, 1027 Lexington Ave., NYC (212) 772-3320.



Easel Chairs Tom Slaughter and Marthe Jocelyn use leather appliqué to turn furniture into art, such as a Matisse-inspired chair against a cityscape screen (*left*). Call (212) 226-7036.

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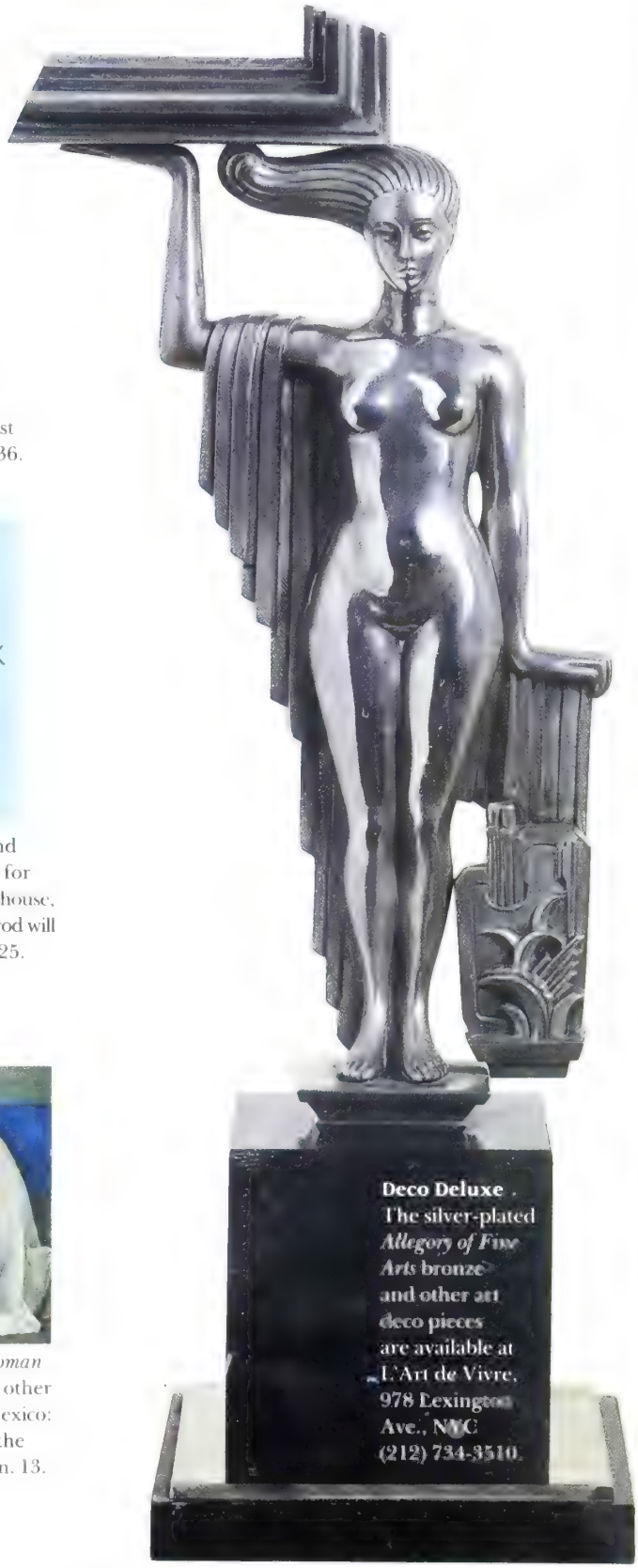
International Style English and American decorators join forces for the second Royal Oak Designer Showhouse, Oct. 18–Nov. 11. HG's Nancy Novogrod will speak Oct. 31. Call (212) 966-8425.



Dealer's Choice Revillon d'Apreval's marble and ormolu vase, c. 1800 (*left*), is on display at the International Antique Dealers Show, Oct. 5–10. Call (212) 355-6110.



Labors of Love Diego Rivera's *Woman Grinding Maize*, 1924 (*above*), and other Mexican treasures can be seen in "Mexico: Splendors of Thirty Centuries" at the Metropolitan Museum, Oct. 10–Jan. 13. Call (212) 879-5500.



Deco Deluxe The silver-plated *Allegory of Fine Arts* bronze and other art deco pieces are available at L'Art de Vivre, 978 Lexington Ave., NYC (212) 734-3510.

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Guerillas in the Garden

Horticultural activism is the subject of Peter Weir's new movie

BY KATHERINE WHITESIDE

Andie MacDowell's latest film, a romantic comedy shot entirely on location in New York City, offers a slice of the Big Apple free of the urban pestilence emphasized in many movies. In *Green Card*, directed by Peter Weir and costarring Gérard Depardieu, the actress plays a horticulturist and active member of New York's own urban green team, the Green Guerillas.

A real-life member of the all-volunteer Green Guerillas, MacDowell says, "I lived in New York for over ten years, and one of the few things that really aggravated me was the way some people continually complained about the city. My reaction was, and still is, 'Well, *do* something about it.' Joining the Green Guerillas is a great way to make a difference in many lives that are otherwise pretty hopeless."

MacDowell's get-at-it attitude echoes the sentiments of Green Guerillas founder Liz Christy. Seventeen years ago Christy was strolling a city sidewalk with a friend whose toddler took a sudden tumble in a rubbish-filled lot. "Someone should do something about this!" the mother yelled. Christy decided to begin the Bowery-Houston garden, and the grass roots response—more than five hundred subsequent garbage-to-garden transformations—is proof positive that the Green Guerilla movement, now numbering more than seven hundred members, is growing and blooming.

Today most Green Guerilla community gardens are planted on city-owned land leased on a yearly basis by neighborhood gardeners. Other projects include a roof garden at a residence for people with AIDS, maintenance of the rose garden in front of the New York Public Library, and a "greening" project for the mentally ill. Although the Guerillas are an established presence in city life, *Green Card* will mark their first foray into film credits.

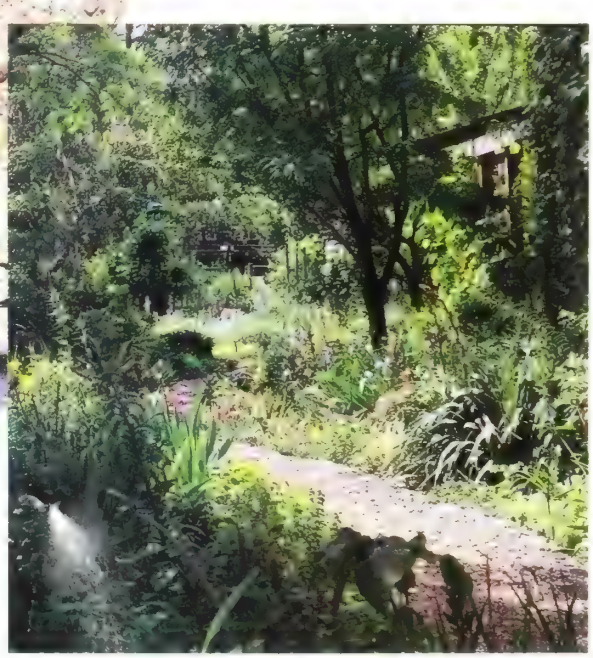




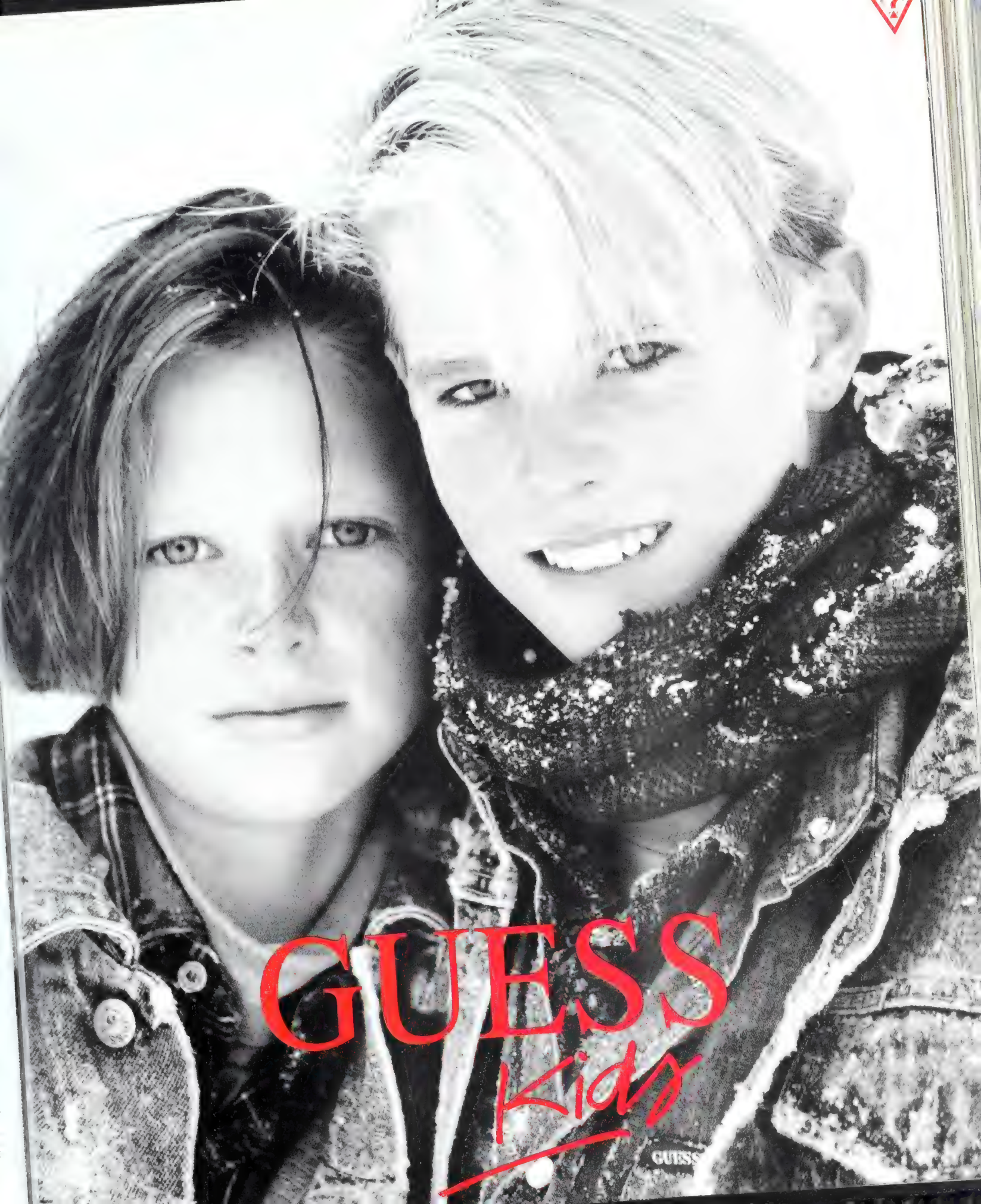
Costars MacDowell and Gérard Depardieu, above left. Above right: Production designer Wendy Weir built a roof-garden greenhouse as one of the film sets.

The movie sets include a Lower East Side community garden created by the film crew and neighborhood extras alongside advisers and extras from the Green Guerillas. Two other locales in the screenplay—an Upper West Side town house garden and a fifty-year-old tropical greenhouse—were executed from scratch by production designer Wendy Weir. A full-time gardener was hired to care for the sets and an indoor "farmette" of five hundred plants: vegetables, flowers, shrubs, herbs, exotica, and even weeds grown for four months under plant lights. The plot of *Green Card* must remain a secret until its release in February. But there's more than a hint at the New York love story played by MacDowell and Depardieu in Wendy Weir's comment about creating the film's gardens: "It's an incredible balance between controlling nature and letting nature take over." ♠





Andie MacDowell, above, in the Lower East Side garden made for *Green Card*. Right: A real-life Green Guerilla plot on the Bowery.


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Scott Blair perched on a bent-plywood and maple child's chair, surrounded by lounge and side chairs of the same material. Details see Resources.

Native Talents

New Yorkers were the toast of the International Contemporary Furniture Fair

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC



Lloyd Schwan and Lyn Godley with three of their four Dancer cabinets. Above right: Godley-Schwan's cherry and birch Musical chair.



INTERNATIONAL though the second annual furniture fair may have been, with over 230 participants from 11 countries, the competition posed no serious challenge to New York designers. This year Scott Blair concentrated on what he considers to be the ultimate design project—the chair. "I have two or three sketchbooks full of nothing but chairs," says Blair. "What I was striving to make was one that was comfortable, fairly easy and inexpensive to produce, and sexy." Bent plywood, a strong and lightweight material, readily satisfied the first two requirements; achieving a great silhouette did not come so easily. "I made at least seven full-scale prototypes before I got the curves and the angles for various seats just right. What I like best about the material is that you cannot hide any tricky joints—it demands honest construction." What we like best is that Blair's lounge, dining, and children's chairs display not only honesty but grace. In other words, they're sexy.

"The most consistent thing about us," says Lloyd Schwan of Godley-Schwan, "is that we change." If their wares last year were hard-edged, this year's designs contain "barely a straight line in the bunch," says Lyn Godley. Godley-Schwan's Musical chairs, made of either cherry or maple with birch cross poles, and their animated and colorful Dancer cabinets are, according to Schwan, "all about drawing and being loose. I didn't use anything mechanical in designing the pieces." Their method of "coming up with an idea and assuming we'll figure out a way to get it built" may have drawbacks in terms of construction (everything but the drawer pulls was produced in-house), but it made for some of the most imaginative yet highly functional furniture at the fair.

Believing that "everything doesn't always need to be made better," Marco Pasanella parts ways philosophically with most designers—and parted company with his architect father, with whom he first began making furniture. "My dad is concerned with order and how things look. The pictures in our house were always framed in the same way, hung in rows. I'm interested in things being less slick, less perfect, less rigid." Pasanella turned to early American furniture, whose "comfy, well-worn, kind of dumpy" characteristics represented the antithesis of an architect's "no slouching around" approach. Indeed, in the most playful of his nine new pieces, an oak rocking chair with sideways runners, it is nearly impossible to sit up straight. "The reaction to that chair was really heartening," says Pasanella. "I felt like the guy at the carnival with the great ride." ▲



Marco Pasanella on his sideways rocker.

TODD EBERLE



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Thomson, above, with the Vuitton luggage he brought from Lisbon, after fleeing Paris in 1940. Above right: A drawer in the Hotel Chelsea filled with Thomson's datebooks from as early as 1929.

Virgil's Elegy

Virgil Thomson's apartment in the Hotel Chelsea was a monument to his life and times BY JOHN RUSSELL

Whether we like it or not, where we live is what we are. Our surroundings cannot lie. This was conspicuously the case with Virgil Thomson, the composer, critic, autobiographer, and black-belt conversationalist who died one year ago this past month, not far short of his 93rd birthday, in the Hotel Chelsea in New York.

He had lived there since 1940 and was in all things neat, sharp, exact, and unforgetful. Not the man to leave his front door simply ajar, he propped it open an inch or two with a brick covered with carpet for that express purpose. But then everything in Thomson's apartment was there for a purpose. The word "slovenly" might never have been coined.



A scene from the opera *Four Saints in Three Acts*, 1934, above, a collaboration with Gertrude Stein.

In that apartment, living space and working space were one. So were archival space and kitchen, picture gallery and heartland of the Pink Pearl eraser and the Berol Electronic Scorer 350 pencil. His pre–World War II Vuitton luggage, brought back from Lisbon by boat in August 1940, was niched as neatly as if it had been sculpture.

In a little drawer near Thomson's bed, his pocket datebooks for the past sixty and more years—all identical in size—were filed in chronological order. (No secrets in them. Telegraphic entries only.) From the 1920s and '30s—the heyday of good and cheap living in France—there were the books that every intelligent expatriate brought back with him. But there were also books that harked back to the American country music of long long ago. As for the fruit and vegetables in the kitchen, they rhymed with the still lifes that his friend Maurice Grosser had painted in 1932. Even as Thomson lay dying, nine pairs of shoes, polished as well as ever, lay waiting at the foot of his bed in case he wanted to get up and go out.

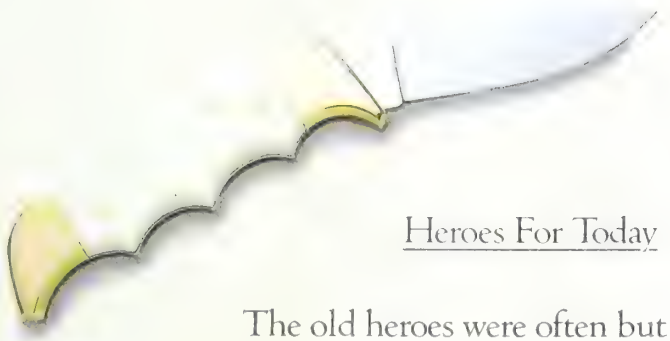
His apartment was not in the least "done up." No canon of orthodox taste could be applied to it. But wherever visitors looked, and all the more so if they were encouraged to open a drawer, a box file, a cupboard, or a bookcase, they knew that only one man could have lived in these rooms. And they also knew that that man was the composer of *Four Saints in Three Acts, The Mother of Us All,* and *Lord Byron;* the collaborator of Gertrude Stein; and the equal of Schumann, Berlioz, and Debussy as a commentator on other men's music.





Boxes of letters line the parlor walls, above. Right: A clipping from *Harper's Bazaar* shows the creators of the 1953 musical *The Grass Harp* (clockwise from top left): Thomson, Robert Lewis, Truman Capote, Cecil Beaton, and Saint-Subber.

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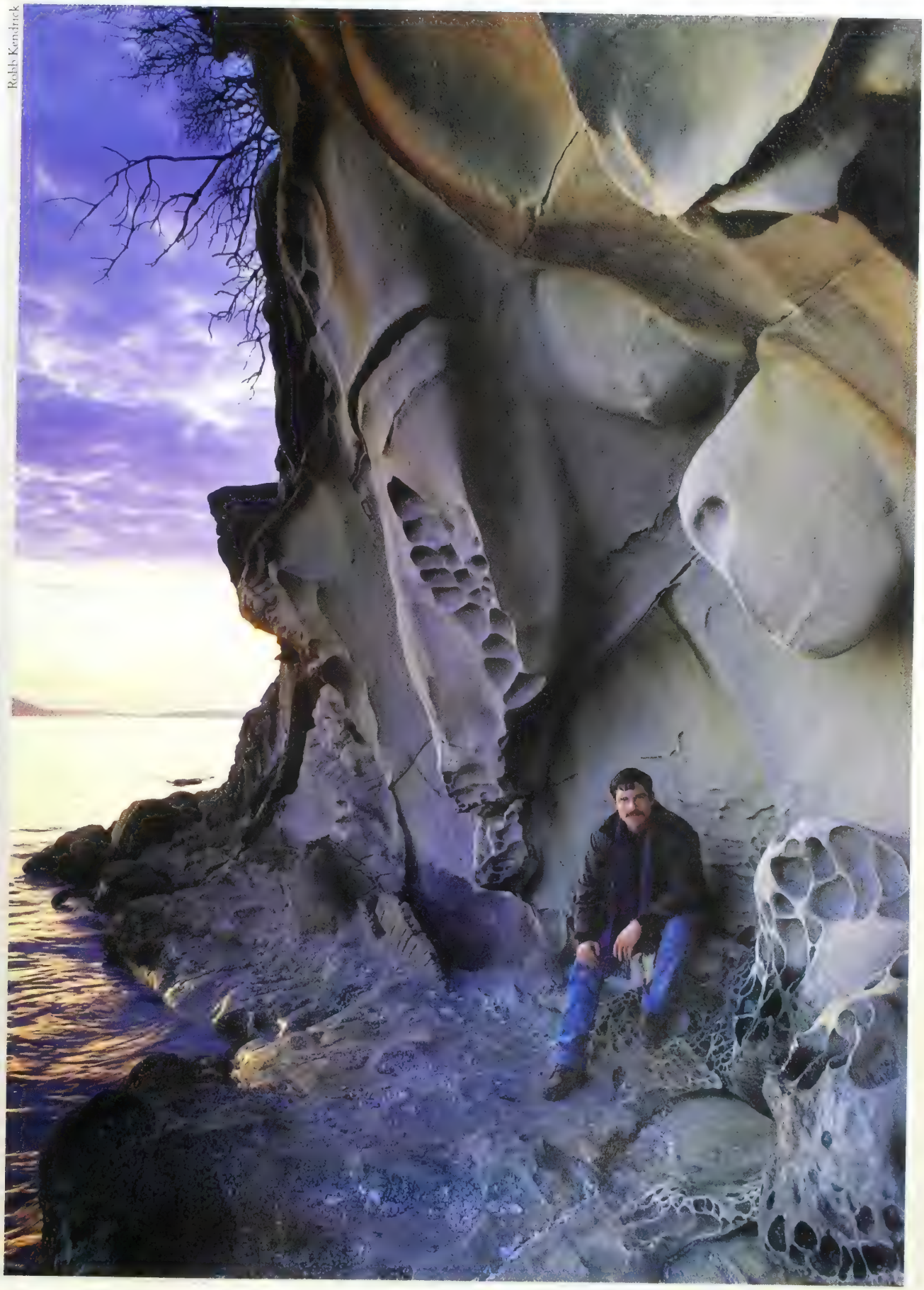
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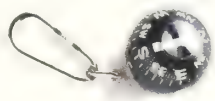


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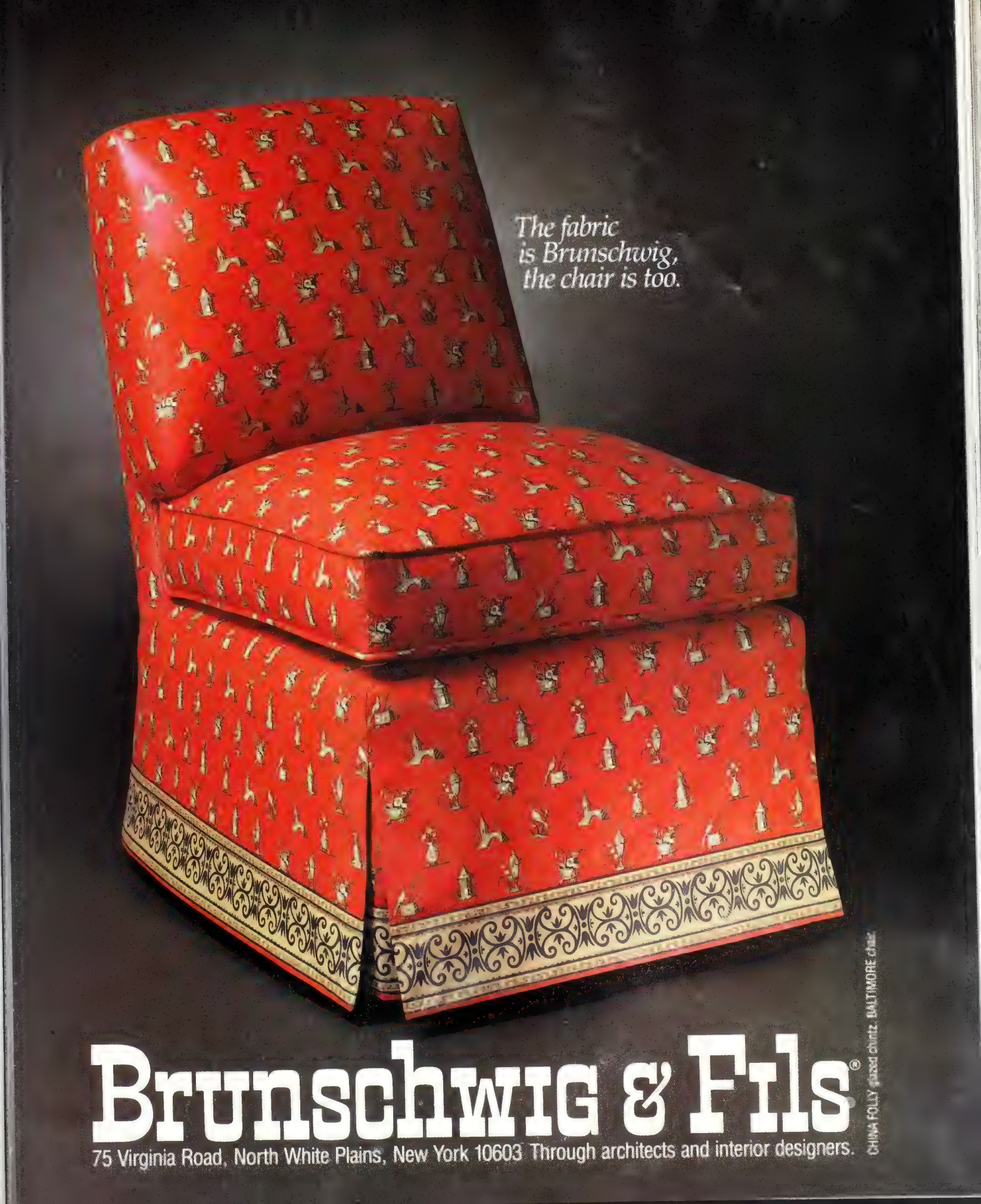
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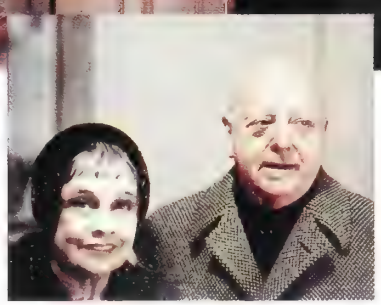
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A 1919 Florine Stettheimer portrait of Marcel Duchamp, right, depicts the artist and his alter ego. Stettheimer also designed the frame with Duchamp's initials. Thomson and Gertrude Stein, below, at Stein's Paris apartment.







A bookcase in the bedroom, center above, also held spices and dishes for the adjoining kitchen-in-a-closet. The paintings are by Maurice Grosser. Above: Thomson with Anita Loos, author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Right: American composers (clockwise from left) Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland, Gian-Carlo Menotti, William Schuman, and Thomson.



In conversation, as in his surroundings, Virgil Thomson had perfect pitch

In conversation, as in his surroundings, Virgil Thomson had perfect pitch. The right word came out at the right time, with the right weight and at the right speed. The sound was flat, abrupt, laconic. If he ever hesitated, it was for effect and not because he did not know what to say.

In his person he was short and round, with a magnificent head—a Humpty-Dumpty descended from ancient Rome. Brow, eyes, nose, mouth, and jaw—each had its formidable aspect. When he had something to say, which was just about always, he had split-second timing. If he sometimes seemed combative in his conversational style, it was because he liked to go straight to the point.

He favored large, commodious, unflimsy pieces of furniture, and he was very good at getting them from people who were anxious to be rid of them. When the American Academy of Arts and Letters no longer knew what to do with an enormous bookcase of burled walnut and ebony, Thomson took over and had it shipped down to the Chelsea.

When his old friend the architectural historian Henry-Russell Hitchcock was encumbered with a three-piece bedroom set that had been given to his grandparents on their marriage, Virgil Thomson knew just where to put the walnut bed with a Gothic headboard, the washstand, and the marble-topped bureau. (The bureau was to do double duty as a sideboard or buffet when there were a lot of people for dinner.)

When anyone admired his dining table, with its black enameled top and delicately curved chromium legs, he paid tribute to Minna Lederman, the editor of *Modern Music*, who had passed it on to him. He loved it partly for the date of its making, 1932, which was also the year in which he began to enjoy, at the Liberal Club at Harvard, the talk that he later described as "the finest anywhere."

Things pleased him for private reasons and not because they would impress others. He could have collected art, but he only had paintings and sculpture and drawings by people he knew and liked—Grosser, Florine Stettheimer, Leonid Berman. He had some photographs by Man Ray, but he never showed them. He had works by Jean Arp and Yves Tanguy, bright stars in the modernist heavens, but they didn't get star billing.

What he really liked did not have to be (and rarely was) what others thought of as fancy. He had a kidney-shaped table that had belonged to Gertrude Stein and was left to him by Alice B. Toklas. The red velvet S-shaped chair on which two people can talk sitting face to face, and almost nose to nose, was a present from Lincoln Kirstein's sister, Mina Curtiss, who was no mean judge of the high comforts of Paris in the nineteenth century.

But the black painted chairs in the dining room came from Macy's. Many of the glasses came from a dime store in the 1940s. ("The best place to buy," he would say flatly.) When Igor Stravinsky came to dinner, he admired the plates.

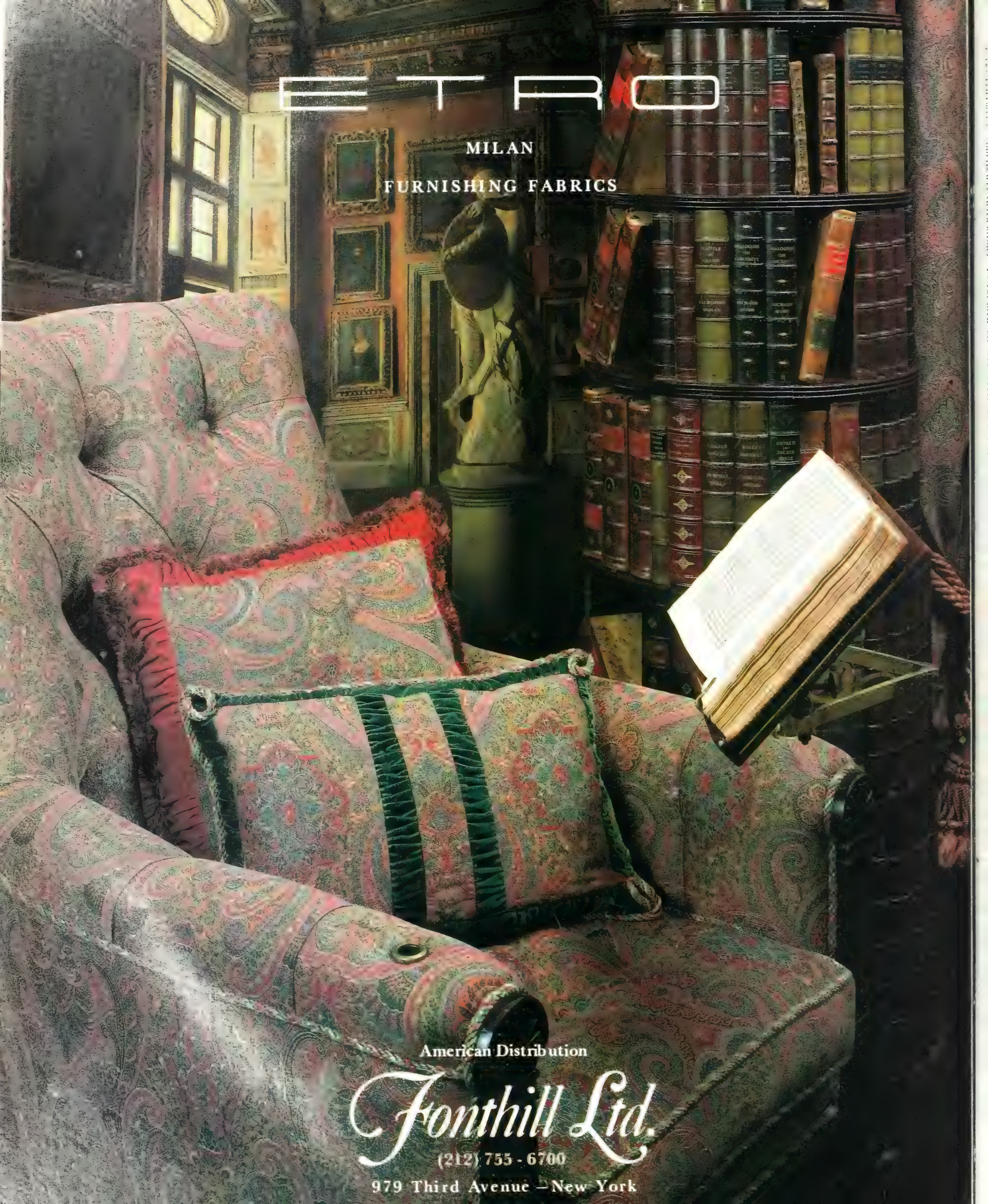
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"Wedgwood?" he asked. "No, Woolworth," said Thomson.

He did not have a "wine cellar"—or, for that matter, a cellar of any kind. But he loved wine and he liked it near at hand. A practiced and dedicated cook (and no friend of nouvelle cuisine), he worked out of a pantry that had once been a walk-in closet and a kitchen he could barely squeeze in and out of.

In the pantry an icebox murmured. China, glass, flatware, brooms, dustpan and brush, items of kitchen equipment,

> "Wedgwood?" Stravinsky asked. "No, Woolworth," said Thomson

canned foods (Campbell's, mostly), pots and pans were set out in perfect order.

Up above, almost at ceiling level, were cardboard boxes identified in a large clear hand as containing old Fortuny slipcovers for armchairs, shorts bought from Lanvin in the 1930s, ties unfashionably wide, academic hoods, and much else besides. Way way up, toward the top, were some cardboard cases of wine. Laid down on their sides, with red and gold and silver covered corks, they looked both tempting and precarious.

How to get at them? Nothing easier, Thomson said. He pulled out the kitchen drawers, positioned them as a series of steps and climbed up—even well into his eighties—on sure and very small feet. Unlike Humpty-Dumpty, this outspoken huge-headed old gentleman never had a great fall.

Looking round the Chelsea apartment one last time, this visitor remembered what Virgil Thomson had said of his concierge in Paris when she died at the age of 84: "A life so long, a person so fulfilled, gives little wish to alter history." And it was as true of him as it was of her. ▲ *Editor: Rosamond Bernier*

The Virgil Thomson estate will be auctioned at Sotheby's, New York, on October 11. Proceeds will go to the Virgil Thomson Foundation to benefit young composers.





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The Intentional Tourist

Natives who want to take in the city with out-of-towners have a varied menu to choose from BY LIZ LOGAN

After three years of living in Manhattan, I have concluded that the best thing about being a New Yorker is not having to be a tourist anymore. Back when I lived in Texas and could visit Manhattan only once a year or so, I would go mad with frustration trying to make every minute—and every meal—count. I wanted to see every museum, shop every one-of-a-kind store, and eat in the best, the oldest, the newest, the most satisfying restaurants that would give me quintessential New York on my plate.

So it may be out of sympathy for my former self that I try so hard to show out-of-towners a good time in the big city. Because of my experience reviewing restaurants here, I know where to steer people so that they have the most evocative possible days and nights on the town. What's more, these only-in-New-York meals make me remember all over again why I wanted to live here in the first place.

It was in **Veselka** (144 Second Avenue; 212-228-9682) that I decided I had to move to New York, which is why this offbeat but never menacing Ukrainian coffee shop is at the top of my personal hit parade. Veselka is a wonderful hybrid of old-fashioned food and way-out avant-garde East Villagers. The single best thing to eat here is the cabbage soup, which seems unlikely, but just order it, and thank me later. The on-the-menu piroshkis and so forth and the off-the-menu specials are all good for lunch or dinner, but breakfast is a standout. (A Veselka breakfast is to a standard coffee shop breakfast as the Chrysler Building is to the Pan Am Building.)

Another personal favorite I like to take visitors to is **John's Pizza** (278 Bleecker Street; 212-243-1680). To my mind, a John's pizza (as a purist, I recommend the uncomplicated mushroom) represents New York in its paradoxical perfection: it's simple food but rare in its quality of execution, and it's inexpensive though inconvenient (John's doesn't deliver or take credit cards or reservations, which leads to surly, disgruntled waiting lines at nearly all hours). Warning: after experiencing one of John's coal-oven paragons, it's quite likely that no other pizza will ever again seem worth eating.

After John's, espresso is in order, and you're in the right neighborhood to get some with a past. The Village has half a dozen or so old coffeehouses, but the one with the most satisfying resonance is **Caffè Reggio** (119 MacDougal Street; 212-475-9557), where bits of *Next Stop, Greenwich Village* were filmed. A word to the wise: drink espresso or cappuccino or any form of caffeine you like, but avoid the dreary desserts. If you must have something sweet, the cookies are relatively harmless.

Having a long, complicated dinner at a full-tilt French restaurant is an essential component of the civilized life in New York, and my favorite place to do so is the relatively new (now three years old) **Bouley** (165 Duane Street; 212-608-3852). Traditionalists may prefer Lutèce, and it's hard to argue with them, but for my money—or for anyone else's I can influence—Bouley is the place. The setting is lovely beyond compare, for one thing (imagine heaven as designed by someone fond of the south of France), and chef David Bouley is so ma-



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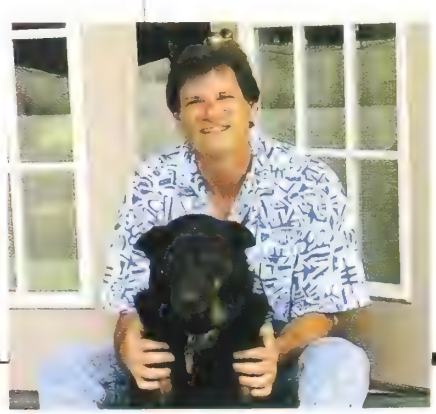
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draperies, pleated shades, vertical blinds, carpeting and even custom area rugs I was able to show Stewart, we began to narrow down the options.

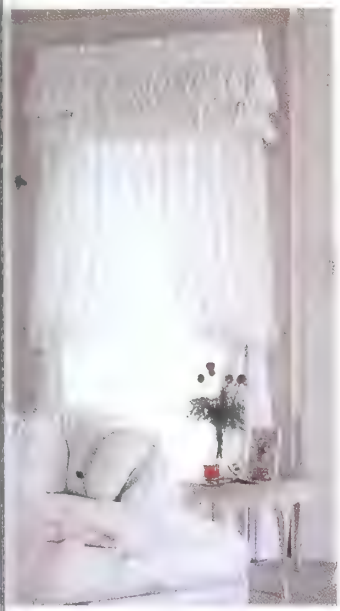
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Whichever restaurant appears in Billy Norwich's column a dozen times in one day is the one you want to be in—and can't get into

niacally possessed by the wish to please customers that his inventiveness is unflagging. What's more, that inventiveness somehow always stays correct in a way that is truly French.

The day after a Bouley dinner, I like the relative simplicity of a lunch at the **Oyster Bar** in Grand Central Station (lower level, 42nd Street between Vanderbilt and Lexington avenues; 212-490-6650). This handsome vaulted space has an aura of mystery and history, and the oysters—usually, a choice of fifteen or so kinds—are just the ticket for fans of bivalvular thrills. Me, I've never completely converted to the joys of lunch on the half shell, so I usually get a nice piece of fish with some boiled potatoes. Most Oyster Bar old-timers prefer the quieter paneled Saloon portion of the restaurant, but I think the tiled romance of the main dining room is best for a sense of the place. (The counter is a great spot for a solo meal.)

More fishy pleasure: the staggering variety of smoked fish at **Russ & Daughters** (179 East Houston Street; 212-475-4880). This is a store, not a restaurant, so you'll be getting the goods and taking them home or to your hotel. Early Sunday morning is an ideal time for this. Suggested plan of action for two: first, get half a pound of sable (my favorite smoked fish, for its subtle flavor and firm texture), then advance a couple of doors down to Ben's for a little butter, then proceed to Moishe's for bagels. This combo, plus juice (I favor Ocean Spray cranberry-apricot), strong coffee, and the Sunday *New York Times* make up one definition of earthly paradise.

Part of what makes New York New York is its contrast of old and new. Against the background of old reliables, one, and only one, establishment reigns supreme—albeit briefly—as the hot restaurant of the moment. Since last spring that restaurant has been **Tribeca Grill** (375 Greenwich Street; 212-941-3900). The mutating nature of happeningness being what it is, the crown may have passed to another by the time this appears. To be sure, just check Billy Norwich's column in the *Daily News*, the most reliable thermometer for restaurant heat. Whichever restaurant is mentioned a dozen times in one day is the one you want to be in—and the one you can't get into. This almost inevitable fact shouldn't spoil anyone's visit though. Tribeca Grill, for instance, serves perfectly pleasant food, but if Sandra Bernhard and Susan Sarandon weren't sitting in the next booth, you'd swear you were in an undistinguished restaurant in Denver or Dallas. ▲



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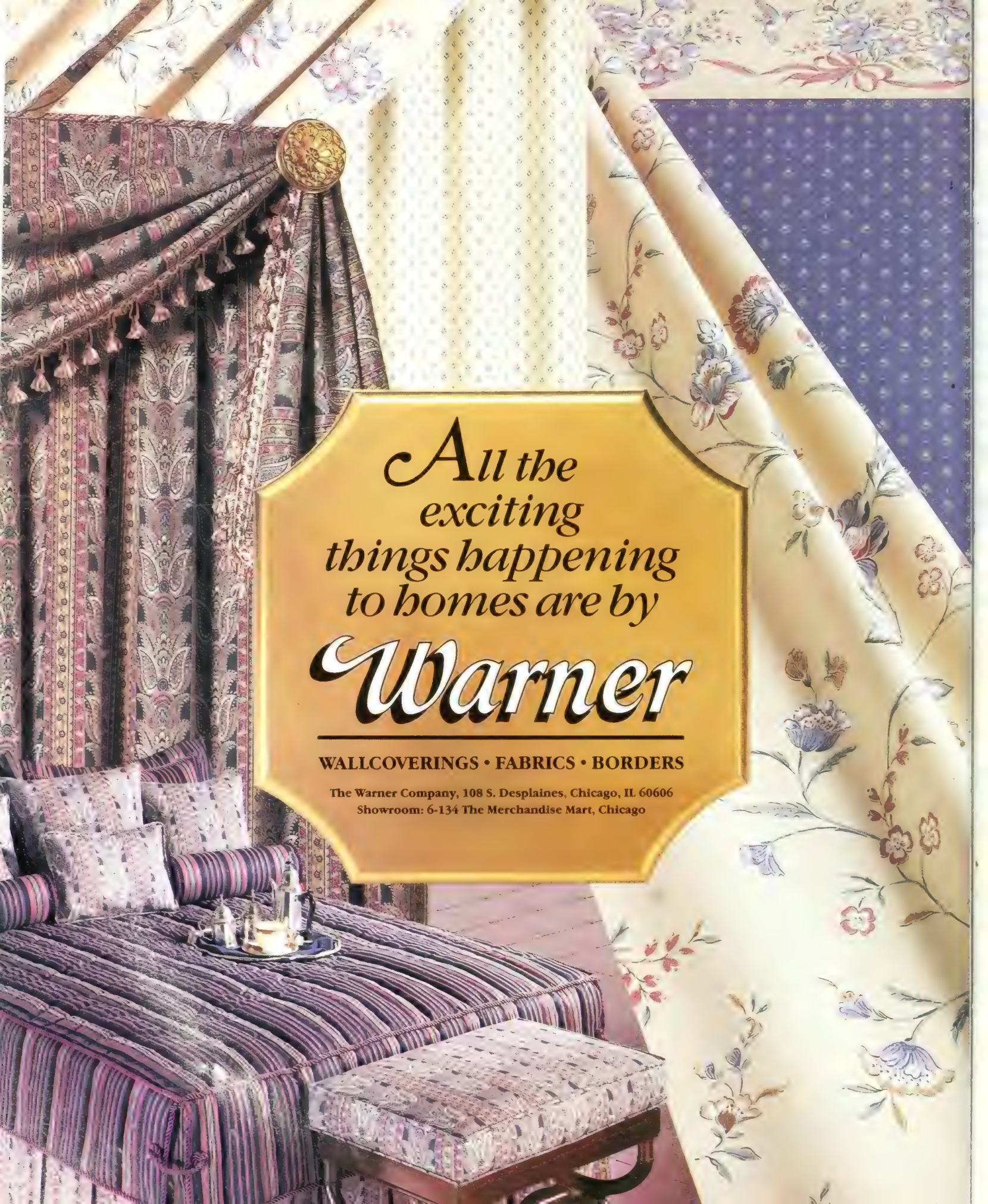


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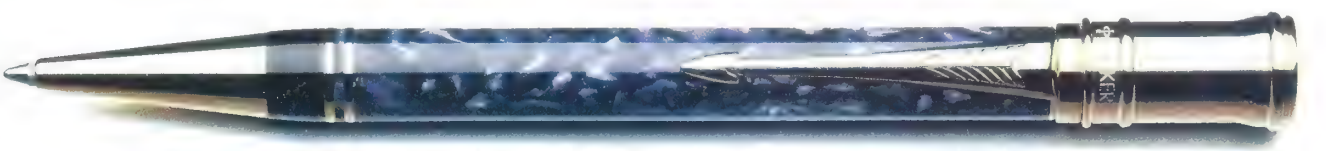
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One man, one vote is
Ed Koch's decorating policy

BY PILAR VILADAS



THROUGHOUT THE TWELVE YEARS that Edward I. Koch was mayor of New York, he never gave up the small Greenwich Village apartment that he had occupied before moving into venerable Gracie Mansion. After all, he would return to private life one day, and he'd need a place to hang his hat.

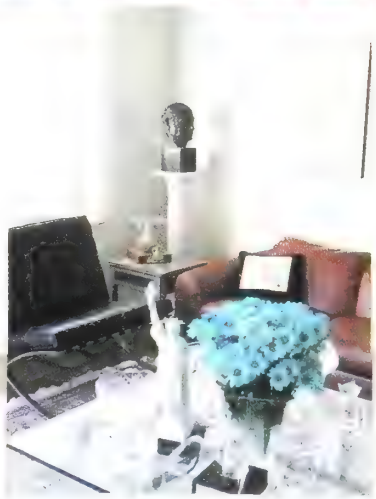
Koch may have returned to private life (at a Manhattan law firm), but he certainly hasn't left the public eye. He's big on the lecture circuit ("*U.S. News & World Report* says I'm the second most sought after lecturer in the country, after Henry Kissinger," he notes). He teaches at New York University, has a Sunday morning television show and a daily morning radio show, and writes a weekly column for the *New York Post*. And, in addition to numerous small gatherings, he gives dinner parties for twelve twice a month. Obviously the old bachelor pad was no match for this lifestyle, so Koch moved to a more spacious apartment on lower Fifth Avenue. It gets north, south, and east light; it has a terrace, the better to barbecue ("I like to do steaks, and I'm learning to do salmon"); and it has a study, where he tapes his radio program. Decorating this new-found abundance of space didn't faze Koch for an instant: he simply went shopping.

Like any self-respecting New Yorker, Koch is a comparison shopper. On the hunt for blinds, he got estimates from two Manhattan suppliers before discovering a place in Brooklyn that sold the same blinds for much less. The moral of the story? "Always get a Brooklyn bid," cautions the former mayor.

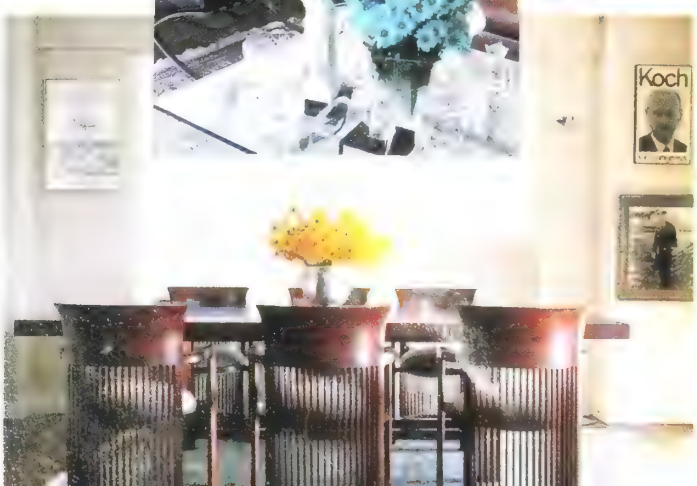
The functional necessities out of the way, Koch, accompanied by his former chief of staff, Diane Coffey (who provided an aesthetic second opinion), set about furnishing his new digs. The living room's Persian rugs, the study's reproduction English furniture, and the bedroom's four-poster bed and antique highboy and armoire were purchased at ABC Carpet, a home-furnishings emporium on Broadway. "It's like Bloomingdale's when Bloomingdale's was at its prime," Koch proclaims. "And you take the furniture right off the floor instead of waiting six months for designer furniture."

Not that Koch has anything against designer furniture. His living room contains Mies van der Rohe Barcelona chairs, which he bought in 1965, and Le Corbusier's tubular-steel









The former mayor, above, on the terrace of his new Village apartment, where Mies van der Rohe chairs, right, and Frank Lloyd Wright dining furniture, below, coexist with political memorabilia, above right and far right. Details see Resources.

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and leather sofa and armchairs. His big purchase was a Frank Lloyd Wright–designed dining table and chairs—licensed reproductions Koch admires for their "sort of Japanese-Shaker quality." While modernism is a favorite period in design, Koch doesn't dismiss the traditional, as his study and bedroom furniture demonstrates. "Who would have thought," muses Coffey, "that Ed Koch would have a four-poster bed?"

Koch mixes old and new purchases with ease. The leather sofa in the living room is 25 years old; it was simply recovered in the same color leather from the trusty ABC. A wooden chest was found by Koch's sister for $30. The side chairs in the dining room were part of his mother's bridge set. And the walls of the apartment are covered with art posters and memorabilia from his years at City Hall, including book covers, photographs, and political cartoons.

> "I have no problem with others using decorators if they don't have faith in their own taste"

Apart from the support he received from Coffey—who says he shopped "just the way he ran the city, making decisions thoughtfully but quickly"—Koch decorated his new home by himself. "I have no problem with others using decorators if they don't have sufficient confidence in their own skills and taste," he maintains. "I'm happy doing it my way." And his way has produced an apartment that says "confidence," according to Koch. Does it also say "New York"? "Yes, I would say so. While my apartment isn't the most beautiful or the most expensive in the world, it can hold its own. I don't take a backseat to anybody in reflecting the sophistication, eclecticism, and fun of New York."

When it comes to decorating, one thing Ed Koch doesn't feel the need to say is, "How'm I doin'?" ♠

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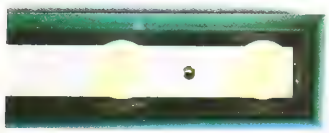
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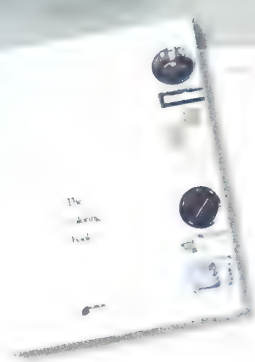
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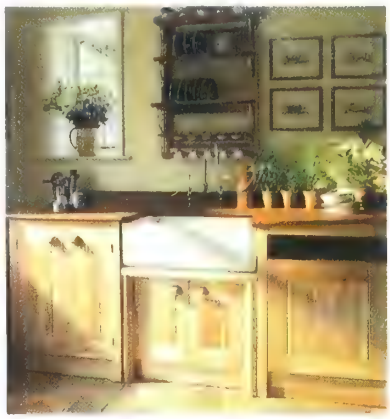


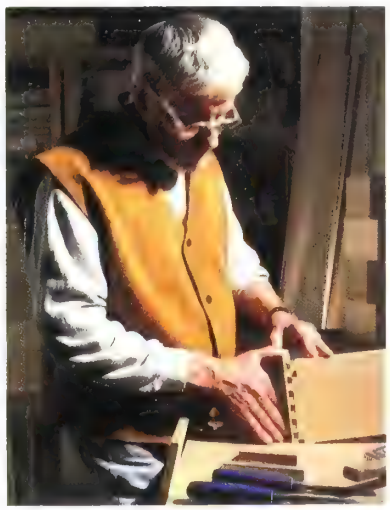
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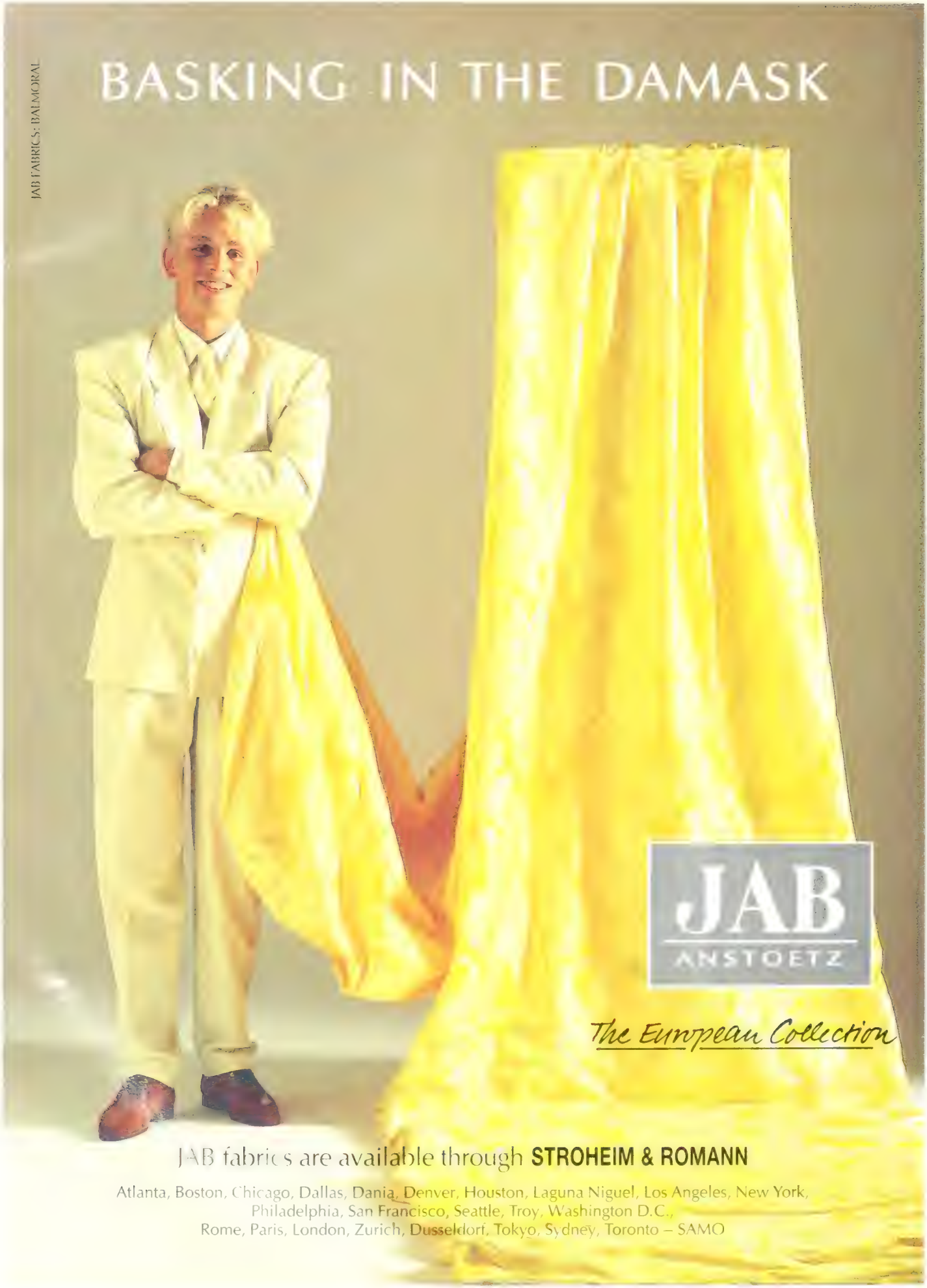
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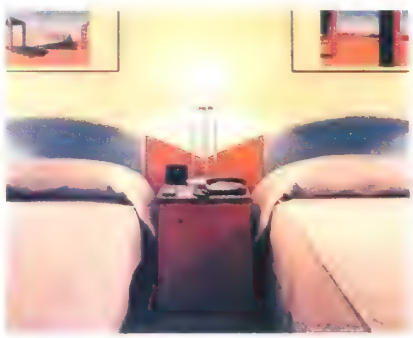
BY SUSAN ORLEAN

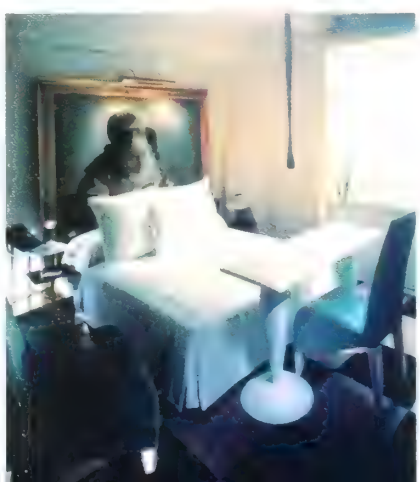


New York, the saying goes, will be a very nice city when they finally finish building it. The more accurate saying would be that we *are* finished building it—and now we're just renovating. Hotel guests benefit from the New Yorker passion for rehab: just about every season a new batch of hotels are freshened up, and everything old is new again. Here's a roundup of recently redecorated hotels and one that's brand-new. (Rates quoted are for doubles.)

THE ALGONQUIN 59 West 44th Street; (212) 840-6800. What do you do with a place whose genteel frumpiness has become a local point of pride and a literary institution? Exactly what has been done: leave the great Auntie Mame lobby as is, tidy up the skinny Thurber cartoon-lined halls, and then do a crackerjack renovation of the guest rooms. *Aesthetics:* Very rose and green, with potentially too much chintz offset by striped wallpaper. Whoever authorized the renovation obviously dispensed with the line-item veto—even the brass door hinges are new. The bathroom has enough prewar detailing to be adorable, but unlike most prewar bathrooms, everything works. With the curtains shut, you could be in a top-notch guesthouse in the Cotswolds. With the curtains open, you have an uninspiring view of West 44th Street, but that's New York for you. *In-room entertainment:* Room service food is tastier and the service snappier than what I've had in the Algonquin's dining room—a mystery of the universe, to be sure. You get a newspaper without having to ask, and instead of the usual junky hotel reading material, the rooms are stocked with, that's right, *The New Yorker*. *Rates:* $175–$350.

WALDORF TOWERS 100 East 50th Street; (212) 355-3000. This is the section of the Waldorf-Astoria with a discreet private entrance and plush, hushed corridors, as compared with the main part of the hotel, which is grander than grand, gorgeously deco, and overly full of loudly self-impressed tourists. *Aesthetics:* My suite—the biggest interior space I've ever been in, save for Madison Square Garden—was essentially a classically magnificent prewar Park Avenue apartment with overstuffed sofas, a formal foyer, serious furnishings (many legit antiques). The bathrooms were perfect art deco, with incredible nickel-plated faucets and butter-colored tiles. My compliments to whomever decided to forgo the usual faux-Brit toiletries and instead offer Waldorf sewing kits and Safeguard soap. *In-room entertainment:* Renovation did not include fancy electronic equipment—nowhere in my seven-room suite was there a digital display—but there are a multitude of televisions with pay channels, and anyhow, the rooms are so spacious that I decided to jog rather than watch anything. Room service is at a snail's pace but eventually turned up with a perfect array of oysters and shrimps—and a great hamburger. Newspapers come with breakfast, which you can preorder with a door hanger the night before. *Rates:* $325–$3,000.



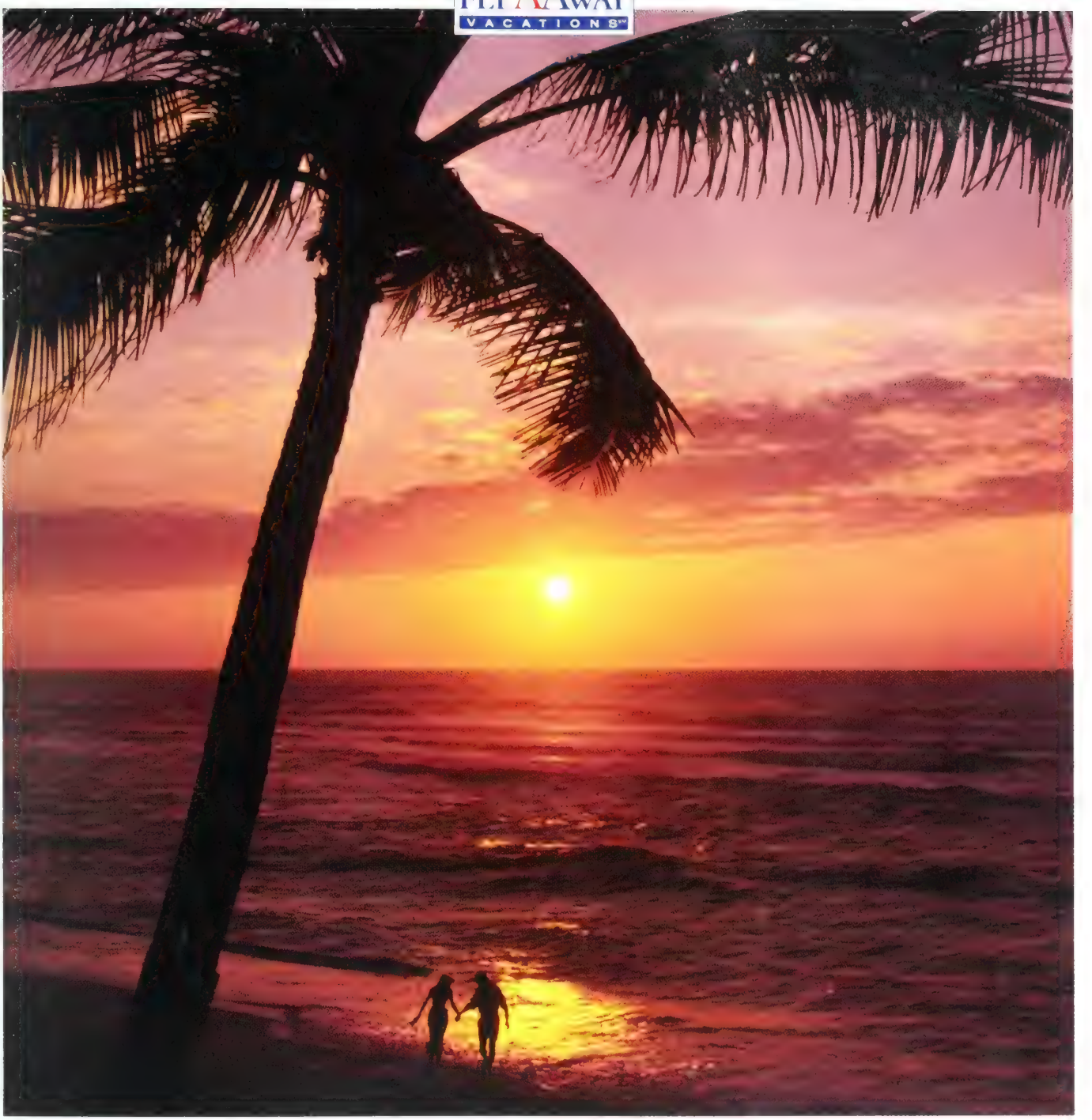


Masculine restraint at the Macklowe, above. Below: Kicky luxe at the Paramount. Top left: Spacious comfort at the Waldorf.

PARAMOUNT 235 West 46th Street; (212) 764-5500. Another Ian Schrager hotel for the nineties, this one on a funky street in the theater district which is an eye-blink away from being a chic street in the theater district. *Aesthetics:* When you step into the little room—and they *are* little—you could have died and gone to Toontown. This is Philippe Starck in his white and gold mode, very luxe but also very playful and cartoony and a darn sight less dour-looking than the Royalton. A headboard made of a Vermeer painting printed on padded fabric would drive you crazy at home, but here it's a kick. To say it's refreshing to be in a hotel with interesting furniture and clever design is a giant understatement. *In-room entertainment:* Movies to rent, the beyond-hip Schrager staff to look at, and a bathroom sink so wonderful you will want to brush your teeth all night. Not to mention the Vermeer. *Rates:* $110–$160.

HOTEL WALES 1295 Madison Avenue; (212) 876-6000. If you had a friend who lived in a nice old building in a charming

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PETER PAIGE

The Empire's new clothes include a lobby renovation in marble and mahogany.

New York neighborhood and had renovated the apartment on a tight budget and that friend let you use the apartment for a few nights, you would be staying at the Wales. *Aesthetics:* Decorative tile, an oak mantelpiece, sky-high ceilings, brass doorknobs—I applaud the choice to preserve the architectural details, but not everything functions at 1990 speed. Annoyingly, the door to my bathroom wouldn't stay shut—but it looked good. The bathroom itself was brand-new and unpleasantly barebones. Overall, the decor is quiet and not memorable, but that's because the great old detailing does the talking. *In-room entertainment:* No room service and very few amenities, but Sarabeth's is on the ground floor, tons of shopping lie in every direction, and Central Park is just one block away. Like I said, think of this as an apartment you've borrowed for the weekend and you'll be in the right frame of mind. *Rates:* $125–$225.

THE EMPIRE 44 West 63rd Street; (212) 265-7400. It's fitting that a hotel in a neighborhood crawling with therapists should be slightly schizophrenic. The Empire's new lobby, done by Sarah Tomerlin Lee, looks très cher, but upstairs the halls are still a little dingy. Guest rooms have fancier compact disc players and VCRs than what I've got at home, but the sofa in my suite was swayback and the radiator could use a paint job. Go figure. Still, anyone with a decent throwing arm could toss a baton on Lincoln Center from any room, and that does count for a lot. *Aesthetics:* The lobby, loaded with marble and mahogany, is striking; the rooms are just generic nice-hotel except for the bathroom, which has terrific chrome fixtures, a Jacuzzi, and a heated towel rack. *In-room entertainment:* Reasonably good American bistro food from room service, with a service charge. You can rent CDs and videos—lots of classical music and (more split personality here) action-adventure movies. *Rates:* $165–$500.

THE PIERRE Fifth Avenue at 61st Street; (212) 838-8000. So classy that using an audible speaking voice in the lobby makes you feel, well, obtrusive. *Aesthetics:* The celery walls and Regency furniture in my suite might look staid and droopy at home; here they look elegant and subdued, like an apartment in a very correct arrondissement. The rooms are a lot bigger than most Manhattan hotel rooms, and two full bathrooms (tiled in the colors of the French flag) is generous, too. *In-room entertainment:* Every time I turned around, there was another bellman knocking with another complimentary something-or-other, beautifully laid out. On the other hand, my breakfast was undistinguished and overcooked. Still, you get the feeling that your every need will be cheerily—and quietly—accommodated. *Rates:* $295–$1,750.

HOTEL MACKLOWE AND CONFERENCE CENTER 145 West 44th Street; (212) 869-5800. This new Harry Macklowe development, which includes a just-opened film screening center, is the most manly hotel I've ever seen—powerful-looking, big, dark, and imposing. Which isn't to say unpleasant. *Aesthetics:* The deco-by-way-of-Dallas lobby is stunning; the rooms, in tan and black, are handsome and crisp, with enough clever design flourishes (black marble-topped desk, cherrywood bed) to keep them from being generic business-guy functional. *In-room entertainment:* A television with a zillion computer functions, including airline ticketing; room service that is fast and food that is simple but thoroughly well prepared; newspapers that come with breakfast; marvelous views; and windows that actually open. *Rates:* $225–$1,200. ▲

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Promising Portfolios

Art consultant Stacey Winston guides aspiring "twentysomething" collectors through the art world

BY LOUISA LEVANT

Twenty-eight-year-old art consultant Stacey Winston is a model of composure. Her streaked shoulder-length hair is gracefully set, and she looks dainty and businesslike in dark high-heeled pumps, a cream silk blouse, and gray fitted slacks. Her Manhattan apartment is her office. In the even daylight that makes everything appear discreetly greige, inside and out, Andy Warhol peers from a well-known Mapplethorpe portrait on a nearby wall. It is eleven thirty on a Saturday morning, but the sole proprietor of Winston Enterprises seems just a little drawn. Her work these days never ends.

Characteristically, the clients she advises on buying art are quite like her—earnest traditionalist professionals in the 25-to-[illegible]-year-old range. Winston, who grew up in Roslyn, New York, met many of her future clients when she was an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania. While still in college she "sent letters out to every gallery I'd ever heard of," and to her surprise, Mary Boone called. After a brief stint with Boone, Winston went on to work for Perry Rubenstein, now a private dealer, and she enrolled in the graduate arts administration program at Columbia. Today, she reports, she has "maybe fifty clients altogether, but sixteen are the hard core." Included are young Lauders, Farkases, and Crowns in the early stages of setting up house. Some are "graduating to paintings" after collegiate trial runs collecting photographs or vintage posters. Others may have started out with hand-me-downs—most typically prints—that their collecting parents had outgrown and are ready to move on to heavier stuff.

William Lauder, for one, the 30-year-old who heads Estée Lauder's new Origins division, remains fond of his Cassandre posters and some photographs by Ansel Adams and William Henry Jackson he bought in the early eighties from the dealer Daniel Wolf. Lauder and his 29-year-old wife, Karen, live in a relaxed expansive Central Park West apartment, itself a study in transition. Custom contemporary furniture coexists with art deco, a dining table that's "almost Ruhlmann," and Wiener Werkstätte pieces, both faux and vrai. A trio of big Jim Dine *Bathrobe* prints, formerly in the living room, has been demoted to the couple's new country house. "We feel they have a more beachy quality," Lauder says. Paintings by Chris Pfister that the Lauders acquired through Stacey Winston have taken the Dines' place in the city.

The touch of genius in Winston's art-appreciation program involves a lucky turn of fashion. Over the past couple of seasons, in the midst of wildfire price escalation and a lot of generally edgy art, romantic landscape painting and classical realism have reemerged as popular genres. As a rule, such works are deftly drawn, aren't too big, and have weathered, or even old-masterish, surfaces and subdued colors—they are, in short, ingratiating and easy to possess. Established artists such as Ellen Phelan, Joan Nelson, Mark Innerst, April Gornik, and Ross Bleckner may have inspired these styles, but other, often younger neo-romantics are proliferating. Winston has made it her business to introduce their work to her collectors. Vincent Desiderio, for example, who shows at the Lang & O'Hara Gallery, is a talented neoclassicist and maverick—he experienced a "struggle against modernism" while painting abstract works during a year's stay in Florence. Desiderio's highly theatrical paintings, probably the most demanding and pricey of this group, manage simultaneously to



Stacey Winston, above left, in her home office, beside a Chris Pfister landscape. Left: Winston and client Karen Lauder with John Bowman.

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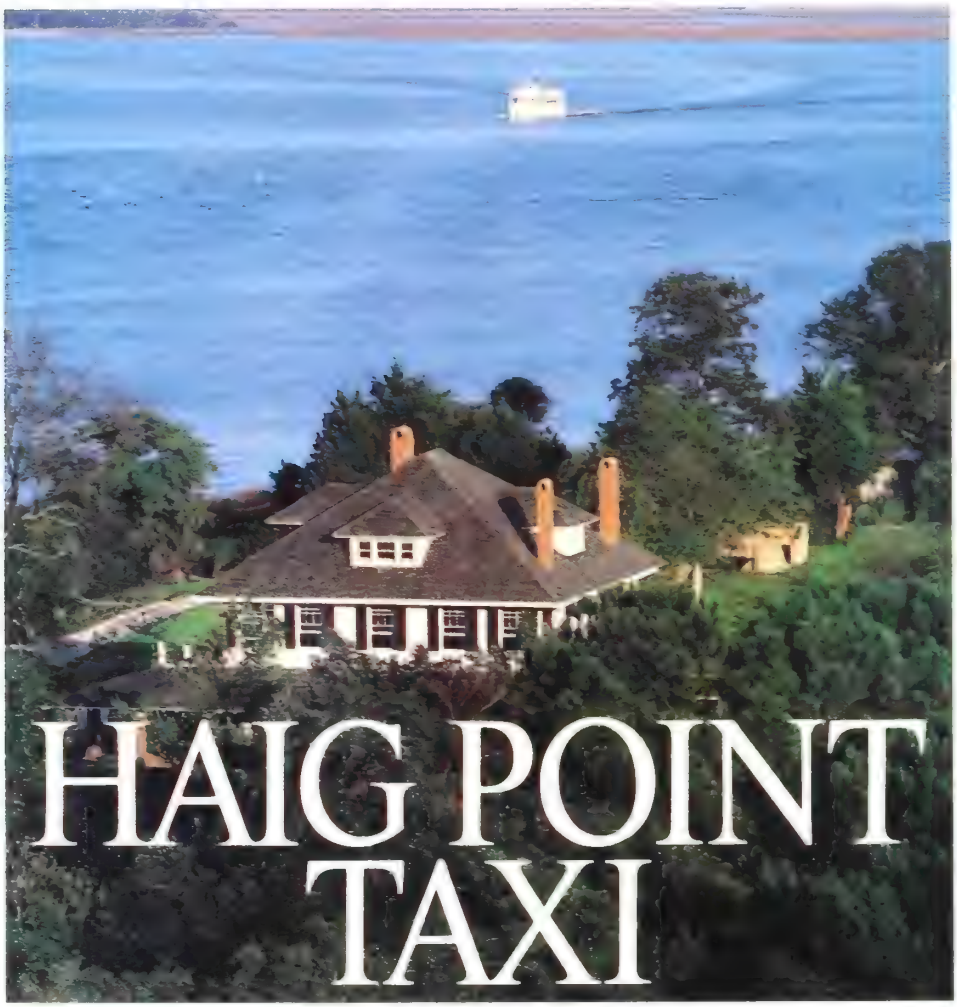
Nordstrom

suggest the declamatory compositions of Jacques Louis David. Balthus's eery subtexts, and the beefy Americanism of George Bellows's figures. John Bowman, another Winston favorite, who has shown at the Holly Solomon Gallery, produces urban pastorals with lyrical painterly surfaces spiked by the unmistakable presence of postindustrial decay. But it is perhaps Chris Pfister who most clearly typifies this "young collectibles" genre. His ethereal, nostalgic, antiqued little paintings positively scream "Take me home."

A sense of inherited responsibility seems to be the essential motivation for many of Winston's clients, as opposed to compulsion—the aesthete's curse. These young collectors are enthusiastic, and Winston speaks highly of their energy and taste. But because they are still unsure of themselves, she does a lot more than merely help them buy art. In addition to consulting and brokering, she organizes monthly get-togethers and guided tours of galleries and artists' studios to educate her clients and build their sense of group identity. With the help of one assistant and a computer she also publishes a newsletter, *Eye on Art*, with a distribution of 1,000, that is full of topical chitchat, art-fair announcements, trend-spotting hints, and legal tips for collectors, along with auction reports, exhibition previews and summaries, and brief features about artists, established as well as emerging.

> Upgrading collections seems to be an intergenerational sport. Winston admits she has begun to deal with "people's parents"

Winston also sells more established and expensive art and, though reluctant to elaborate, admits she has begun to deal with "people's parents." Last winter she made her curatorial debut at a gallery in Aspen, where several of her clients' families have third or fourth homes. Titled "Medium Cool," Winston's show included works by Bowman, Robert Rauschenberg, Ed Ruscha, and John Baldessari (whose traveling one-man exhibition opens at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., October 17). Upgrading, in fact, seems to be an intergenerational sport. William and Karen Lauder, for instance, are very happy with their Pfisters, but "ten years from now they might not be here—I'm sure we'll have grown and moved on to something else." Stacey Winston will develop with them. "That's why I emphasize education," she says. "I want to make this a long-term relationship." ♠



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SANTA BARBARA—Wool Jacquard



Doonan on Display

Barneys creative director Simon Doonan showcases his impish talents at home

BY CHARLES MACLEAN

It's window night at Barneys New York. The crowd outside the landmark clothing store is there to watch the display team go to work on the metamorphosis of Seventh Avenue. In the "fish tanks," mannequins in various states of dismemberment and dishabille are being reassembled, fitted out, wrestled into attitudes of frozen dalliance.

"They look like sex hostesses," Simon Doonan, directing operations from the sidewalk, remarks approvingly. "They're sort of perfect, aren't they?" He steps back to get the full effect of a *Stepford Wives* blonde whose Armani turban has come fetchingly adrift. "This one reminds me of June Cleaver with a head injury."

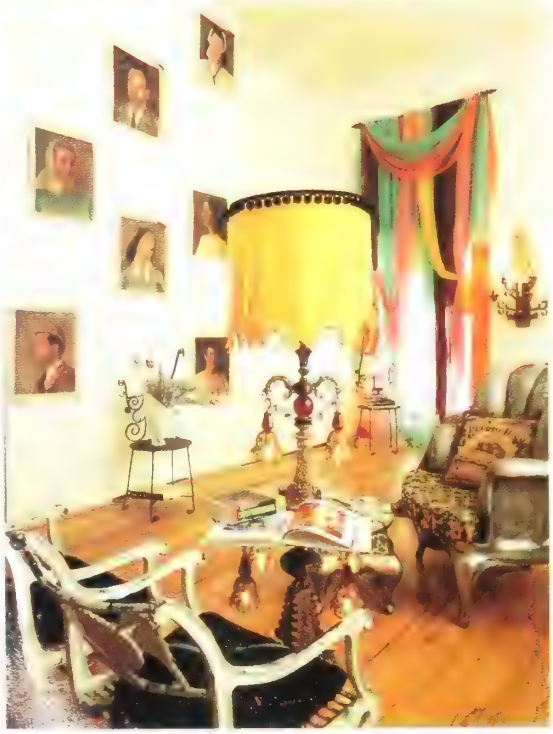
A small neat man given to saying startling things sotto voce, Doonan has nightmares about mannequins—an occupational hazard, he admits—though he no longer finds the crowding silence of their company strange or disturbing. "I'm so used to dealing with idealized human types; if there weren't some of them around, I'd probably go into shock."



Since he became creative director of Barneys nearly five years ago, Doonan has kept New York agog with witty, intelligently hip, and often controversial window displays that have become an unexpected focus for the downtown arts scene. His incidental tableaux of contemporary life—whether it's Nancy Reagan's wistful farewell to the White House, a Warhol "retrospective," or Christine Jorgensen, America's first publicized transsexual, portrayed as the ultimate Gemini—get the kind of attention usually reserved for museum exhibitions and gallery openings.

Although Doonan, who encourages collaboration with other designers, painters, sculptors, and photographers, sees his windows as a democratic forum, a way of communicating with the man in the street, he rejects the idea that window dressing can be an art form. "Ultimately," he says with a pragmatic shrug, "it's about selling socks and suspenders."

Simon Doonan, above, in front of curtains he made from scraps of chiffon. Right: Vintage portraits checker a wall in his living room, furnished with a "Liberace orientalist lamp" and an armchair that's a fiberglass prop Far right: Fifties Murano glass fish perch next to a leopard-patterned telephone. Below: Three of Doonan's windows for Barneys.









CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MICHAEL MUNDY (2); CAROL MYERS; MONICA STEVENSON (2); MICHAEL MUNDY

FINALLY. THE LUXURY OF SCENT AND THE SCIENCE OF SKINCARE BECOME ONE.



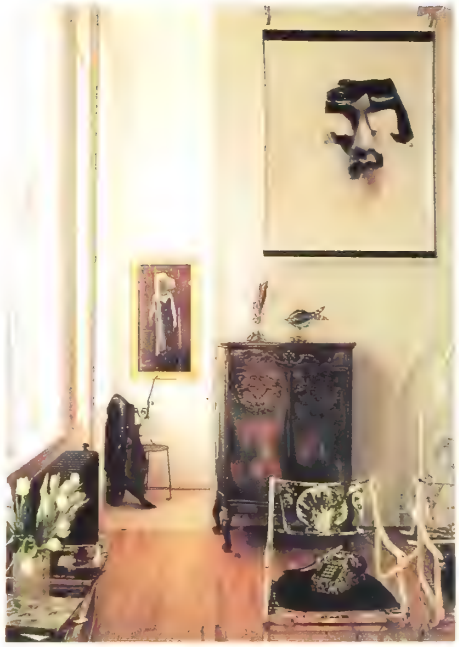
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His intelligently hip window displays get the kind of attention usually reserved for museum exhibits





"Gemini," above, a Barneys window Doonan designed with artist Ruben Toledo. The Siamese dresses are by Todd Oldham. Right: A David Seidner photograph hangs alongside stairs leading to a niche filled with books.

Doonan's dour, offbeat sense of humor owes much to his British upbringing. A native of Reading, a drab London satellite he describes as a "cemetery with lights," he escaped to trim windows on Savile Row for Tommy Nutter (among other traditional gentlemen's outfitters) before emigrating to southern California in 1978. A job at Maxfield Bleu, the avant-garde Los Angeles clothing store, gave Doonan the freedom to wear his "Vivienne Westwood plaid bondage outfit" to work and spread his wings.

Yawning coffins, baby-snatching coyotes, mannequins juggling dead cats, all found their way into Maxfield's windows and soon made Doonan's reputation. "I was very into the postpunk, radical-shock, *Eyes of Laura Mars* aesthetic in those days," recalls the tweedy conservatively dressed 37-year-old, now a vice president of Barneys. After Diana Vreeland invited him to help install the "Costumes of Royal India" show at the Metropolitan Museum—less for his fund of macabre ideas than for his talents as an exhibition designer—Doonan accepted an offer from Barneys to stay on in New York, where he acclimatized, he says, "in about half an hour."

He camped out in a "horrible glamour building" on the Upper West Side, then moved downtown to a high-ceilinged studio off lower Fifth Avenue. Situated above a Woolworth's back entrance—Doonan grieved when the sign was recently taken down—the apartment is



free of architectural detail except for two small recessed platforms, the larger of which Doonan has resisted turning into a sleeping loft. "What I like about this apartment is that the space isn't broken up. It means not having to get two TVs."

The other loft area is the lair of an enormous ceramic snail Doonan bought at the 26th Street flea market "because it was funny and grotesque and the space up there needed something. When I carried it home, people were giving me sort of sympathetic looks. One woman said: 'Mmmm—nice snail!' "

A perfectionist in his work, Doonan takes a more relaxed view of home decoration. While many "display people" worry about staple gun impermanence and want their houses to look solid, Doonan delights in the fact that his only armchair is a fiberglass prop and his curtains—"bits of fabric stuffed up there"—took five minutes to make. "Part of it is laziness, I suppose. But I like the temporary aspect of things. I like things to have an arbitrary freeness."



Furnished with flea market, thrift shop, and street trouvailles, the apartment reflects its owner's loyalty to things that are "wildly eclectic and verging on ugly." On a conducted tour of the studio, he goes into the history and provenance of his best finds with the minute deliberation of a Sotheby's appraiser.

From the patio chairs he grabbed off the street (because his parents were coming over and there was nowhere to sit) to the sconces from the lobby of a fifties apartment building to a monstrous coffee table lamp (which could have graced a Mafia parlor in Brooklyn), the collection bears the mark of Doonan's gently seditious humor and infallible eye. His affinity for the tacky and grotesque may be impish perversity, but the designer in him cannot help making them look sublime. "Some of the things I have I'm not even sure I like. But they're here. I came upon them. I'm giving them a chance." ▲



Nancy Reagan's departure, above, from the White House in a Christmas 1988 window. Above left: A cosmetics promotion.



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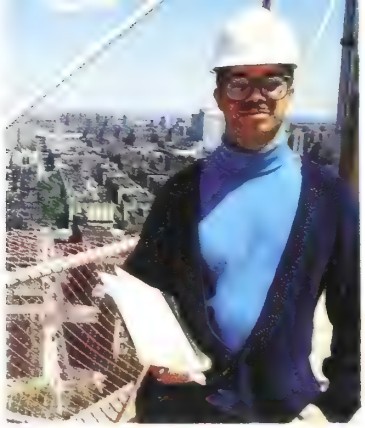


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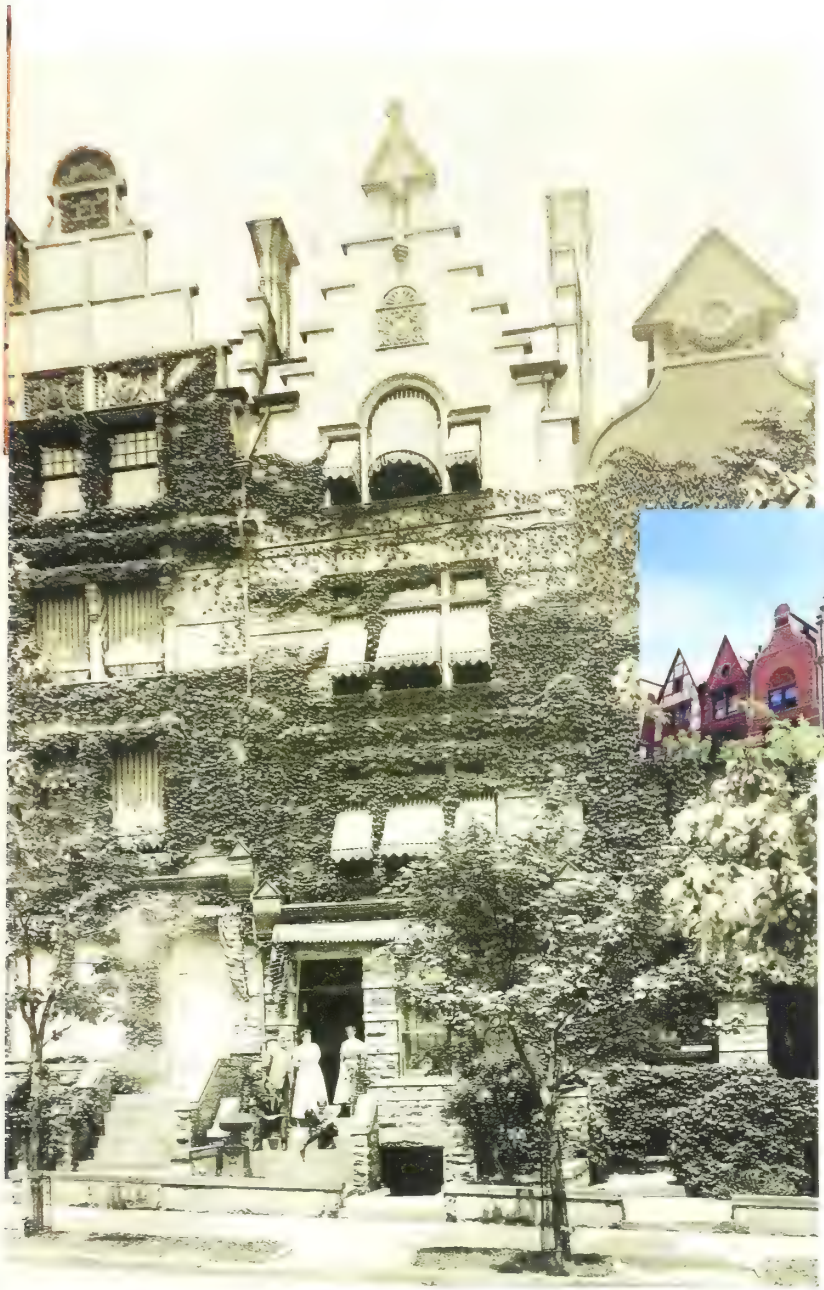
Harlem Heritage

Some of Manhattan's finest landmarks stand on the island's historic heights

BY PAUL M. SACHNER



NEARLY FORTY YEARS AGO the poet Langston Hughes wrote, "There is so much to see in Harlem." There still is. The eight-square-mile expanse of northern Manhattan where Hughes spent much of his life encompasses some of the most distinctive architecture in New York, ranging from the Tuscan-columned Morris-Jumel Mansion, which once served as George Washington's headquarters, to the neo–Spanish Renaissance Dunbar Apartments, low-income housing that stands as a monument to Harlem's own renaissance of the 1920s. It is an extraordinary legacy, which the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission has recognized by placing five historic districts and more than sixty individual buildings under its protective jurisdiction. The problem is, according to Harlem-based preservationist Michael Henry Adams, there simply aren't as many protected structures as there should be. "The potential exists here for historic districts as extensive as those in Greenwich Village or the Upper East Side," he contends. "Unfortunately many New Yorkers continue to view 96th Street as an impassable frontier." As a consultant to city councilwoman C. Virginia Fields and a spokesman for other local programs, Adams is out to change that line of thinking.





The 34-year-old native of Akron, Ohio, cannot recall a time when he wasn't passionately interested in old buildings. In 1987, the year he enrolled in Columbia University's graduate program in historic preservation, Adams moved into what may well be Harlem's most successful preservation story, Hamilton Heights. Designated a historic district in 1974, this seven-block area is named for Alexander Hamilton, who established his country estate in this vicinity in 1801. Hamilton's federal-style wood-frame homestead, the Grange, now lies at the core of a remarkable tree-lined enclave of richly ornamented row houses and churches.

During the 1880s and '90s, after rapid-transit lines pushed northward from midtown, speculators built block after block of substantial residences with mock Tudor half-timbering, Flemish gables, and other flourishes favored by uptown burghers. Well-to-do black families began settling in Hamilton Heights in the 1930s, and many of their descendants remain there. Current residents include the actress Butterfly McQueen; Mary Schmidt Campbell, the city's commisioner of cultural affairs; and Mrs. Lennon Holder Hoyte, the owner and curator of Aunt Len's Doll and Toy Museum in a Hamilton Terrace row house.



"Hamilton Heights is one of the few

A turn-of-the-century photograph of Flemish gable houses, above, on West 144th Street in Hamilton Heights. Above center: The same row today. Top right: Preservationist Michael Henry Adams. Right: Limestone ornament on a 1927 Harlem Elks' lodge by Vertner Tandy, New York State's first licensed black architect

LEFT, COLLECTION GIL AMIAGA, OTHERS, ALEX MCLEAN

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places in the city where you can experience the ideal of an integrated community," says Adams. This stability is in great part due to the Hamilton Heights Homeowners' Association, which sponsors an annual May house tour. Some interiors behind the grand façades retain a wealth of period detail. One house on West 144th Street still has speaking tubes in working order and original mahogany-paneled dressing rooms. Just outside the district, the James A. Bailey residence, a granite castle (now a funeral parlor) built in 1888 for P. T. Barnum's partner, has splendid aesthetic-movement stained-glass windows.

Walking tours of Hamilton Heights and other parts of Harlem have long been a year-round specialty of urban historian and Heights resident Lana Turner, who remarks that "when people come to Harlem, they expect to see theaters and clubs from the 1920s and '30s. They often don't realize that New Harlem was settled just after the founding of New Amsterdam. I like to take visitors under the sycamores on Convent Avenue in Hamilton Heights, past the little gardens, to give them a sense of old New York when its neighborhoods were more like villages."

Turner and Adams both helped found the five-month-old Upper Manhattan Society for Progress through Preservation, an advocate for all neighborhoods north of 110th Street. The society's immediate concerns include rescuing the 1912 Audubon Theater and Ballroom, the former movie palace where Malcolm X was assassinated in 1965. Another priority is lobbying to extend the boundaries of the Hamilton Heights district. A public walking tour of the area this month is a key item on the agenda. Besides looking at buildings, visitors will find nonarchitectural relics, such as one of Manhattan's few surviving cast-iron streetlamps and the prerevolutionary stone marker on West 152nd Street which reads—with a timely irony Michael Adams couldn't better—9 MILES FROM N. YORK. ▲

The walking tour of Hamilton Heights is scheduled for October 27. For information call Michael Adams at (212) 234-8206.

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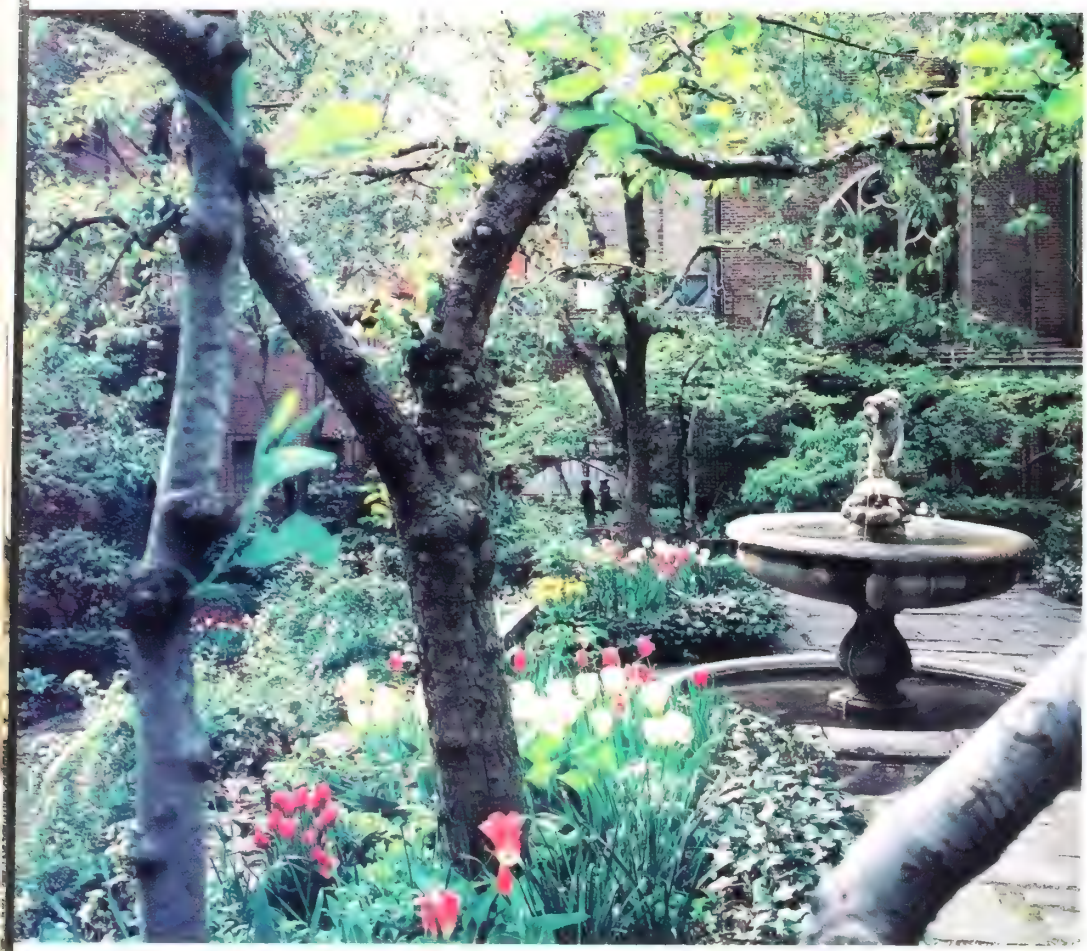
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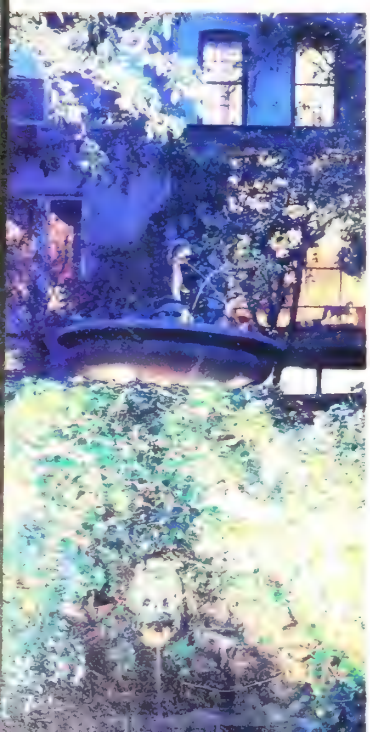
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A Secret Garden

Twin rows of town houses conceal a quiet piece of old New York BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN



Manhattan's Third Avenue has never been noted for being quiet. In old New York it was the heavily traveled Boston Post Road. Early in this century it was lined with raucous bars. Today it's a dense, loud mix of traffic, stores, restaurants, and new build-by-the-numbers high rises. Hardly noticeable on two adjoining side streets are twin rows of a dozen flat-faced brownstones. Fanlights over the doors and wrought-iron balustrades are the only hints of elegance. Who would guess that sandwiched between these plain rows is a remarkable communal garden, known as Jones Wood, which covers almost a quarter of an acre?

In the teens and twenties there was a brief vogue for building back gardens to be shared among a number of houses. Almost all of these plots are now either neglected or fenced and privatized. (For the most part, New York backyards are the chaotic empire of volunteer ailanthus and black cherry trees.)



The upper fountain, top left. Left: Nighttime lighting by Susan Murray. Above: Some of the 2,300 tulips.

But the Jones Wood garden is, if anything, a more impressive space now than when it was completed in 1919. Walled in by brick and brownstone, paved with slate, and laid out as oblong terraces on two levels, each of which centers on a fountain, the garden is a theater of sight and sound. The rush and honk of the avenue's cars come in, but they are held at bay by the sound of splashing water. In spring more than 2,300 tulips raise pink, white, red, and yellow flowers, while a line of small hawthorns blooms and the canopy of American elm, sophora, linden, and two well-grown ailanthus leaf out. Hydrangea and bridal wreath frame the falling water of the lower fountain. A cardinal visits, as does the occasional hummingbird. Later the andromeda blooms, and the pale green hosta drapes itself over the ivy. Bright yellow pollen falls from the ailanthus through filtered shade.

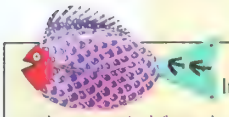
More than a century and a half ago the land was open space at the edge of the real Jones Wood, a 155-acre land grant that had been owned by Edith Wharton's ancestor John Jones, the pub keeper who ran Fraunces Tavern. The wood was then a sort of country retreat for the city dwellers crowded together at the southern end of Manhattan. In 1850 the district was tried and found wanting—too small—as the site for a major public park. (Later that year Central Park was elected instead.) As the city spread, the wood was swallowed, leaving little neglected pockets like this plot between two rows of brownstones.

That was where matters stood in 1919, when the architecture firm of Edward Hewitt and William Emerson was called upon to renovate the brownstones and their back gardens. Keeping some of the better trees—including the elm that now rises 100 feet—they knocked out fences and made a small low-hedged terrace for each house



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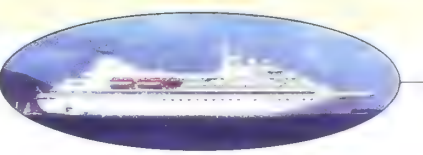
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and a formal common garden occupying most of the space. The putto-topped upper fountain and the grotesque spitting face of the lower are monuments to the taste of the time, but they have weathered well, holding the focus for a garden that then was young and sunny and now is thickly planted and shady.

The proof of the success of this layout is how well and variously it has been used. Once there was a tent that covered much of the space for parties. During

The real Jones Wood was owned by Edith Wharton's ancestor John Jones, a pub keeper

World War II residents banded together to turn the beds into a victory garden. One winter, a woman flooded the lower garden, creating an instant ice-skating rink for children. Now another generation of children kicks a ball along the flagstones, while the adults watch the changes of light and color.

Over the past ten years the Jones Wood garden has been gradually restored, not only to prune the thick canopy and admit light but to make a new garden inside the first. In 1987 the community association hired lighting consultant Susan Murray of Palm Beach Lighting Design to devise nighttime illumination. A veteran of projects as complex as Disney's Epcot Center, she took great pleasure in giving the residents a garden they had never seen. "All their lives they sat down to dinner and saw just black outside," she says. "Now they see a whole landscape." Hiding lights behind benches, in serpentine patterns on trees, inside the fountains, she made the garden after dark a sculpture in leaf, bloom, bark, and light. The people who live in this last remnant of what was once a rural expanse of Manhattan, couldn't be more delighted. As one of them puts it, "Who needs a place in the country, when we have this?" ▲



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From pillows to porcelains to papier-mâché trays, HG Guide scours the city in search of the ultimate sources for those ultimate details

BY SUZANNE HART PRODUCED BY ANNE FOXLEY



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1094 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10028
(212) 535-7851
More twentieth-century glass—Venetian, contemporary, and some Scandinavian—than you will see anywhere else. Also vintage costume jewelry.

J. Garvin Mecking
72 East 11 St.
New York, NY 10003
(212) 677-4316
The collection of the late Garvin Mecking has long been a favorite source for decorators, with good reason. An enchanting selection of Victorian glass whimsies, birdcages, majolica, embroidered bellpulls. Many items with animal themes, Mecking's passion.

M. E. Collection at Mark Epstein Designs
12 West 57 St.
New York, NY 10019
(212) 315-3010
An interesting mix of the affordable (a 1920s glass jar) and the extravagant (an eighteenth-century Wedgwood urn); if this young designer-collector doesn't have what suits you, he'll track it down.

Portmerion
328 East 59 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 371-3031
Unusual and charming objects from the broadest range of countries, styles, and periods, plus custom-made hand-painted tables, tole wastebaskets, and sconces.

Trevor Potts
1011 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 737-2756
Three rooms full of English and French decorative accessories and furniture—creamware, tole, Regency workboxes and painted furniture, papier-mâché trays.

Lyme Regis
68 Thompson St.
New York, NY 10012
(212) 334-2110
There isn't a huge selection here, but the range is eclectic and each offering is exquisite, from eccentric figural inkwells to nineteenth-century tartan-wear.

A charming mix of antiques at Portmerion



TOP: RICHARD PHELPS; BOTTOM: DAVID HAZELH



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New one-of-a-kind pieces at Archetype Gallery

Tucker Robbins
300 East 51 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 832-3092 By appt.
Artifacts from Guatemala and the Philippines: thousand-year-old limestone jars to saints and madonnas. Also colonial European furniture.

Niall Smith
344 Bleecker St.
New York, NY 10014
(212) 255-0660
With cool Irish wit, Smith presides over a collection of the finest neoclassical collectibles, including creamware, copies of nineteenth-century French Pompeian oil lamps, and amusing animal objects.

Strand & Lowe
75 Thompson St.
New York, NY 10012
(212) 925-0932
American pieces from 1900 through the 1960s—folk art, deco and modern furniture, contemporary southern outsider art, cowboy gear, art pottery.

COLLECTIBLES: NEW

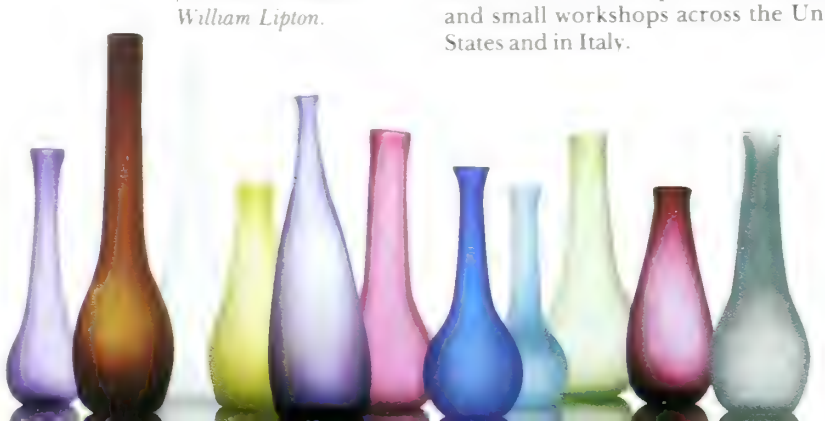
Archetype Gallery
137 Spring St.
New York, NY 10012
(212) 334-0100
New one-of-a-kind pieces from more than eighty artists cheek by jowl with two-hundred-year-old furnishings such as a Regency gilded mirror.

Clodagh: The Center for American Design
122 Saint Marks Pl.
New York, NY 10003
(212) 505-1774
Expect the unexpected when American artists turn their hand to witty new interpretations of everyday household objects. A new service: consultants who make house calls.

Contre Jour
190 Columbus Ave.
New York, NY 10023
(212) 877-7900
Owner Bill Roach likes tabletop accessories that are whimsical, not cute, such as fruit and vegetable plates and a mix of new and old majolica.

Craft Caravan
63 Greene St.
New York, NY 10012
(212) 431-6669
Ford Wheeler, co-owner with Ignacio Villarreal, treks to sub-Saharan Africa every three months to find traditional handicrafts—glass-beaded jewelry, leather-trimmed herder's hats, handwoven fabrics, utilitarian baskets, wooden sculpture—as well as carved mahogany beds and small furniture, including Ethiopian chairs and patinated Senufo stools from the Ivory Coast.

Bristly glass vases by Michael Anchin for Robert Homma William Lipton.



Gordon Foster
1322 Third Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 744-4922
Carefully arranged decorative pieces from around the world. Contemporary American pottery, tiny to very large vases in unusual 14-kt gold, majolica, celadon.

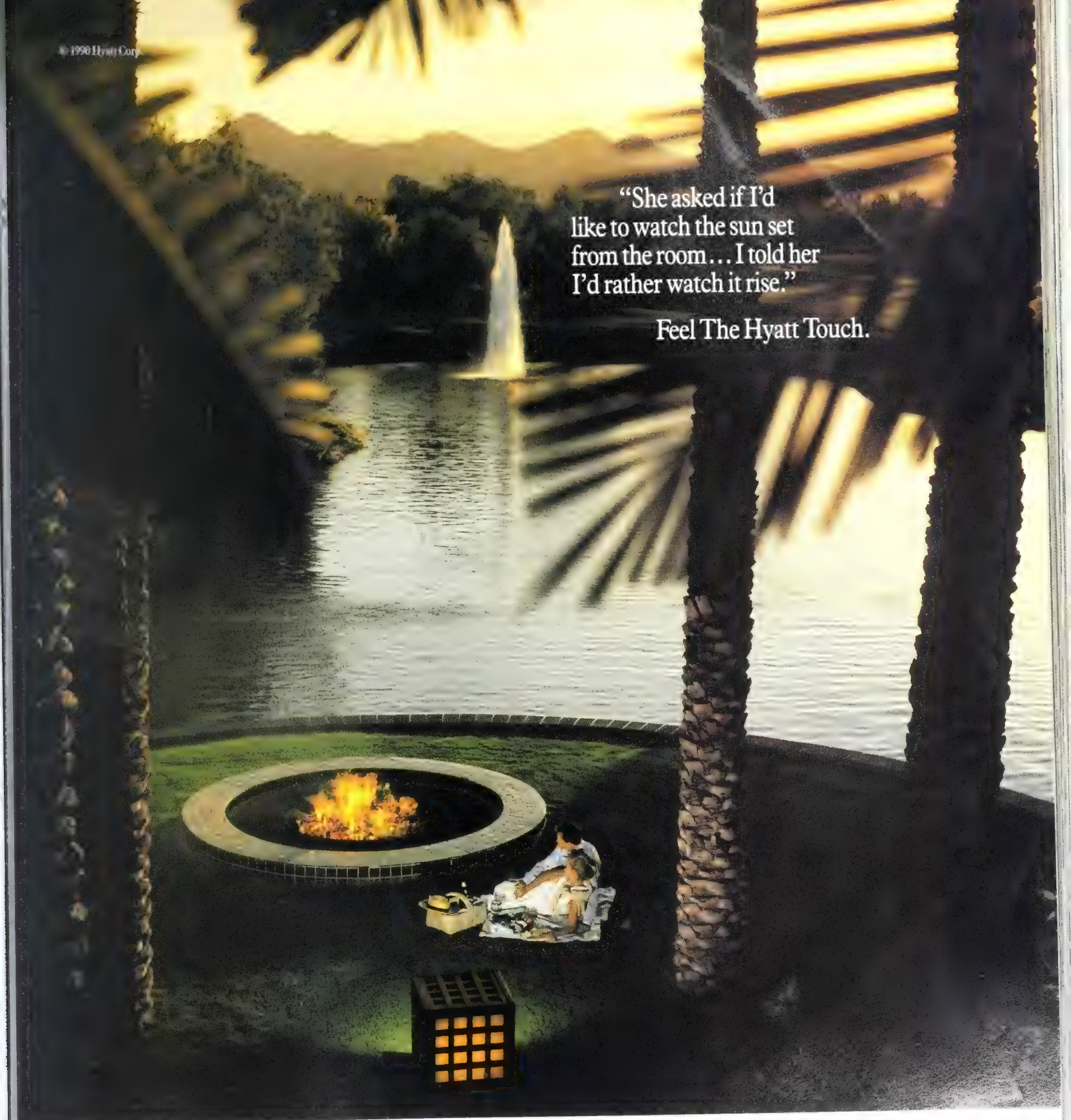
Robert Homma William Lipton
27 East 61 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 593-4341
This newcomer proves that shopping can be an adventure. Four-hundred-year-old Ming porcelain vies with state-of-the-art bicycles from Milan and stripped willow and rice paper lamps.

Adrien Linford
1320 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10128
(212) 289-4427
A comfortable browse through one-of-a-kind handmade papier-mâché lamps, hand-painted decorative table linens, handmade ceramics, a broad range of pretty gifts.

LS Collection
765 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 472-3355
This sleek space (the entrance lies beyond a giant exclamation point) showcases equally sleek high-end tabletop and office accessories.

Objects
1049 Third Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 355-3663
An offshoot of the LS Collection offering affordable modern design with style and humor for country, city, and office.

Zona
97 Greene St.
New York, NY 10012
(212) 925-6750
Shopping as a sensual pleasure—natural-texture handcrafted products by artisans and small workshops across the United States and in Italy.



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LAMPS

Barry of Chelsea
154 Ninth Ave.
New York, NY 10011
(212) 242-2666
American lighting from 1880 to 1940 (gas through art deco) is Barry Lewin's forte. Each piece he sells is an original; as he says, "No one's about to go to Ninth Avenue for a reproduction."

Howard Dawson Antiques
117 Greenwich Ave.
New York, NY 10014
(212) 675-7580 By appt. except Sat.
A handsome clutter of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English, French, and occasionally oriental table lamps. Large-scale pairs, column lamps of cut and solid crystal or silver plate, and oil lamps with marble bases dominate.

Galleria Hugo
304 East 76 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 288-8444
Hugo Ramirez is "dedicated to the preservation and *correct* restoration of our precious lighting artifacts of the nineteenth century." Nothing is plated; all work is done by hand. The shop also carries lamps from 1780 to 1920.



A cluster of wild moss topiaries at Sura Kayla.



Porcelli rice paper lamp from Gallery 91. Animal découpage lamp by Virginia for J. Dixon Prentice.



Gallery 91
91 Grand St.
New York, NY 10013
(212) 966-3722
Started in 1983 as a showcase for new designs by international artists and artisans, Gallery 91 has recently gone modestly retail with a tidy inventory of hanging, wall, and table lamps.

Bettina Gates
1360 Third Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 535-5008
Owner Mary Gerrard fashions lamps from her huge collection of new and old ginger jars, melon jars, and turn-of-the-century hand-painted vases. Also available, new floor lamps and custom- and ready-made shades.

Grand Brass Lamp Parts
221 Grand St.
New York, NY 10013
(212) 226-2567
Karl Muller claims he can fix, replace, or substitute parts for any lamp manufactured in the past ninety years, which is as long as this family-run business has been in operation. Enough said.

Lighting Horizons Chelsea
110 West 18 St.
New York, NY 10013
(212) 242-4220
This five-year-old company carries a large stock in a wide range of styles—they represent 150 manufacturers of contemporary and traditional fixtures. They also make house calls.

J. Dixon Prentice Antiques
1036 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 249-0458
Prentice's collection of nineteenth-century lighting comprises the outrageous, the ornate, and the whimsical. A specialty is découpage lamps custom-made from antique prints of animals and botanica.

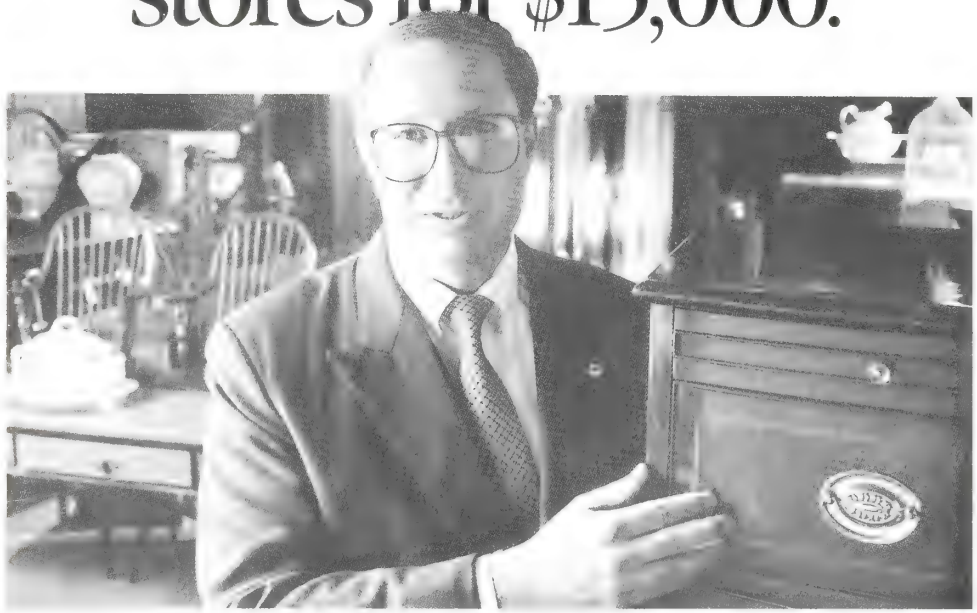


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Richard E. Henkel
President, Hickory White

Richard E. Henkel

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We've written a book that will tell you about how to shop for furniture: What to look for and how to choose the style that's right for your home. I'd like to send it to you, and tell you where Hickory White is available in your area.

The more you know about furniture, the more you'll see why Hickory White is the best investment you can make for your home.

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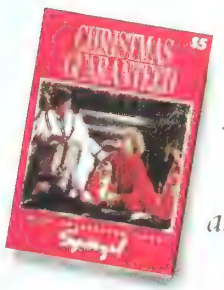
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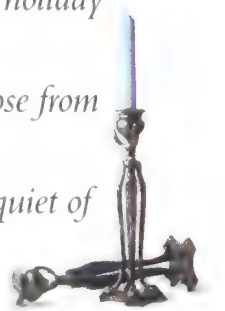
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— Candice Bergen





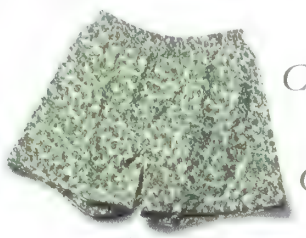
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Flower arrangement by In Situ

ARRANGEMENTS

Jeanne Chappell
175 West 73 St.
New York, NY 10023
(212) 595-9420 By appt.
Heavy Victorian masses of lavender and roses to country bouquets, in containers old or new or clients' own.

Clay Craft
807 Sixth Ave.
New York, NY 10001
(212) 645-1701
In the heart of the flower district, all kinds and sizes of Italian terra-cotta pots, planters, fiberglass urns, and pedestals at reasonable prices.

In Situ Flower Co.
219 East 81 St.
New York, NY 10028
(212) 861-5316 By appt.
Artists Susan Zuch and Debra Rapoport work on location, creating beautiful arrangements with dried foliage and vegetation, hand-painted touches, and odd embellishments like Czech glass grapes and vintage faux flowers.

Sura Kayla
484 Broome St.
New York, NY 10013
(212) 941-8757
A lovely storehouse with artful arrangements from [illegible] trees of dried or fresh roses to tiny topiaries—nature's opulence artfully arranged.

Manhattan Fruitier
210 East 6 St.
New York, NY 10003
(212) 260-2280
This cubbyhole in the East Village has quickly developed a reputation for the best fruit baskets in the city. Antique apple varieties, Seckel pears, colorful leaves, and bittersweet in the fall; plums, cherries, champagne grapes, white peaches, and hydrangea in the summer.

Spring Street Gardens
186½ Spring St.
New York, NY 10012
(212) 966-2015
Owner Rita Bobry creates striking topiaries, rose-strewn wreaths, and luxurious garlands, all made to order.

Veen & Pol
399 Bleecker St.
New York, NY 10014
(212) 727-3988
In a space no bigger than a garden shed, terrace designer Jeroen Veenema displays containers from Spain—terra-cotta pots, alabaster urns, blue glass.

HOUSEWARES

Bridge Kitchenware Corp.
214 East 52 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 688-4220
For the past 57 years Fred Bridge has charmed, infuriated, and satisfied foodies. From pots to timers, says Bridge, "I have the best of everything. I won't sell junk."



Broadway Panhandler
520 Broadway
New York, NY 10012
(212) 966-3434
Besides the usual professional kitchen equipment, the store is known for its huge stock of pastry supplies and every manner of cake mold and decorating device.

Ceramica
59 Thompson St.
New York, NY 10012
(212) 941-1367
An appealing collection of hand-painted, handmade Italian dinnerware and decorative majolica mostly from the little town of Deruta in Umbria, as well as a number of contemporary patterns designed by the owners.



Vintage restaurant china at Fishs Eddy

Dean & DeLuca
560 Broadway
New York, NY 10012
(212) 431-1691
For the serious cook and thrill-seeker alike, a wondrous assortment of tableware, pots and pans, and utensils that range from high-tech to highly charming

Fishs Eddy
889 Broadway
New York, NY 10003
(212) 420-9020
Husband and wife team David Lenovitz and Julie Gaines have amassed three warehouses' and two stores' worth of china with crests and logos, dating as far back as 1920, from academic institutions, country clubs, even a cattleman's diner. For the oddball place setting or dinnerware for fifty, this is a truly unique source

Pillows from Le Monde des Kilims, Treadles, AIR NY, and Tom Malatesta



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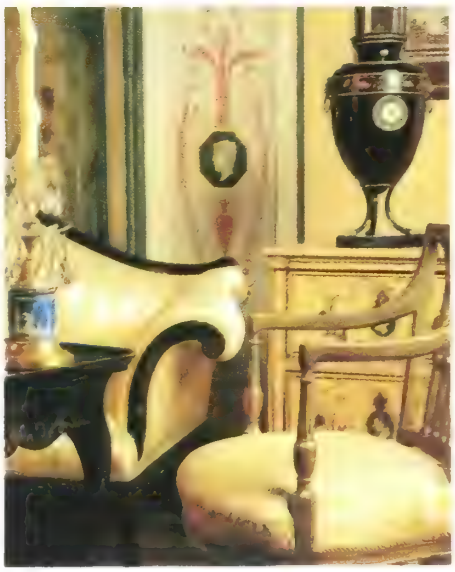
Le Fanion
299 West 4 St.
New York, NY 10014
(212) 463-8760
An array of traditional pottery from the south of France, jaspé pitchers in floral, marble, and polka-dot patterns, and some antique pottery—large oil bottles, butter makers, and milk jars.

Simon Pearce
385 Bleecker St
New York, NY 10014
(212) 924-1142
In addition to his beautiful handblown glasses and pitchers, Pearce carries his and other Irish potters' earthenware, plus wooden bowls by a Benedictine monk.

J. B. Prince Co.
29 West 38 St.
New York, NY 10018
(212) 302-8611
Started by a housewife with a passion for cooking, this ten-year-old business offers professional-quality kitchen tools and utensils and a great selection of cookbooks. Their mail-order catalogue is a culinary lesson in itself.

Antique copper molds from Eve Stone & Son





Dampierre & Co.'s second-floor antiques

Eve Stone & Son Antiques
125 East 57 St
New York, NY 10022
(212) 935-3780
This family-run business is a major source for eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American and European usable kitchenware; pride of place is given to an outstanding collection of copper pots and jelly molds.

Wolfman-Gold & Good Co.
116 Greene St
New York, NY 10012
(212) 431-1888
For the past ten years owners Peri Wolfman and Charles Gold have brought a fresh, perfectly groomed style to the table: all-white dinnerware and fine linens.

Zabar's
2245 Broadway
New York, NY 10024
(212) 787-2000
A household word for New Yorkers, Zabar's is jam-packed upstairs with imported housewares at reasonable prices.

PILLOWS

ABC Carpet & Home
888 Broadway
New York, NY 10003
(212) 473-3000
Greatly expanded new quarters contain a ready-made pillow department as well as a fabric shop where customers may have pillows custom-made.

AIR NY Pillow Collection
801 West End Ave.
New York, NY 10025
(212) 678-0515 By appt.
Designers Trish Shevack and Alan Rosenberg fashion "couture accessories for the home" in sumptuous fabrics—velvet, silk organza, and mohair.

Susan Green
420 East 72 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 570-0476
Using the pillow as her canvas (in addition to tablecloths, wallhangings, and other fabric accessories), this artist hand-paints one-of-a-kind designs of animals or flowers on silk or cotton.

Harris & Levy
278 Grand St.
New York, NY 10002
(212) 226-3102
This downtown source for linens has hundreds of ready-made throw pillows. They will also do custom work and embellishments—cording, scalloping, monogramming, sizing, embroidery.

Le Monde des Kilims
470A Broome St.
New York, NY 10013
(212) 431-9064
The store carries more than five hundred antique and new kilim pillows, many with fringe and passementerie.

Tom Malatesta
310 East 46 St.
New York, NY 10017
(212) 370-7817 By appt.
This enthusiastic designer turns out, in record time, custom down-filled pillows from gorgeous hand-stenciled patterns on silk by a Paris-based artist.

Pillowry
19 East 69 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 628-3844
Marjorie Lawrence creates pillows out of old textiles and rug fragments from all over the world—kilims, needlepoint, Aubusson, and Navajo, to name a few.

Schweitzer Linen
1132 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10028
(212) 249-8361
Famous for fine imported linens and extraordinary service, Schweitzer also stocks the highest-quality bed pillows—goose down as well as polyester—and will custom-make odd sizes.

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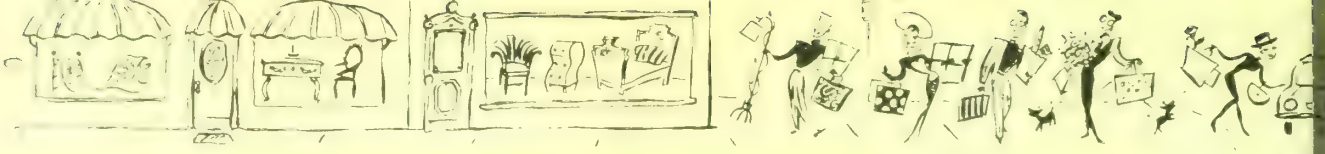
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Treadles, N.Y.
351 Bleecker St.
New York, NY 10014
(212) 633-0072
Owner and part-time weaver Lisa Wagner features handwoven goods by 75 artisans. Highlights: custom-made pillows in hand-dyed silk merino wool, traditional colonial patterns, silks from India.

SILVER

J. Mavec & Co.
625 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 888-8100
Six years' worth of collecting has yielded a distinguished array of British silver from the Georgian, Victorian, and Edwardian periods. Most talked about piece in the shop: a set of eight immortals—nine-inch-tall mythological figures set in silver.

James Robinson
15 East 57 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 752-6166
This family-owned company has been in the business of collecting fine eighteenth-century English silver since 1912. The choice is sterling: a George I bridle bit dated 1716; a George III silver-gilt tree-shaped epergne. Sidelines include handmade silver reproductions, antique porcelain, jewelry, and English glass.

S. J. Shrubsole
104 East 57 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 753-8920
Among silver connoisseurs, this is an essential stopping place. To the uninitiated, it's an education in English silver from the sixteenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries, plus eighteenth-century American pieces.

Sutton Mews
34 East 10 St.
New York, NY 10003
(212) 473-0196
Owner Armand Roman is not fussy about periods, so there is always an interesting variety to be found here—American, English, some French, with a leaning toward the nineteenth century.

Thome
49 West 57 St.
New York, NY 10018
(212) 764-5426
Robert Routh learned the art of silver restoration from his father-in-law, who established the store in 1931. Routh will also do cleaning and polishing. Silver for sale includes a small but interesting collection of 1800s to 1940s bowls, pitchers, goblets, trays, some flatware.



Custom upholstery at Le Petit Trianon.

Tudor Rose
28 East 10 St.
New York, NY 10003
(212) 677-5239
A Greenwich Village institution, this unpretentious shop carries mostly nineteenth-century English, American, and European silver. Charming dressing table jars, pots, and brushes, candelabras, decanters, and picture frames. Nothing extravagant—a modesty that is reflected in the prices.

S. Wyler
941 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 879-9848
The oldest silver shop in America (celebrating its one hundredth anniversary this year), S. Wyler maintains a fine assortment of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver—including a particularly impressive collection of Sheffield pieces—as well as some American household silver.

DESKTOP

T. Anthony
480 Park Ave.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 750-9797
Known for its handsome luggage and leather goods, the shop also carries a strong selection of desk sets—five different styles, from sleek alligator to a classic gold-lined calfskin. Other desk accoutrements: Schaeffer fountain pens in gold plate, lacquer, and sterling silver; silver and leather frames, a crystal inkwell on a silver stand.

Dempsey & Carroll
110 East 57 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 486-7508
These traditional engravers will create stationery with anything from yachting flags to jockey collars. Side attractions: a charming collection of Staffordshire boxes; stamp holders; antique inkstands; 1880s oak toast racks; Waterman, Pelikan, and Mont Blanc pens.

Gucci
685 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 826-2600
A small but stunning group of artifacts for the desk. The most popular set, handcrafted in Italy, is in briarwood with lizard facing, which makes getting down to business an exercise in luxury.

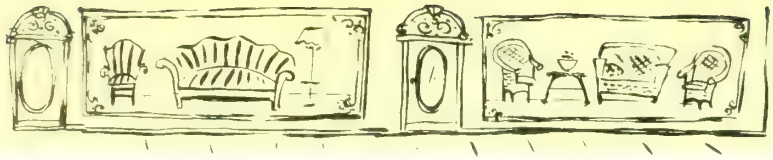


A Provencal table setting at Dampierre.

Il Papiro
1021 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 288-9330
Specializing in hand-marbleized Italian papers that are infinitely appealing to the eye, whether on a wastebasket or the cover of a picture album. The firm's two other New York locations speak for the popularity of its wares.

Kate's Paperie
8 West 13 St.
New York, NY 10011
(212) 633-0570
Besides the decorative papers cascading down a 30-foot display wall, there are thousands more in drawers: gossamer pa-


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JA



per from Thailand, Mexican bark, hand-marbleized sheets from India, Italy, and France; hand-painted papers from the Philippines; hibiscus papers from Israel. Also custom printing services and paper-covered products—leather albums, boxes, and frames.

Mediterranean Shop
876 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 879-3120
More Italian hand-marbleized and printed paper, but bolder and brighter styles than at Il Papiro. Owner Reinette Levine carries fourteen different designs that decorate tissue boxes, files, frames, and desk sets.

Mrs. John L. Strong
699 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 838-3775 By appt.
Mrs. Strong was the grande dame of stationery in New York from the 1920s until the 1970s. The present owner, Joy Lewis, continues the Strong tradition with custom hand-engraved stationery from her upstairs shop.

ONE-STOP SHOPPING

Dampierre & Co.
79 Greene St.
New York, NY 10012
(212) 966-5474
In her converted warehouse, Florence de Dampierre has gathered a vast collection of Italian and French fabrics, hand-painted faux bois china, furniture from Patina, and nineteenth-century antiques. On-the-premises seamstress.

Jonal
1281 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10128
(212) 860-8101
Housed in a handsome brownstone, a creative collection of bed, bath, and table accessories using Nina Campbell fabrics. Custom-made china platters are matched to clients' fabrics; a full upholstery service is available.

Laura Ashley Home
714 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 735-5000
An in-house decorating service is now provided, and new fabrics and furniture are in stock, for the full English country treatment and beyond.

Le Décor Français
1006 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 734-0032
Jacqueline Coumans and her partner, Jean-Charles Morinière, offer a complete range of custom "urban French" furnishings from imported fabrics to trimmings and curtain finials.

Le Petit Trianon
1270 Third Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 472-1803
This European-style shop will do everything you need done, from woodworking finials to refinishing, hand-painting, and upholstering furniture to custom-making lampshades and pillows from a stock of gorgeous imported fabrics. Custom-designed handmade furniture and upholstery is a specialty.

Charlotte Moss & Co.
1027 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 772-3320
English country style lock, stock, and barrel. Custom-ordered lines of upholstered or painted furniture, lamps, toleware, and place card holders. Both antiques and reproductions.

Pierre Deux
870 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 570-9343
The French country look from soup to nuts and back. In addition to fabric by the yard and custom upholstery and drapery, antiques, dried flowers, china, and room fragrance.

Slatkin & Co.
131 East 70 St.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 794-1661
Decorator Howard Slatkin has just opened a full-service shop in the city: wallpaper, fabrics, and ceramic plates in exclusive designs as well as wonderful découpage lamps, all in a sophisticated English country setting.

Turner & Madden
1146 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10021
(212) 737-5537
Eighteenth-century porcelains, needlepoint pillows, and other lovely small things fill this living room–like space, and thanks to custom upholstery, it's a look you can walk out the door with. ▲

PHILIPPE DESHOULIERE
PORCELAINE DE LIMOGES
Limoges, France
NEIMAN MARCUS, NATIONWIDE.
NORTHEAST
Cabbages & Kings, Newport, RI
Joyce's Mary Curtis Shop, Concord, MA
Cat's Meow, Inc., Westport, CT
The Yellow Daffodil, Avon, CT
The Hutch, Brooklyn, NY
Interiors by Joan Manning, Bronxville, N
Quaker Gift Shop, Staten Island, NY
Wit's End Giftique, Inc., Clifton Park, N
Brielle Galleries, Brielle, NJ
Harriet Eisenberg, West Orange, NJ
Rande Lynne, Englewood, NJ
S. Marsh & Sons, Millburn, NJ
Martin's, Washington, DC
The Penguin Shoppe, Marion, PA
The Enchanted Owl, Greenville, DE
Creative Specialties, Inc., Baltimore, MD
SOUTHEAST
Bittners II, Louisville, KY
Lafayette Galleries, Lexington, KY
Andrew Morton, Knoxville, TN
Fischer Evans Jewelers, Chattanooga, TN
Gift & Art Shop, Memphis, TN
Michael Corzine & Co., Nashville, TN
Gutmann Galleries, Charlotte, NC
Brittain's of Charleston, Charleston, SC
Mais Oui Ltd., Columbia, SC
Lawren's, Huntsville, AL
Yellow Door, Florence, AL
Maier & Berkele, Inc., Atlanta, GA
Levy Jewelers, Savannah, GA
Alvin Magnon Jewelers, Tampa, FL
Isabel's Et Cetera, Palm Beach, FL
Jacobs Jewelers, Jacksonville, FL
Jenning's, Naples, FL
Martin's Home & Hobby House, Winter Park, F
Nesen Gaulois, Bal Harbour, FL
MIDWEST
Shulan's Fairlawn, Akron, OH
Studio 330, Birmingham, MI
Amelia's, Ft. Wayne, IN
N. Theobald, Indianapolis, IN
Square One, Madison, WI
A Touch of Class, Minneapolis, MN
Buchrooders, Columbia, MO
China Cabinet, St. Joseph, MO
Compliments, Kansas City, MO
Smith Company, Shawnee Mission, KS
SOUTHWEST
House & Garden, Jonesboro, AR
Coleman E. Adler & Son, Inc., New Orleans, LA
The Pillars, Monroe, LA
Red Fox Ltd., Oklahoma City, OK
Accents, Conroe, TX
Anderson Bros. Jewelers, Lubbock, TX
Camille's, Tucson, AZ
WEST
Geary's, Beverly Hills, CA
I Magnin, Southern California
Touch of Gold, Santa Madera, CA
Carl Greve Jewelers, Portland, OR
Bertha's, Las Vegas, NV
Hyde Park, Denver, CO
International Ville, Denver, CO
Special Occasions, Aspen, CO
Peppercorn, Boulder, CO
For further information


FASHION PLATE
Alhambra. French porcelain, new from Philippe Deshoulieres. At $113 for a five-piece place setting, it may go to your head.

LIVING WITH

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

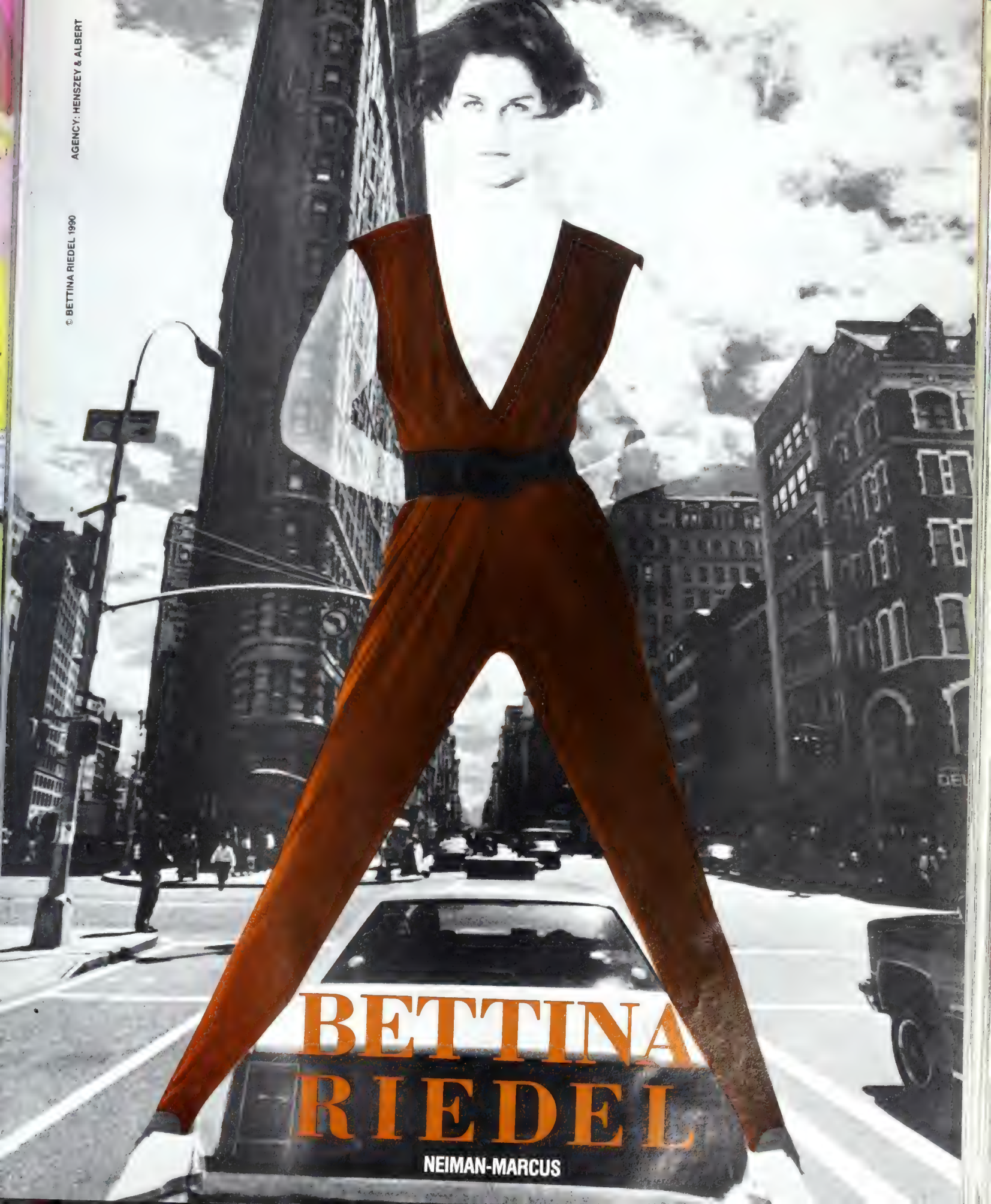
The work of celebrated American decorators inspires Marc Jacobs's spring collection for Perry Ellis

In Marc Jacobs's spring collection for Perry Ellis, coats are draped like curtains, blazers sport upholstery-like fabrics in contrasting patterns, and pullovers serve much the same purpose as slipcovers. "We're also doing clear raincoats over floral dresses that are based on the idea of a window looking onto a garden," says Jacobs. When he's not perusing the showrooms at New York's Decoration & Design Building for ideas, the 27-year-old designer can be found gathering inspiration from legendary American decorators, past and present.

His muses are Sister Parish, Elsie de Wolfe, and Billy Baldwin—style-setters noted for their richly accessorized rooms, trailblazing color combinations, and signature touches, many of which Jacobs has deftly fashioned into clothing. For instance, Sister Parish's spirited use of prints was the springboard



Jacobs, above left, with a design inspired by Sister Parish's use of pink. Above: Ideas culled from Parish's work. Right: Jacobs's silk blouse and linen pants.


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NEIMAN-MARCUS

style



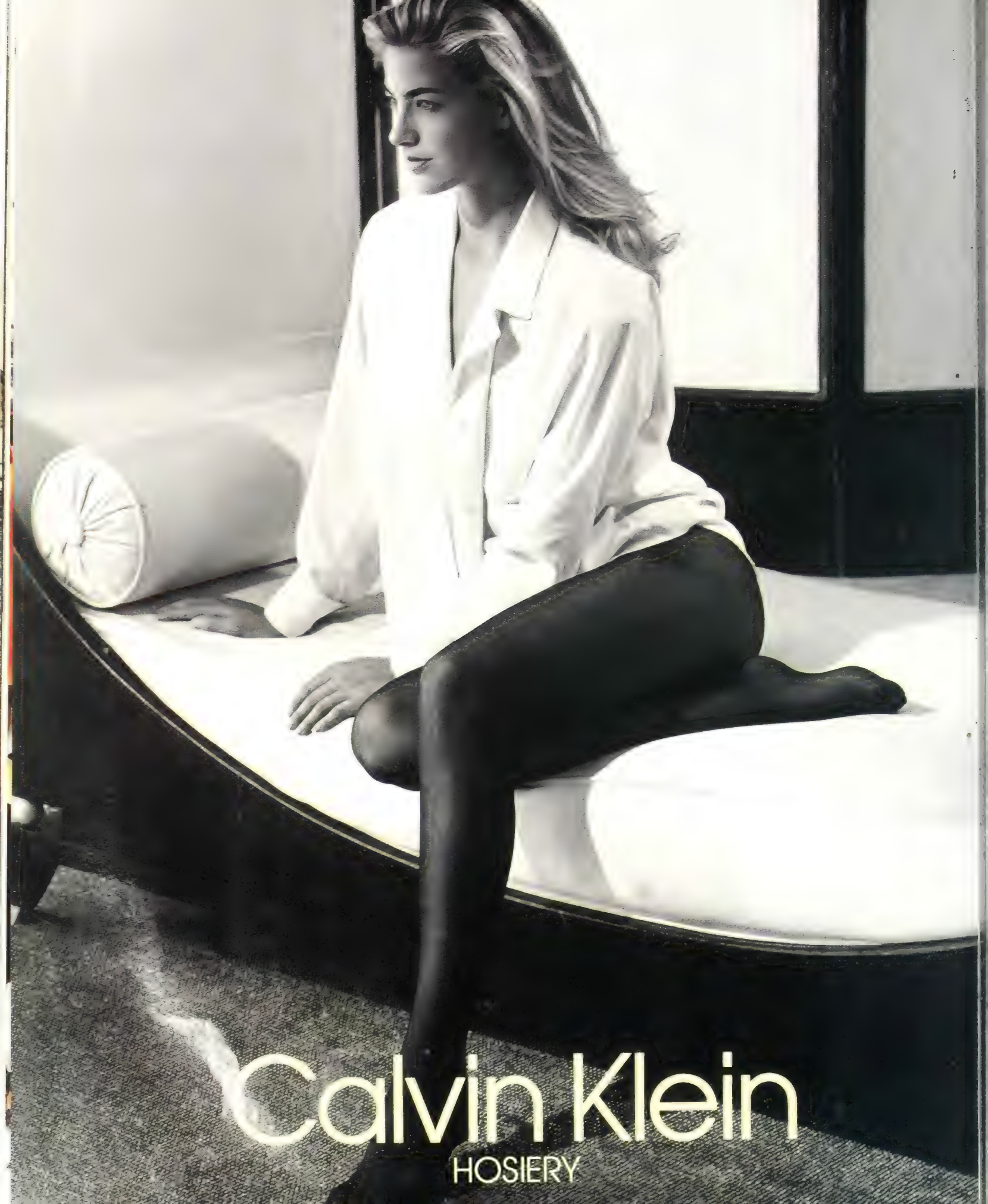
"Never explain, never complain" and other epigrams Elsie de Wolfe embroidered on pillows resurface on Jacobs's cashmere T-shirts

Rooms by Billy Baldwin, a Brunschwig ribbon-patterned upholstery fabric, and Chinese blue and white porcelain provided the ideas behind blue suits and sundresses, left. Above and right: Jacobs's salute to Elsie de Wolfe.

for floral designs in high-keyed pinks, yellows, and greens. Similarly, Elsie de Wolfe's innovative use of animal patterns and penchant for dying her hair to match her aquamarine jewelry provided the ingredients for a series of zebra-striped tops set off by aqua leggings. "Never explain, never complain" and other de Wolfe epigrams embroidered on pillows resurface on Jacobs's cashmere T-shirts. And Billy Baldwin's crisply tailored navy and white rooms translate into classic white suits with blue piping.

Surrounded by his bulletin board collages of works in progress, Jacobs says there is a decorator's touch behind each of his creations. "A gold chair in a white and beige room might become a gold-heeled beige slingback to go with a beige cotton shift," he explains. "Fashion and decorating speak the same language." ▲

ESPRIT


Calvin Klein
HOSIERY

New York

THE PROLIFERATION of designers, artists, and style-conscious people in all professions in New York City should make preparing an issue on HG's hometown easy. But as with last October's New York issue, HG's first, limiting ourselves to the 22-square-mile island of Manhattan meant tackling a universe that is particularly vast and challenging. The scoops we offer are the result of a minutely orchestrated effort that began months ago—and a certain amount of good timing and good fortune. Jeffrey Steingarten took me to see Gloria Steinem's apartment more than two years back, when he was writing for HG. It was ready in time to photograph for this issue; that Gloria herself wanted to write about the decorating process was an unanticipated dividend. Charles Gandee, HG's creative director, turned up three new projects—the Upper East Side town house of Ed and Susie Hayes, the Greenwich Village house of Katie Ford and André Balazs, and an apartment decorated by Kitty Hawks in a venerable West Side building. Tom Wolfe, the great chronicler of American culture and most recently New York life, agreed to write the story on his friend Ed Hayes. Hethea Nye's Fifth Avenue apartment was just the elegant New York residence we needed, and we leapt the moment decorating editor Carolyn Englefield mentioned it. The story on entertaining involved a lot of thought on all parts—and a lot of planning by Catie Marron. Jacqueline Gonnet has been following Bob Denning and Vincent Fourcade for years—how fortunate that their move to a small apartment coincided with our schedule and that their friend, art critic and HG editor at large Rosamond Bernier, wanted to write about it. There are other stories to tell, of course, but suffice it to say that putting together an issue on New York is, like living here, daunting and rewarding precisely because the city offers so much.



In the bedroom of a sophisticated downtown apartment, mohair-covered curving walls offset black and white furniture and photographs.

Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Hayes & Co.

It took two architects, one decorator, and a small army of craftsmen to reconstruct Ed and Susie Hayes's Upper East Side town house. By Tom Wolfe

Produced by Charlie Brandee Photographs by Scott Frances



A graphic mix of split-face concrete block, ceramic tile, and terra-cotta animates the new façade of the two-story extension attorney Ed Hayes and *Condé Nast Traveler* contributing editor Susie Hayes built into the garden behind their 19th-century town house. *Opposite:* The Hayeses with daughter, Avery, and thirteen artisans, craftsmen, and construction workers who contributed to the massive reconstruction effort.



ONE OF THE MOST POIGNANT MOMENTS IN THE history of modern architecture came in the 1940s when Henry Hope Reed was riding along 53rd Street in New York in a car full of workers from E. F. Caldwell, a company that had once done a big business in bronze work and ornamental light fixtures. They were a glum bunch, as Reed recounts it, until the car happened to cross Fifth Avenue and pass the Museum of Modern Art. All at once the men erupted. They began shaking their fists at the museum and shouting: "That goddamn place is destroying us! Those bastards are killing us!"

Right they were, too. The Museum of Modern Art was the American missionary outpost of Europe's Bauhaus movement, which became known locally as the International Style. The Bauhausers' doctrinaire ban on ornament caught on with astonishing speed among American architects in the 1940s and '50s and put a whole generation of craftsmen and master tradesmen—mechanics who did fancy work in brick, stone, plaster, wood, tile, and metal—out of business. They were cut off from the American construction industry in the same way that European painters and sculptors had been cut off from their traditional patrons, the feudal aristocracy, following the French Revolution. The craftsmen's response was the same as the artists'. They retreated to the garret, or rather to sheds, garages, kitchen extensions, and lofts, including abandoned haylofts. Haylofts, since many of them ended up in rural secondary-road America, out in Septic Tank Bohemia. There, to this day, they wait for the occasional odd patron to beckon them back from the dappled shadows.

To understand the *esthétique de Eddie Haye* you have to appreciate a once-familiar New York character, the Irish Dandy

Which brings us to Counselor Eddie Hayes and his town house several blocks north of the Museum of Modern Art on the East Side. When the counselor told me he and his wife, Susie Gilder Hayes, had bought a house and were going to do it over, I knew the Upper East Side would be in for something different. But I did not know that he was going to take it upon himself to answer that clenched-fist 53rd Street cry of desperation from fifty-odd years ago.

To understand the *esthétique de Eddie Hayes* you have to appreciate a once-familiar New York character, the Irish Dandy. The Irish Dandy was a fancy dresser who spoke the language of the sidewalks, as the Low-Rent Life was known before it became known as the streets. Jimmy Cagney played the Irish Dandy in the movies, and Mayor Jimmy Walker played him in New York politics. The type flourished well into the 1960s, especially among Democratic Party regulars in Brooklyn. In 1963 a magazine assignment took me to a

men's club near Montague Street, where the Brooklyn regulars were putting on a lunch for Bobby Kennedy, who was then attorney general of the United States. Kennedy arrived looking the way he usually did, which is to say, like a junior high school senior, or a defendant, who has been compelled to surrender to a suit, shirt, and necktie. The local Democratic plughorses, on the other hand, walked in looking like a commemorative edition of *Apparel Arts:* derbies, homburgs, trilbies, beaver fedoras, caramel and white houndstooth chesterfields with velvet collars, fly-front covert-cloth topcoats, chalk-striped suits with step-collared vests—and one of the deputy bridge commissioners wore spats. The cock of the walk, however, was Congressman Eugene Keogh, who is best, or most kindly, remembered for the Keogh Plan. Keogh showed up wearing a four-inch-high starched white collar with a navy blue tiny-knot crepe de chine necktie adorned with a pearl stickpin. The tie debouched from the low-cut double-breasted Anthony Eden–style vest of a pinstripe suit. A man from Mars would have concluded that Gene Keogh was president of the United States and Bobby Kennedy was from the dry cleaner's.

The Irish Dandy is a disappearing breed, but Counselor Eddie Hayes, who is 42, remains. When I first met the counselor, he was a young criminal lawyer not long removed from his old neighborhood in Sunnyside, Queens, and the homicide bureau of the Bronx district attorney's office, where he had begun his legal career. One day I was chatting with him outside the Manhattan Criminal Court Building when he looked at his watch and started sprinting for the subway to catch a train to Queens, where he was due in court to walk the eighteen-year-old son of a journeyman wire lather through an arraignment on a drunk-and-disorderly charge. What made this stick in mind was the fact that he was sprinting in a pair of English bench-made shoes of brown suede with croco-



Ed Hayes and metalworker Wally Vogelsberg collaborated on the beady-eyed serpent, *opposite,* adorning the front door of the house. Like the cobweb-inspired window guards, *right,* the menacing figure adds a sinister edge to the otherwise traditional new brick and precast-stone façade. *Left:* Decorator Chester Cleaver helped out with colors, fabrics, and furniture selections in the luminous living room. Plaid moiré from Old World Weavers. Details see Resources.

dile wingtips that must have cost in the neighborhood of $1,200. More than one person has told me that in those days Eddie Hayes resembled Tommy Killian, the criminal lawyer in the novel *The Bonfire of the Vanities.*

Today the counselor is one of the best-known estate lawyers in the country, thanks to his work for the Andy Warhol estate. That is another story, which needn't detain us, except by way of noting that estate lawyers generally have a better shot than criminal lawyers at buying town houses in New York and calling craftsmen and tradesmen in from out of the shadows.

The counselor hired three highly regarded professionals, the architects Turner Brooks and Ross Anderson and the decorator Chester Cleaver, for the project, and he gives them high marks for their work. But if they knew what was going to happen next, then they were not designers but seers.

The design for the front of the house was the sort of lean, clean, bare, spare, light, tight stucco façade that is favored by postmodernists and Bauhausers alike. When I went to take a look at the site itself, however, that wasn't exactly what I saw. What I saw was a former Irish welterweight boxer, Tony McLoughlin, now a brick mason, up on a scaffold on the front of the house laying enough quoins and corbels and tuckpointed, weather-pointed red bricks to hold a Georgian hunting and shooting manor in Limerick. A stoneworker from South Kearny, New Jersey, named Mike MacLeod had arrived with a cornice studded with four lions' heads for the top of the house and a soaring set of Palladian window architraves and pediments for the parlor floor. That wasn't even the pièce de résistance, however. The pièce de résistance was the front door and window guards, which featured a six-foot winged dragon trying to claw its way out of a wrought-iron net. The dragon and the net were the work of an ornamental metalworker, Wally Vogelsberg, who had a forge in Wycombe, Pennsylvania, out in the country near New Hope.

None of this looked very Bauhaus to me; not very postmodern either. I asked the counselor what was going on.

"When I was working the homicide bureau in the Bronx," he said, "they told me you always got to go to the scene."

"Go to the scene?"

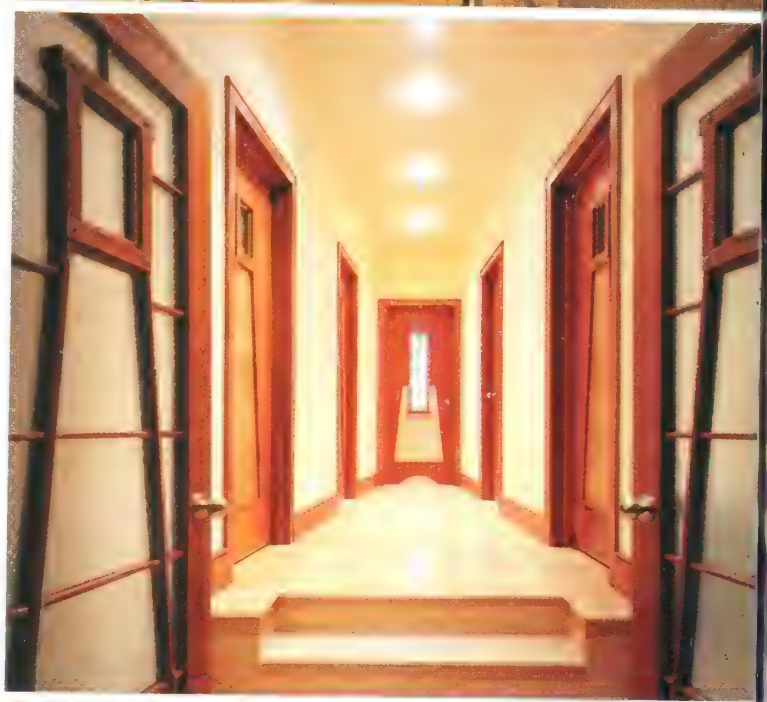
"You can't just let the cops bring in witnesses and you *talk* to them. You always got to go to the scene."

"Eddie," I said, "those were homicides. We're talking about a house."

The counselor turned his palms up and shortnecked me, as if to say, Whaddya whaddya? The principle is the same.

By his own account, the first time the counselor went to the scene, so far as the crafts and trades are concerned, was in London when he was at a tailor shop. The tailors in the front room of the shop liked to talk about *(Text continued on page 244)*







A grand arch of ash and mahogany cabinets, *top right,* creates a powerful backdrop for the open-plan kitchen. Upstairs, mahogany, cherry, and maple doors line a corridor, *center,* opening onto, among other things, the cedar closet, *right,* of confessed dandy Ed Hayes. *Opposite:* Outside, a new concrete [illegible] and fiberglass cornice [illegible] chorus of snarling lions; in [illegible] Avery Hayes with Babar on a steel, mahogany, and maple staircase designed by Chester Cleaver.



I would like to think of Eddie Hayes's town house as the start of a new era for craftsmen and master tradesmen



Susie Hayes worked with Wally Vogelsberg on the sensuous curves of the canopy bed in the master bedroom, which Chester Cleaver draped in Lee Jofa lace. *Opposite:* Architects Turner Brooks, of Vermont, and Ross Anderson, of New York, designed the walled-in garden, including the small brick temple, which holds gardening equipment, at the end of the flagstone path.





Gotham Romance

In her grand Fifth Avenue apartment, decorator Hethea Nye indulges her taste for luxury. By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by François Halard



In the living room a 19th-century English portrait hangs above French antiques. *Opposite:* Nye and her partner, Ralph Harvard, transformed a windowless entrance hall into a light-filled gallery, rich in architectural and decorative flourishes. Details see Resources.

BORN AND BRED IN NEW YORK IN THE "HIGH IGNORANT idealism" of the sixties, Hethea Nye went to Vassar and majored in English, then went to law school, and while there began decorating houses to escape the tedium of jurisprudence. Earlier in life she had imagined herself a novelist but in a moment of truth recognized that her gift for editing exceeded her gift for creating; now she describes herself as an "editorial decorator," selecting perfect objects from what she regards as life's cornucopia of marvels. "I think you need to have enough of a soul in your twenties to be idealistic, and enough of a brain in your forties to be at peace with yourself. I've recognized that I'm not going to be Mother Teresa, but I do give something back to the world. I give people places to live that delight them. It's not a great gift to humankind, but it's important; I create peace and quiet and happiness. I make people smile."

The project proved endless—only a single wall now stands where Nye found it

Part of the joy of working with Hethea Nye would be working with Hethea Nye; she is entirely aware of her own charm but is only the more charming for that. Someone else could work in Nye's style and come up with banality, but her energy







translates brilliantly into the spaces she touches so that in each room one can sense the tremendous will and stamina that have gone into making it exactly the way it is, which seems, then, exactly the way it was meant to be. Her look is amalgamated lushness: lots of beautiful things, mostly English, some French, all arranged with a precision no European culture could muster which renders them purely American.

The apartment where she lives with her husband, Richard Nye, an investment adviser, and their one-year-old daughter, Kate, is vast and unabashedly grand. The living room is 25 by 36 feet, and the library next to it is almost the same size. Each of these rooms looks out across Central Park. There is a long gallery off the entryway, a run of bedrooms, a kitchen, a dining room, an exercise room, and a dressing room large enough for a small opera house. Everything about the place trembles at the edge of excess, but it is redeemed by wit. "If you do this kind of work long enough," notes Nye, "your eye gets accustomed to beautiful things and beautiful effects. At that point, you either become jaded or you fix on eccentricity. Humor is a matter of attention to detail." Some of her eccentricity is obvious: the andirons in the shape of Chinese figures; the proliferation of animal paws on every available chair, table, and ornamental box; the delicate watered silk curtain on a shower "I hope no one will ever use." Some of it is better hidden—the satisfying color of the living room walls was copied directly from a stick of Hotel Bar butter.

When the Nyes bought their apartment it had been stripped of all architectural ornament. "I remember being shown around by a sweet, sweet woman, who kept saying enthusiastically, 'You're really going to love the purple Formica dressing room.'" Hethea Nye started off planning to remove some modern things and do some painting and then move in, but the project proved almost bottomless once she had started. Now there is only a single wall standing where she found it. The ceilings had been lowered; they were raised. Windows had been blocked in; they were opened. Oversize mahogany doors were made in England, and new doorframes were cut to accommodate them. Cornices were manufactured for each of the seventeen rooms in the apartment. The paneling and bookcases in the library were made new from old pine to match a spectacular 1740 pine fireplace, discovered at a London gallery, which is now the focus of the room. The shelves hold her enormous collection of period books in dark leather spines; unlike many collectors of books, Nye is a reader and the editions

In the dining room, *above*, deep purple walls give way to a white cornice and a cove ceiling lined with silver tea paper that glows gold in the candlelight. The chairs are covered in a Cowtan & Tout silk. *Opposite above:* [illegible] with her daughter, Kate. *Opposite below:* An archway [illegible] the living room [illegible] library, [illegible] volumes. [illegible] Knox's [illegible] Jane's [illegible]







Unlined curtains of Scalamandré silk edged with fringe, *above*, are bow-tied to rings that hang from twisted gilt poles. *Below:* A haven of Edwardian comforts, Richard Nye's dressing room features an oversize bath in a mahogany-paneled niche, a custom-colored carpet from Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, and an armchair and ottoman in a Fonthill fabric.



are of her favorite authors. The eighteenth-century paneling in the living room came from a salvage yard on lower Broadway where it had gone after being stripped from an apartment upstairs in the Nyes' building; it fit jigsaw-perfectly. "First you deal with the architecture," she explains. "Then you can worry about the contents."

Restraint is not Hethea Nye's greatest strength, and it is something of a relief that her business partner, Ralph Harvard, is an academic, rigorous in his training, aware that peculiar juxtapositions have to be deliberate. He is the one who decides whether or not it is admissible to apply a mahogany veneer to an Adam overdoor, who says which detailing is acceptable with which fireplace, who figures out how to hide the structural supports that materialize when the walls are being rearranged, who measures and calculates and decides how many bas-relief bows are too many. They work together in a tone of affectionate banter, as though she were a fey and mercurial muse and he a disciplined portraitist.

> The rooms are the sort in which you could give grand parties or eat dinner quietly in front of the fire



An Italian marble mantel is surrounded by Colefax & Fowler chintz-covered walls and window treatments in the sitting room, *above*. *Opposite:* The rosy chintz carries over into the adjoining master bedroom, which is dominated by a regal late 18th century English bed.

The source for much of Nye's furniture and accessories (and the repository for objects Nye has decided to part with) is her New York antiques shop, R. Brooke, which she founded eight years ago and named for one of her favorite writers. Rupert Brooke's romantic poetry, written during the first decades of this century, escapes sentimentality by virtue of its candid self-assurance. Likewise Hethea Nye: the abundance of painted effects and marble inlay and bullion fringing that she has unleashed in her apartment are called back from the brink of clumsiness by her ability to construct them as extensions of a fruitful life rather than as a means to achieve such a life. Nye's look is opulent and theatrical, but also full of coziness and funny corners, the rooms the sort in which you could give grand parties or eat dinner quietly in front of the fireplace. "I hate stage sets," she says. "If where you live helps with how you live, then you've achieved something." ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield



Style Diva





At home on Park Avenue, *Vanity Fair*'s Marina Schiano displays her flair for drama

By Gini Alhadeff

Photographs by Eric Boman



Moderne and oriental designs mix in Schiano's living room, which features a 1926 Paul Frank Skyscraper [illegible] armchair, [illegible] taffeta [illegible] Japanese [illegible] dat[illegible]





Japanese screens bracket the entrance to the mirrored dining room, *above*. The table and chairs are Paul Frankl originals. *Left:* On a Japanese tansu a doll tableau stands next to a drawing by Schiano's former boss Yves Saint Laurent.

It's safe to say that Marina Schiano has seen it all before, and I'm sure she gave that impression even in the cradle. Neapolitans are often like that. In New York it's called street smart, but that's too close to brassiness; Neapolitan sangue freddo—cool, or wisdom, if you will—has the depth of centuries. It is a form of theatricality: the appearance of being prepared for any circumstance.

Those who don't believe in reincarnation should meet Marina Schiano. Here is a woman who reeks of previous lives. A few decades of earthly existence could never yield such a polyphrenic compound. There is the geisha/shogun—deferential, glad to be of use, but with a certain "my word is law." There is the scugnizzo, the Neapolitan street urchin given to direct language and reckless behavior who, on principle, is not afraid of anything. And then there is the style-setter with an ability to combine two or more things for the first time and have them click, though quietly.

Those who don't believe in reincarnation should meet Marina Schiano. Here is a woman who reeks of previous lives

Many of Schiano's lives were accumulated in the past few decades. When she first left Naples, she worked as a model for four years, often for *Vogue*, often for Diana Vreeland. Then she headed Yves Saint Laurent's American fashion operations for eleven years. The drawings he dedicated to her and some of his illustrated letters are framed in her study. Andy Warhol, another close friend, painted an imperiously feline portrait of her, which now hangs in her hallway; at her suggestion, the only colors in it are black, red, and white. She was even married briefly to Warhol's associate Fred Hughes. He has been rechristened Jimminy Cricket. Anyone who is anyone to Marina gets a new name. One Italian friend is known as Scatolina, little box. Marcus Vinicius, the Brazilian photographer, whom she has been married to for a decade, is called Garfield and, less frequently, Bugs Bunny. (The top of their refrigerator has been invaded by a tight-knit platoon of Garfields and Bugs Bunnies, 33 to be exact.)

Schiano worked for Calvin Klein for two and a half years, and now she is style director of *Vanity Fair*, a role she defines as "court jester to Hollywood stars," or Pulcinella, the Neapolitan commedia dell'arte character, all white except for his black shoes and mask, who has an insatiable appetite for spaghetti and melodrama.

For *Vanity Fair*, Schiano has dressed Madonna, Al Pacino, Richard Gere, Anjelica Huston, *(Text continued on page 245)*

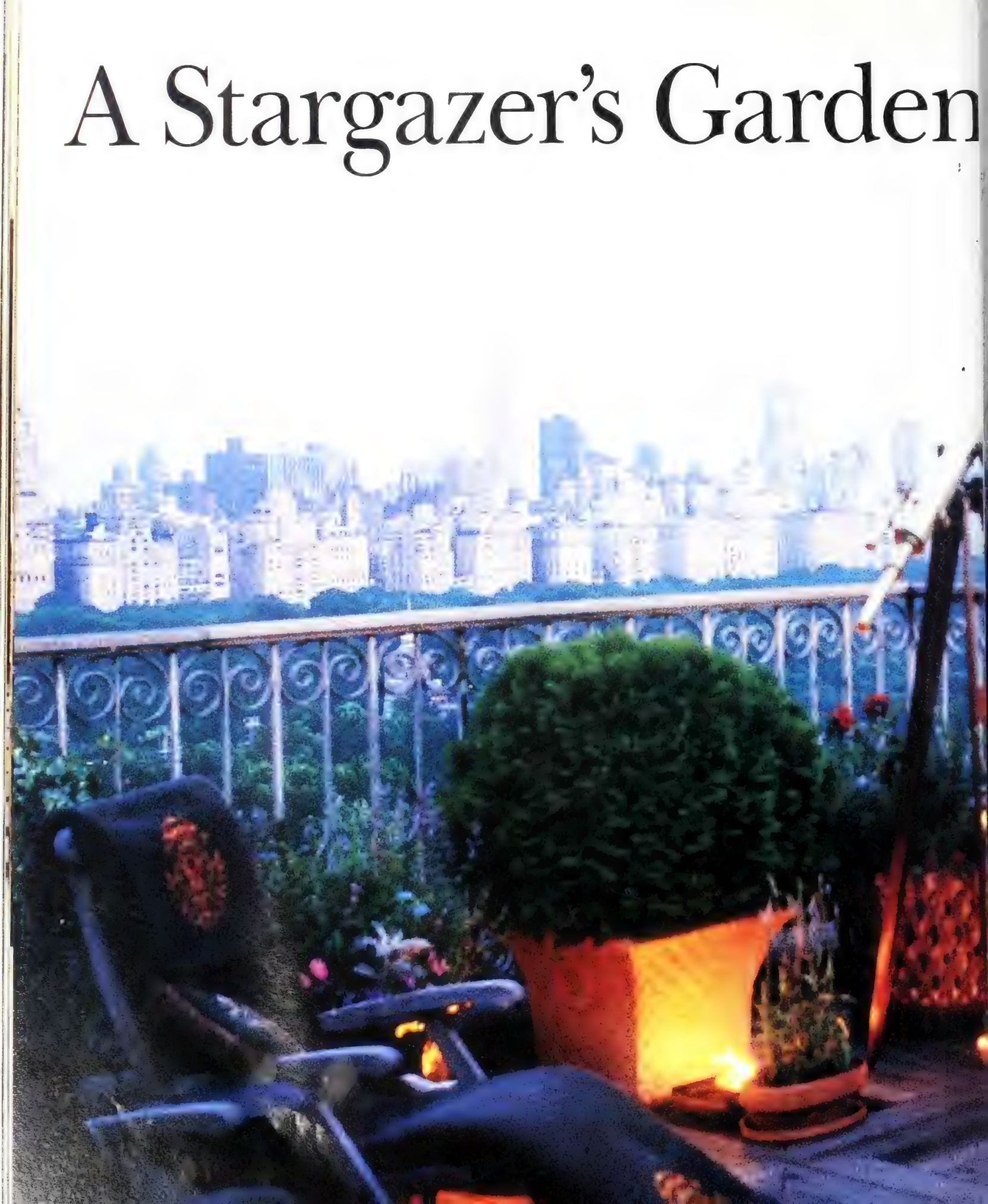






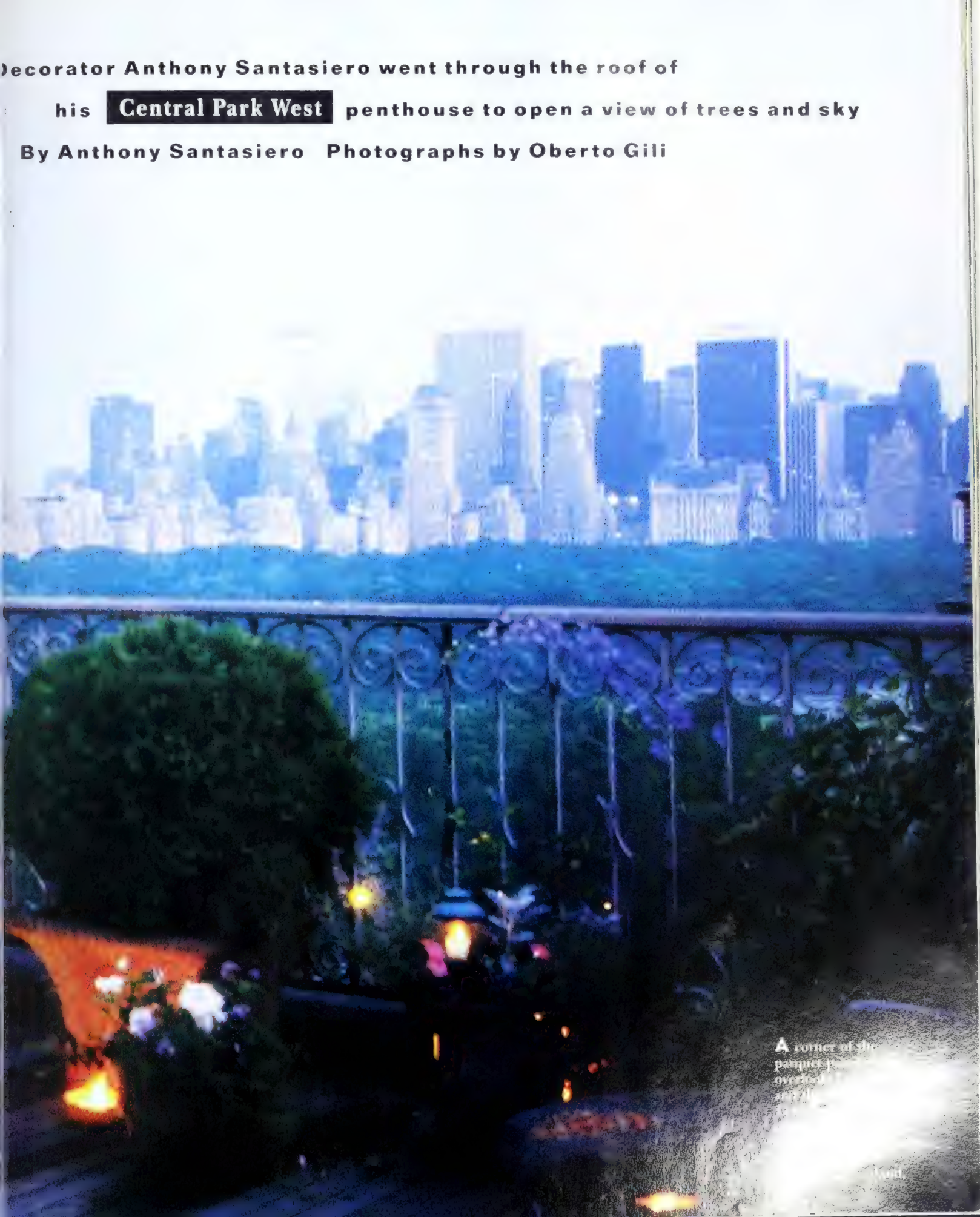
Yves Saint Laurent drawings and letters share shelf space with books in the study, *top*. The lamp is Ecart's reedition of a 1907 design by Mariano Fortuny. S[illegible] on l[illegible] *f[illegible]*

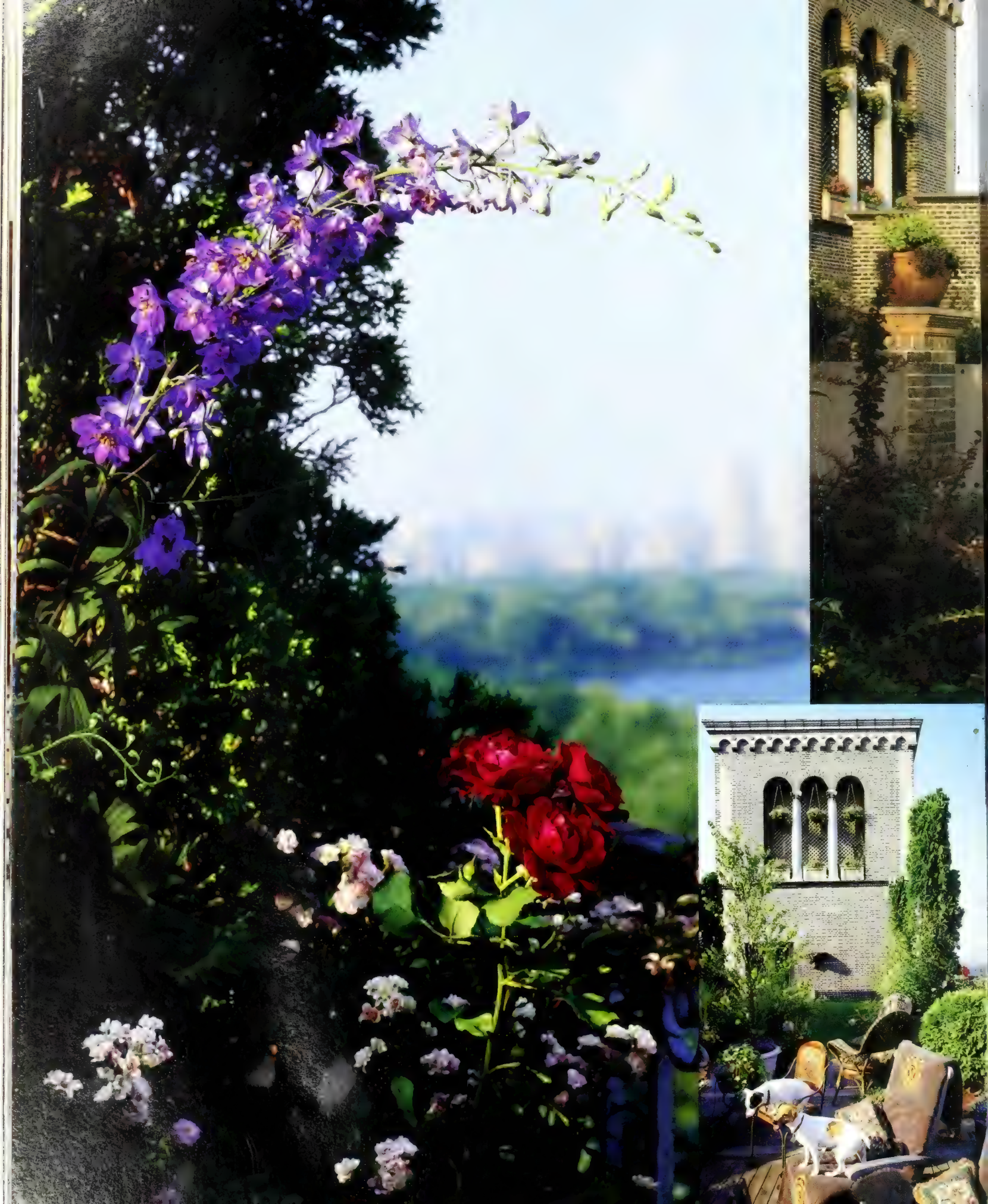
A Stargazer's Garden



Decorator Anthony Santasiero went through the roof of his Central Park West penthouse to open a view of trees and sky

By Anthony Santasiero Photographs by Oberto Gili







I HAD BEEN LIVING IN MY PENTHOUSE apartment for six months before I saw the roof of the building. It was a sloped tar surface furnished with every kind of mechanical equipment imaginable. In spite of this, the spectacular views—over Central Park to the East Side and midtown, and westward to the Hudson River and the New Jersey Palisades—made the site irresistible. Shortly after my discovery, I asked my friend and colleague the landscape architect Bruce Kelly to look at the roof with me. He made the intriguing suggestion that I consider putting part of the area into lawn, since the roof was big enough to have a real garden feeling. That idea was zany enough to appeal to me, but before I could even begin to plan my dream garden, all the mechanical equipment had to be relocated, a railing had to be added to meet the housing code, and a hole had to be punched into the roof from my apartment below.

The terrace garden that evolved is L-shaped, with a new conservatory/dining room on top of the hole I had knocked through from below. The existing water tower needed to be restored before I could lattice the three arched openings on its second level. In front of the lattice I added antique iron hanging baskets and, on the floor beneath the arches, three large wooden boxes planted with roses, clematis, nepeta, petunias, lobelias, and verbena. Below the tower, on the park side, is the lawn, which has at each corner a huge wooden box with a 14-foot-tall arborvitae underplanted with buddleia, cotoneaster, irises, grasses, and fairy roses. The rest of this side of the *(Text continued on page 251)*

Flower baskets hang from a 19th-century wrought-iron wellhead, *above,* on the river view lawn. *Opposite left:* A delphinium arches over red 'Don Juan' roses. *Opposite below right:* Pillows designed by Santasiero on deck chairs beneath the water tower.

Ms. Steinem



on the Home Front

After twenty years in the same **East Side** brownstone, the feminist writer finds the courage to hire a decorator. By Gloria Steinem

Photographs by William Waldron





Filippa Naess concocted a "luscious yellow" to warm the walls of what was the parlor of Steinem's 19th-century brownstone. The decorator found "a happy print for the armchairs and added a down-filled sofa, antique textile pillows, and an Indian mirror I'd fallen in love with." Details see Resources.





I THOUGHT INTERIOR DESIGNERS WERE FOR OTHER PEOPLE. Not only did they charge too much, but they seemed to create rooms that reflected their own taste and trademarks, not those of the people who lived there.

In the late sixties, when I first moved into this parlor floor of a nineteenth-century brownstone—two rooms with high ceilings plus a closet-size kitchen and a bath—I was rescued by having an artist, Barbara Nessim, as a roommate. She taught me lessons in form-over-function by the way she arranged things: bookcases displayed her favorite shoes and antique toys as well as books, a silver Ajax can ended up on the mantel with candlesticks of silvered glass—and somehow it all worked together. After Barbara moved to her own studio, my neighbor Jane Holzer, then an actress and art dealer known as Baby Jane, helped me turn one room into an office for freelance writing and the other into a living room/bedroom/dining room by building a sleeping balcony in one corner.

I still felt very temporary, as women did when we thought creating a home was something that could only be done for husbands and children, but this arrangement was useful as a nest and workplace.

Then came the seventies and the nonstop activity of the women's movement. Instead of writing at home, I worked in the communal offices of *Ms.* magazine. I also began traveling several days a week as a lecturer and organizer. Gradually, these neglected two rooms filled up with stacks of unsorted papers and cardboard boxes. They became a place to change clothes between trips, hide out to write an occasional article, and give visiting feminists a sofa to sleep on. When a small fire in the apartment below burned out my bathroom, a friend got a designer to build a new one. But that experience merely confirmed my worst suspicions. Though I had asked this designer for a bathroom as old-fashioned as the house, I came back from a trip to find him well into an awful high-tech one—the only thing he knew how to make.



The next dozen years included two more attempts at fixing up. I found a woman who advertised herself as part designer, part rent-a-wife to soften the bathroom with French country fabric. That just made it worse. Later a designer in the neighborhood volunteered to help by buying armchairs and covering the sleeping balcony with chintz. The result was far too ladylike. By the late eighties all I wanted to do was lock the door and never come back, but I also longed for a real home and a place to write.

Then the pilot living in the garden apartment downstairs decided to move, and I realized that his two rooms could be connected to mine by building a small enclosed staircase. For the first time I would have an actual bedroom and a guest room besides. But I wouldn't have attempted any of this if I hadn't met Filippa Naess through the accident of helping a rich friend interview designers. Although she divides her time between New York and London and has created great country houses and urban homes from Brazil to Sweden, Filippa was willing to take on this small low-budget project. Because I had seen some of her whimsical and elegant rooms photographed in international magazines—and because, like most really talented people, she is fun and flexible to work with—she gave me the courage to try again.

Filippa's very first change made coming home a pleasure.

We used to think creating a home could only be done for families

By putting a pale yellow undercoat and a sunnier overcoat on the living room walls—my first inkling that any good color is *two* colors—she created the happiest yellow I've ever seen. In moiré silk, this same luscious yellow billowed down from high windows and onto the parquet floor. She helped me sort and clear out my years of cardboard boxes—a homely chore I couldn't quite imagine an equally illustrious male designer doing—and then began walking me around inexpensive auction house galleries with the instructions to buy only what I fell in love with.

This process yielded two antique chests for the living room, three mirrors in Indian painted wood cases, a big desk for my new study, a little desk bought as sculpture because it was irresistibly inscribed "Look Then into Thine Heart and Write," and many old kilims in soft shades and intricate designs. I became addicted to these Middle Eastern flat rugs: my neighbor, *Saturday Night Live* writer Herb Sargent, finally warned, "You've got a rug problem. Just say no."

Most of all, I discovered the magic a truly creative eye can bring into everyday life. Filippa saw an old door carved with cherubs and turned it into a huge mirror frame; a kilim became the perfect bed canopy, another kilim became a roman-



A hat from India and a photo of Steinem's arrest outside the South African embassy hang in the hallway, *right*. *Above:* Sheer fabric and Ricardo Cinalli's mural create an airy dining alcove; chairs from Newel Art Galleries, NYC. *Opposite below:* Manuscript pages and egg prints above Steinem's desk. *Opposite top left:* Naess designed taffeta curtains and rag-painted walls to make the low-ceilinged study cozy. *Opposite top right:* A chest holds shells, stone eggs, and a Susan B. Anthony signature.



tic hanging between guest room and kitchen; and the illusion of a four-poster bed was created from diaphanous hangings of Guinevere-like mystery. The claustrophobic space under the sleeping balcony was transformed into an airy dining area by murals and fragile white hangings, and the cheapest round tables became lovely objects when draped with fabrics or antique lace curtains. Throughout, Filippa combined colors, patterns, periods, and textures that had never met before but looked born for one another—a blend of India, Europe, and Africa which I had always wanted.

Because other artists enjoy working with her for the sheer creativity of it, she could call on their magic too. Ricardo Cinalli, a muralist who lives in London, created the vistas that opened up the tiny area under the sleeping balcony. Another artist turned the cheap pine of my new study into perfect faux bois. A third made screens—painted to look like bookshelves full of books by friends—to hide corner pipes in the guest room. And two others built a mammoth gilt-edged fairy-tale book that serves as a coffee table in the guest room.

Unlike more autocratic designers, Filippa often does things spontaneously. She always arrived with some wondrous new object in hand: a strip of antique embroidered velvet to trim the bedroom bookcases; strings of tiny glass-bead flowers to twine around unsightly phone wires; a green snake coiled around an egg for my green-walled study; up-lights to enliven a mirror and wash the apricot guest room walls.

She even managed to transform the high-tech bathroom by painting everything white, adding a long counter of white marble with old-style bevel edges, and softening the lines of the shower and window by hanging filmy white fabric from the high ceiling and letting it pool on the white floor.

People who come into this apartment now remark on how soft, comfortable, and personal it is. Filippa's instruction to buy only what I love has made everything special. But without her, I wouldn't have known that what I love existed. Her guidelines of allowing each client to be unique, of starting with color and letting each room emerge slowly, like a painting, have taught me a lesson: good designers are artists who work on the most important canvas of all, our daily lives. I've also learned something from witnessing the world in which Filippa works. Many clients seem to treat interior designers poorly, as if the profession were devalued as "feminine" or "what housewives do." I think that's why so many of them charge too much and become autocratic: to retaliate and to insist on being taken seriously. If you're lucky enough to find a decorator like Filippa, treat her or him as an artist—and appreciate the rarity of art. ♠

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac



I became addicted to old kilims in soft shades and intricate designs. My neighbor finally warned, "You have a rug problem. Just say no"



Naess made a canopy, *opposite*, by tacking old brocade to a wood frame, suspending it on airplane wire disguised with silk cord, and hanging cotton gauze. *Right:* Bedroom bookshelves are also good for friends' photos, mementos, and costume jewelry. *Above right:* The guest room is a "kilim palace." A mirror framed by an old door from Urban Archaeology, NYC, reflects a literal coffee table book, a Grant Larkin creation.



The Pleasure of Their Company



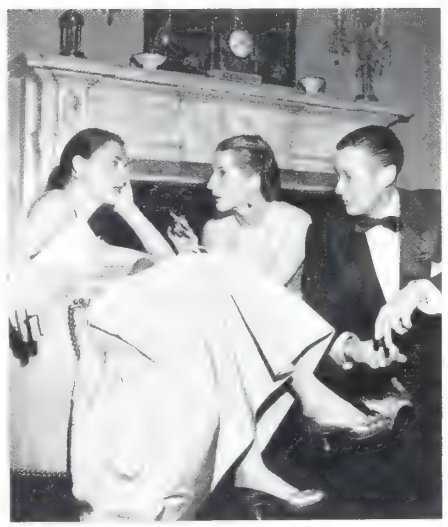
Personal taste sets the tone for city living when New Yorkers entertain on their own turf. By Mark Hampton

Photographs by David Frazier

Produced by Catherine Marron



Fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi, *above left*, welcomes friends to tea, *left*, served on Tiffany porcelain, *far left*. *Above:* Pauline Boardman draws up seating charts on the afternoon of a dinner for 30. *Right:* Brooke Hayward Duchin arranges a buffet. *Far right:* Slim Keith, then Mrs. Leland Hayward, with Diana and Reed Vreeland in the early 1950s at one of Kitty Miller's New Year's Eve parties. Details see Resources.



IN MUCH OF AMERICA, the weekend is held in reserve as the time for parties. But in New York, where work is often said to be too great a preoccupation, the break that entertaining offers is much too precious to put off till Friday night. Many New Yorkers depend upon weekday lunches and dinners the way children depend upon visits to the playground. Amid the demands of the workday, we look forward to the efforts of our most creative friends to delight the eye and palate as well as stimulate the brain.

Though the New Yorkers who love to entertain and those who love to *be* entertained pursue their diversions in a variety of original ways, all the old-fashioned forms of entertaining still exist here. The ritual New Year's Day call of the nineteenth-century Knickerbocker elite portrayed in Edith Wharton's *Old New York* may be extinct, but the cocktail party, which came into fashion a few generations later remains a favorite occasion at which to celebrate authors and new[illegible] out-of-town stars, and even the native returnee[illegible] Lunches and dinners can still be as formal and [illegible] one of Cole Porter's legendary soirées at the [illegible] or they can be as disarmingly casual and [illegible]





These cozy art world dinners are a far cry from Andy Warhol's crowd scenes



Karin and Timothy Greenfield-Sanders, *above left,* collaborate on an artists' dinner at home in the East Village, *above right,* for Peter Halley (at left), Laurie Simmons, Caroline Stewart, and Carroll Dunham. *Left:* Audrey Hepburn holds court in *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* 1961. *Below left:* A 1965 gathering at Andy Warhol's Factory. *Below:* Warhol takes in the scene at a 1964 loft party.





erings in Greenwich Village walkups recorded in countless biographies of artists and writers. Today you might find tables set with menu cards and hothouse orchids one night and a platter of paella on the sideboard the next.

It would be idiotic to talk of what one does or doesn't do, as in the days when Ward McAllister anointed society's Four Hundred and ladies who came to lunch always wore hats at the table. There are practitioners of *all* forms of party giving whose viewpoints defy the rigorous thumbs-up or thumbs-down verdicts that dogmatic social arbiters try to impose. Some of the liveliest observation of Manhattan's flexible social mores can be found in fiction and in films. Think of the helter-skelter charm of Holly Golightly as hostess in Truman Capote's *Breakfast at Tiffany's* or the antic urbanity of Nick and Nora Charles filling a hotel suite with murder suspects and other guests in Dashiell Hammett's *The Thin Man.* Now as then, in real-life New York,



With Joan Didion and Norman Mailer at the table, one wouldn't want to miss a word



if entertaining is done with style, it is sure to be applauded by those who attend. We'll dress up or down. We'll sit happily through three courses or seven. If it's fun it works, especially if it adds some glamour to our lives.

Mica and Ahmet Ertegün have been symbols of glamour in New York for more than twenty years. Mica's looks, the way she dresses, Ahmet's wit and the exotic way it is delivered—all of these qualities, combined with the Ertegün style of entertaining, add up to a lot of glamour. At Mica and Ahmet's lunches or dinners the conversation might be dominated by politics, art, architecture, or, of course, music (you might even find yourself talking to a rock star). After all, Ahmet is one of the dominant forces in the music world today. The food at the Ertegüns' could be French or it could have a Turkish twist, a reminder of the host's Turkish roots. Whatever the fare, it will be served in the midst of an enchanting collection of plates and silver and crystal from which Mica can set a table in any style.

The instincts of the collector and the host are often happily combined. The late Ben Sonnenberg's parties were fascinating as well as fun, and the backdrop of that great connoisseur's Gramercy Park brownstone, with its paintings and drawings and Georgian furniture and its Dorothy Draper party room on the top floor, was as dramatic a piece of theater as I've ever seen—with the possible exception of Kenneth Jay Lane's splendid apartment on Park Avenue. This combines elements of Stanford White, Charles de Beistégui, and Scheherazade. If you have trouble keeping your eyes off the host's collection of orientalist paintings, it is understandable. You might, however, risk missing some provocative tidbit from Kenny's encyclopaedic repertoire of stories of the fashionable world of the past 35 years. Or a guest from Europe might switch the conversation into French, Italian, or Portuguese—no telling what you might miss then. Upon leaving, you may feel as though you have been magically transported for a few hours in some Belle Époque time machine.





Writing at a time that can seem centuries away from present-day New York, Emily Post once remarked that no invitation was extended as often as that for tea. Unfortunately, tea parties do not occur as often as they used to. But it is still enjoyable to attend a late-afternoon gathering at which a few people can chat without the interruption of dinner, an event that frequently intrudes upon a conversation one would love to pursue. Isaac Mizrahi, the brilliant young fashion designer, has a sitting room that fits the mood perfectly and also serves as an antidote to the frantic pace of Seventh Avenue. The tartans he is so famous for cover chairs drawn up to the fire, where Isaac presides over what he calls ordered spontaneity. Like many people who like to cook but whose work takes



Jason Epstein, *top right,* is equally comfortable playing host in his kitchen or in his book-lined dining room, *right,* on the border of Little Italy and SoHo. Favorite guests include, *center left,* Norris Church Mailer, Norman Mailer with Joan Juliet Buck, Judith Miller, and, *center right,* Joan Didion. *Above:* Mailer, back to camera second from right, in 1961 with James Baldwin, at center, and other literati at beat poet Robert Cordier's Village railroad flat.



It would be idiotic to talk of what one does or doesn't do, as in the days when ladies who came to lunch always wore hats

Decorator Mica Ertegün, *above*, never repeats a table setting. *Left:* A mix of objects from the Ertegün collection of Victorian majolica, antique glass, tortoiseshell, and silver. *Above left:* Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, at center, and friends at a lunch given by Mrs. Vincent Astor, c. 1932.



Who sits where is a matter of high diplomacy

up nearly endless stretches of time, Isaac refuses to be duped into serving high-anxiety fare: there are cakes, and sandwiches, and petit fours, but clotted cream, which is never thick enough, isn't even a consideration!

I don't, of course, mean to imply that food shouldn't be the focus of a party. For someone who loves to cook, half the fun of giving a dinner party is the preparation. Photographer Timothy Greenfield-Sanders and his wife, Karin, a lawyer, shop and cook together when friends come for dinner at their converted East Village rectory. And the couple are happiest when guests like the painters Peter Halley and Carroll Dunham join them in the kitchen before sitting around a big Gustav Stickley table.

The offbeat charm of the neighborhood only adds to the coziness in this corner of the art world—a far cry from the hectic crowd scenes Andy Warhol recorded in his notorious diaries. Andy's scene ran more to the exotic loft parties that defined an era recently passed. He once said, as he stood aloof on the edge of a noisy throng, "I don't say a word at these things and it drives them crazy."



You might think that a noted literary figure such as Random House's Jason Epstein would only dine out, and be far more interested in talk than food. But as Jason's friends will tell you, his other field of achievement is cookery at home, with credentials from the Oriental Hotel Cooking School in Bangkok. Forget Bangkok, though. Jason's real inspiration was his grandmother, whom he watched at her kitchen tasks throughout his childhood. Now that he lives within a few minutes' walk of New York's best Chinese and Italian markets, the delights of his dinner parties begin with the marketing. The pleasure continues through the preparation right on to the arrival of guests (six to eight being the preferred number). The fewer guests there are, the better the conversation, according to Jason's dictum, and who could disagree? With Joan Didion and Norman Mailer at the table, one wouldn't want to miss a word.

Decorator Pauline Boardman's method for entertaining a larger number of friends than Epstein's ideal allows, while still providing the right conditions for conversation, is to set three round tables for ten. Mercifully, a party of thirty fits comfortably in the Boardman dining room. With the help of an adventurous cook (the last time I was there, we had crab cakes to begin), Pauline and her witty husband, Dixon, offer guests a special mixture of old-fashioned formality and luxury with fast-paced contemporary ease and humor. The care with which Pauline plans seating charts on the afternoon of a party is a reminder that, no matter how hectic city life may be, we need not cave in to shortcuts.

Recollecting the details of a particularly festive occasion makes the thought of a party diary very tempting. I don't mean an index file that records the guest list, what *(Text continued on page 254)*



Kenneth Jay Lane, *top right,* with guests Malu Futscher Pereira, a Brazilian decorator, and Ralph Destino, chairman of Cartier. *Top left:* An Empire lamp on Lane's table, set for lunch. *Above:* Caterers Sean Driscoll and Jean-Claude Nédélec at Glorious Food. *Left:* Myrna Loy and William Powell round up suspects at a Manhattan Christmas party in *The Thin Man,* 1934.

Shifting Focus

Design partners Brian Stoner and John Hutton take a new perspective on classic forms in a downtown apartment

By Victoria Geibel

Photographs by William Waldron





As an analogue to their client's photography collection, Brian Stoner and John Hutton hung an elliptical mirror above their version of a 17th-century French mantel in the living room. The sculptural white furniture – which became prot... types for ... collecti... bro...



IT SEEMS ONLY APT THAT THE ACT OF LOOKING SHOULD animate the design of this Greenwich Village apartment by Brian Stoner in collaboration with John Hutton, design director of Donghia Furniture. After all, their client—an executive with a very discriminating eye—has already assembled a museum-quality collection of photographs, even though he is only in his mid twenties. "I wanted the apartment to be about perception, how objects are framed and presented," he says. "The photographs had to be an integral part of that." Indeed, from every vantage point, black and white photographs by such masters as Robert Mapplethorpe, Diane Arbus, and Julia Margaret Cameron command attention. Such profusion—a contemporary twist on the Victorian penchant for collecting—fits perfectly with the apartment's historical ambience. Located in a late nineteenth century building, the rooms seem to belong to both past and present—precise yet not intimidating, ordered yet not austere.

A balance between formality and comfort was exactly what Stoner and Hutton aimed to achieve. In fact, that mix is the hallmark of this duo, who have collaborated since the mid 1980s. To date they have completed more than a dozen apartments, working through a process of give-and-take, with Hutton designing the furniture and Stoner overseeing the structural renovations and the decorating.

"In each room there is an interesting tension between what is passive and what is active," Stoner explains. "The architecture is treated as important, but it is pushed back so that the photographs remain prominent." This adept juggling results in a fine-tuned approach to furniture and fabrics. A case in point is the living room's all-white chaise, sofa, and chair, which Hutton designed, taking inspiration from a series of Victorian tufted sofas Stoner spotted in a magazine. While the upholstery exudes a sense of tranquillity, the sinuous curves and expansive rippling surfaces are unabashedly playful. Deemed so successful they became prototypes for Donghia's fall collection, these pieces are meant for fancy as much as function, intended to look "like they could catch the wind," says Hutton. This wit and energy also surfaces in the

At the opposite end of the living room, *above,* a sofa Hutton dubbed the Ghost is joined by a faux zebra ottoman and a pair of 18th-century French chairs. The curtains crowned with fanciful pointed valances are in a Stroheim & Romann velvet. The carpet is from Stark. *Right:* The brushed stainless-steel dining room tabletop echoes the curves of the banquette and chairs covered in mohair from Donghia. A French rock-crystal chandelier hangs above a collection of photographs that the client calls his "permanent set of dinner guests."





flowing velvet curtains topped by valances shaped like inverted jester's caps, the pair of standing lamps that appear to spiral on twisted satin-finish brass stems, and the elliptically shaped fireplace mirror that is a study in scale and a provocative commentary on imagery, both real and contrived.

Similarly distilled down to a few choice objects, the dining room gains force through the careful orchestration of antiques, art, and custom-designed furniture. From the gently sloping back of the banquette to the commanding curve of the stainless-steel tabletop, the forms echo and complement one another. And while the present is celebrated, the past is also remembered in such details as the Louis XVI–inspired tapered legs on the dining room table. "Back in the 1960s, when I was studying eighteenth-century design, I became so engrossed I started creating whole rooms in period vernacular," says Hutton. "That's how I learned about proportion and how to play with it." These days the designers are mixing many influences. A nineteenth-century French rock-crystal chandelier is one of the focal points in the dining room, while a collection of photographs—portraits dating from the mid nineteenth century to the present—holds court behind the table on an unusually high ebony-stained wainscot. "It's like dining in the company of a permanent set of guests," notes the client.

Unlike the dining room, which exalts in its role as a public showplace, the library is tucked away at the end of a long corridor. Magisterial and reflective in mood, it has walls and furniture saturated in shades of red, from burgundy to terra-cotta. In contrast to the library's pulsating palette, the adjoining bedroom is a cool gray sanctuary, cocoonlike in its sense of privacy. Its intense feeling of enclosure is established by curving walls that Stoner inserted to transform the room from a square into an oval. Covered in velvetlike mohair, the walls not only conceal closets and a bathroom but also provide a serene backdrop for the bed, upholstered in a punchy black and white stripe, and the ring of still-life photographs that surround it. Modeled after a room in an eighteenth-century French pavilion, the space epitomizes the apartment's insouciant spirit. "Our aim was to be sophisticated but not terribly serious," says Stoner. "The look is lighthearted and fresh," adds Hutton. Still, it's hardly the typical postgrad apartment, a fact that's not lost on the client. "At first I was surprised by how formal it seems," he acknowledges. "But this is actually a very inviting apartment. It's not so much about pretense; it's about comfort." ▲

Editor: Anne Foxley





The bedroom is a cool gray sanctuary, cocoonlike in its sense of privacy

Inspired by an oval room
18th-century French pav
bedroom features curvi
covered in a velvetlike
offset by a Brunschwig
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Drawn to Scale



In their **midtown** suite, Robert Denning and Vincent Fourcade show that grandeur comes in all sizes

By Rosamond Bernier

Photographs by Karen Radkai





WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE TO GIVE UP A LARGE AND SUMPTUOUS house on one of the most desirable streets on Manhattan's Upper East Side and move to what is in effect a three-room suite (not counting two bathrooms and a kitchen) in a mainly residential hotel on a bleakly anonymous street in midtown? "Just great" is the answer, if you happen to be Vincent Fourcade, decorator, and his partner of thirty years, Robert Denning. "It was wonderful from the first moment," Vincent says now. "I hated the idea," Bob says, "but now I agree he was right." It was Vincent's idea to move. The two of them had a lot of real estate on their hands. Vincent recently installed an apartment in the family house in Paris where he was born. He and Bob intend to spend several months of the year there. They still have a gloriously idiosyncratic country house in the Hamptons, though it has just gone on the market. Vincent was tempted by the idea of full hotel and restaurant service—and, not least, by the idea of fresh towels round-the-clock.

"A room without 'shots of red' is like a woman without lipstick"

So they sold the big house in Manhattan and they went to work. Conventional hotel spaces were radically altered to do away with the deadening oblong box. The living room was shortened by three feet to make it more like a square. ("The squarer you can get, the prettier it looks.") What had been an adjoining room was made to flow into the living room when the doorway between them was opened up and broadened. "That changed everything," Vincent says. "Before, there were two miserable rooms. Now they have almost the same dimensions as our large living room on East 73rd Street."

Even so, these were small rooms, and a timid owner might have made them look even smaller. But neither Vincent nor Bob is timid, and together they match daring with daring. Vincent grew up in France with fine furniture and art objects all around him. Bob learned his craft when hardly more than a schoolboy, as an illusionist and improvisationist inventing sets for a commercial photographer. "Bob always had an amazing sense of how to create an atmosphere. He also had a great sense of proportion, lighting, and the use of large dimensions," his partner says. Vincent gave weight and seriousness to Bob's fantasy. Bob learned from Vincent a classical tradition that had been quite alien to him.

This combination of qualities is already in full operation in the thimble-size foyer of the new apartment. We step through the front door into a miniature palace in which, by New York



A Louis XVI ormolu clock, *below*, crowns a Hepplewhite desk. The dolphin chair in the style of Thomas Hope faces a German painting on glass of an Albanian princess. *Opposite:* Louis XVI chairs are slipcovered in fabric designed by Denning and Fourcade. George Chinnery's portrait of a Bengali prince and other 19th-century paintings are displayed against striped velvet. The bronzes are 17th century, Italian and French.

standards, everything is way outsize. Paired marble columns soar above our heads. A tapestried portrait of Louis XVIII, the brother of Louis XVI, looks out at us from a handsome period frame. Light floats down upon us from a Swedish blue glass and crystal chandelier. A Dutch eighteenth-century painting of flowers stretches right up to the white and gold cornice. Elements of white and gold boiseries give grandeur and sparkle even to the inside of the very ordinary hotel front door. This is a foyer that makes magic, says welcome with a French accent, and heightens expectation.

Even when opened out, the living rooms had problems. One of them was the ubiquity of what Bob called the "pre-Crash" (1929, that is) beams that hold up the ceiling. There was no way to abolish these lugubrious features, so more white and gold cornices and moldings were devised to give an effect of luxurious festivity above eye level. The ceiling itself was painted with a trompe l'oeil blue sky, flecked with fleecy white summer clouds.





In Fourcade's velvet-lined bedroom, *right*, Paul Chabas's *Study for September Morn* hangs behind the fur-draped bed. A painting of an Albanian prince looms beyond moquette-upholstered Empire stools. *Above:* The canopy and tufted damask headboard of Denning's Victorian half-tester bed frames an English orientalist painting. Damask-clad walls set off antique Genoese velvet curtains.

Next, the rooms were blocked in, in terms of very large pieces of furniture from the previous town house. "Big pieces anchor a room," Vincent says. "A large bookcase is a good beginning. Even if you never look at the books, it makes people think you are intelligent." A big desk in the middle of the room can look very well, as here, back to back with a sofa. "A sofa backed onto a wall destroys the room."

Next came the carpet. "A carpet is very important to start a room. In our living room we use a big nineteenth-century one from uptown, but with the borders removed to make it fit. It took a lot of nerve to remove those borders because they were the most beautiful part of the carpet, but we've kept them and we might be able to use them *(Text continued on page 244)*

"The first thing we do



stall picture lights, even if we're working for people who don't have pictures





Backlit perforated-steel radiator covers by Fred Schwartz bring the sparkle of the downtown skyline into Pat and Allan Dennis's living room. *Right:* **A Léger-inspired figure dances across the living room bookcase. Details see Resources.**



Definitive Details

A **Gramercy Park** apartment embodies the essence of Alan Buchsbaum's memorable d

By Heather Smith Mac

Photographs by Michae



WHEN, IN 1986, ALLAN DENNIS, a director of television commercials, and his wife, Pat, first saw the apartment overlooking Gramercy Park that would become their future home, he was fairly optimistic and she had serious reservations. "I didn't like it at all," says Pat. "It was so dingy and claustrophobic. And you could hear the people right next door on the adjoining terrace." Architect Alan Buchsbaum only had to take a five-minute tour of the apartment before exclaiming, "I love it." As for the proximity of the neighbors, the urban-minded and ever-practical designer dismissed Pat's concern with that classic qualification: "But this is New York."

Buchsbaum threw seemingly incompatible elements into the pot and came up with something delicious

Buchsbaum's talent for seeing things both for what they are and for what they could be had produced over the course of twenty years a fair number of remarkable interiors for remarkable New Yorkers, including an Upper West Side apartment for Diane Keaton and a Tribeca loft for Bette Midler. Long before the Dennises had decided on a specific space, they knew who they would have redo it. And though this commission was to be one of Buchsbaum's last, it would also prove to be one of his finest.

"I had seen an apartment for sale at the San Remo that Alan had done," recalls Pat. "It was just what we wanted—refreshing, young, modern—except that, after raising two children in a Brooklyn brownstone, we were looking for a loft." As it happens, the Dennises ended up with the best of both worlds. In their new apartment, large windows, a kitchen open to the dining room, and spacious public rooms flowing one into the other are loftlike, yet the place is also blessed with the discrete spaces—hallways and a dressing area, roomy closets and a kitchen pantry—that are the main attraction of old-fashioned apartments.

Solving the puzzle of public and private, open and closed areas was, for Buchsbaum, literally all in a day's work; he conceived the renovation of the apartment the first time he saw it. Within two weeks the Dennises knew what the colors would be (melon, cobalt blue, and sage green, with a black and white scheme for the kitchen) and had in hand a rough floor plan showing the kitchen, a new master bedroom suite, and a suite for the children and guests, sequestered on the west side of the apartment—all to accommodate gracious movement between living room, hall, and dining room. Buchsbaum recognized the value of being able to see down the length of the apartment and beyond to the cityscape—and in fact delivered a color rendering of the view from the front hall to the dining room which could have been traced from a photograph taken today.

The interior is like any other by Buchsbaum in that color, light, texture, and comfort are every bit as important as the architecture. But here his trademark elements—oversize upholstered furniture, complex and witty cabinetry, offbeat combinations of woods, granites, marbles, and metals, and a distinctive palette—reach a new level of refinement and balance.

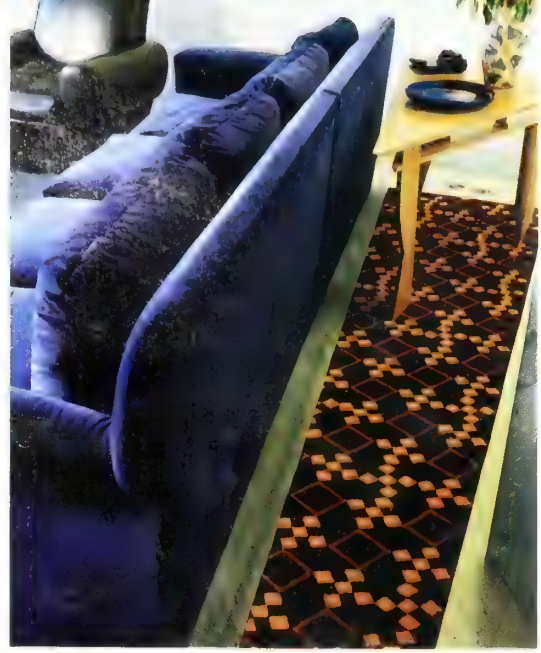
The Dennises still marvel at Buchsbaum's ability to throw so many seemingly incompatible ingredients into the pot and come up with something delicious. In the living room alone, forest green leather chairs that Pat refers to as "our Mama and Papa Bear chairs" and a blue velvet sofa with iridescent taffeta cushions mix with side tables made of exotic wood tops on steel bases painted chartreuse, a triangular table of plain and wormy chestnut, and a coffee table of five kinds *(Text continued on page 248)*



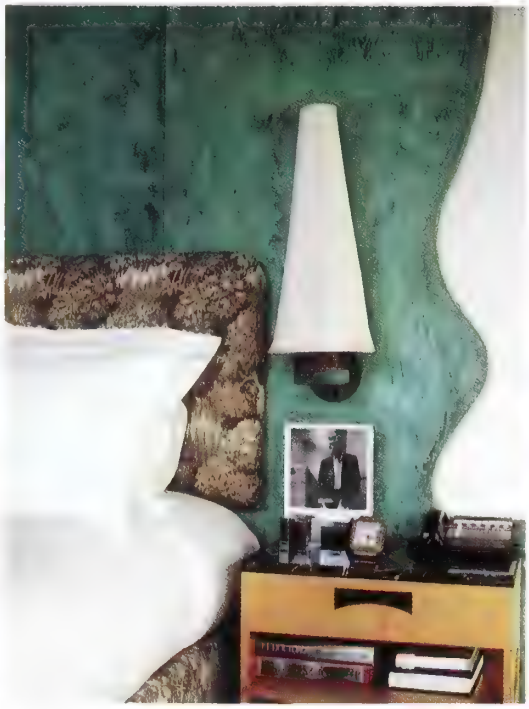
Coolly luminous by day, the north-facing dining room, *above,* is dramatically lit at night. Buchsbaum selected the variety of fabrics for the Brno chairs from KnollStudio which surround his Wintour table for Écart. Zigzag chandelier is by lighting consultants Johnson/Schwinghammer. Mary Bright fashioned shimmery curtains of sheer nylon over a crinkled polyester and suspended them from thin stainless-steel rings. *Top left:* The Dennises in the hall linking dining room and living room.













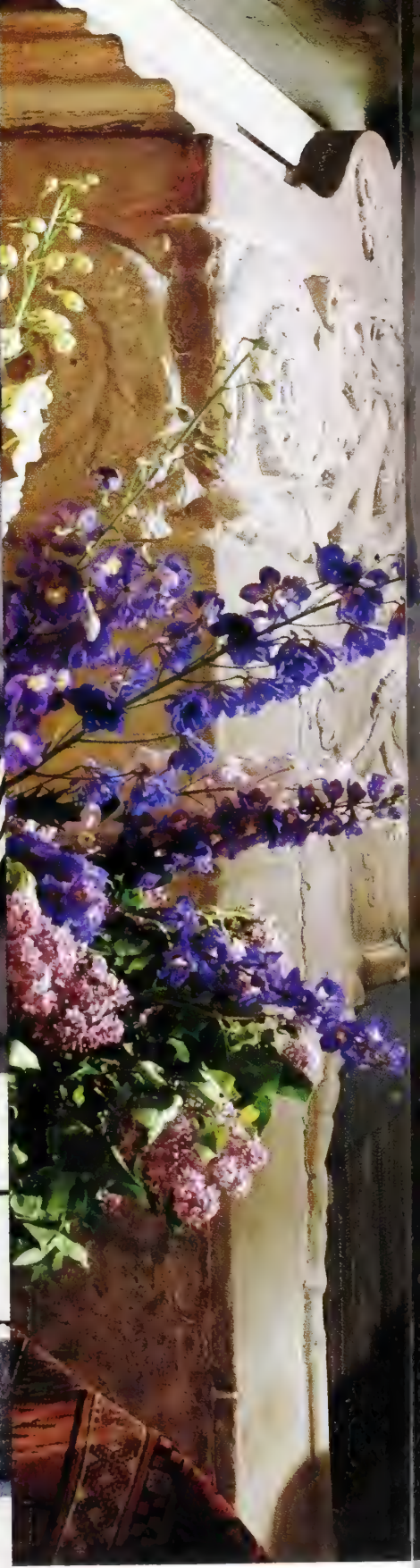


Sconces in the master bedroom, *above,* frame a patinated-copper and tapestry fabric headboard. *Clockwise from left:* The living room coffee table, made up of five kinds of stone. A tapering column in the dining room, homage to Le Corbusier. A gold-leafed mirror in the hall flanked by His and Hers sconces. Steel and glass kitchen doors. Oversize living room furniture and a V'Soske rug, designed by Buchsbaum. Roses that Fred Schwartz had etched onto the master bath window. Wood bookcases in the master bedroom with eyes and mouths for handles.





Kitty Hawks and Earl on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum. *Right:* The living room in James Clark's apartment, Hawks's first decorating assignment. The custom DeAngelis sofa is upholstered in bronze velvet from Henry Calvin Fabrics. Details see Resources.





New York Premiere

Woman-about-town Kitty Hawks makes her debut as a decorator in a **West Side** duplex for a Wall Street

By Charles Gandee **Photographs by Oberto Gil**





Detail of the original hand-painted living room ceiling, *above*, from which Hawks derived the apartment's color palette. *Left:* In the bedroom, Northumberland patterned linens from the Martex Liberty of London collection and an antique chintz bedspread. *Below:* English dining chairs surround a mahogany table in the Pompeian-red dining room, where Clark's collection of Victorian stuffed-bird dioramas are displayed. The curtain fabric is from Grey Watkins.



ONE LONG HOT AFTERNOON IN THE MID SEVENTIES, when Kitty Hawks was a third-year architecture student at UCLA, she looked down and saw the writing on the drafting board. "I'm pretty fast at sensing where there is real talent and where there isn't," reports the daughter of the legendary film director Howard Hawks and the legendary socialite Slim Keith. "I could have been a pretty good architect, but I didn't think I could ever be a great architect." So Kitty Hawks, who considers pretty good not nearly good enough, left UCLA and pursued a range of interests. She worked with Perry Ellis. She became the creative director of a contemporary-furniture manufacturing company. She did a lot of different things. Including switching coasts, from Los Angeles to Manhattan, where she bought a tiny Park Avenue apartment and decorated it in a style that can be best described as warm, inviting, comfortable, simple, elegant, sophisticated, cozy, and just quirky enough to push the three modest rooms neatly beyond the bounds of conventional good taste. Which, all in all, is no mean aesthetic accomplishment. Nor a surprising one, at least to anyone who has ever glimpsed the greyhound-like figure of Kitty Hawks decked out in Armani, Shamask, crash helmet, knapsack, and Keds, flying through Manhattan on her vintage Raleigh 3-speed.

Since Hawks is fond of inviting friends over for civilized evenings, it was perhaps inevitable that on one of those evenings one of those friends would like what they saw so much that they would want one too, for themselves or for a friend. Which is precisely what happened with Peggy Siegal, a film publicist, who had a friend, Wall Street investment adviser James Clark, who needed help with a newly acquired duplex off Central Park West. Would Kitty be interested? Kitty would.

Although Clark's apartment is in one of the most coveted buildings in Manhattan, "decrepit" and "pathetic" are the adjectives Hawks chooses to describe the condition of the space in which she was invited to make her professional debut as a decorator. "It looked as if no one had lived there for ten years." On the bright side, however, time had not damaged the intricate woodwork, stonework, and plasterwork that an earlier generation's artisans had lavished on the apartment. Nor had time diminished the rich detail of the hand-painted ceilings in the living room and master bedroom. According to Hawks, these vestigial reminders of the glory days of craftsmanship helped direct the stylistic course of her decorative scheme. She suggested to Clark that an elegant men's club or a private railway car should be their stylistic goal. He agreed.

"You should be able to walk into an apartment when no one's home and get a very clear sense of who lives there

Regarding the issue of style, Hawks will only say that "an apartment should be *(Text continued on page 252)*



A George III partner's desk anchors the half of the living room with double-height ceilings. An early 19th century English table from Guild Antiques, NYC, stands behind a 19th-century English armchair and ottoman from Bardith I, NYC. The antique Persian Mahal carpet is from Stark.

POP goes the Easel



Pablo Picasso's collage *Au Bon Marche*, 1913



Jasper Johns's *Painted Bronze II (Ale Cans)*, 1960



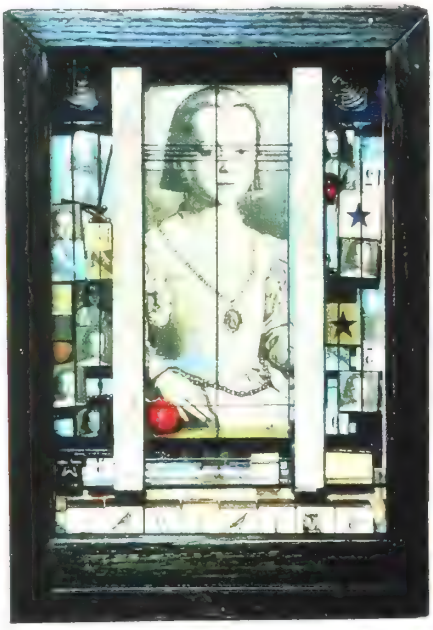
Lucky Strike by Stuart Davis, 1921, *left*. *Below:* James Rosenquist's *F-111*, 1965



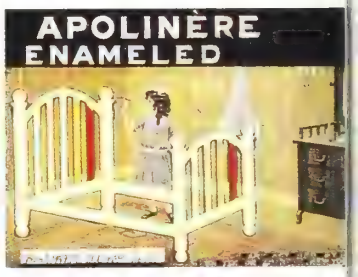
Jean Dubuffet's *Fautrier araignee au front*, 1947



Head and Bottle by Philip Guston, 1975



Joseph Cornell collage construction, c. 1948



Ready-Made Girl with Bedstead by Marcel Duchamp, 1916–17, *above*. *Below:* Jeff Koons's *Rabbit*, 1986

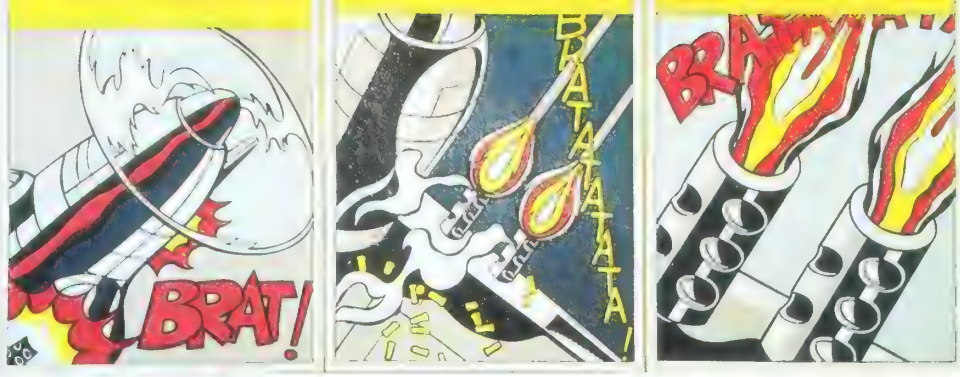




Advertisement by Aleksandr Rodchenko, 1923



triptych *As I Opened Fire*, 1964



The City by Fernand Léger, 1919







A 1986 selection in Times Square from Jenny Holzer's *Survival Series*, 1983–85, *left. Above:* Claes Oldenburg's *Lipsticks in Piccadilly Circus, London*, 1966

AN EXHIBITION AT MOMA TRACES THE CHANGING RELATION BETWEEN POP CULTURE AND FINE ART

BY DEBORAH SOLOMON

IT USED TO BE THAT MASS CULTURE belonged to the masses. Movies, television, and comic books were seen as lowbrow diversions, degraded forms of expression that couldn't begin to offer the lordly rewards of art. Nowadays, however, as postmodernism continues to put an ironic twist on culture, it's become fashionable to intellectualize kitsch. Even art museums are in on the act. Institutions that once presented the history of art as a grand uninterrupted drama enacted by generations of heroes have begun to back off from this worshipful approach. Instead, what we're getting is a Mickey Mouse version of art history, one based on the premise that painting and sculpture owe quite a bit to cartoons, advertising, and other staples of vernacular culture.

Such is the wisdom underlying "High and Low: Modern Art and Popular Culture," a big, important exhibition opening this month at New York's Museum of Modern Art; the show will travel to the Art Institute of Chicago (Feb. 23–May 12) and the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles (June 21–Sept. 15). "High and Low" is part history lesson, part bazaar, an effort to link the masters of modernism with images culled from conspicuously non-art sources. In some ways it's surprising that a show of this nature would take place at MOMA, which traditionally has presented the modern era as an exalted march of isms, a chaste, utopian progression of movements untainted by the values of mass culture. Yet now we're being told just the opposite. The show's organizers—Kirk Varnedoe, the museum's head of painting and sculpture since 1988, and critic Adam Gopnik—want to establish that mass culture has provided modern art with continuous and copious inspiration.

Is there any validity to this revisionist approach? The answer, unquestionably, is yes. Progressive artists in this century have often borrowed images from popular sources. Picasso and Braque incorporated headlines scissored from *Le Journal* into their cubist collages. Fernand Léger included images of billboards in his early compositions. Stuart Davis played with the design of Lucky Strike cigarette packs. Dubuffet was fascinated by the crude scrawl of graffiti. Joseph Cornell's wooden boxes, which might bring together real objects (marbles, say, or a dime-store necklace) and photostated images of a Renaissance painting, put us in touch with the fragile poetry—the pathos, even—of commonplace (and sometimes kitschy) things.

To be a modern artist is, among other things, to choose one's subjects from disreputable sources. When Marcel Duchamp signed the name R. Mutt to a white porcelain urinal, he left no doubt that high art couldn't go too low in its search for appropriate subjects. Duchamp's urinal, which dates from 1917 and was initially perceived as an outrageous artistic no-no, seems pretty insipid now. Nonetheless, the pranksterish adolescent spirit of dada lives on in the work of the current generation. Ever since about 1960, when the intellectualism of abstract expressionism yielded to pictures of soup cans, cartoon girls and Elvis and Marilyn, at this

(Text continues)





DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN IS RAPIDLY DEVELOPING ITS own upper class. In a spin-off of such funkily elegant nightclubs as M.K. and Nell's, the Stork Clubs of the late eighties, this quarter once known for starving painters holed up in cold-water flats is now filling with make-over tenants who live quite happily along an art-glamour axis. They're in their thirties. They're the kids of Andy Warhol. And they seem quite brash about wanting their own town houses, their own hotels, and their own maître d' restaurants.

Key tastemakers for this rather cushy avant-garde, redefining elegance for a new generation, are Katie Ford and her husband, André Balazs. Their five-story house in Greenwich Village, down the block from the houses of supermodel Paulina and rock star Ric Ocasek, and Tim Forbes, son of Malcolm, is an up-and-coming salon for writers, painters, models, and actors. Ford, 35, who has lately been shouldering more of the business responsibility for her parents' Ford Models agency, has a surname synonymous with glamour. Balazs, 33, a sculptor, design aficionado, and

In the living room, *right*, a wall of pleated curtains by Mary Bright forms a diaphanous backdrop to Noguchi's horn-like floor lamp and Jean-Michel Frank's classic club chairs and sofa in Ondine Cyrille from Manuel Canovas. The feather sphere on the 1948 Geo[illegible]son coffee table is by Eric Goode. The standing steel figure is by André Balazs. *Above:* Ford, Balazs, and their daughter, Alessandra. Details see Resources.



Uptown Downtown

Alison Spear redesigned a **Greenwich Village** town house to accommodate the unusual domestic needs of modeling mogul Katie Ford and entrepreneur André Balazs. By Brad Gooch **Photographs by Jean Pagliuso**



partner in M.K., is currently involved in building a SoHo-tel on Prince Street, renovating the Château Marmont in Los Angeles (which he bought last May), and updating his art credentials by launching a show of "faux modern" paintings in Tokyo as part of a conceptual movement he has named "phenomenalism." Parents of a twelve-month-old daughter, Alessandra, they have made their house both a home and a statement.

Ford and Balazs met at a New York dinner party. In 1986, after a honeymoon in Bali and Thailand that sounds lifted from a Gauguin canvas—"it was magical," says Ford—they moved into a loft located, exotically enough in its own way, at the intersection of Chinatown and Little Italy. But the din of traffic coming from the Holland Tunnel soon jangled the newlyweds, as did the exigencies of dealing with a co-op board. "Our great revenge," brags Balazs, "was that after this co-op board had treated us like hell, we sold our loft to a scream therapist whose son was a rock and roll musician." Ford was primed for town house living. After all, she had grown up in the famous Upper East Side house where her parents, Eileen and Jerry Ford, welcomed promising new cover girls such as Kim Basinger and Jerry Hall to stay as part of the family.

When Katie Ford and Balazs found their own house, a somewhat dilapidated 1830s building whose previous owner had a penchant for burlap-covered walls, they had no trouble deciding where to turn for help. "Friends" is one of the most commonly used words in their conversation, and one of their closest friends is the up-and-coming architect and decorator Alison Spear. She and her husband, former Zoli model Campion Platt, have been involved for some time now in a four-way deal with Ford and Balazs. The husbands went to the same Boston prep school and are now partners in the Prince Street hotel and a Miami Beach restaurant-club. This past summer the two couples rented Bruce Weber's house in Bellport, the Long Island lido of the New York fashion and art set.

Meanwhile Spear has been busy stacking up credits as the preferred downtown decorator. She has opened a New York office of Arquitectonica, her sister and brother-in-law's Miami-based architecture firm (their racy buildings were the signature of *Miami Vice*), worked a stint with decorator Juan Pablo Molyneux, and designed a Greenwich Village penthouse for writer Jay McInerney. She's now in the midst of constructing new offices for the rap label Def Jam.

Spear's special edge with Ford and Balazs was that she knew their tastes so intimately. She took her cue especially from Balazs, a bit of a peacock who sports green felt suspenders, monogrammed shirts of his own design, and bespoke suits from Savile Row. "He's very dapper," explains Spear, "so I wanted the house to be sort of well tailored too."

The interiors required some serious alterations. Spear decided to brave knocking down one wall of the parlor floor to admit more daylight. Then, lying in bed one night, Balazs was inspired to have another wall knocked down upstairs to open a view to the glow of the distant World Trade Center towers. Ford's response: "Hey, wait a minute. Is this place going to collapse?" The demolition indeed led to a protracted phase which Balazs euphemistically refers to as the house "finding its new equilibrium"—recently





A bogus Bacon in the living room, *above*. *Left:* A pair of Ettore Sottsass armchairs from Knoll-Studio in Balazs's office. *Top:* Ford and Balazs in their garden-level kitchen with Alessandra and four would-be Cindy Crawfords. *Opposite:* Vintage Thonet chairs surround a slate and cherry dining table by Spear.



"The house is downtown and advanced and all that," says writer
Harold Brodkey, "but it's also terribly comfortable



painted walls cracked while ancient wood framing shifted and sagged.

Spear then set about achieving the eclectic look that is her trademark. "I found these fifteen-dollar Thonet chairs at the flea market for the dining room and reupholstered them in two thousand dollars' worth of suede," she recalls. "Then I designed a dining table with slate leaves that can be used as sideboards. I didn't want typical curtains, one in front of each window, so Mary Bright did curtains that look rather like haute couture and I got copper cable and marine fittings and stretched the fabric across the window wall." Spear was aided in constructing this Arthaus by many of the artisans who had worked on M.K., including Serge Becker, who papered the entrance hall with artist's vellum swashed on with wheat paste. Fernando Santangelo created an urnlike sculpture for an unusable kitchen fireplace which makes it resemble a glassed-in crypt. "It was meant to look really intense," explains Balazs. One living room wall is adorned with a stuffed pig construction by M.K. impresario Eric Goode. Another is adorned by one of Balazs's phenomenalist works—a fake Francis Bacon by Michael Herstand.

Ford was happy to be able to go home again by inviting her latest models, "those who are going to be the future Christy Turlingtons," to stay with them. The models' rooms downstairs seem the most lived-in, with a fanzine cover of Tom Cruise taped dorm-style on one wall, well-thumbed copies of *Vogue*, *Mademoiselle*, and *Glamour* strewn about, and turquoise running shoes tossed on the floor. During the daytime the young women dress for go-sees while watching soap operas. They can be overheard wishing each other good luck or sighing, "I'm so dead." Ford reports, "In my parents' house the models were more like children. In our house they're more like friends."

When she travels to Asia or South America to judge Supermodel contests, Ford always brings along Alessandra, whose passport is already filled with a dozen stamps. Souvenirs in the baby's bedroom include a globe lampshade and a ceremonial kimono (a gift from Balazs's Japanese partner) on the wall. In Alessandra's parents' bedroom, tribal fertility statues crowd in front of wooden slat blinds, and a fan whirls tropically overhead.

Downstairs, the white-walled parlor fulfills the fantasy of a museum where you can sit down in front of a Longo or Warhol with a drink and a cigarette or, alternately, a nightclub where you can carry on a conversation without shouting. One evening Deborah Harry arrived for dinner wearing a pink angora sweater and a huge crucifix. Other frequent visitors include *Fame* publisher Steven Greenberg (who always arrives in a stretch Rolls-Royce), *Spy* publisher Tom Phillips, Marc Jacobs, and Jay McInerney with model Marla Hanson. Writer Harold Brodkey, a teacher of Balazs's at Cornell, finds the house "polite without being intimidating. It's modern without leaving you out. I'm sixty but the house never seems to mind."

Katie Ford charms everyone with the down-to-earth way she cooks and chats while balancing Alessandra on her hip. She commonsensically dismisses easy labels for the house or their circle of friends: "I don't think it's downtown. It's not uptown either. I think it's a complete mix. I grew up uptown and a lot of my friends actually live there." Balazs, though, is half-serious when he chimes in: "Katie's an uptown girl who found happiness downtown." ▲ *Editor: Anne Foxley*



A child's kimono adorns one wall in Alessandra's room, *above left. Left:* Two aspiring models in their dormitory-like quarters. *Opposite:* In the pseudo-primitive third-floor master bedroom, Spear created an overscale headboard using two rush and wood screens from Dialogica, NYC. The heads on the footboard are from Bali.



The demolition led to a protracted phase which Balazs euphemistically refers to as the "house finding its new

Beauty



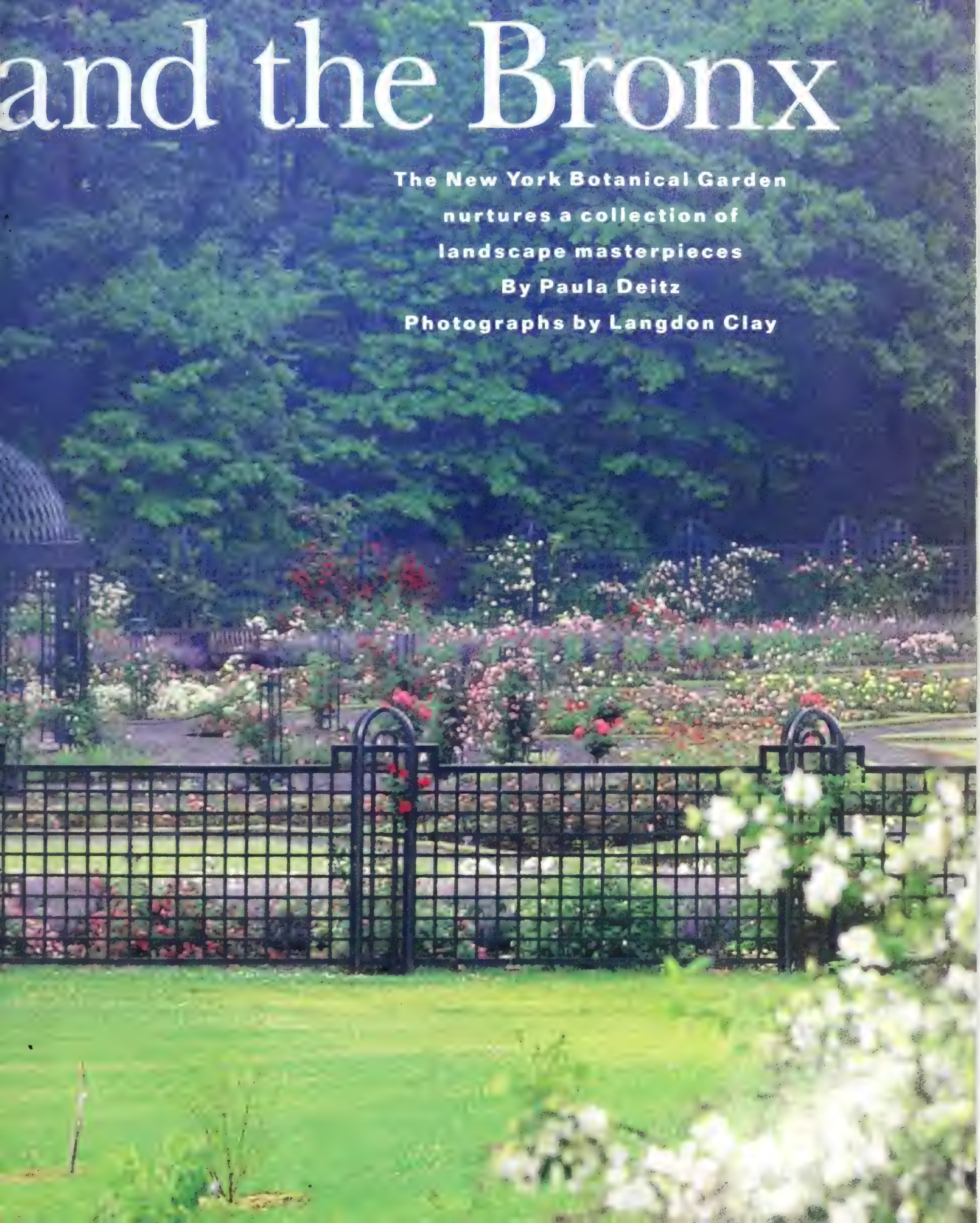
Designed by Beatrix Jones Farrand in 1915 but not built until 1988, the central arbor and lattice-work fences of the Peggy Rockefeller Rose Garden lend architectural order to horticultural display in a valley east of the Bronx River.

and the Bronx

The New York Botanical Garden nurtures a collection of landscape masterpieces

By Paula Deitz

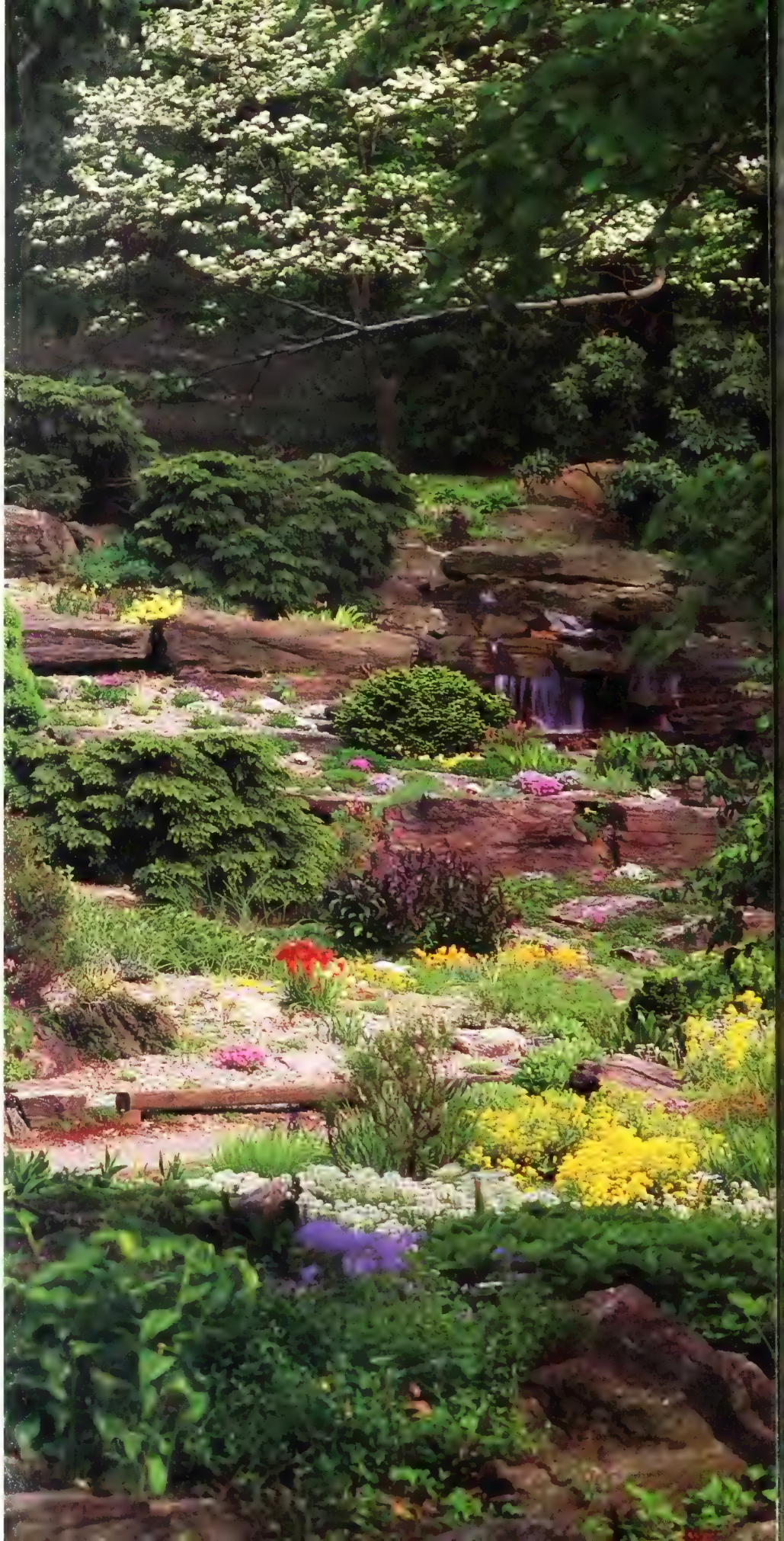
Photographs by Langdon Clay



"NEW YORK IS GARDENS," ANNOUNCES a surprising travel poster along a corridor at LaGuardia Airport. Certainly skyscrapers and bridges, not flowers and shrubs, have been the mainstay of the city's modern image. But on second look, with greenery overflowing roof terraces and with parks and even tree wells in bloom, one begins to see that gardens have become full partners to architecture—in many cases, the gardens themselves are architecture.

This tradition of designed gardens has been integral to the plan of the New York Botanical Garden in the Bronx since its founding a century ago in 1891. Though botanical gardens everywhere exist for the study of living-plant collections, how they are arranged for exhibition and research—as well as for pleasure—has always been of paramount importance. "I see the New York Botanical Garden as a museum of plants," says president Gregory Long. "Each 'gallery' exhibits a separate collection, and yet together these galleries also trace the history of American garden design during the past hundred years." In other ways, this history reaches back even further. The 250-acre Botanical Garden encompasses an astonishing 40 acres of virgin forest as well as winding roads that take the visitor past an old snuff mill on the Bronx River.

Within this bucolic setting, individual gardens of almost domestic scale have been added over the years. Early on, there were formal Victorian beds. Later additions reflected the master plan implemented by Nathaniel Britton, the garden's first director, who oversaw the completion by 1901 of a Beaux-Arts museum building and the winter garden, now splendidly refurbished as the Enid



In the three-acre rock garden he began in 1932, *right*, Thomas H. Everett created naturalistic mountain slopes, ledges, waterfalls, and stony moraines for alpine plants. Many of the largest boulders were hauled to the site on horse-drawn sleds. Embodying a romantic style of gardening first popular in 19th-century England, the rugged landscape sets off carpets of colorful blooms. *Opposite:* Among the exotic specimens are familiar flowers like Johnny-jump-ups and lily of the valley.





The painted steel lattice enclosure, *above*, serves a dual purpose as support [illegible] climbing roses and a [illegible] against pilferage. [illegible] nepeta [illegible] border of old-fashioned shrub roses. Across [illegible] stone [illegible] perimeter of [illegible] More than 2,700 rose [illegible] been planted in the garden.

A. Haupt Conservatory. Through a twist of fate, one of the oldest gardens Britton commissioned has lately turned out to be one of the newest.

In 1915 Britton invited the prominent New York landscape gardener Beatrix Jones Farrand to design a rose garden in the valley east of the Bronx River. Essential to Farrand's plan for the two-acre triangular plot was a wrought-iron lattice enclosure with the dual purpose of guarding the valuable roses against theft and of providing trellises for display. A central arbor, also of iron, would be surrounded by a circle of posts linked by festoons of chains draped with roses. Since sufficient funds were never forthcoming, a greatly reduced version of the garden was planted in 1918, without the architectural framework. It was [illegible] over in 1969 owing to a cutback [illegible] funds—and forgotten.

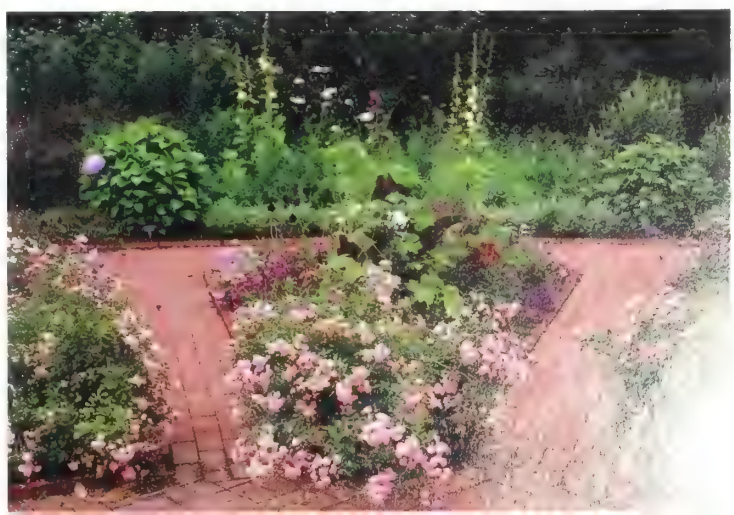
Then in 1985, Beth Straus, chairman of the Botanical Garden's horticultural committee and a member of the board of managers, by chance saw the original sketches for the plan in a New York exhibition of Farrand's work. Recognizing the value of these documents, Mrs. Straus orchestrated the reconstruction of Farrand's scheme, which was primarily funded by a $1 million gift from David Rockefeller. The rose garden has been named in honor of his wife, Peggy, who since 1960 has tended another Farrand garden, designed for the Rockefeller family in the 1920s.

Because Farrand's proposal for the Bronx rose garden never advanced to construction drawings, the restoration architect, Robert E. Meadows, faced the problem of interpreting her sketches as three-dimensional structures. Constructed now of galvanized steel instead of iron, these architectural elements look exactly like Farrand's drawings.

Nurtured by Mike Ruggiero, the senior curator of the rose garden, the climber 'New Dawn' creeps steadily up the central arbor, while 'Clair Matin' and 'Blaze' cover some of the posts and chains. The radial paths border collections of hybrid teas and grandifloras, and the inner perimeter is devoted to floribundas.

In 1929, when Beatrix Farrand completed her design for an estate outside New York City, she recommended as head gardener a 26-year-old Englishman, Thomas H. Everett, who had studied at Kew. During his three years on the estate, he built what was considered one of this country's finest rock gardens. In 1932 Everett joined the Botanical Garden, where he was in charge of horticulture for 36 years, and set to work building an even better rock garden. In doing so, he carried on a tradition that began when Victorian travelers carried alpine plants home from mountainous regions of the Continent to Britain.

The setting Everett chose in the Bronx, a valley west of the forest and some outcroppings of bedrock, was otherwise devoid of natural features until enormous boulders dragged in by horses began to create the illusion of a rugged terrain. "The art of rock gardening is to make the geology look real," says Robert *(Text continued on page 252)*



Lynden B. Miller's 1987 perennial garden, *above*, demonstrates how foliage, even without bloom, can provide continuous interest. *Below:* Hollyhocks, hydrangea, and polyantha roses are some of the traditional favorites in the summer flower garden designed by Alice R. Ireys.



…ection of the …
…Wool 1968. Below …
…Pearlstein's couches
flank a Tecno chair
in the living room,
which drop cloths
separate from
the studio and guest
room. The lamp
collection reflects
shapes in Gorel
paintings such as
Come to Me, 1990,
against the far wall.
Details and Resources





Artist's Garret

JEDD GARET TURNS TRADITIONAL GOOD TASTE UPSIDE DOWN IN HIS SoHo LOFT

BY JOE DOLCE

Photographs by Jon Jes



Unlike many painters who crave daylight, he is a vampiric creature who wakes "just before the banks close" and works through the wee hours



You can learn a lot about Jedd Garet just by stepping into his living room. From the overkill of lamps you can see that he prefers artificial to natural light. From the mishmash of furniture you can tell that he doesn't subscribe to any one decorating dictum. From the exalted positioning of two psychiatrist's couches you might assume he's been in analysis. Only on the last count would you be wrong. "I've been thinking of therapy, but I assume it'll ruin my life," says the 35-year-old native of California who was raised in Connecticut. "If they straighten me out, what'll I do?"

Actually, the one characteristic Jedd Garet's SoHo loft reveals is his gently twisted sense of humor. Like his abstract paintings, which propelled him to art stardom more than ten years ago, each room is configured with an assortment of high camp and high style that is best expressed by the title of a 1982 sculpture, *Nothing Too Strange and Beautiful.* No fussy touches here—his place is equal parts function and formal "good taste" gone berserk.

At a lanky six foot four, Garet's proportions fit comfortably in his vast fourth floor walk-up ("I *am* StairMaster," he says of the daunting climb). In keeping with his stature, he also has a large personality that leans toward the dramatic. When he first moved in a year and a half ago, he hung giant canvas drop cloths to divide his 2,500 square feet into three distinct areas: a guest room in the front, a studio in the center, and a living/study area toward the back. The result is perfectly simple in execution, utterly theatrical in effect.

Unlike many painters who crave daylight, Garet is a vampiric creature who awakens "just before the banks close" and works through the wee hours. (He painted his previous loft black and blocked the light with velvet curtains.) Though he has left the windows in this new loft exposed, everything else has been arranged to be viewed in the dark. Hence the lamps, which range from a $4,000 chrome-plated Bauhaus piano lamp to a $6.50 hanging thrift shop find. His favorite, however, is a 1930s copper-plated pagoda lamp, for which he swapped art with antiques impresario Alan Moss. Not only does its pointed shade prefigure designs by Philippe Starck, but it resembles the geometric creatures that populate the landscapes of Garet's more recent canvases.

Perhaps the painter honed his idiosyncratic eye for furnishings in reaction to his upper-middle-class upbringing, which he characterizes as "strictly tasteful—my father is a real Knoll furniture kind of guy." Perhaps it's the outcome of making the sort of slick surreal painting, which one critic said generates "enough energy to blow its neighbors off the wall." But perhaps it's even simpler than that. Take the two vinyl "headache" couches, one black and one white, which Garet bought ten years ago from an office supply *(Text continued on page 250)*

Garet traded art for the moderne pagoda lamp, *above left.* Red sconces on the black curtain came from a French flea market. Thirties chairs are from Alan Moss, NYC; red and black carpet was a Robert Laughlin discovery. *Left:* Faux-framed *How Do You Do,* 1984, and *Rise and Fall,* 1987, with two Garet sculptures. *Opposite:* Both the tree-trunk tabletop and hand-painted diner booth in the guest room were found on the street. The rug is 1950s French.





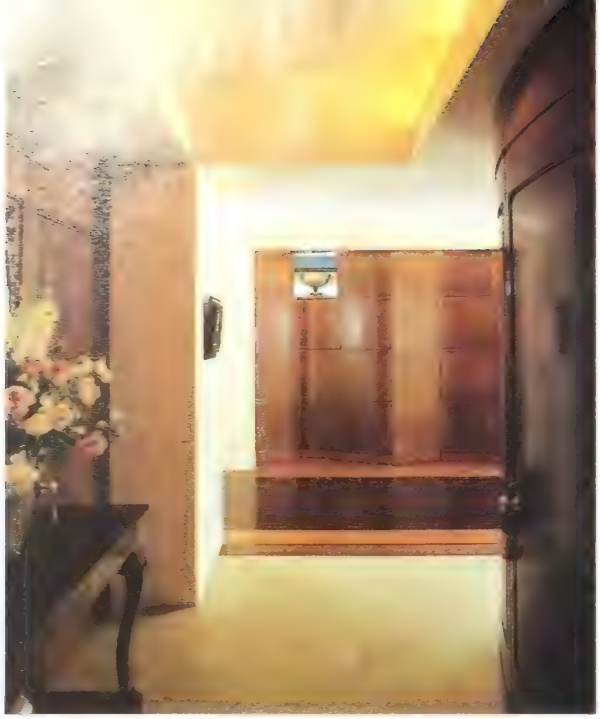
In the living room, a limestone parapet echoing a low wall in Central Park runs under mahogany-framed windows. Shelton, Mindel & Associates designed a "bed of leaves" rug as well as the sofas and coffee table. Details see Resources.



Central Park East

Architects Peter Shelton and Lee Mindel bring the park indoors in their decoration of an [redacted] apartment

By Joan Kron Photographs by Michael



A gold-washed silver-leaf canopy floats over the entrance, *left. Right:* A Flemish tapestry hangs in another living room corner where ebony and oak flooring picks up the curves of the piano. *Below right:* A rug custom-made by V'Soske in 37 colors wanders like a garden path down the central hall. *Bottom right:* Flames are wittily woven into a rug in front of the living room fireplace, which is flanked by candelabras by André Dubreuil. *Below left:* Brunschwig & Fils fabric on armchairs in one corner of the living room extends the pastoral theme. *Opposite:* The walls of the study are detailed in limestone and mahogany; Shelton and Mindel designed the furniture and Peel rug.







With no flowered chintz, trompe l'oeil vistas, or potted trees, the architects made the design a metaphor for the park.





WITH GARDENING BOOKS SPROUTING FASTER THAN pachysandra and the greening of America moving apace, it's probably no coincidence that a striking Fifth Avenue apartment renovation should blossom forth this year using Central Park as inspiration.

Not that nature wasn't a decorating theme before the environmental movement. At the turn of the century no proper domicile was complete without an indoor conservatory full of ferns and potted palms; the conservatory was replaced by the trendier garden-inspired trellis room after interior design pioneer Elsie de Wolfe launched the genre in her 1906 decoration of the Colony Club. Because no decorator's garden fantasy can outshine the real thing, in New York a view of the park has long been considered the ultimate refinement. City dwellers find natural vistas both calming and engaging and often try to capture even more of the outdoors by replacing traditional windows with picture windows.

Peter Shelton and Lee Mindel, partners in Shelton, Mindel & Associates, Architects, have a better idea. In their 7,000-square-foot renovation for an investment manager, his wife, and their three children (the firm's second commission for this young family), the architects have made the design a metaphor for the park itself. And they have done so without relying on any wilted garden clichés; there are no flowered chintzes, no trompe l'oeil vistas painted on the walls, no potted trees—and there's a carefully controlled use of the color green.

The impressive space, which overlooks Central Park's reservoir, is the former residence of an industrialist. It had not been updated in almost half a century and, according to Mindel, looked like a series of model rooms unrelated to one another, let alone to the park and the reservoir. The design challenge was this: to link the vast interior space and the vaster view, make the apartment livable for a young family, and give it meaning for today without sacrificing its grand connotations. The style, says Mindel, was to be "neither modern nor traditional, of our time, something that walked on the wild side but was still classic."

The architects' solution achieves a sense of grandeur without an enormous inventory of possessions. In the object-obsessed eighties, "the space became the shelter for the symbols rather than the space itself becoming the symbol," says Mindel with a sigh. Since the underlying theme—or "parti," as architects like to call it—of this apartment was to be the park, it helped that the clients came to the project with open minds and not much material baggage. "I'm not artsy-cr[illegible]," the wife. "And I didn't want a decorator comin[illegible] ing a statement.' "

After a painstaking two-year reno[illegible]



project architect Randolph Pregibon), during which the space was gutted and 16 rooms became twelve areas, a strong *architectural* statement is evident, in every aspect of the design from coffered ceilings to exquisitely detailed mahogany storage walls to patterned hardwood floors in combinations of ebony, cherry, and oak.

It doesn't matter to the architects that the underlying metaphor controlling every decision is so subtle it requires program notes. The gold-washed silver-leaf canopy in the foyer, for instance, represents the sky; the mahogany panels are a stand-in for trees. A crystal chandelier over the dining table recalls the park's Bethesda Fountain, while gridded trellises in the corners of the dining room are symbolic garden doors. The living room rug is an abstract rendition of a bed of leaves. And the central hall—the spine of the space with its curvilinear 44-foot-long rug, custom-woven by V'Soske in 37 colors—is an abstraction of a garden path, the hall's square columns a metaphorical allée of trees.

The park view is framed not by picture windows but by traditional-looking hinged windows that lend a sense of closure and don't violate the exterior of the building. Under the windows, a low polished-limestone parapet, lovingly detailed by Shelton, is a nod to the limestone wall of the park. On clear days, a small square opening carved into the undulating wood wall between the living room and entry sends a shaft of light right down the garden-path carpet.

The recurring motif linking the carefully chosen pieces of furniture is a discreet curvaceousness. The gently arched backs of the dining chairs, for example, are echoed in a custom-designed king-size sleigh bed and bulbous wire candelabras by André Dubreuil.

But the design is also full of contradictions, an exploration of the semiotics of elegance. The apartment is formal in its spatial arrangements yet open in plan, luxurious in materials and workmanship yet unostentatious, deadly serious yet witty—with touches such as a swatch of red flames woven into the green rug in front of the living room fireplace.

In this garden of metaphors there is also room for self-cultivation. If there's a sense of incompleteness, it's because "room is being left for it to develop with the clients' space." The clients' children have already embraced the parti in their play. A favorite game is trying to walk the entire edge of the garden-path carpet without tripping. It's a game the architects can certainly relate to—having successfully walked a similar line in their design. ▲

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac



Lee Mindel and Peter Shelton, *above left*, created backlit cupboards to cast a soft glow over the dining room, where a crystal chandelier that recalls the park's Bethesda Fountain hangs over a Directoire dining table from Reymer-Jourdan, NYC, surrounded by French art deco chairs in a Clarence House stripe.



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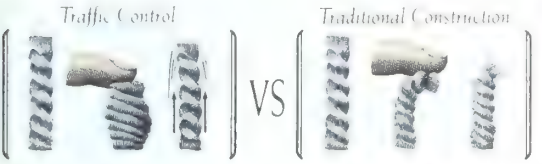
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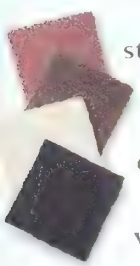


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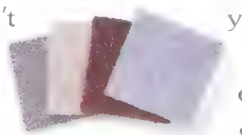


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great ROOMS



This year's Kips Bay Decorator Show House kitchen pays homage to classical architecture and advanced technology

By Alexandra de Rochefort

The kitchen does not rank high on most decorators' lists of rooms to draw in the lottery of showhouse assignments. Few designers relish the thought of taking on a space that must incorporate numerous large boxy appliances. And more often than not the solution focuses on curtains.

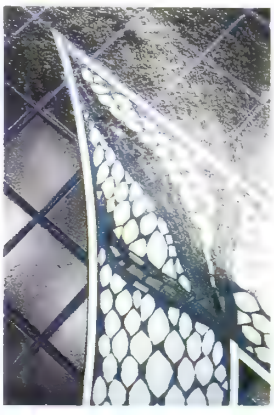


Convection and microwave ovens built into the arch, *above*, leave room for cabinets. *Left:* A recipe with its nutritional merits listed at the bottom



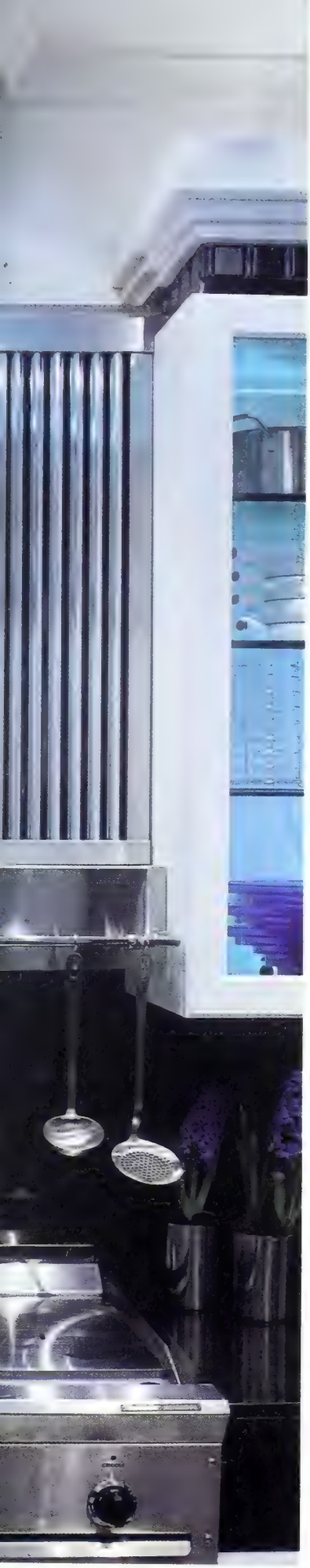
Great Rooms

paper, and cabinetwork rather than innovative equipment. A rare exception is the kitchen designed by Eric Bernard for the 1990 Kips Bay Decorator Show House. Bernard set himself the challenge of bringing state-of-the-art gadgetry and appliances to the fore without sacrificing traditional aesthetics. The devices he accommodated with the collaboration of Beech Associates, a New York design and interior renovation firm, include a blender and toaster that slide out from behind backsplashes at a voice command, a computer that displays recipes on four screens and keeps an inventory of pantry shelves, and a fax to speed grocery lists to the supermarket for delivery. Such high-tech wonders are all the more striking in a room whose dome, mosaics, and Palladian arches suggest a timeless classical order.



Appliances, *above,* slide out from behind smoked glass backsplashes at voice command. A Miele dishwasher is concealed under the counter. *Right:* Custom hood above the Thermador cooktop. *Left:* Mosaic floor by Reptiles with Italian ceramic tiles from Hastings Tile.







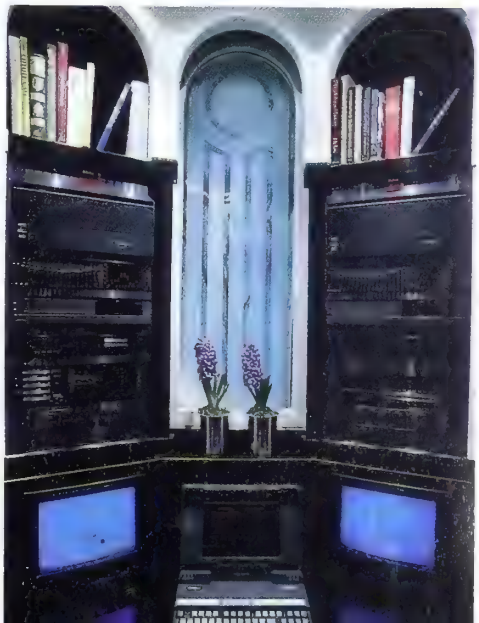
ELECTRONIC PANTRY

To minimize stooping or reaching, Eric Bernard designed the electronic pantry to rotate like a Ferris wheel and stop by voice command at the appropriate height. Shallow shelves and clear doors give easy visibility to the rows of canned and dry goods stored there. The voice-controlled computer system by Home Response Technologies continuously maintains a food inventory and faxes the weekly shopping list to the nearest supermarket, directs appliances, programs lighting, finds recipes on file, operates video monitors and a CD player, and dials the telephone.



RECYCLING CENTER

Behind doors that open at the touch of a finger, thanks to electronic hardware by Häfele America, Bernard stacked recycling compartments that separate glass, plastic, aluminum, and trash. A Traulsen glass-door refrigerator can be programmed to lock out marauding dieters between meals. Stainless-steel extension counters pull out two and a half feet on Häfele rollers for additional food preparation space. Dakota Jackson's adjustable Saturn stool, made of anodized aluminum, white lacquer, and black leather, can rotate around the room for casual dining.



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WILLIAM WALDRON



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Drawn to Scale

(Continued from page 202) another way."

Large Chinese famille rose vases on grand late Louis XVI gilded supports flank an open doorway. Fine bronzes, fine clocks, and nineteenth-century French Salon paintings abound. Vincent is a clock fanatic, and always has been. The one on his mantelpiece is the companion to a clock made for Madame Geoffrin, one of the great hostesses of prerevolutionary France. Horace Walpole had another such clock. So does the Wallace Collection in London. Vincent's good fortune was compounded when, in 1965, he found another one in a junk shop in New York. Knowing that the Wallace clock was signed "Joseph" three times on the base, he lifted the clock and took a look. "Joseph" was there all right, three times over. "Sold!" he said, and paid the asking price of $365.

Great thought has gone into the lighting, too. "The first thing we ever do," Bob says, "is install picture lights. Every wall we've done has a picture light on it, even if we're working for people who don't have pictures." A visiting mathematician recently counted 21 sources of light in Bob's bedroom. Bob is also called by Vincent the Master of the Lampshade. "A lampshade lit is completely different from a lampshade not lit," Bob says. "I like to have all the lamps on, even in the daytime. Of course, sunlight is the best of all, but you can't count on it—here especially. I like to feel in control of a room, and that's what happens when you light it properly. Besides, melding is very important in decoration, and pools of light help you make disparate things live at ease with one another."

"Shots of red," as Vincent calls them, also help to unify a room. The new rooms in general are yellow and green, with brown here and there, but the sofa cushions in the living room are backed with red velvet, the quilt on Vincent's bed is red, and there are red accents in the noble famille rose vases. "A room without red is like a woman without lipstick," Bob says.

Vincent loves to buy things, and always has. After choosing what to keep and what to sell from the town house, he was delighted to find that Salon paintings bought not so long ago for $300, $400, or $500 fetched a fortune at auction. "I began buying bronzes in 1963 or '64. I never bought amazing bronzes, but I bought nice ones. Lately I bought a bronze made by Gustave Doré as the model for a monument to liberty. I just bought an important sixteenth-century bronze of Hercules with a lion skin draped over one arm. If something's nice, and it's affordable, I'll buy it."

Vincent and Bob work together in perfect harmony, but there is one thing on which they don't agree. Vincent never closes his curtains completely. "I don't like to blank out a window," he says flatly. Bob hates to look out on a view that isn't perfect. Double curtains, voile curtains, lacy curtains—he loves them all, and he keeps them all drawn. "Vincent thinks I have a concierge's taste in curtains," he says. "But it's a different mentality. Vincent never thinks other people are looking in through windows. I think they're all looking, all the time." And what if they are? With interiors like these, who could blame them? ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Hayes & Co.

(Continued from page 160) "cut" and the importance of some unseen but apparently vital tradesmen in the back room known as the cutters. As a matter of fact, the leading trade organ for tailors was not known as *Tailor* but *Tailor & Cutter*. So the counselor decided he ought to go to the scene. Pretty soon he was in the back room watching a cutter cut cloth, and it seemed the cutter's extracurricular passion was handmade furniture. He showed the counselor some magazines on the subject.

Pictures of furniture by a man in Wales named Doug Greenland caught the counselor's eye, and he decided to go to the scene. Soon he and Susie were in a rented car driving through Wales along a lot of upland roads with names that looked as if someone's fingers had gotten stuck in a typewriter. Doug Greenland had a workshop by the side of the road way out in Dyfed. He was a proponent of the Arts & Crafts [illegible] which he was able to trace and describe for the counselor in detail. He had a theory about furniture made in combinations of [illegible] in their natural colors, unstained [illegible] that became part of the *esthetique du* [illegible].

After this introduction to the glories of Arts & Crafts in the Welsh countryside, the counselor didn't find the idea of a plain stucco façade very exciting. So one day he was working out in the weight room at that redoubtable Irish stronghold, the New York Athletic Club, and he started talking to a fellow named Sean O'Shaughnessy, who happened to mention a group of first-generation Irish bricklayers he had run into. In no time the counselor had an appointment with a former Irish welterweight, Tony McLoughlin, who was now a brick mason. The counselor asked him what his day rates would be to do the front of his house. The figure was serious business. This man was not thinking like a 707 charter-flight Irish immigrant.

"Yes," said McLoughlin, "but I can lay a thousand bricks a day."

Time to go to the scene. The counselor headed over to Ninth Avenue, where McLoughlin was laying bricks for some kind of office building. The counselor watched him lay brick for three hours, until he was starting to hallucinate from the sound of trowel scrapes. By this time the Irishman had laid more than four hundred bricks and was picking up speed. So he offered him the job. McLoughlin asked what kind of brickwork he wanted.

"I don't know," said the counselor, "Do everything you know how to do that looks great."

That was how it came to pass that McLoughlin ended up at Eddie Hayes's house doing quoins, corbels, weather points, tuck points, basket weaves, herringbones, racked backs, and other mortices and patterned bonds that had seldom been tried in New York since the old Western Union Building went up on Hudson Street in 1930.

The counselor and McLoughlin had a lot of conversations about laying brick, and it seemed that there was an old Irish tradition of the rubble wall. After building a house, you built a wall made of the rubble left over from excavating the site and putting the house up. This gave the counselor an idea. For the backyard one of the architects had designed a pair of huge planter beds with retaining walls. The counselor kept the basic shape the plans showed but turned the design over to McLoughlin and his lads. They made the retaining walls into rubble walls, framed in brick and full of New York bedrock from the cellar excavation and the chisels that broke while they were hacking it out, and they made sure the chisels were left showing. They put a pattern called dog toothing—because the

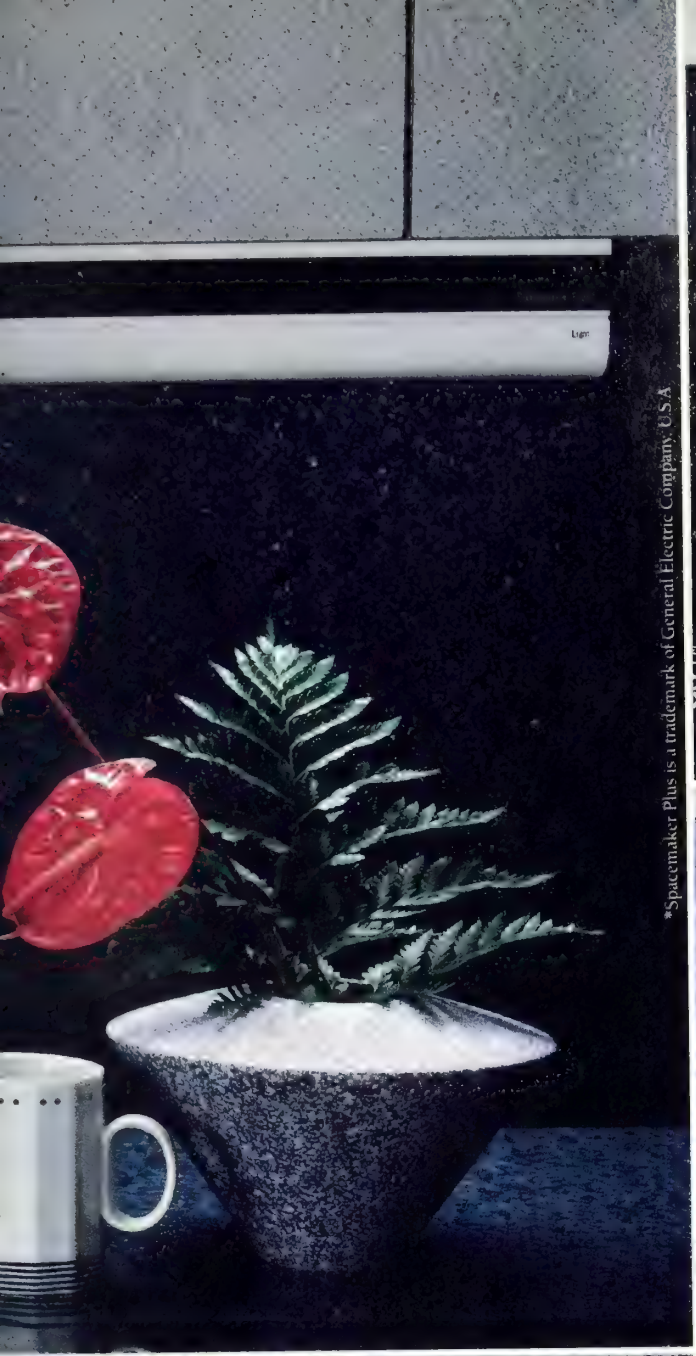

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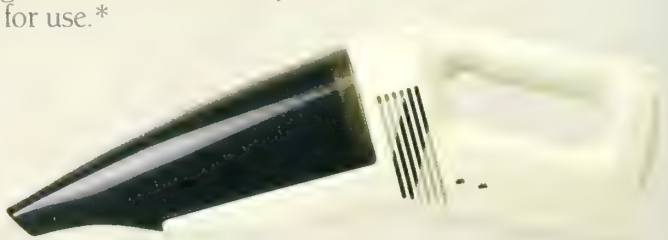


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Hayes & Co.

bricks stick out like a bulldog's teeth—on the corners of the walls and built brick buttresses with ziggurat shapes at the lower ends of the planters as if to keep them from sliding down the slope.

That worked out pretty well, and the counselor gave McLoughlin and his lads a go at the gardening shed one of the architects had drawn up for the rear of the yard. They turned that into a brickwork extravaganza in no time, but no one could figure out what kind of roof to put on it. The counselor happened to see one of the tradesmen on the job, a plumber named Jody Intermont, working with copper. He seemed like a bright fellow with a good sense of humor, and he asked him if he could do a copper roof. So the plumber, Intermont, fashioned a copper roof for the gardening shed.

He was part of the crew brought in by the contractor, Jerry Lawrence, who, as it happened, had started out in the trades as a tiler. So the counselor brought Lawrence in on the design of the bathrooms. Lawrence came up with a motif of stripes of black tile against a background of white tile. The bigger the bathroom, the more black stripes it got. He also designed the baseboards for the whole place. They were made of natural mahogany. The man who did most of the handwork on the mahogany, the head carpenter, Charlie DiJulio, turned out to be an abstract expressionist painter who would soon be in a show at the Marta Cervera Gallery on Broome Street. So the counselor had him carve some designs—anything he wanted—in the cedar of his walk-in clothes closet. The counselor had a friend, Louis Mueller, who was a sculptor and jewelry maker, do the overhead lamps and left the design up to him. He asked Doug Greenland to do the dining room chairs and Greenland sent him a picture of a chair and the counselor told him to go ahead and adapt one from that. By now Greenland had built so much furniture for the counselor, he knew the *esthétique de Eddie Hayes* by heart.

Even the designers had a chance to design things. One of the architects, Turner Brooks, designed the interior doors in mahogany, maple, cherry, and glass in the Doug Greenland Arts & Crafts vein. The kitchen was also the architects' work, in keeping with some firm specifications presented by the counselor's wife, Susie.

The counselor's biggest gamble was the work of the stoneworker, Mike MacLeod, and the ornamental metalworker, Wally Vogelsberg, out front. He went to see MacLeod out in South Kearny and Vogelsberg out in Wycombe—out in two-lane highway craftsmen's country. He told them he wanted their strongest designs. He wanted a very formidable face to confront the sidewalks of New York. When I last saw Eddie Hayes, he was standing out front, and he had all he could ask for, four lions' heads five stories up at the top of the house . . . and a winged dragon in a stainless steel net at the bottom.

"Anybody who thinks you got to go to Europe to find great craftsmen don't know what he's talking about," said the counselor. The counselor is a graduate of the University of Virginia and the Columbia Law School, but like all self-respecting Irish Dandies, he has to use the Sidewalk Third-Person Singular from time to time to maintain his credentials. "We've got craftsmen now who are better educated, who use better materials, who have better tools than anybody did in the past. You give them a chance, and they'll do great work for you."

I would like to think of Eddie Hayes's town house as the start of a new era for craftsmen and master tradesmen. But I will not bet on it. The problem, as the counselor points out, is not a shortage of skilled artisans. The problem, I would say, is a shortage of clients like the master of Chez Hayes. ▲

Style Diva

(Continued from page 175) Mikhail Baryshnikov, Jessica Lange, and the Reagans. She probably had no trouble telling any of them what to wear or what to do in front of the camera. She is intrigued by celebrities, but at the same time she is detached from them, like one who gathers sea urchins for others to enjoy although she herself would never eat them. They belong to her "little theater"—il mio teatrino—which is what she also calls her apartment.

Schiano, the smokiest voice in North America, speaks Neapolitan in several languages: French, English, Spanish, and Portuguese. And she speaks with such speed and conspiratorial emphasis that it makes a person feel both privileged to be spoken to and terrified of missing one of her word games. Imagine a New York taxi driver's dismay when Schiano gets in the backseat and hollers, "Madonna, diss rahdio!"—which means, "Driver, turn down the radio." Or the man who comes to adjust the air conditioning in her office and is greeted with: "Diss is a *tomm-b*, I feel like an Egyptian." Then there is "toc and toc," which is the same as so-and-so, only a tone less neutral. Language is also a weapon for Marina, a theatrical weapon like a large plastic sword, used not to wound but to amuse. She views people as either "more distant than stars" or "nearer than the eye"—negligible ants to be minced, dressed, and served up for an evening's anecdote or objects deserving of the tenderest attention.

Schiano's life is conducted between austerity and transgression. There is kukicha, a Japanese twig tea she drinks from morning till night; there is the brown rice and sesame seeds she brings to her office and consumes religiously, sitting by racks of eye-catching spangled chiffons; there are the organic vegetables and fruit that must be purchased from the Integral Yoga market in Greenwich Village; and there is the gym where she exercises the good humor of her Polish trainer, who has declared he will soon have derived enough inspiration from her to write a book called *How to Cheat at Gym*.

Her three-room Manhattan apartment is a stage set and an Identi-Kit, from the enveloping sobriety of the living room to the menagerie of stuffed animals in the bedroom. The living room and the dining room, appointed with Paul Frankl's designs of the twenties, haven't changed in ten years. Schiano likes their "fadedness." The rooms, with their lagoon lilac walls and rosé taffeta curtains, look new because they are beginning to look old. Of course, modernism appeals to her for its stark simplicity and because it is oriental; or the oriental appeals to her because it is modern—red and black lacquer, vertical and horizontal lines, no ornamentation, no ostentation.

Schiano's closet is the mechanics shop of an aesthete. One wall is lined with hats, from Russian to African, and necklaces of every sort. Her clothes are neatly hung in two long rows—one on top of the other. The farther one ventures down the racks the more they look like the discarded skins of a magic serpent. ▲ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

Forecasts

Lured by the appeal of silvery surfaces, designers are succumbing to their metal urges

BY WENDY GOODMAN



Surface attraction. *Clockwise from top right:* Mesh pillow by Futura Metalwear, NYC; Carmen Spera's steel and glass table; Forrest Myers's steel chaise, both from Art et Industrie, NYC; Till Leeser's copper lamp from Nolte, NYC; spiraling candlestick by Maria Snyder; fringed dress from Futura Metalwear, bodysuit by Danskin; Tom Binns's copper bracelet; Tone Vigeland's silver bracelet; two mesh bracelets by Jordan Schlanger, all three from Artwear; Kerry MacBride's chess-inspired candlestick in silver plate; metallic jacquard from Yves Gonnet. Details see Resources.


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Pop Goes the Easel

(Continued from page 213) moment that modernism slipped irrevocably into postmodernism—we've been trapped in the Age of Irony where nothing can be taken seriously except for the gravely hip joke.

Contemporary artists don't use popular culture the same way their predecessors did. When Malevich included shop signs in his pictures, he was trying to infuse the fine-art tradition with the urgency of real life. Warhol's Brillo boxes, by comparison, seem to be saying that art and kitsch have become inseparable. The artists who have followed him—the post-Andy generation—create parodies of parodies. Jenny Holzer's electronic platitudes (PROTECT ME FROM WHAT I WANT, etc.) and Jeff Koons's deliberately tacky stainless-steel rabbits leave one with the disquieting sense that artists can't be bothered to strive for profundity in an age when TV and photography have adulterated the meaning of images. Art that comments on how art is being swallowed up by the media may be shallow stuff, but it's the overwhelming theme of our time.

One of the key ambitions of the "High and Low" exhibition at MOMA is to establish that the art of the past thirty years—from pop on—is not without historical antecedents. The show's organizers want us to see that the artists of today, with their endless cannibalization of popular culture, represent the fulfillment of a tradition that began some eighty years ago when Braque and Picasso glued a piece of newspaper into a collage. This is a dreary goal. To claim that someone like Jeff Koons belongs to the same tradition as a Léger or a Dubuffet is to willfully distort the legacy of the modernists in order to legitimize and lend cachet to their trendy postmodern heirs.

In 1939, Clement Greenberg, now the most eminent art critic in America, published a justly famous essay entitled "Avant-Garde and Kitsch." It was Greenberg's contention that Tin Pan Alley music, Hollywood movies, pulp fiction—popular culture as a whole—can be defined as being exactly what high art is not. This view was shared by many members of the avant-garde, who tended to think of their work as an all-out renunciation of the sentimentality and nostalgia of kitsch.

Is there anything to be gained by retelling the story of modern art as it relates to popular culture? I'm not sure there is. "High and Low" claims to be about modern art and its development, but its true subject may be how museums are on a break from the higher ideals. It's not just painting that's gone pop. Art history, too, is being given the pop treatment, cool and funny and ultimately not very deep. ♠

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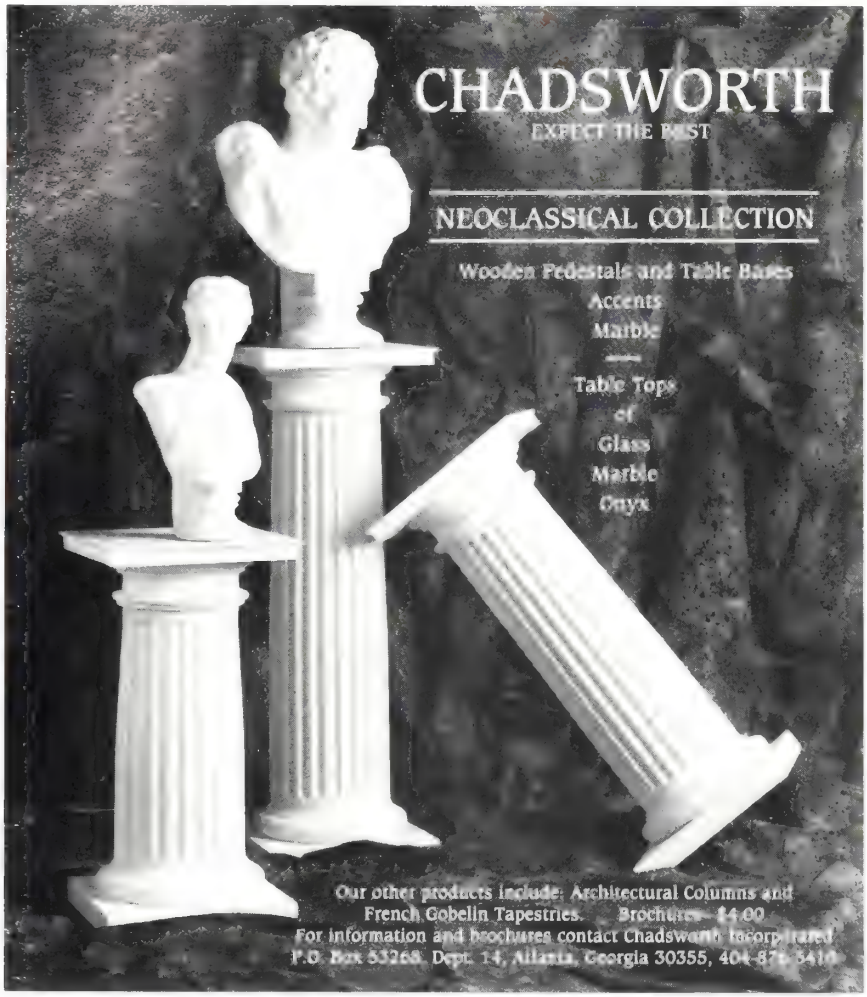
Definitive Details

(Continued from page 206) of stone that pulls apart in three sections. A Koloman Moser motif is woven into a section of the magnificent living room rug made by V'Soske, and a Léger-inspired figure dances across an enormous bookcase of ebonized ash.

Although Buchsbaum had designed nearly everything before his death a year after work began on the apartment (and hardly a detail here was not specially designed and custom-made), a team of loyal and talented designers and craftsmen, led by architect Frederic Schwartz of Anderson/Schwartz Architects along with Jaime Vasquez and Corey Delany from Buchsbaum's office, faithfully executed his ideas to the last touch. "We tried to carry them out as seamlessly as possible," says Schwartz.

Despite their initial reactions, it was Pat Dennis rather than her husband whose enthusiasm only grew during the project. "I tried to be the conservative influence and I never prevailed," he says. "Pat trusted Alan completely. But we both had our moments of wondering, 'What is this place going to look like?' He reassured us that this was going to be a very elegant apartment." Though Buchsbaum never witnessed its completion, in the admiring words of Allan Dennis, "he saw it whole, from the very beginning." ♠


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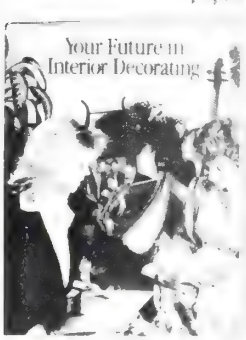
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Artist's Garret

(Continued from page 228) catalogue. Sure, they do mirror the two-toned configurations of his earlier work, but they also suit his penchant for lounging. "I'm much better when I'm reclining, and I do everything in that position," he observes. "I can't even read sitting up. The only thing I do sitting down is pay bills and the only thing I do standing up is paint." Not surprisingly, the only chair in Garet's living room is a rubber-armed Tecno, which contorts into an endless number of positions.

So much for fine design. The rest of the house combusted almost spontaneously, giving it its haphazard charm. The low steel tables were found on the street; an aluminum table was once a castaway restaurant storage shelf. Garet's walls are dotted with pieces of art that have nothing in common other than the fact that he likes them—how else to explain a Richard Phillips sculpture made from a pink rubber bath mat hung next to exquisite George Platt Lynes photographs?

Although Garet hesitates to pigeonhole his panoply of tastes, his friends have little trouble pinning them down. "Jedd likes things that are crazy decorative," observes Robert Laughlin, "furniture picker" for other artists, including Julian Schnabel and Kenny Scharf. Laughlin, who scours thrift stores and flea markets for secondhand gems he later sells to pricey furniture galleries, has supplied Garet with such items as a black rug with a red rock motif and a baked-enamel hospital lamp. "Jedd can take something most people would laugh at and place it in an environment that makes it look great. He always argues that there's no such thing as bad taste."

Which may explain the three-foot-high orange glass vase in the guest room. "This piece seems to have been started on this planet but completed in another world," explains Garet. "It's like lower-class Americana from the forties on acid." Along the same lines is a loopy version of a harem lamp, which dangles just inches above one of his couches. "I found it in a Salvation Army thrift shop, and only after I put it up did I discover that it scared my guests." Other "scary" items include two permaflame sconces perched on a black velvet wall between his living area and kitchen. "The ceramic candlesticks vaguely resemble the color of meat—they make me think of cow tongues licking the

wall," he says, flashing a diabolical grin.

When pressed to draw a parallel between his quirky environment and his quirky paintings, Jedd Garet surveys his surroundings and considers. "Having objects around that mean something to me is always inspiring," he says. "I have no trouble working as long as I'm in a place that I've created, that's distinctly mine." And that it is. ♠ *Editor: John Ryman*

Stargazer's Garden

(Continued from page 179) terrace, and on around the corner, is raised two steps and paved with bold parquet panel decking. I have furnished the corner with a wicker sofa, deck chairs, and my stargazing telescope. Along the rail, in between big blue pots planted with 'Betty Prior' roses, nepeta, baby's breath, blue perennial salvias, and white petunias, are Victorian plant stands tumbling with ivy and terra-cotta pots with globemaster arborvitae (that overused plant of the 1940s and '50s takes on a new personality here and adds structure and winter color). A weeping willow, the conservatory, and a small Katsura tree nestle my seating area as it faces into the wide blue yonder of Manhattan.

On the back, or river view, terrace the lawn is defined by four great wooden planters with four matching Japanese pagoda trees (*Sophora japonica*). Under these I have planted euonymus, cotoneaster, hosta, ferns, and wisteria, all tolerant of the shade that I anticipate from the sophoras as they grow. For this part of the terrace I designed a simpler version of the antique railing I purchased in England and used on the Central Park side. Another deck with a large planter frames my narrow view of the Hudson. Here purple-leaved plum and autumn olive give the edge of the terrace an abundant overgrown feeling. An existing brick wall is planted with climbing hydrangea.

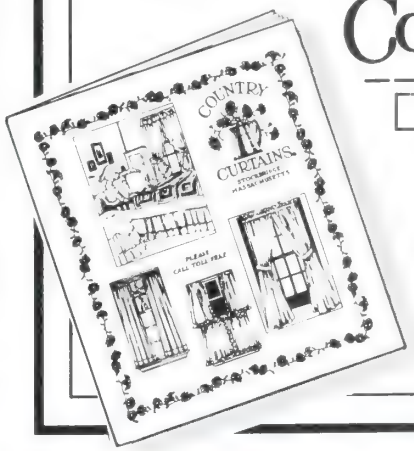
My garden is now only one year old, but already it has shown me how it will develop in richness and interest—reward indeed for all the difficulties of establishing a container garden on what used to be a derelict rooftop. ♠ *Editor: Senga Mortimer*

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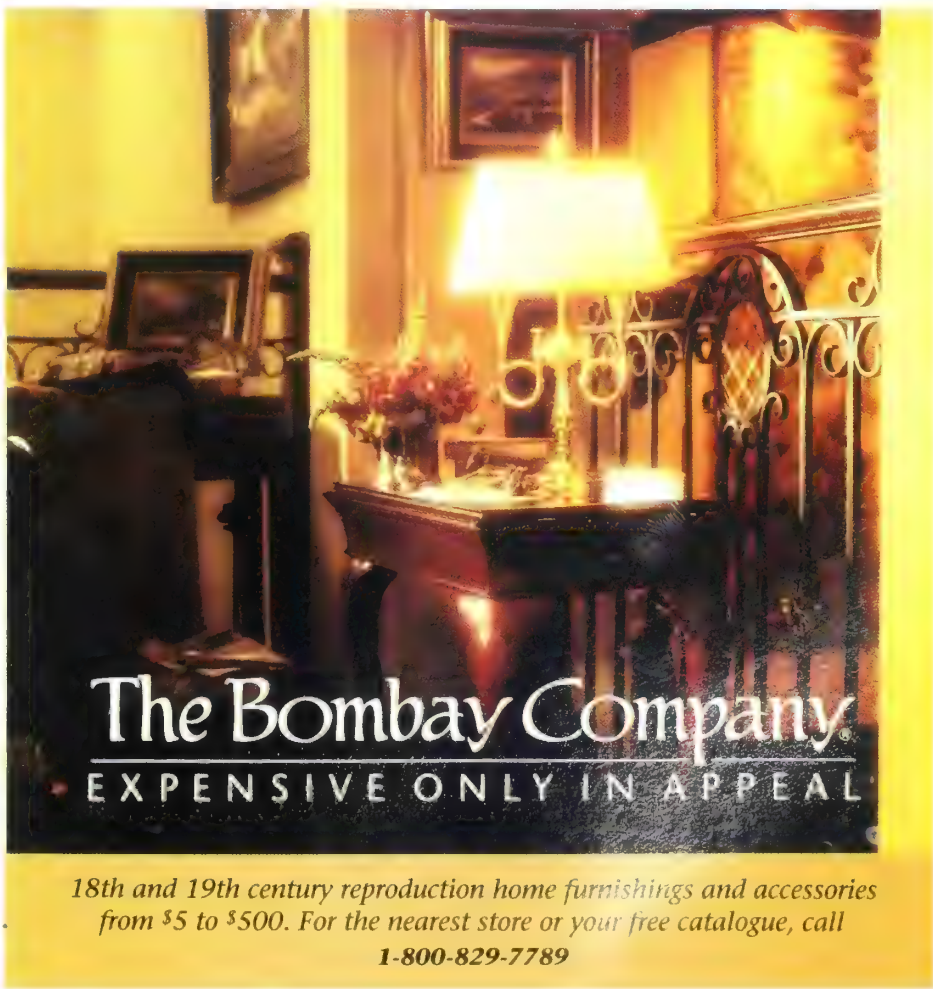


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Beauty and the Bronx

(Continued from page 225) Bartolomei, who as curator of the T. H. Everett Rock Garden is overseeing its ongoing restoration. As in Everett's day, the "traveler" begins at a stream-fed pond. A brief forest interlude planted with London pride, hepatica, and hellebores precedes the open view of craggy ledges. A waterfall tumbles from a cliff and the ground swoops down to an alpine lawn, a sandy area for heaths and heathers, and the moraine, where evaporation from an underground irrigation system cools the roots of mountain plants such as rock jasmine and alpine pink.

Lynden B. Miller, one of Everett's students in the 1970s, has also become a master of deceptive simplicity and has applied her expertise in designs citywide, including the Botanical Garden's Jane Watson Irwin perennial garden. Originally a collagist, Miller possesses a keen eye for the enduring form, line, color, and texture of foliage. Flowers are only a seasonal bonus in the larger composition.

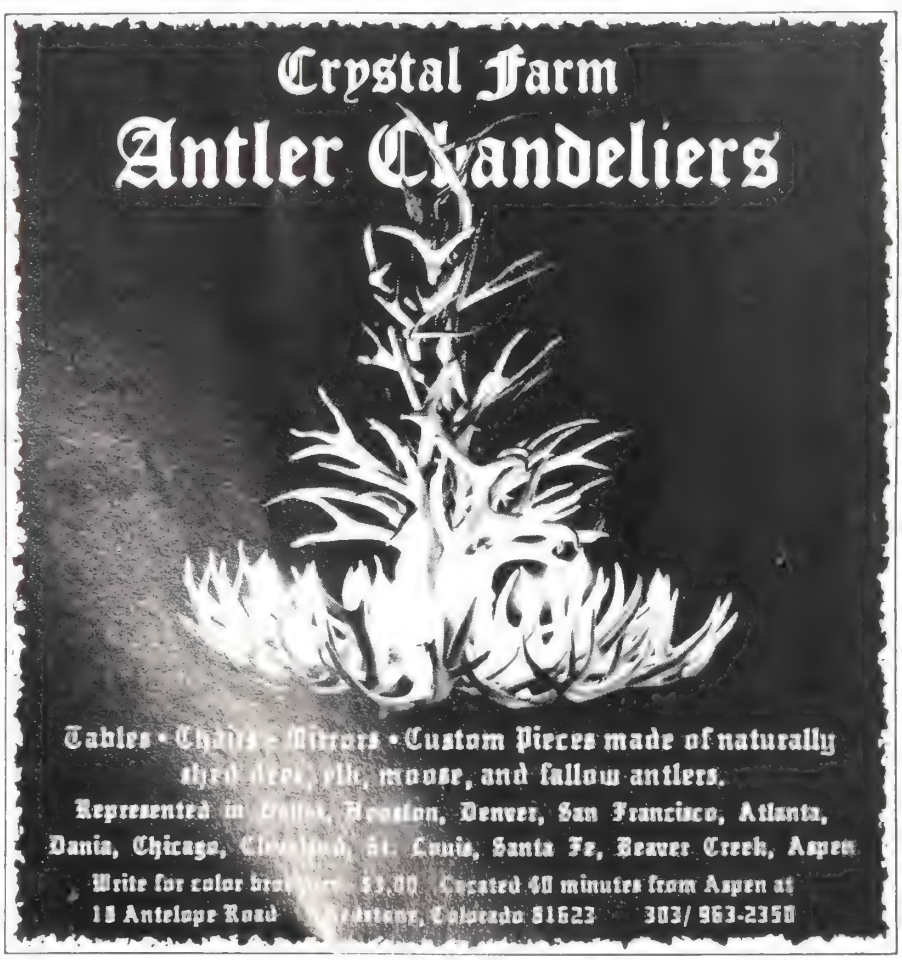
Underneath a seemingly careless array of grasses and hostas is a thoughtful geometry of sculptural contour and color. Like many of Gertrude Jekyll's designs, Miller's perennial garden has "hot" and "cool" sides. A yew hedge unites the two—the cool side, centered on a white pine underplanted with lily of the valley, and the hot side with its yuccas, yarrow, red-hot-pokers, and scarlet crocosmias. Nearby benches are never empty of spectators.

Miller describes her work as "private gardening on a public scale." Similarly, Richard Schnall, the Botanical Garden's vice president for horticulture, explains how five demonstration gardens are meant to impart practical information visitors can use in their own backyards. Two of these, Helen's Garden: A Garden of Fragrant Plants and the Mae L. Wien Summer Flower Garden, were designed by landscape architect Alice Recknagel Ireys and opened in 1988. As throughout her long career designing public and private gardens—and 52 garden schemes for the Burpee seed catalogues—Ireys has devised an array of visual tricks to make small plots appear larger.

The Wien garden takes its cue from its namesake's own flower beds in Connecticut. Brick paths define the central wedge-shaped beds of the Bronx version. With bishop's weed, cosmos, and dahlias among the paths, this is unmistakably a traditional American garden. Helen Goodhart Altschul, a Barnard College trustee, was blind for the last twenty years of her life, and a fragrance garden was an appropriate memorial. A curved garden path makes the 40-by-60-foot garden seem wider and longer as it encourages the walker to slow down and savor a variety of scented border plants. As a gallery in a horticultural museum without walls, this is a fitting reminder that city limits are no limits at all to the gardener's imagination. ♠

Editor: Senga Mortimer

The New York Botanical Garden is located at 200th Street and Southern Boulevard, south of the Mosholu Parkway. Metro-North Harlem line to Botanical Garden Station from Grand Central. Open 8 A.M.–6 P.M., November–March; 8 A.M.–7 P.M., April–October. Closed Mondays (except holidays), and Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day.



New York Premiere

(Continued from page 210) communicative—you should be able to walk in when no one's home and get a very clear sense of who lives there. It should tell you as much about someone as their library—assuming, of course, that they read. An apartment should also have a personality so that you never feel alone." According to her friend Michael Graves, Hawks is on to something. And what's more, says the architect, "Kitty is one of the few people around who can suggest the presence of habitation without ever staging it."

In Clark's apartment, Hawks achieved her goal of evoking archetypal gentlemen's rooms by indulging her eye for pattern-on-pattern and her feel for texture-on-texture, by making comfort—both physical and psychological—a top priority, and by deriving her palette from, but not limiting it to, the preexisting green and gold ceiling. Nothing is too bright or too shiny. Nothing looks too new or too modern. Nothing, in fact, appears to have been designed at all. Everything seems simply to have happened. The occupant, we are meant to infer, is a man of style, taste, and breeding, a man who has risen to a certain station in life, a man who is too busy to fuss. "This is a traditional apartment," notes Hawks, "but I knew Jamie's taste wasn't

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New York Premiere

traditional, which is perfect because I wanted to add a few twists." One of those twists can be found along one wall of the Pompeian-red dining room, where a curious aviary, testimony to the taxidermist's art, has been installed. Taxidermy may not be as popular now as it was in the nineteenth century, yet the stuffed birds seem right at home. Besides, every gentleman has his eccentricities. ♠

Editor: Wendy Goodman

Pleasure of Company

(Continued from page 191) you served, the porcelain you used, the flowers, and, of course, what you wore—the sort of "party log" once kept by smart hostesses such as Kitty Miller. (The New Year's Eve parties she gave with her husband, Gilbert, used to be the only ones that counted in New York. The Millers' most glamorous friends came for dinner and the rest of society was asked in afterward.) No, I mean, instead, a Proustian account of the real events of the party itself. I can think of no one better suited to this task than the caterer Sean Driscoll, for nearly twenty years the Louis Sherry and Escoffier of New York society. As the owners of Glorious Food, Sean and his partner, Jean-Claude Nédélec, often feed as many as twelve hundred people in an evening. Directing forty chefs and five hundred freelance employees can almost make the normal rigors of "placement" for a party of eight or ten seem insignificant. Almost, because as long as New York hosts have been deciding who should sit next to whom, placement has been a matter of high diplomacy.

I bridled the other day when an out-of-towner said, "God, New York's a competitive place." I can't pretend it's not, but I also know that the city invites us to share in a world of civilized entertaining and intimacy. Bill Blass recently described Brooke and Peter Duchin's dinners in the way each of us hopes our friends will respond to our entertaining efforts: "It's like walking into your own house and finding a lot of people you'd like to see." Sounds simple, though we all know the special talents successful parties require. But it's worth it. We can't be expected to shrivel up in front of the VCR every night, can we? ♠

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Pages 157, 164 Masonry, by Tony McLoughlin, Queens (718) 458-0017. Terra-cotta, by Mike MacLeod, South Kearny (201) 465-5220. **159** Dragon, net, window guards, by Wally Vogelsberg, Wycombe (215) 598-3336. Pediments, architraves, by Mike MacLeod (see above). Emozioni Moiré, 52" wide, $90 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers, for showrooms (212) 355-7186. **160** Cabinets, counter, designed by Ross Anderson, NYC (212) 608-0185. Doors, designed by Turner Brooks, Burlington (802) 658-0261. **161** Cornice, by Mike MacLeod (see above). Staircase, designed by Chester Cleaver, NYC (212) 929-6902. **162** Bed, by Wally Vogelsberg (see above). Ritz, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (212) 688-0444. Chest, by Doug Greenland, Dyfed, Wales (239) 820-851. **163** Garden design, by Turner Brooks and Ross Anderson (see above).

GOTHAM ROMANCE
Page 165 Barondess Velvet, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. **166** Montrose Moiré on living room sofa, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Wist carpet, to the trade at Rosecore Carpet, for showrooms (212) 421-7272. **167** Silver metallic paper, $135 roll, to the trade at Gracie, for showrooms (212) 753-5350. Brochier Taffeta, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Malobar sisal carpet, to the trade at Rosecore (see above). **168–69** Faille Kaleidoscope for curtains, 51" wide, $120 yd, Aujard for striped sofa pillows, 50" wide, $120 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Corone, 48" wide, $237.50 yd, at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Justine Weave damask on chairs, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (212) 688-0444. Silk Tassels (#FT248-51) on curtains, pillows, Silk Tassel Tiebacks (#T2483-Special), to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. **170** Rainbow Ombré for curtain, Nan Chang on sofa pillows, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Rocksavage carpet, by Colefax & Fowler to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. Epernay on chair, ottoman, Torcello on sofa, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700. Marquis Stripe English wallpaper, to the trade at Carleton [illegible] showrooms (212) 355-4525. Roses & Pansies, from Colefax & Fowler, London (71) 493-2231. **171** Antibes on chair, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844. Cancy Stripe for curtain lining, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). DuBarry Taffeta on canopy ruffle, curtains, 48" wide, $69 yd, to the trade at Christopher Norman, for showrooms (212) 879-6559. Dalkeith carpet, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges (see above).

STYLE DIVA
Page 175 Reedition of Fortuny desk lamp, Fr8,150, from Ecart International, Paris (1) 42-78-79-11.

MS. STEINEM ON THE HOME FRONT
Pages 180–81 Velvet on sofa, similar to the trade at Decorators Walk, for showrooms (212) 355-5300. Glazing on walls, to the trade by Mark Uriu, Brooklyn (718) 858-2977. **182** Rayone Moirée for curtains, 54" wide, $75 yd, Punta di Diamante on front chair, 51" wide, $110 yd, both by Christian Schlumberger, at Le Petit Trianon, NYC, for Schlumberger showrooms (212) 879-5530. Velours de Lin on sofa, 51" wide, $157.50 yd, similar to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). **183** Dry plaster fresco, similar large commission works, by Ricardo Cinalli, through Filippa Naess, London (71) 245-9160. Bentwood art nouveau chairs, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Beckford wallpaper, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700. **185** Mirror/door, at Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969. Table, $2,700, to order from Grant Larkin, West Stockbridge (413) 232-7077. Kilim, similar at George Smith Furniture, NYC (212) 226-4747.

THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY
Page 186 Black Shoulder hand-painted porcelain coffeepot, $600, cup and saucer, $325, from Tiffany's Private Stock Collection, Leopard dinner/buffet plate, $85, at Tiffany stores, (800) 526-0649.

SHIFTING FOCUS
Pages 192–93 Custom mirror, similar to order from Brian Stoner, NYC (212) 353-9130. Enchanted Collection Spirit chaise, Ghost tub chair, to the trade at Donghia Furniture, to order (800) 366-4442. Woolcanvas on furniture, by Glant Textiles, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC, for other Glant showrooms (206) 725-4444. **194** Enchanted Collection Spirit sofa, to the trade at Donghia Furniture (see above). Chairs, similar at Dalva Brothers, NYC (212) 758-2297. Manor Velvet, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, 31–11 Thomson Ave., Long Island City, NY 11101. Custom-color Thar carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. **195** Mohair, to the trade from Donghia Textiles, to order (800) 366-4442. **196–97** Mohair on walls, New Ways Collection Figures cotton, by Richard Giglio, Palazzo on pillow, to the trade at Donghia Textiles (see above). Baudelaire Moiré, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beachwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. Michelle, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Studio X chairs, to the trade at Donghia Furniture (see above). Linen Cord carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above).

DEFINITIVE DETAILS
Pages 204–05 Radiator covers, designed by Frederic Schwartz, Jaime Vasquez, and Aileron Design, similar to the trade to order at Aileron Design, Brooklyn (718) 963-1032. Alvar Aalto lounge chair with fabric, to the trade at ICF, for showrooms (212) 750-0900. Sugar club chair, $2,760 COM, ottoman, $1,100 COM, both by Alan Buchsbaum, to the trade at Dennis Miller, for showrooms (212) 242-7842. Vitello leather on armchair, ottoman, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). Custom doors, designed by Schwartz with Vasquez, made by Aileron Design, through Anderson/Schwartz Architects, NYC (212) 608-0185. **206** Mies van der Rohe Collection Flat Brno chairs, to the trade from KnollStudio, division of Knoll International, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Wintour table, by Alan Buchsbaum, Fr36,600, from Ecart International, Paris (1) 42-78-79-11. Zigzag chandelier, designed by Johnson Schwinghammer, made by Gregory Barsamian, similar to order from Johnson Schwinghammer, NYC (212) 643-1552. Custom curtains, from Mary Bright, NYC (212) 677-1970 by appt. Rings, designed by Schwartz with Vasquez and Mary Bright, made by Aileron Design, copper rod, designed by Schwartz and Vasquez, made by Barsamian, through Anderson/Schwartz (see above). Gropius geometric on chair, 51" wide, $210 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). **207** Cohen Heads sconces, designed by Schwartz with Vasquez, consultation by Johnson Schwinghammer, made by Barsamian, through Anderson/Schwartz (see above). Bavarian Forest on headboard, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Coffee table, designed by Schwartz with Vasquez, marble from Marble Modes, base, made by Metal Forms, through Anderson/Schwartz (see above). Verdure Tapestry on chair, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (212) 688-0444. Mirror, designed by Schwartz and Vasquez, made by SFA Leinoff, His and Hers sconces, designed by Schwartz with Vasquez, consultation by Johnson Schwinghammer, made by Barsamian, through Anderson/Schwartz (see above). Velours Gatinais on sofa, 51" wide, $150 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). Rug, custom-designed by Alan Buchsbaum, other custom rugs to the trade to order at V'Soske, for showrooms (800) 847-4277, in NY (212) 688-1150. War of Roses window, designed by Schwartz, made by New York Carved Arts, through Anderson/Schwartz (see above). Urbane chair, to the trade from Donghia Furniture, to order (800) 366-4442.

NEW YORK PREMIERE
Page 209 Fuller tufted sofa, to the trade at Thomas DeAngelis, NYC (212) 620-0191. Bronze velvet, 50" wide, $195 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, for showrooms (415) 626-8332. Wendell for window blind, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 196–97). Damask Caserta on armless sofa, 51" wide, $78 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). Topiaries, from L. Becker Flowers, NYC (212) 439-6001. **210** Martex Liberty of London Northumberland linens, from Westpoint Pepperell, for stores (212) 930-3766. Documenta Chinoiserie for curtains, 55" wide, $69 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (212) 751-3333. La Bella Rosa for curtains, 54" wide, $132 yd, to the trade at Grey Watkins, for showrooms (212) 371-2333. **211** English table, similar at Guild Antiques II, NYC (212) 472-0830. Armchair, ottoman, similar at Bardith I, NYC (212) 737-6699. Carpet, similar at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. 19th-century English nesting tables, similar at Linda Horn Antiques, NYC (212) 772-1122.

UPTOWN DOWNTOWN
Pages 214–15 Curtains, by Mary Bright, NYC (212) 677-1970 by appt. Noguchi lamp, base (#BB3), $236, shade (#33S), $274, from Akari-Gemini, for dealers (805) 966-9557. Jean-Michel Frank club chairs, $1,750 ea, ottoman, $1,250, sofa, $3,820, to the trade at Tara Studio, NYC (212) 243-0849. Ondine Cyrille, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Coffee table, similar at 280 Modern, NYC (212) 941-5825. Custom daybed, to order through Spear Platt Architects, NYC (212) 529-4375. Sierra on sofa pillows, to the trade at Donghia Textiles, to order (800) 366-4442. Cowhide, to order through Spear Platt Architects (see above). **216** Custom kitchen light fixtures, by Daniel Berglund (212) 243-1718. Sottsass Associati Mandarin armchairs, to the trade at KnollStudio (see above for pg 206). Strata on chairs, to the trade at KnollTextiles, for showrooms (212) 334-1500. Custom-designed desk,

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Resources

bookcases, to order through Spear Platt Architects (see above). Bookcases, built by Hanson Carpentry & Design, Upper Nyack (914) 353-5002. **217** Custom dining table, to order through Spear Platt Architects (see above). **219** Dream screens, $1,430 ea, from Dialogica, NYC (212) 966-1934. Diamond coverlet set, Susanna sheets, Prestige blanket, from Anichini, for stores (800) 553-5309.

ARTIST'S GARRET

Pages 226–27 Piano lamp, c. 1930, pagoda lamp, c. 1938, art moderne lamp, similar at Alan Moss, NYC (212) 219-1663. **228** American lattice chair, Alvar Aalto chair, similar at Alan Moss.

CENTRAL PARK EAST

Pages 230–31 Hammered Silk (no stripes) on sofas, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. Ondine (two shades) on sofas, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Bed of Leaves rug, designed by Shelton, Mindel & Assocs., other custom rugs, to the trade to order at V'Soske, for showrooms (800) 847-4277, in NY (212) 688-1150. Brass/mahogany cocktail table, by Shelton, Mindel & Assocs., to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, for showrooms (212) 838-6420. Opera Stripe on chairs, 52" wide, $80 yd, to the trade at Greeff Fabrics, for showrooms (800) 223-0357. Chairs, similar at H. M. Luther, NYC (212) 505-1485. **232** Garden Path rug, Flame rug, both designed by Shelton, Mindel & Assocs., other custom rugs to the trade to order at V'Soske (see above). Dubreuil candelabra, to order from A.D. Decorative Arts, London (81) 960-3304. Vitrimont Verdure Tapestry, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 196–97). **233** Marble/bronze coffee tables, cherry table, both by Shelton, Mindel & Assocs., to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern (see above). V'Soske Collection Peel rug, designed by Shelton, Mindel & Assocs., to the trade at V'Soske (see above). Pointe Frieze on chairs, to the trade at J. H. Thorp, division of Decorators Walk, for showrooms (212) 355-5300. **234–35** Chandelier, c. 1790, similar to the trade at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320. Dining table, chairs, similar at Reymer-Jourdan, NYC (212) 674-4470. Royal Pavilion Stripe, 50" wide, $102 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). One-of-a-kind table, by André Dubreuil, other pieces to order from A.D. Decorative Arts (see above).

GREAT ROOMS

Pages 239–41 For complete environments, Eric Bernard Designs, NYC (212) 876-9295. Construction and custom fabrication, by Beech, NYC (212) 876-6554. Tiles, courtesy Italian Tile Center, division of Italian Trade Commission, NYC (212) 980-1500. Ceramica Vogue tiles, $7.10 sq ft 4"x4", $1.65 ea 2"x2", $5.30 ea pencil size, at Hastings Tile, for dealers (212) 674-9700. Custom mosaics, $400 sq ft, by Reptiles, NYC (212) 427-4232. Tile, installed by K & K Marble & Granite, NYC (212) 486-0477. Scenist computerized dimming system, by Lightolier Controls, for dealers (800) 526-2731, in NJ (201) 864-3000. Appliances, purchased through Goldman, Lake Success (516) 358-1100. **239** 3-foot dome, by Focal Point, for dealers (800) 662-5550, in GA (404) 351-0820. **240–41** Commercial-styled cooktop (#GCT486G), by Thermador, for dealers (800) 366-6836. Skimmer, $10, ladle, $13 med size, strainer, $15, Chantal stockpot, $110 9-qt size, colander, $30 5-qt size, from Williams-Sonoma, for stores or catalogue (415) 421-4242. Custom sandblasted windows, by Sundial-Schwartz, NYC (212) 517-3990. **240** Dishwasher (#G595 SCI), by Miele Appliances, for dealers (800) 843-7231, in NJ (201) 560-0899. Granite kitchen counters, from and installed by K & K Marble & Granite (see above). **241** Kitchen carousel, 14 shelves rotate vertically, by White Home Products, available 1991, for dealers (404) 431-0900. Custom voice-command system, by Home Response Technologies, Mill Neck (516) 922-2478. Custom automated door lift, pull-out counter gliders, by Häfele America, for dealers (800) 334-1873, in NC (800) 672-4853. Custom 48" wide refrigerator (#UR48HT), by Traulsen & Co., for dealers (800) 542-4022, in NY (718) 463-9000. Stool, $2,812, to the trade at Dakota Jackson, for showrooms (212) 838-9444.

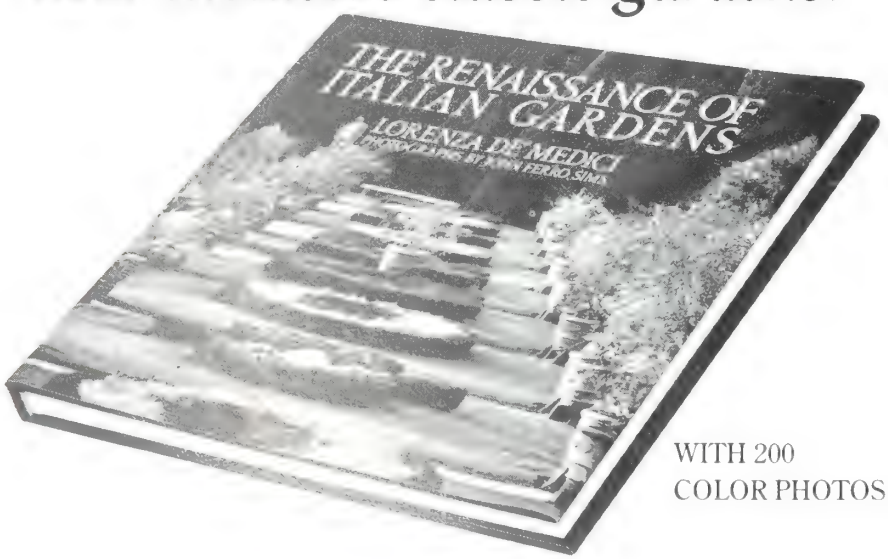
FORECASTS

Page 246 Mesh pillow, to order from Futura Metalwear Studio, NYC (212) 627-5658 by appt. Simple Machine table, by Carmen Spera, $7,500, Zorro chaise, by Forrest Myers, from $35,000, similar one-of-a-kind pieces from Art et Industrie, NYC (212) 431-1661. Bantu lamp, by Till Leeser, $2,925, from Nolte Gallery, NYC (212) 431-0162. Cast candlestick, from Maria Snyder Studio, NYC (212) 274-9578 by appt. Fringed mesh dress, by Futura Metalwear, $4,000, by appt, at Futura Metalwear Studio, NYC; Screaming Accessories, Los Angeles. Lycra unitard, by Danskin, $39, at fine stores. Bird's Nest bracelet, by Tom Binns, at Barneys New York, NYC; to order at Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Big Knots bracelet, by Tone Vigeland, $4,000, Medium Cloud mesh bangle, $400, Tall Basket mesh bangle, $380, both by Jordan Schlanger, all from Artwear, NYC (212) 673-2000. Queen candlestick, by Kerry MacBride, $600 pr, at Kerry MacBride, NYC; Vignette, San Francisco. Armadillo wool blend, to the trade at Yves Gonnet, for showrooms (212) 758-8220.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: In the "Lights, Camera, Living Room" article for September, the period wallpaper on pages 160–61 is from Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673, not Brunschwig & Fils.

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Gandee

Ian Schrager is the host of the town

It's three weeks before the grand opening of the Paramount Hotel and owner Ian Schrager has reservations. The hotel's designer has specified gold leaf for one wall in the lobby, but suddenly, two days before artisans are slated to apply the shimmering finish, it occurs to Schrager that "gold leaf isn't fresh right now—it's a classic, but it's overdone." What to do? Schrager thinks. Platinum leaf! Platinum leaf is *very* fresh right now. Or is it? Schrager isn't sure. "Have you seen platinum leaf around?" he asks everyone he knows. Everyone he knows says no. Which settles it. Platinum leaf it is. The word is passed down. Battalions of assistants scurry. Telephone calls are made. Platinum-leaf appliers are found at home and abroad. Which brings Schrager to the next question. Domestic platinum leaf? Or imported platinum leaf? The difference in price is 100 percent. Imported is better. Better shimmer. Imported it is. Which means more telephone calls. More reservations. This time on Air France for a crew of French platinum-leaf appliers who are flown to New York. Tout de suite.

Ian Schrager believes that success is in the details. And since he is obsessed with success, he is also obsessed with the details. This attention to minutiae has served him well. Schrager has never failed at anything. Unless, of course, you count the time, in 1980 and '81, he spent at Maxwell Air Force Base's minimum security prison in Montgomery, Alabama. In the nine years since he returned from his much-publicized all-expenses-paid-by-the-federal-government vacation in the Deep South—for some very creative bookkeeping practices he and Steve Rubell devised for the accounting department at Studio 54—Schrager has staged a comeback that rivals Tina Turner's. His first foray into the hotel business—Morgans, completed in 1984—boasts an 88 percent occupancy rate; his second—the Royalton, completed in 1988—boasts 90 percent. Both were done in tandem with Rubell, Schrager's longtime friend, partner, and alter ego, who died last year. The Paramount is the third notch on the hip hotelier's belt. Like the Royalton, it was designed by Philippe Starck, whom Schrager courteously telephoned in Paris with the news that the gold wall in the lobby had suddenly gone platinum.

"I don't do it for the money," says Schrager, whose real estate holdings have been estimated at somewhere between $225 and $400 million. He is referring to his typical sixteen-hour workday, to his well-earned reputation as a hopeless, tireless, compulsive, fanatic perfectionist. Schrager then attempts to illustrate his point by noting that he owns only two suits. (Perhaps because it would not illustrate his point, he fails to note that he also owns a fifteen-bedroom house on the beach in Southampton, lives in a four-story town house in Manhattan, drives around in a black Jaguar XJ-S, is driven around in a black Mercedes 560SEL, and bought his girlfriend a black Range Rover County for her birthday.) But if it isn't money, what is it that makes Schrager hustle? According to Schrager, it is an instinctive drive he was born with in French Polyclinic Hospital. "I'm just a gunslinger from the Bronx," he announces, comparing his lower-middle-class

"I'm just a gunslinger from the Bronx"

roots with those of Calvin Klein—another gunslinger from the Bronx who is a close friend—and Ralph Lauren, Schrager's counselor one long ago summer at Camp Roosevelt in the Catskills: "I have to say, Ralph had great style even then." Of the phenomenal success the three men have enjoyed, Schrager will only offer, "There are people out there who are more talented, but maybe we get the brass ring because we work a little bit harder, because we want it a little bit more."



Ian Schrager at the new Paramount.

Which explains the choice of Gary Panter, the production designer of *Pee-Wee's Playhouse,* for Paramount's children's day-care center. And which also explains the choice of a Broadway casting director to assemble the hotel staff, who, if the staffs at Morgans and the Royalton are any indication, will be bright-eyed young girls and boys who make up in looks what they lack in experience. "Attitude is key," explains Schrager, who believes that "the help" is one of the critical components of the four hotels he admires most: the Bel-Air in Los Angeles, the Carlyle in New York, Claridge's in London, the Ritz in Paris. Although the self-styled "cheap chic" Paramount is no match for the grand lineup Schrager invokes—a Paramount double starts at $110—the 610-room hotel will have, if the boss has his way, that same elusive quality, "a vibration, a confidence, an air."

"A lot of people were skeptical when Steve and I went into the hotel business," Schrager recalls. "They expected to see go-go girls in the lobby." A lot of people were wrong. There are no go-go girls in the Paramount lobby. Only one very beautiful platinum-leaf wall.

Charles Gandee



HG

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Woodland Hills
J.H. Biggar Drexel Heritage

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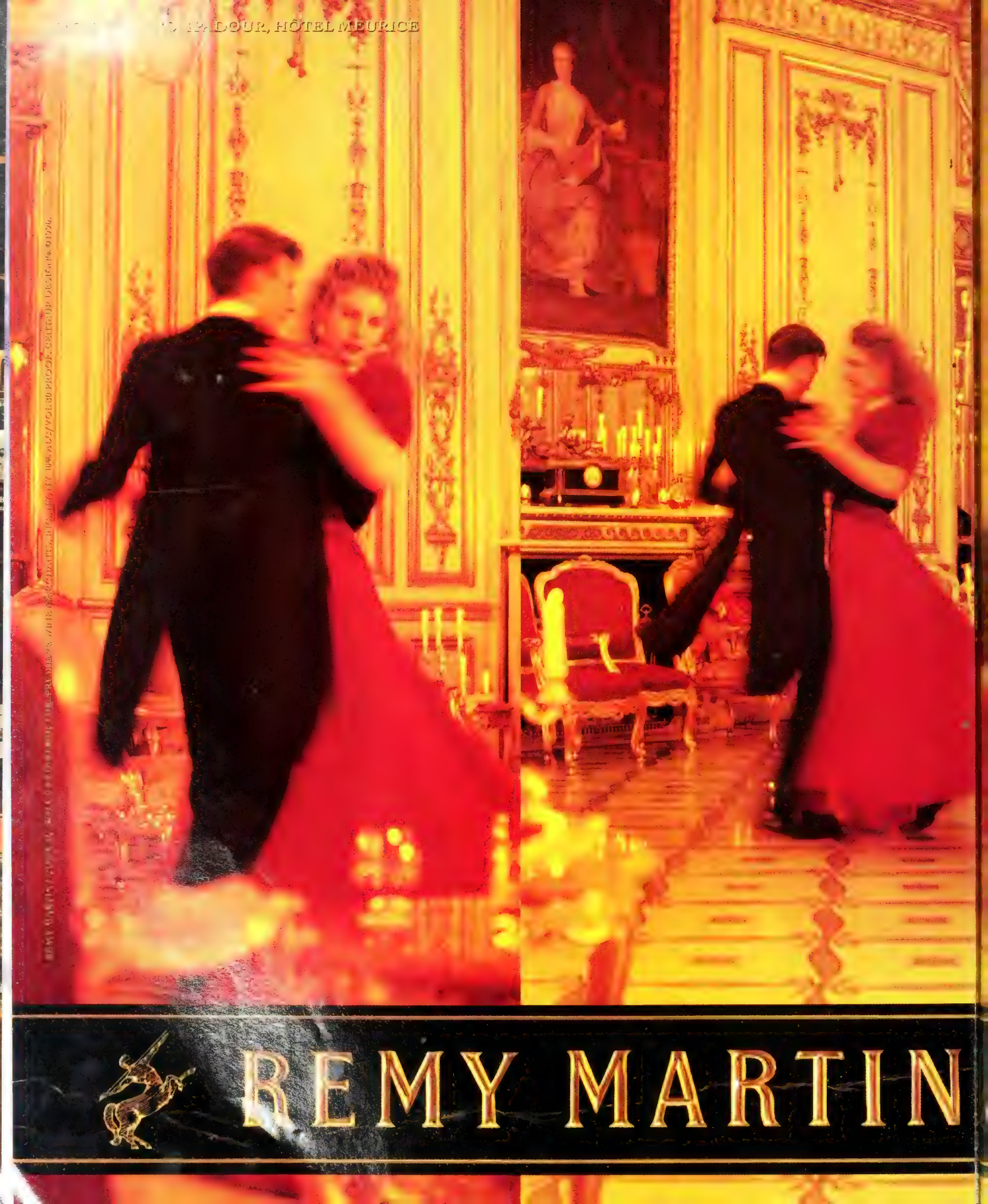


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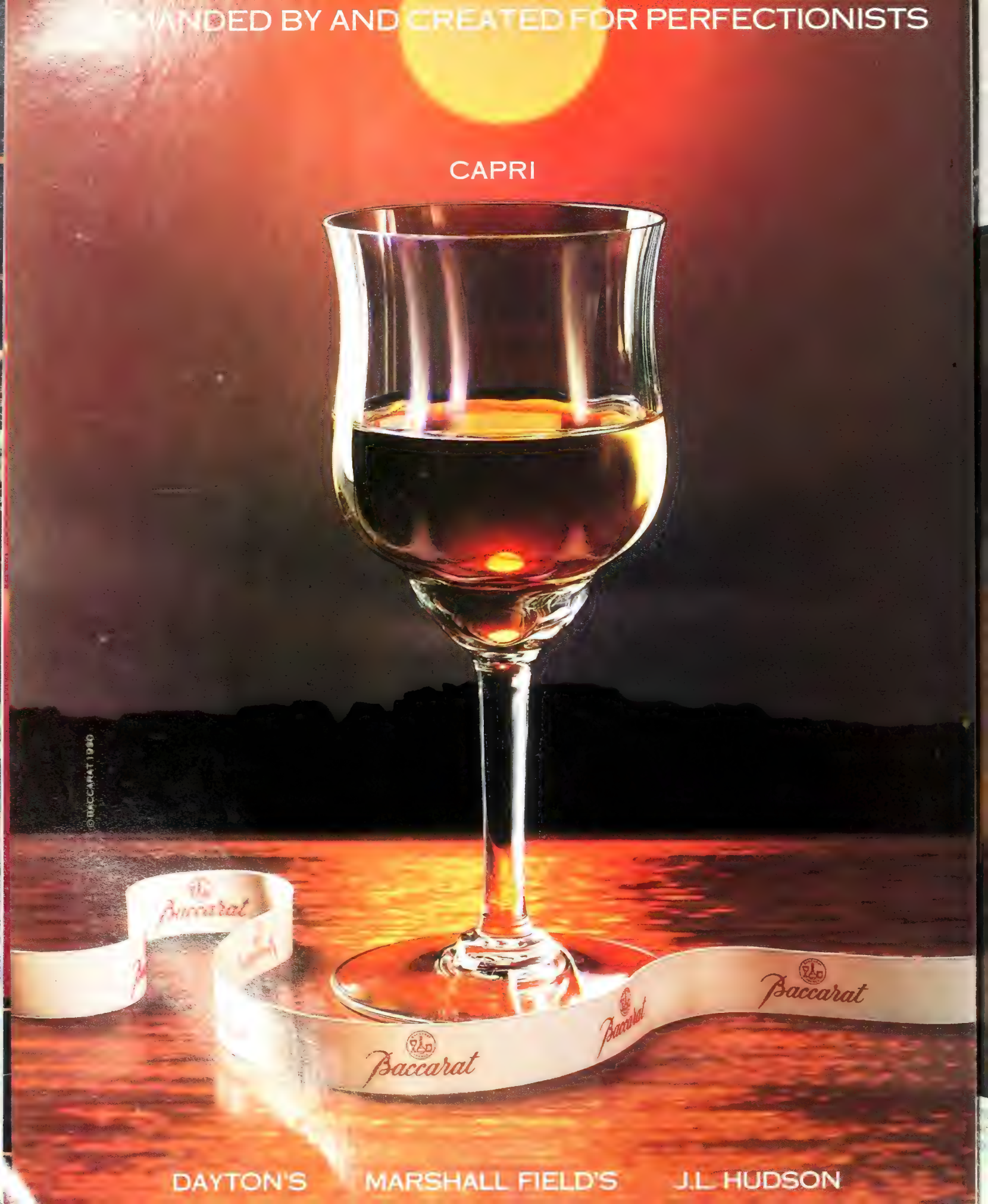


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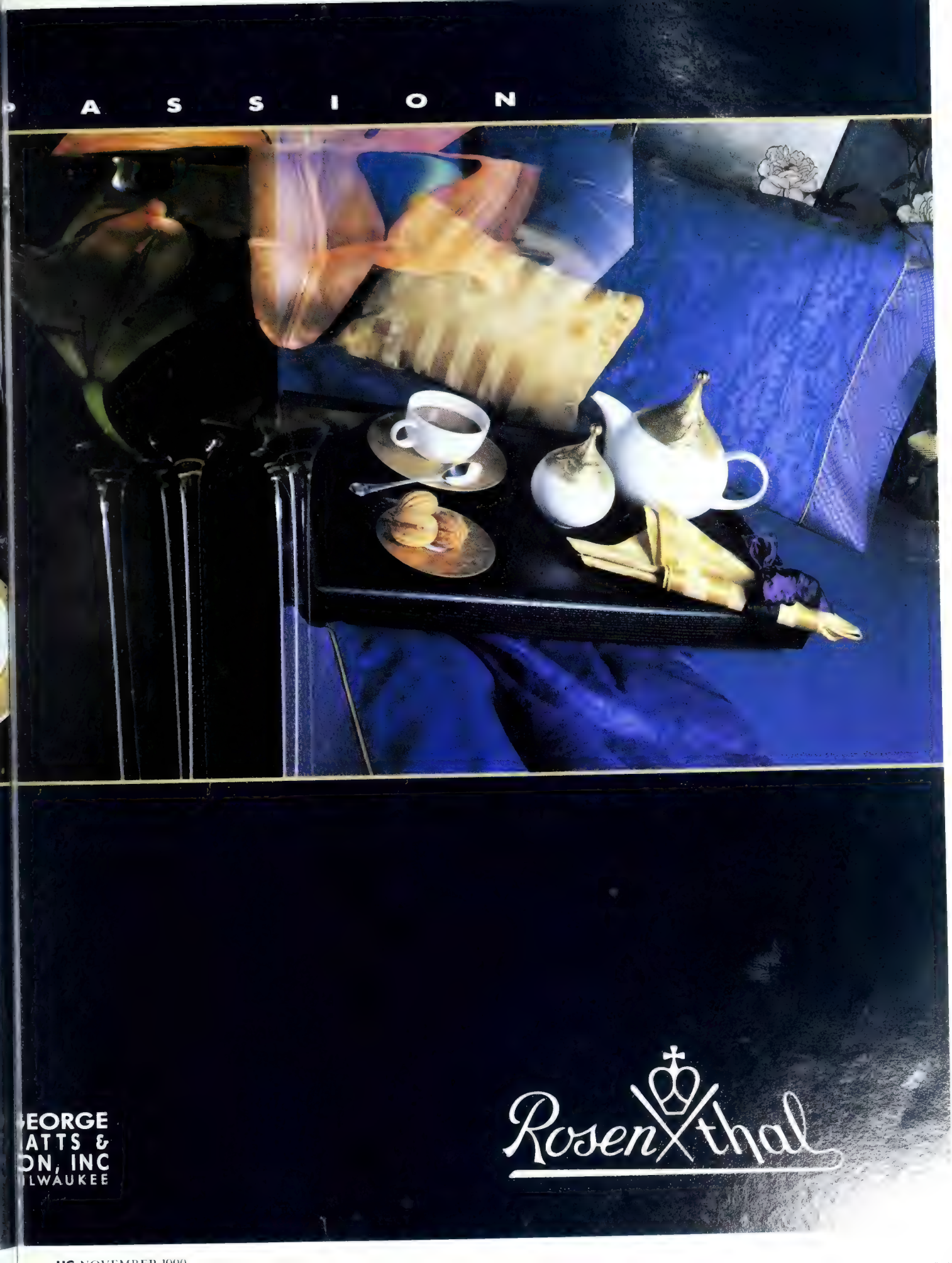




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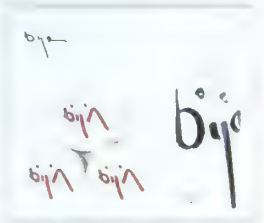
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Couturier Gianni Versace in his Milan palazzo. Page 204.

COVER *Back porch of a Greek revival house opens onto a terrace garden. Photograph by Peter Margonelli. Page 178.*



Boston decorative painter John Andersen's library. Page 148.



HG

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A seventeenth-century palazzo where the Milanese couturier lives and works displays his lifelong penchant for drama



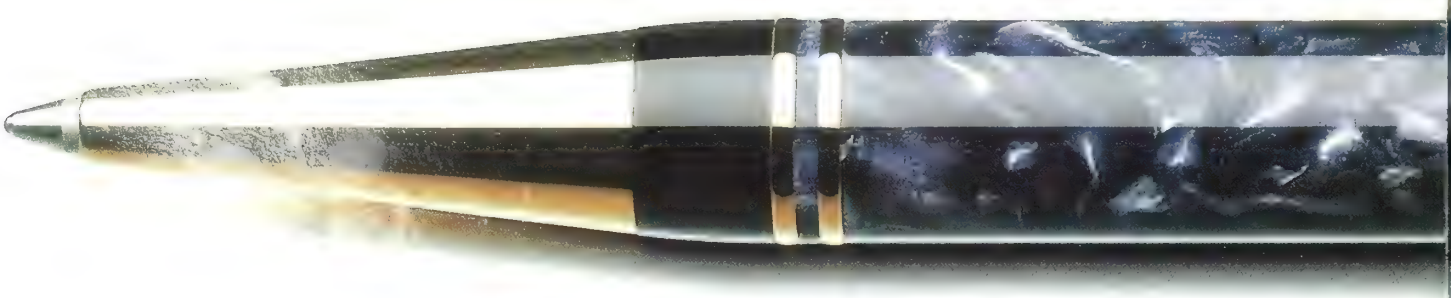
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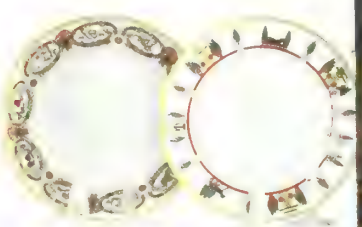



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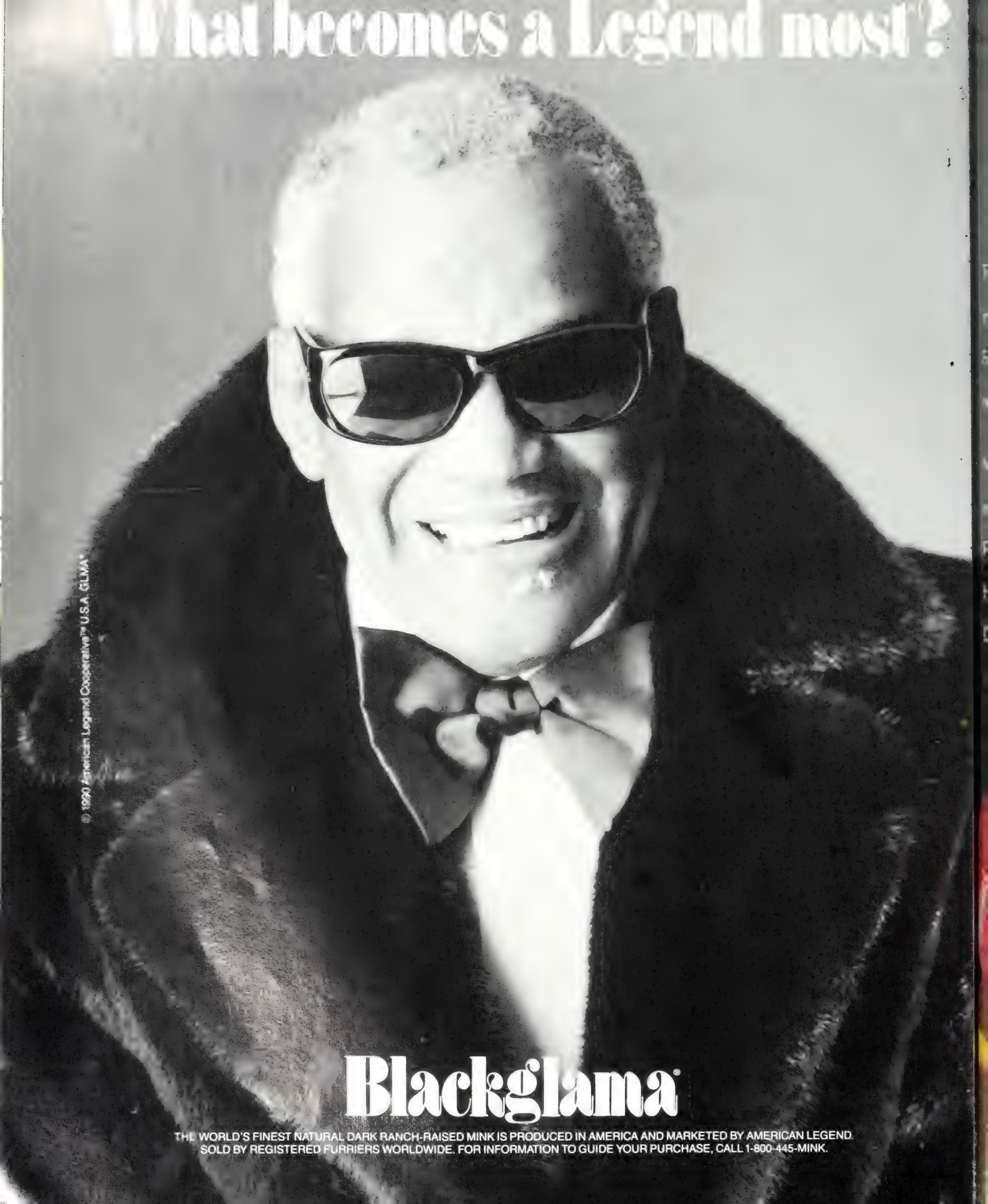
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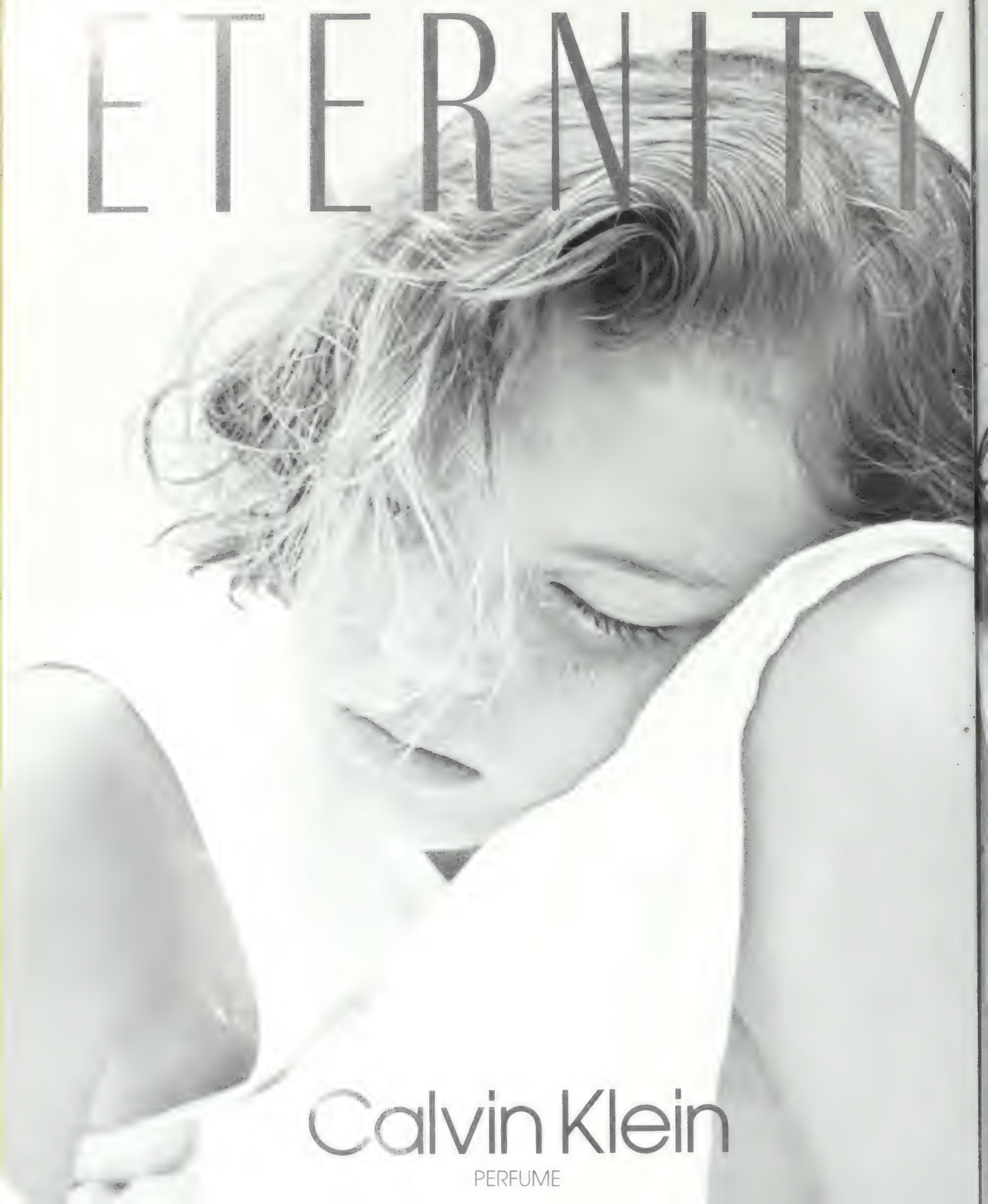
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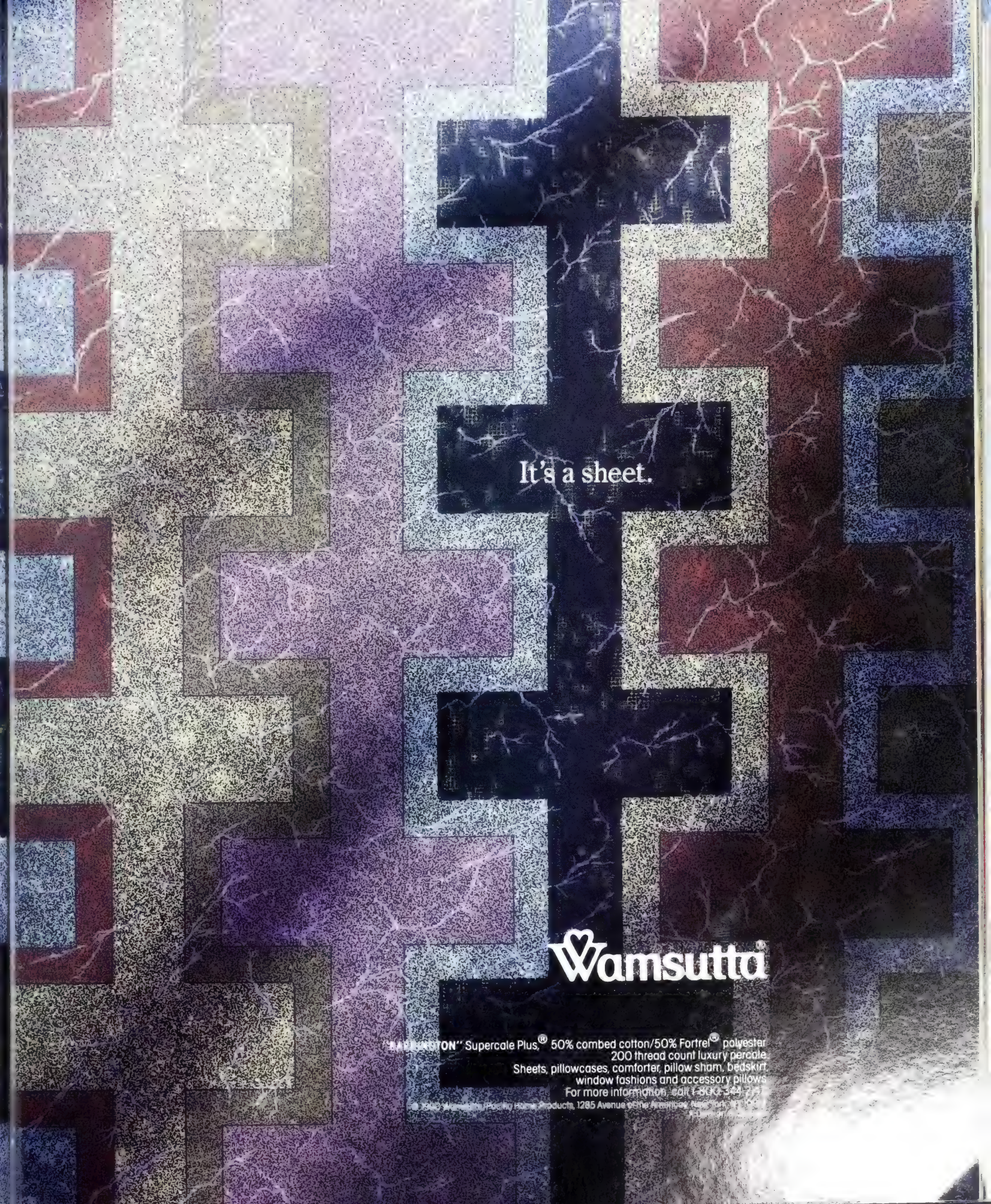
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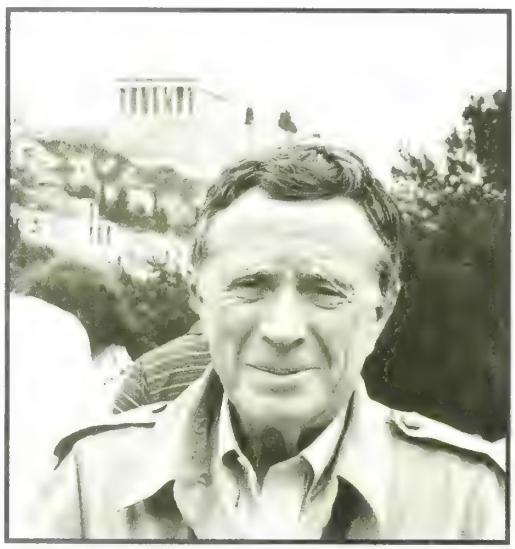
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Mrs. Henry Parish II, the celebrated decorator who has applied her distinctive style to the White House and countless private residences, writes about the early influence of her family on her life and career: "A decorator's taste, a decorator's eye, the personality expressed in his or her own work comes from deep within—some of it inherited, some of it experienced, some of it acquired. I have no doubt that much of what I do today as a decorator comes, in some way, from my parents."



John Guare, the playwright whose *The House of Blue Leaves* won four Tonys in its 1986 revival, is currently represented by his hit play *Six Degrees of Separation* at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater in New York. In this issue he writes about his friends Inger and Osborn Elliott, whose Manhattan apartments set "the scene for some extraordinarily wonderful evenings."



Vincent Scully, professor of art history at Yale and author of the landmark book *The Shingle Style*, examines Stephen Roberts Holt's career as a preservation architect. "The premise of the modern movement, that everything has to be invented, is false," he says. "One of the major responsibilities of the architect is to keep good old buildings going and to build in relation to what exists." Scully's latest book, *Architecture: The Natural and the Man-Made*, will be published next year.

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Contributors Notes



CHRISTOPHER MAKOS

Donald Albrecht is curator of exhibitions at the American Museum of the Moving Image and author of *Designing Dreams: Modern Architecture in the Movies.* He reports from Hollywood on Richard Sylbert's re-creation of a Park Avenue apartment for Brian De Palma's movie of *The Bonfire of the Vanities.* "The set captures a moment in history," Albrecht says. "In the future we may look at *Bonfire* as representing the essential look of the booming, greedy eighties."



KAREN S. R. BALOGH

Patti Hagan inaugurates HG's "Environment" column with an article on the advantages of gardening with insects as her allies. The gardening columnist for *The Wall Street Journal* and a Brooklyn resident, Hagan has put up with theft, vandalism, and blocked sunlight in her well-tended patch of land. "But it's been worth it," she says. "It's nice to show people a yellow-bellied sapsucker or a praying mantis laying its eggs in an urban environment."



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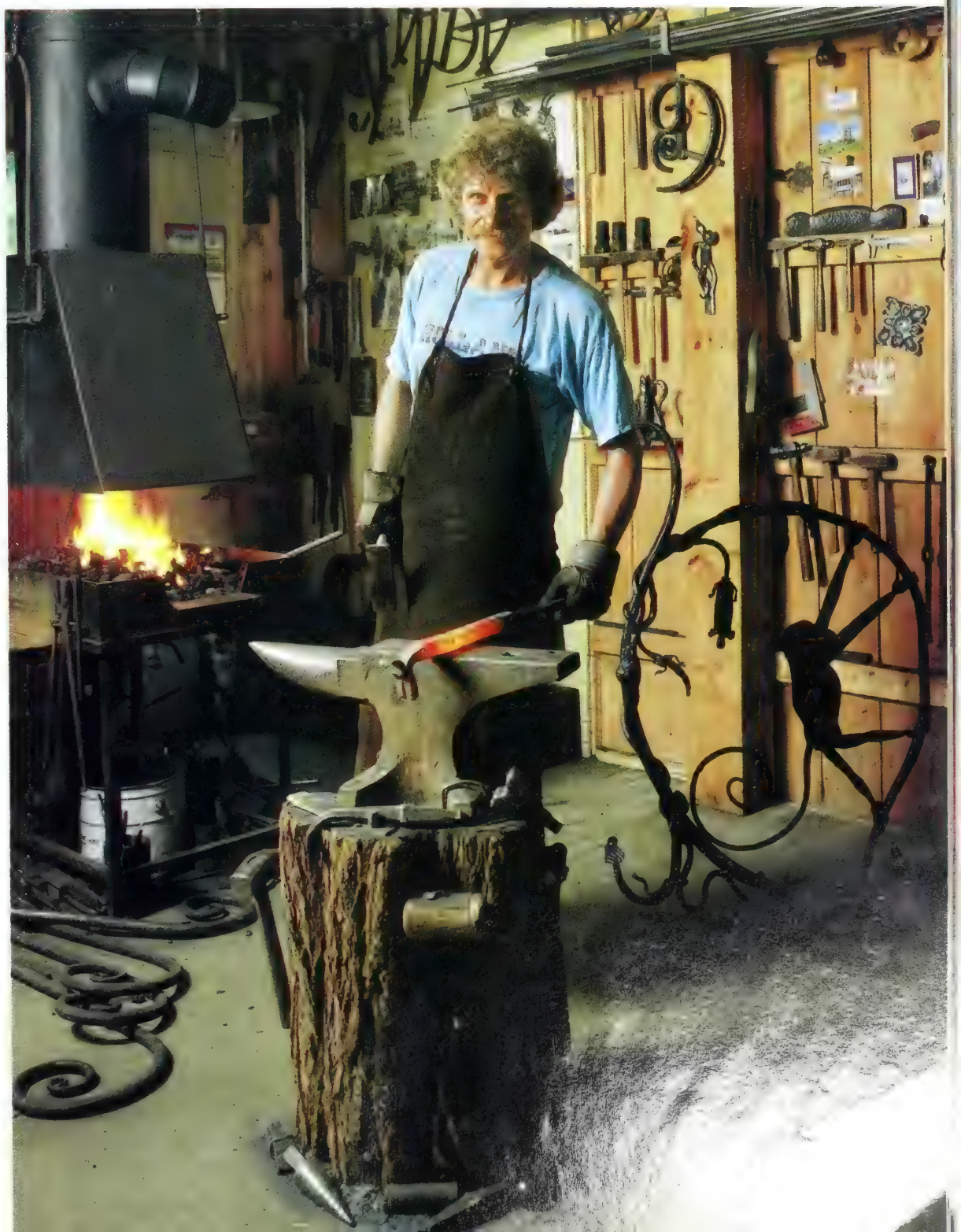
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notes

HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold





Roland C. Greefkes, like his father and grandfather before him, spends his days between a forge and an anvil. He left his father's workshop in Holland to attend college and tour the world—and returned to discover he was happiest as a blacksmith. Greefkes immigrated to the U.S. in 1981 and today lives above his own workshop in upstate New York, where he has wrought a uniquely fanciful style. From an ibis gate (*above*) to a dragon andiron, in progress (*right*), Greefkes is "not controlled by function. I allow inspiration to guide me." (Aesthetica/Roland C. Greefkes, Box 14, Gilbertsville, NY 13776; 607-783-2114)



Magic Carpets A 19th-century Persian bag face (*above*) will be on exhibit at the sixth International Conference on Oriental Carpets in San Francisco. For information (415) 956-1011.

Soft Spot Known for its fine luggage, Ghurka offers a butter-soft leather library chair (*below*). In NYC (212) 826-8300; Santa Barbara (805) 966-1669.



notes



Westward, Ho The frontier lives on at Yippie-ei-o! (*above*). In Scottsdale (602) 423-5027; Santa Monica (213) 451-2520.



Benchmark L.A.'s Panache Antiques owner Gray Morell has created a Regency-style bench with acanthus leaf legs (*above*), (213) 653-9436. Also to the trade at Randolph & Hein showrooms.



Proper Drainage Philippe Starck has designed a colander (*left*), $425, for Alessi, (617) 932-9444.



Designs on China A Minton cup and saucer with pattern book, c. 1805 (*above*), are among the porcelains researched by David Battie for *Sotheby's Concise Encyclopedia of Porcelain* (Little, Brown, $50).



Dream Weaver Fashion designer Angel Zimick pairs 100 percent cotton pajamas and bed linens (*left*) in patterns from foliage to fringe, $100–$250. Available from Shrimpton & Gilligan, NYC (212) 254-1249, and MAC, San Francisco (415) 775-2515.



Best Dressed Rooms A 19th-century farmhouse (*above*) on the Chesapeake Bay is home to Laura Ashley's first country inn, the Inn at Perry Cabin, 308 Watkins Lane, Saint Michael's, Maryland. For reservations (800) 722-2949.



Season's Readings New design titles (*above*) include Suzanne Slesin, Stafford Cliff, and Daniel Rozensztroch's *Spanish Style* (Clarkson Potter, $45), Suzanne Massie's *Pavlovsk: The Life of a Russian Palace* (Little, Brown, $29.95), Jonathan Glancey's *The New Moderns: Architects and Designers of the 1990s* (Crown, $35).



Birthday Salute Stroheim & Romann introduces the Garden Party cotton toile (*above*) to celebrate its 125th anniversary. To the trade, (718) 706-7000.

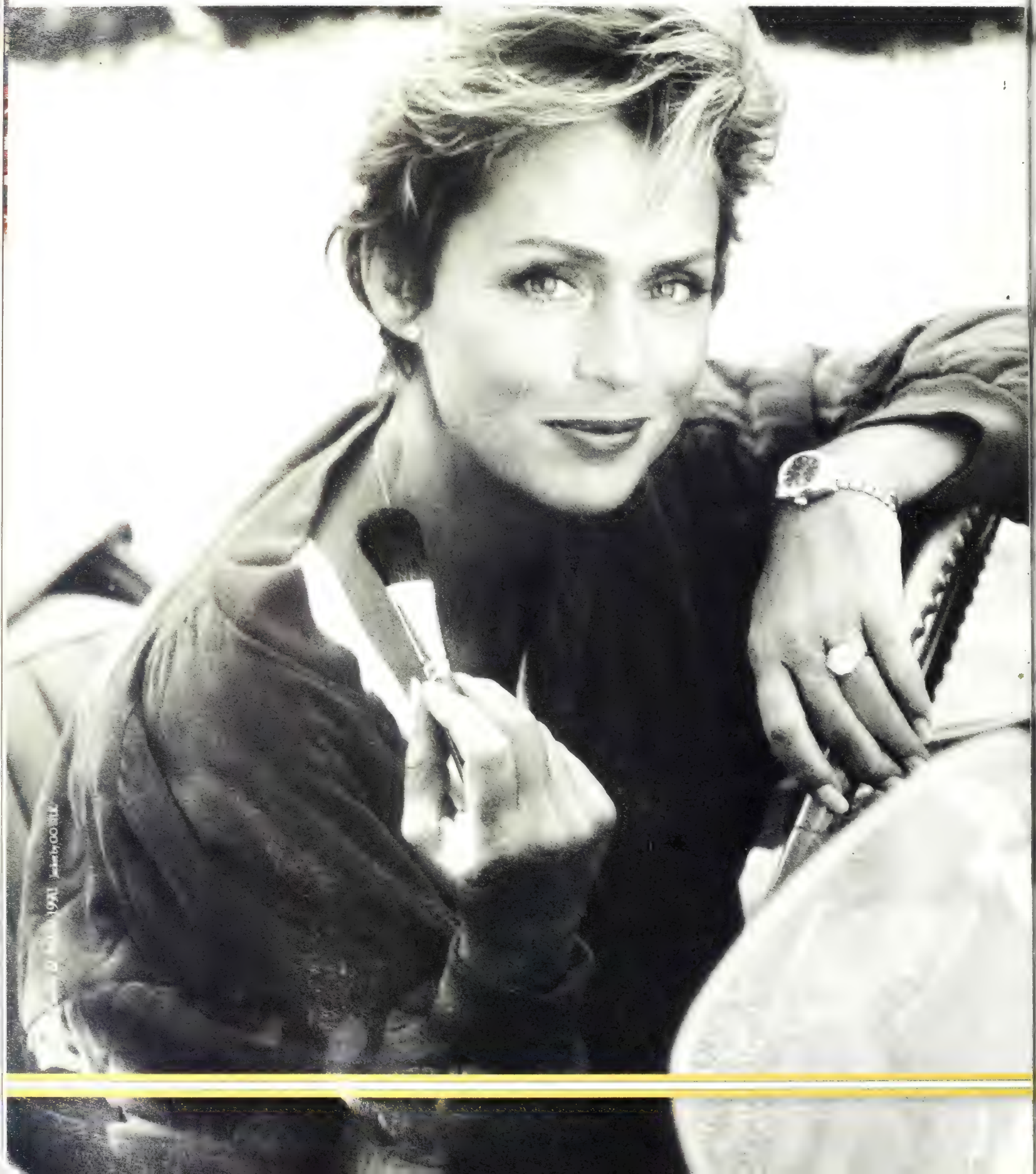


Gothic Mini-Revival A c. 1850 sterling inkstand (*left*) is among the 19th-century English furniture and decoration in "Memories and Visions: Historic Revivals and Modernism," Nov. 8–Dec. 3, at Dudley Annex, 29 East 64th St., N.Y.C. (212) 606-7160.



Triple Decker A Regency-style painted table (*left*), $1,600, is part of the Sudeley Castle Furniture Collection now available at George Smith Furniture Bennison Fabrics, 73 Spring St., NYC; (212) 226-4

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Cutting a Rug

It's shear madness when Elizabeth Browning Jackson puts her hand to rug design

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

Her rugs have been produced at a factory in Georgia for the past ten years, but no one could accuse Elizabeth Browning Jackson of not knowing how they are made. She has traveled to the Hebrides to study natural dyes, to Tunisia to take notes on "their beautiful patterned textiles," and to Sweden to spend a year shearing sheep, harvesting lichens for dyes, carding and spinning wool, and weaving.



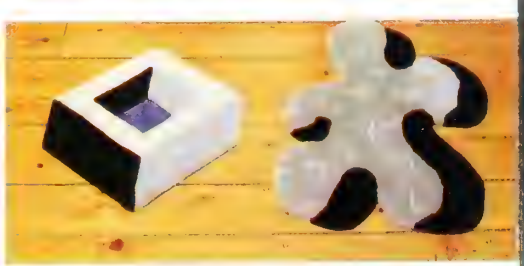
As far and wide as her research has taken her, Jackson ended up establishing her business practically down the road from where she grew up. "I was introduced to weaving in the seventh grade at a Quaker school in Providence, Rhode Island, and now my studio is a former Quaker meetinghouse in Westport, Massachusetts." Her studio provides not only a nice bit of continuity but also a perfect work space. Its main room, free of columns and partitions and full of natural light, is ideal for working out designs in full-scale. Better yet, the balcony affords a perch from which to review the colors and composition of each rug.

Jackson's one-of-a-kind and limited-edition rugs have both a visual and physical depth that reflect her background in sculpture, environmental art, and furniture design. "For a time, I was concentrating on shapes and cutouts in my three-dimensional work. Transferring the ideas to rugs was exciting." The designer experiments not only with cutting into the traditional rectangular format but also with varying the surface texture by changing the loop and by carving the pile with a tool not unlike the electric trimmers used to give dogs haircuts. Wools are all custom-dyed for each rug, often to match the colors in clients' decors, which range from colonial to contemporary. Recently she has been using gradations of vibrant hues to give shape to ideas rooted in nature.

Jackson produces rugs for herself, for gallery exhibitions, and on commission, with prices starting at $80 a square foot. She has also been exploring the possibility of putting her rugs into production so that more than a lucky few can take a walk on the wild and woolly side. ▲

Elizabeth Browning Jackson, Box 3001, Westport, MA 02790, (508) 636-6673; 92 Horatio St., New York, NY 10014, (212) 989-8734





In her Quaker meetinghouse studio, Elizabeth Browning Jackson, above left, surrounded by her finished rugs, works on a rug design. Far left: The designer with her Lightning rug. Left: Brilliant hues in her Set rug pick up the color of the hall beyond. Below: Two small rugs with added dimension.

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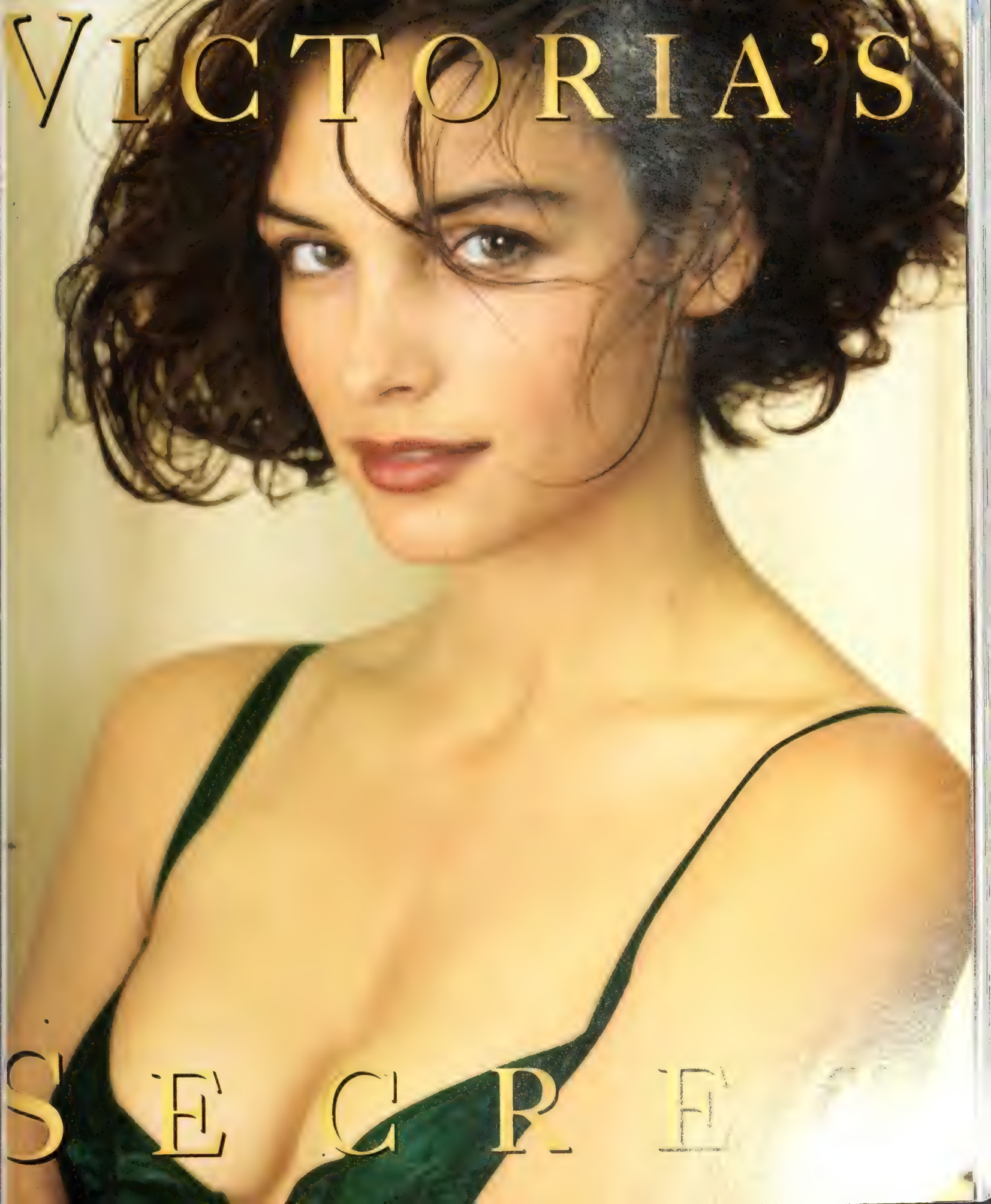
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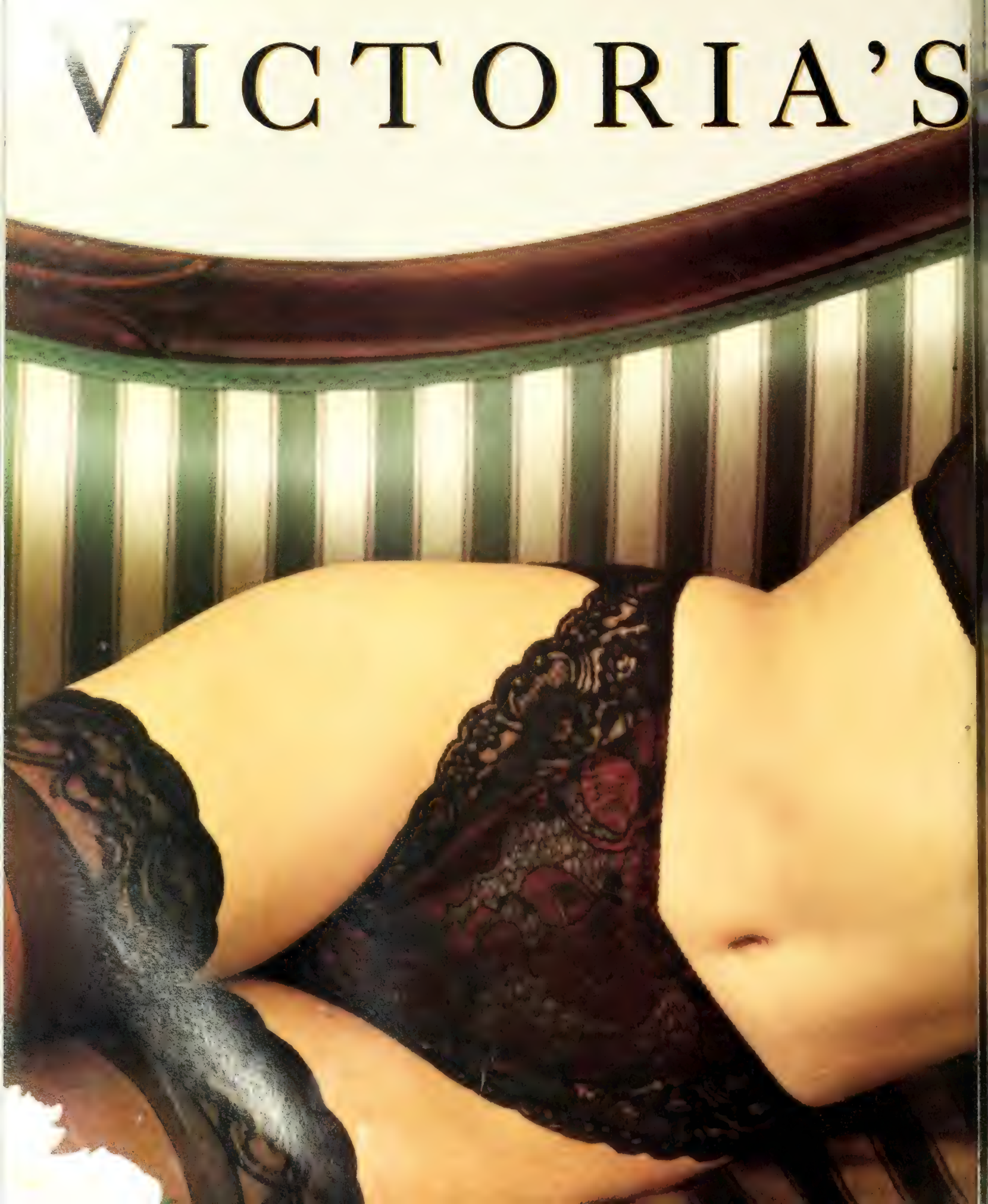
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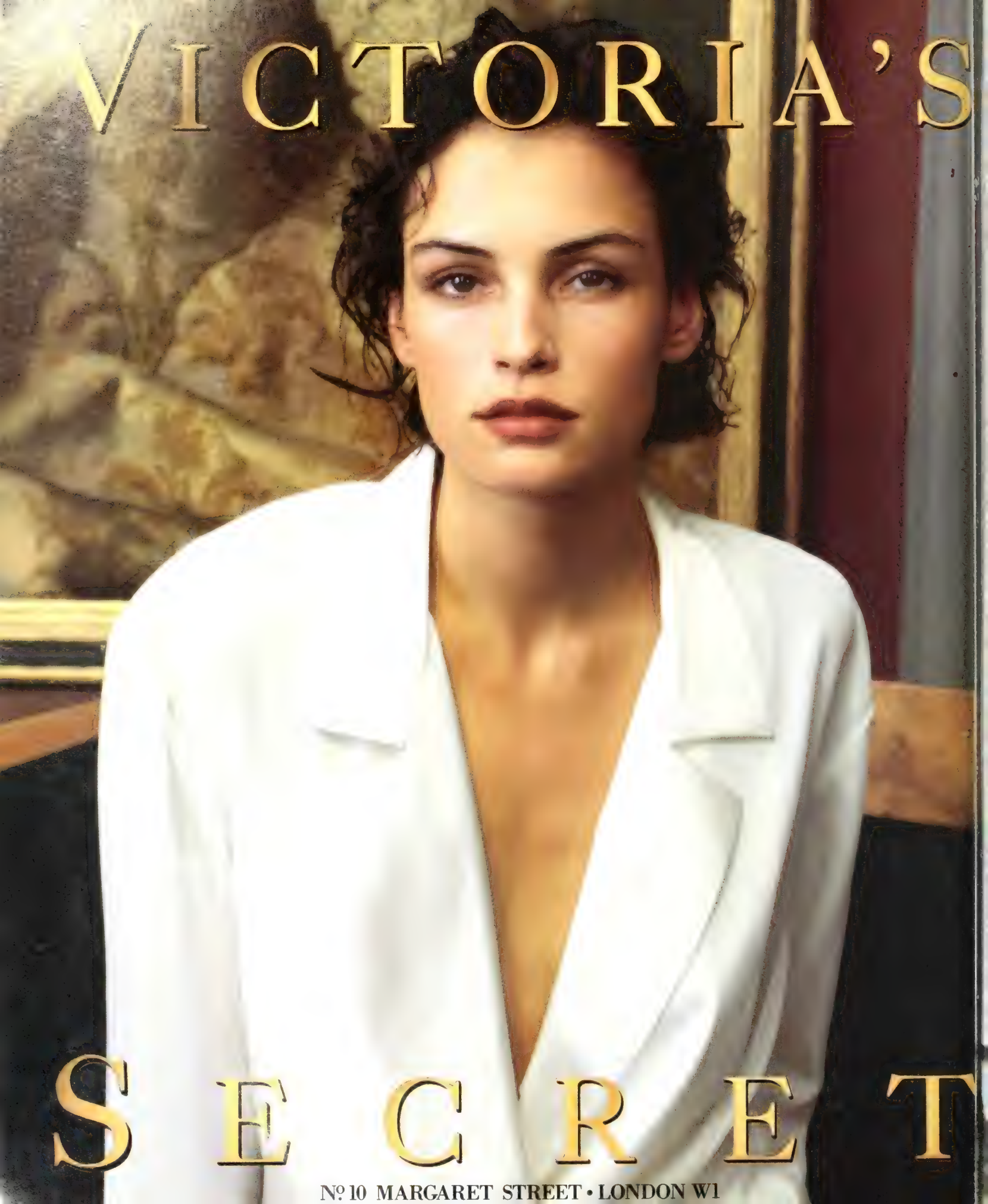
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Shingle-Minded Pursuits

A Massachusetts town is rediscovering its legacy of master builders

BY VINCENT SCULLY



The 1885 Rogers-Stanwood House, right, and left, has been renovated by architect Stephen Roberts Holt, whose great-grandfather's contracting firm, Roberts & Hoare, designed and built it.

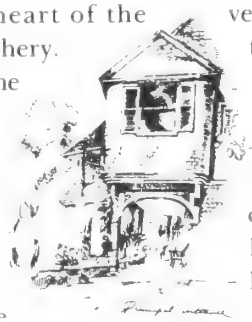


A sketch, right, of William Ralph Emerson's shingle-style Loring House near Manchester-by-the-Sea, constructed in 1883 by Roberts & Hoare. Below: Classical detail at Seaway, 1899.



Once upon a time, architects, who were less numerous than they are today, spent more time taking care of good old buildings than they did building bad new ones. This was true of most architects from antiquity into the nineteenth century. Preservation stood at the very heart of the profession, not on its periphery.

That the opposite has come to be the norm is a result not only of the demographic explosion of clients and architects alike but also of the romantic aesthetic of innovation, so essential to the avant-garde mystique of the modern movement as a whole. The result has, of course, been the breakdown of permanence and community. Everything has to be different from everything else and nothing is made to last. For young American architects to get along—first in school and then in practice—they have been required to opt for some kind of highly visible pseudo-originality. Otherwise their work will not be published.

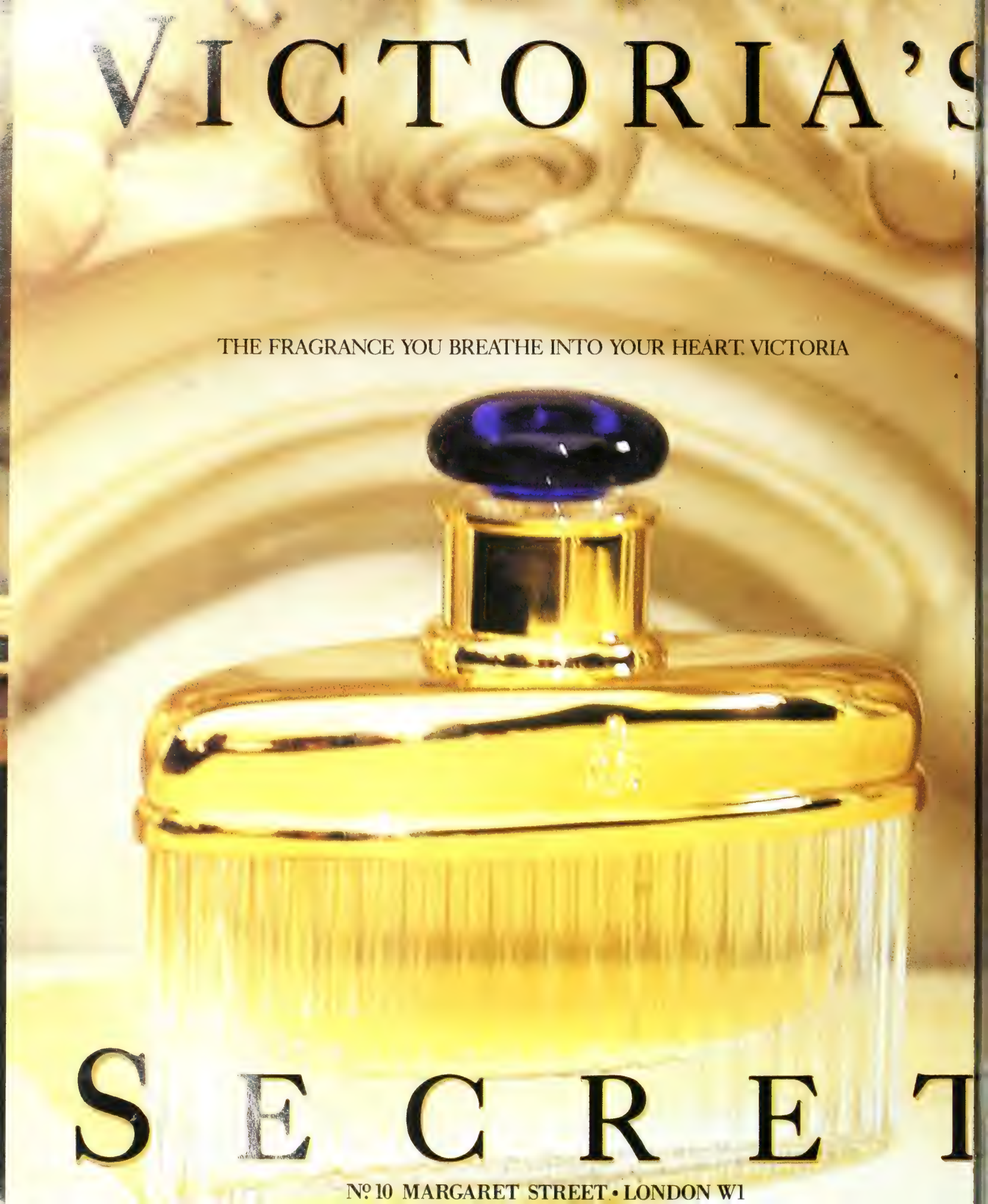


The work of Stephen Roberts Holt, a devoted and distinguished preservation architect in Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts, is a case in point. It has never been properly published because it is rarely visible at all. It is, instead, woven inextricably into the fabric of the great vacation houses that were built in and around Manchester during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, most of them by the local contracting firm of Roberts & Hoare, which was founded by Holt's great-grandfather.

When he graduated from the Yale School of Architecture in 1972, Stephen Holt had a clear choice before him. He could head for New York and the bright lights and the quick turnover or go back home to a practice which would by its very nature always be modest and restricted but which would also be founded upon a solid architectural tradition very much his own. The choice he made was surely conditioned also by the



The Rotunda, 1896, in Manchester Harbor


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Stephen Roberts Holt, above, next to a porch he restored. Left: The Ionic portico at Seaway, with the colonial revival spindrift beyond. Below and bottom right: Kragsyde, 1882, by Peabody & Stearns. Bottom left: The Loring House from the beach.



kind of education he had enjoyed under Charles Moore at Yale.

Moore was the cofounder, with Robert Venturi, of the revisionist movement that stuck the first pin into modernism's destructive pretensions and began the revival of the vernacular and classical traditions and their reintegration into the mainstream of contemporary design, which has been by far the most important architectural event of the past twenty-five years. It has in fact become a broadly popular movement of which, in turn, a considerable number of architects have become bitterly jealous in recent years, since it undermines their heroic stature as innovators and threatens their command of public taste.

Holt was wise in deciding to return to Manchester, because that little colonial and Greek revival harbor town was the center of a region that contained one of the richest collections anywhere of what now more than ever appear to be some of the most delightful houses ever built. The most distinguished of them all were the shingle-style summer cottages that began to appear in the 1870s and, joined by Palladian and other types, ontinued to be built right up into the 1920s. They were designed by some of the best architects in the country: McKim, Mead & White, Peabody & Stearns, Arthur Little, and, perhaps the best of all in this genre and in this area, William Ralph Emerson of Boston. H. H. Richardson, the father of the shingle style, is conspicuous by his absence.

All these architects and their affluent clients were drawn to the rugged coast that stretches from Salem to Gloucester for the very reasons that produced the shingle style itself: a new taste for summer living in one's own house, not a hotel, and a concomitant desire to make contact with the colonial past. One could live in what seemed to be the wild, privately commanding a deep rocky cove, but the old towns were also there, and the new suburban railroad ran right through the backyard, taking one to Boston in forty minutes. It was a soft primitivism, right enough, and was surely one more expression of the concentration of financial power during the late nineteenth century, of which the shingle-style cottages were the domestic complement to the many-storied office buildings that were rising downtown. Indeed, old photographs of the big new cottages show them looming in the landscape around Manchester at a scale so vastly larger than that of the town as to seem like skyscrapers themselves.

Then times changed; Stephen Holt came on the scene just at the moment when the life of those cottages was most threatened. The area around Manchester had never really recovered from the Great Depression, and the old summer families were selling off their houses or tearing them down or modifying them beyond recognition. One of the most famous and Richardsonian of them all, Kragsyde, by Peabody & Stearns, was totally demolished. (It is now being reconstructed by an enthusiast in Maine.) Arthur Little's Fort House lost its grand tower and is barely recognizable today. And his River House was cut down to the second floor, flat-roofed, hideously fenestrated, and resided. A comparison of before and after records the collapse of a civilization.

Big new cottages loomed above the coast like skyscrapers





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lopping off the top floors with all their dormers and towers was weirdly common in this area during the 1950s and '60s. It was, in part, simply a modernist reflex, and it destroyed many of the houses just prior to the moment when the new professional and popular appreciation of their special qualities would have saved them. Holt points out, however, that buildings along the coast at Manchester have always taken a terrible beating from the winter gales, a fact that at once helped create the shingle style and hastened its demise. Unpainted shingles, like those used in colonial New England, make by far the best surface cladding under such conditions, but the freedom of shingle-style forms and the complexity of their intersections also make leaks inevitable when the savage nor'easter blows.

> The freedom and complexity of shingle-style forms make leaks inevitable when New England's savage nor'easter blows

Holt looks back on the losses with sorrow, and yet his own presence in Manchester has clearly played a large part in changing the situation for the better during the past twenty years. Besides carrying out the kinds of renovations that all buildings constantly need—and educating owners to the virtues of what they have—he has tactfully accommodated contemporary styles of life. Many of the [illegible] kitchens in the basement, for example, counting on service of a kind no longer available or desirable. All are under-bathroomed by the present [illegible] shockingly substandard [illegible] of what was originally the [illegible] Seawood House, built in 1885 by Roberts & Hoare and apparently designed by them as well, manages to fit these things in without destroying the unique character of the architecture. The shingle style at its best is so flexible and free and easy that it can take intelligent alterations and additions much better than most kinds of building can.

This has been so in what I think is the very best of all the houses along this coast, and certainly one of the best preserved, despite the addition of a library wing. It is the Loring (now Codman) House at Pride's Crossing by William Ralph Emerson. In 1955 I reproduced the drawings of it done by E. Eldon Deane for the *American Architect and Building News* in 1884, but I am sorry to say that I had never visited the site until Stephen Holt took me there. It was worth the trip. Thirty-five years after publishing a book on the subject I have at last seen what may well be the finest surviving example of the shingle style.

The relation of the Loring House to its landscape of trees, beach, and islands is of an intimate grandeur worthy of the Sea of Japan, and the sequence of movement through its interior spaces, wherein the scale and the light are always eloquently changing, locks us into that landscape and frames its views more movingly, more nobly even, certainly more flexibly, than—I will say it—Frank Lloyd Wright himself was ever able to do. Anyway, the house suggests that kind of hyperbole. Emerson's sensitivity and Roberts & Hoare's craftsmanship are alike absolute, expressive of deep caring about every shape, every surface, inside and out.

Stephen Holt is now actively engaged in helping to ensure the continued existence of this magical building. We can only hope he succeeds in this as in his other work, since the role he has chosen is one that architects everywhere are going to have to take more and more seriously in the years ahead. The splendid preservation of the Loring House underscores its importance, as we stand on the beach looking up at the building growing out of the rock, while southward the chimneys of the power station at Salem stand out before the towers of Boston at the edge of the Atlantic. ▲

PHILIPPE DESHOULIERE

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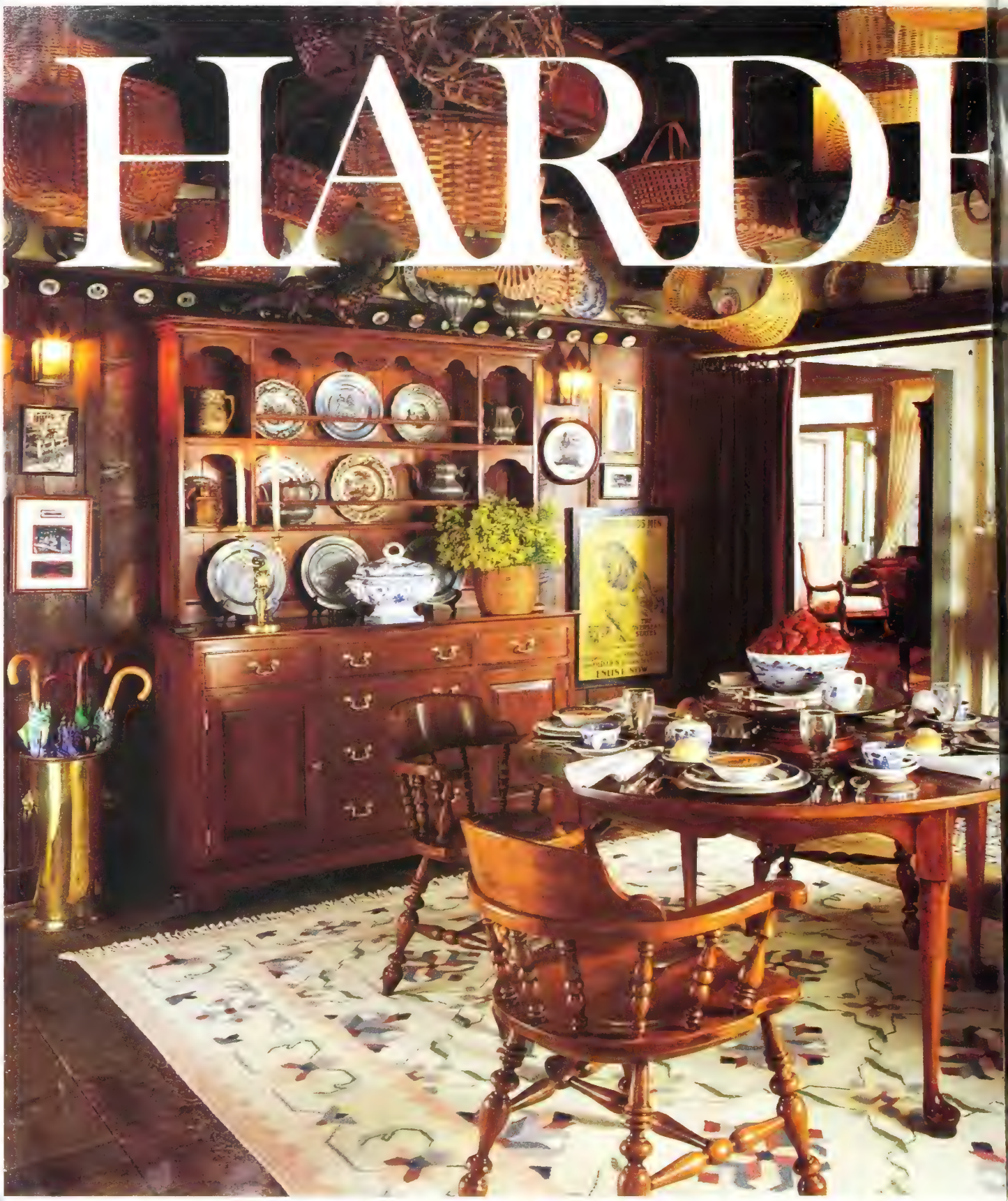
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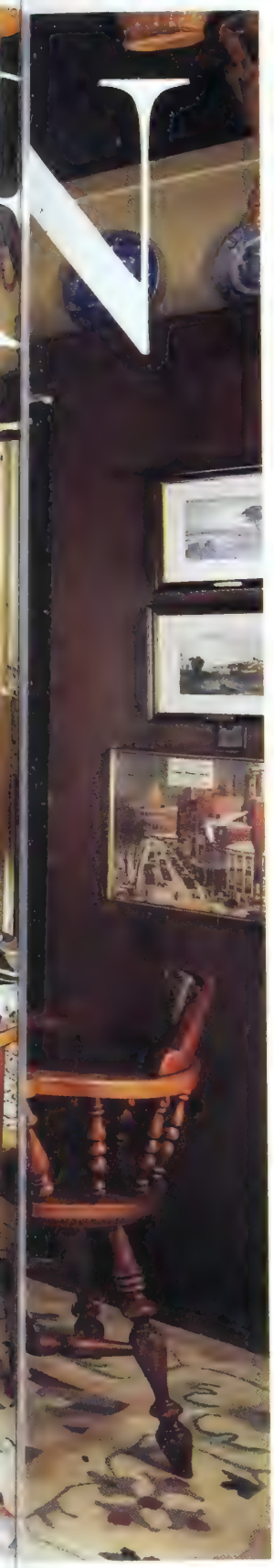
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Designer, photographer, and writer Inger McCabe Elliott, above, on her terrace with family and friends. Left: A Chinese portrait and other paintings above a Japanese pantry cabinet. Below: Le Corbusier furniture, antiques, and Indonesian textiles mix in the living room. Details see Resources.



Setting the Scene

Inger and Oz Elliott create a backdrop that allows their friends to shine

BY JOHN GUARE

It's always upsetting when friends move. I don't mean to another city. Friends changing locale within a city can mean friends changing themselves. What will the new rules be? When Oz and Inger Elliott told my wife and me they were thinking of moving, of course, I said, "Great!" but it was pure mixed emotions.

Oz is Osborn Elliott, who was the editor in chief of *Newsweek* magazine, then dean of the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, where he is now a professor. He is also founding chairman of the Citizens Committee for New York City, a neighborhood booster for the five boroughs. Inger McCabe Elliott is the author of the definitive book on batik and the founder and former president of China Seas, a textile and wallcovering house she recently sold to devote herself to photography, writing, and antiques dealing.

They have an enormous family of children and grandchildren and husbands and wives and friends that they have incorporated into the fabric of their lives. Their houses in New York and Connecticut bring all their worlds together and have long served as the scene for some extraordinarily comfortable evenings. Delightful Christmas Eve dinners. Birthdays. The fiftieth wedding anniversary party for Inger's parents. Graduations. Marriages. Evenings of election returns and fierce political discussions. At one birthday party a door opened and dancers from *Sophisticated Ladies* leapt out to perform a wild Duke Ellington number. "But the children have all moved out," Oz and Inger reasoned. "We will too." And so they're moving. It's not Chekhov. It's not a pack of cherry trees. But it is a place being left behind.

There's a theatricality to the houses Inger designs for her family; like great stage sets, the rooms supply the emotional framework for the event at hand. People behave differently at Inger's. People stand up and sing during dinner and say things they would normally keep to themselves. People shine. At Inger's, you don't say what an attractive house, you say what a wonderful place to be. My hunch is that Inger has always known how to design a house; but she tells me, most emphatically, no—she had to learn to educate her eye.

She spent her early childhood in Oslo in dark art deco rooms. The war made her family refugees. "We went across

CRI DU COEUR



ESCADA

BY MARGARETHA LEY

Neiman Marcus



Elliott exuberance. From top: Architectural ornaments on the terrace; a silver-painted staircase; pillows of cloud-patterned batik; the library with a screen made from a Chinese map; the terrace layered with Turkish kilims, a Chinese shawl, and China Seas fabrics.

At one party a door opened and Broadway dancers leapt out to perform a wild Duke Ellington number

gray Russia on the gray Trans-Siberian Railroad and took a gray ship to Japan and I looked out the gray porthole and saw gaily kimonoed ladies carrying purple and red umbrellas in the snow reaching up to sell us bright tangerines." But that was only an isolated event. When they relocated to New York, her parents duplicated dark Oslo green. After Cornell and Harvard, she got a job writing a world geography textbook. Choosing photographs for it led her to taking her own photographs. "My interest in the visual arts hit with a surprising shaming force—shaming because I was not fulfilling my parents' dreams. But I became a photographer for the same reason people become psychiatrists. You learn the darkest things about people in the most acceptable fashion." Her work appeared in *Life* and *Time*, among other publications, and she began to see in black and white, as if through a lens. "That was the best education," she says. "Because it taught me about the importance underlying structure."

In the 1960s she married and moved to Hong Kong and began to make terrific places to live. Years passed. Her life changed. She returned to New York, financially strapped, a single parent with five kids and a lot of batik. She married Oz and started China Seas and both were a success from the start.

Whenever she designs a new textile pattern, she photocopies it in black and white to see what the design truly looks like before committing to it. Early on she learned that color can fool you: "At one point I had to have an aqua bedroom, got my aqua bedroom, and then couldn't stand waking up in an aqua bedroom. Back to white again. Back to structure. I realized I like light and shadows and I like simplicity. What is style if not a way of getting to the intended point quicker?" And the intended point? "Making a background that allows people to shine."

And they moved.

One recent evening we sat at Oz and Inger's new place in a pavilion of batik tents on a wide terrace looking downtown, the sky red with sunset and neon. A play I had written called *Six Degrees of Separation*, inspired in part by an event in their lives, had opened at Lincoln Center. There was summer happiness in the air and great food and contentment. One guest made a long hilarious toast. Another played the piano, and we all sang. There was dark lively conversation about a mysterious event in the news that day. I realized that Inger's new home was already filled with the memorable feelings her other places had so generously bestowed. ▲

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Linda Wilson, Decorating Consultant
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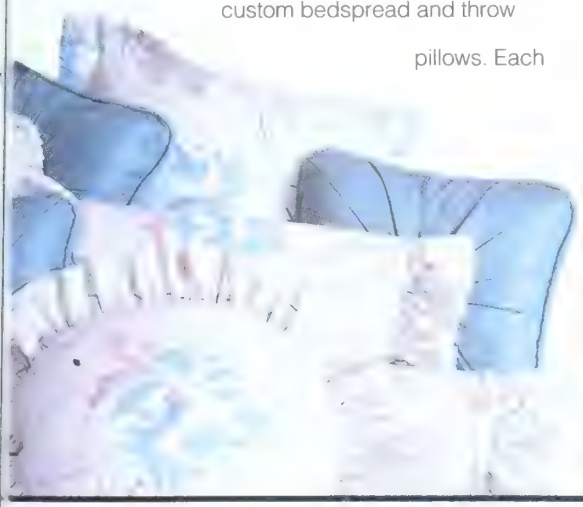
Mrs. Maria Featherston with husband Gary and daughter April.
Carmel, Indiana.

I needed a little reassurance. I really learned to trust her.

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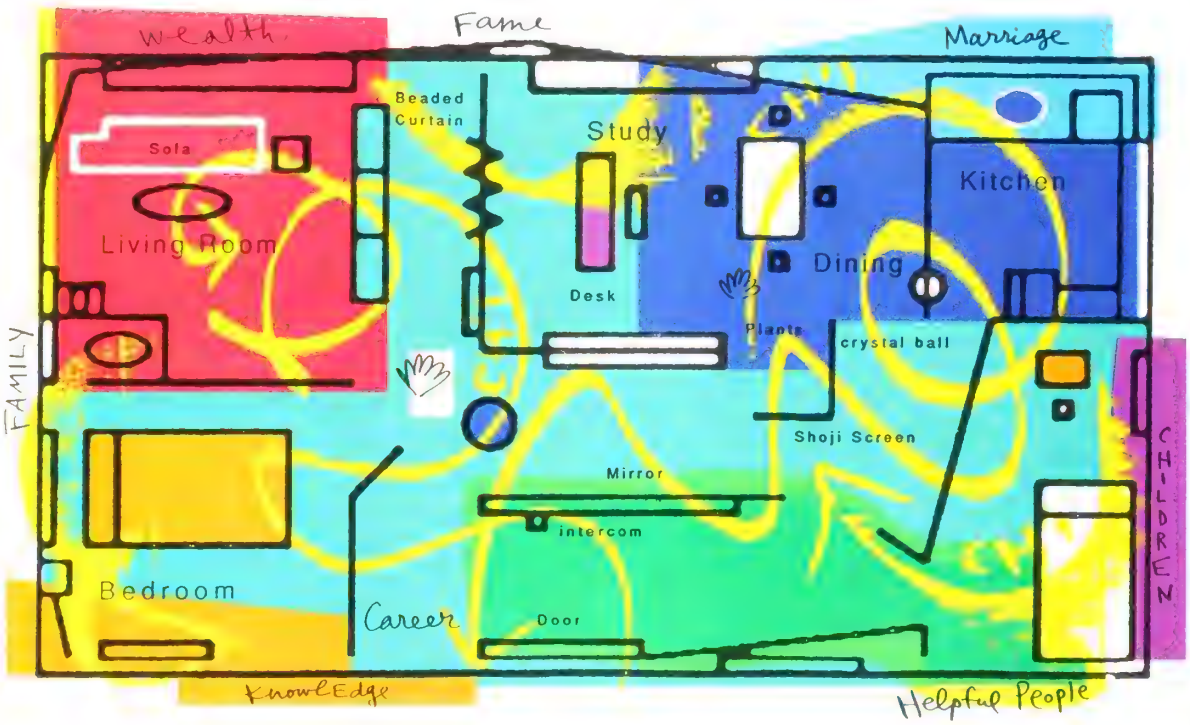
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Phooey Feng Shui

An ancient philosophy keeps a Western woman's furniture on the move

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK



To maintain healthy ch'i—the balance essential for well-being—feng shui teaches that every element in a building must be in harmony.

I had been back in New York a week, back for good, and my apartment resembled a faintly drafty Swedish schoolhouse. The floors were bare boards, the walls were white and sad. For years before leaving, and now upon return, I had resorted to the only solution, which was to move the furniture around so as to make the walls look less lonely. And this with the usual success, in that one wall would cheer up and the other three would instantly look bereft. The corners were in the wrong places, and at times the only thing that could furnish them appeared to be a punished Swedish schoolchild placed facing the angle. Following the Anthony Powell school of home improvement ("Books do furnish a room"), I went to Bookstore Co. to buy some more books.

[illegible] register was a volume entitled *Interior Design with Feng Shui* by one Sarah Rossbach. I opened it to read the following: "The permutations, from cosmic to atomic, resonate within us." That's it, I thought. A mystical Chinese approach to the problem that would use both the insights gained from subatomic physics and the wisdom of the East. Children sometimes get peculiar notions about certain rooms, certain closets, or angles that are bad, and other places—windowsills, often, and the space beneath tables—that are comforting and safe. I had seen no reason to outgrow this approach to my physical surroundings, one that is shared by Carlos Castaneda and indeed by most cleaning ladies.

Feng shui, as explained by Rossbach, turned out to be about ch'i—"the breath essential to maintaining physical, environmental, and emotional balance. The point of feng shui is to harness and enhance environmental ch'i to improve the flow of ch'i within our bodies, thus improving our life and destiny." Irresistible. Destiny through decor.

The main obstructions to the healthy flow of ch'i through a house, or in this case an apartment, are walls, beams, windows, corners, doors, steps, and the siting of the bed. Mine had all of these, as do most dwellings. I set out to inspect the defects, book in hand. The first thing I saw from the front door was the off-white plastic intercom set in a wall not five steps from the door. "If your entrance door opens onto a wall, then your ch'i will be blocked. Having to move around the wall as soon as you enter will affect your posture, and coming up against the wall will make you feel defeated, lowering your expectations in life." As my anxiety rose, I read that a mirror facing the door would help the ch'i to flow; it would also require begging the management company to move the damn intercom.

Now came the problem of protruding corners. Feng shui has it that a room is determined by the placement of the door, "the mouth of ch'i." The far right-hand corner is that of marriage, the far left-hand corner is that of wealth, and the point between the two is that of fame. The left wall seen from the door is family, the right wall is children. On a line with the door, the left side is knowledge, the center is career, and the right side is helpful people. This symbolic octagon applies to the total shape of the house as well. I scrutinized the living room; wealth and marriage had little corners jutting into them, not good. The book suggested putting wind chimes on either side of the protrusions, hanging a crystal ball or a plant in front of the angle.

The bed, said the book, should be catercorner to the door so that I could see intruders as they arrived, and the door should be hinged to open onto the room so that said intruders could not use the door to protect themselves from the blast of



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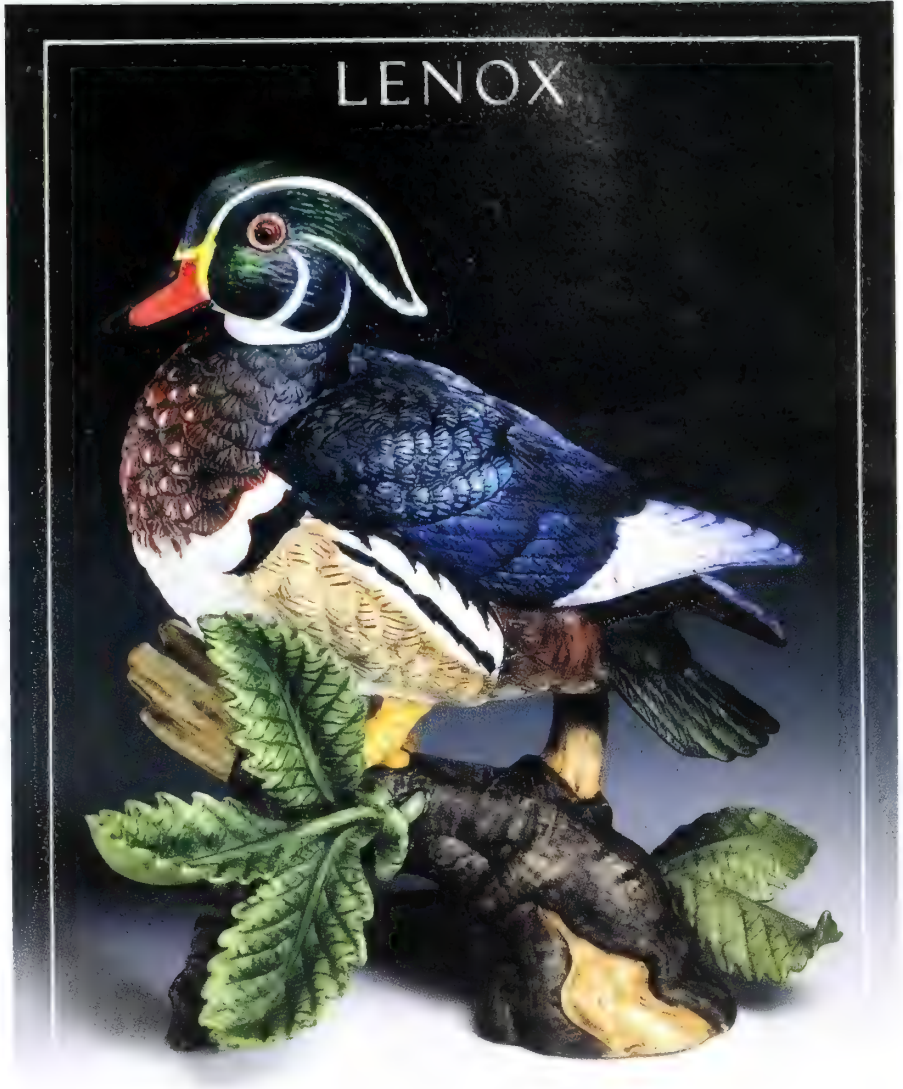
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my twelve-bore shotgun. My one objet de vertu is a sleigh bed with the foot as high as the head. Catercorner to the door, it would only obstruct the view of whatever was creeping in, though the wealth corner was not to be sneezed at. The marriage corner would mean being in front of the window, in the drafty American style that keeps chiropractors in business. Furthermore, if the bed were in the marriage corner it would be in a most inauspicious position, as my feet would be facing the door. Exactly, said the book, like a coffin in a mortuary. "In China, as in other countries, the corpse is traditionally taken out feet first." Forget it.

The spare bed in the study had long been the safest place in the apartment. When I bought the book, the bed faced the door; I moved it at once to a spot between the marriage corner and the children wall, which is occupied by floor-to-ceiling bookcases. I perched on the bed and read on: "Beams" was the heading. A beam over the head of the bed caused migraines; over the stomach, ulcers; over the feet, it "may limit the sleeper's mobility geographically and in life." I looked up; a beam crossed the head of the bed, and another crossed right over where my feet would be. I would move the bed to a more propitious site and replace it with one of the desks. But I read on: "Beams over a work space can be debilitating." Which was more important, work or health and happiness? Of course, it was imperative that in a study the desks should be situated for maximum energy and sense of conviction. On the other hand, the study bed was the safest place in the apartment.

The obvious answer was that the placement of the bed in the bedroom had to be perfected so that work could carry on in the study without the obligation of giving the secondary bed the best spot. I went back into the bedroom and saw that in terms of beams I had the choice of migraine, ulcers, colitis, or a lack of mobility should they run perpendicular to the massive mahogany sleigh thing, or estrangement from my mate should they run parallel; the third choice was simply to align my body with the beam above and risk no more than a constant oppression in my sleep. The book's solution: "Hang two bamboo flutes with red ribbons wrapped around them to create a ba-gua formation with the beam, thus imitating the auspicious octagon of the *I Ching*."

It was with some trepidation that I crept into the kitchen, to discover that according to feng shui, the fact that the stove faced away from the door would hurt my nerves as well as my finances. Mirrors behind the stove were the suggested cure. In the front hall I looked up to find beams bearing down on my ch'i; the book advised masking the beams with a shoji screen set into the ceiling, with "warm fluorescent lights" behind it. Next I checked the alignment of the doors and saw with feng shui eyes that the ch'i could get a little too speedy between the study and the bedroom. The book advised beaded curtains.

I moved the sofa so that it would make a ba-gua octagon in the living room, and carried the armchairs hither and thither until the shape created was at once convivial and auspicious. Then I read my list: mirrored wall, wind chimes, crystal ball, hanging plants, flutes wrapped with red ribbon, shoji screen for the ceiling, and beaded curtains. I envisioned the effect and realized that it would not appear so much Chinatown sublet as Swedish schoolhouse Chinese restaurant, and forgoing the wisdom of subatomic physics and the ancient East, I took a cab down to ABC Carpet to buy two Chinese rugs that almost looked like Victorian needlepoint.

I still move the bed every few months, gambling that a little bit of a stomachache is a small price to pay for true love or that, since I need to work hard, it's as well not to travel. I have discovered that I have only two fundamental rules: make sure that everywhere you might want to sit is soft and everywhere you might want to work is hard. Because wherever you can sit you can also sleep and wherever you can type you can also eat. From this evolve two simple rules. Do not sit on the stove. Do not type in bed. As for the rest, I shall simply have to wish for things to work out, like everyone else does. ♠

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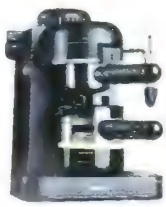
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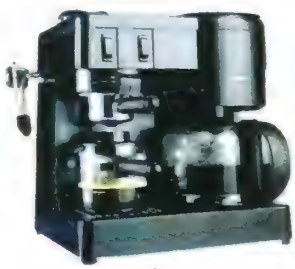
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A Meissen hunting cup, right, made for Augustus III, c. 1741. Top: Tortoiseshell, silver, and ivory adorn an Augsburg mirror, c. 1710. Above: Oriental-influenced Meissen, c. 1730. Left: A gilded faience heating stove from Schloss Seehof, c. 1750.

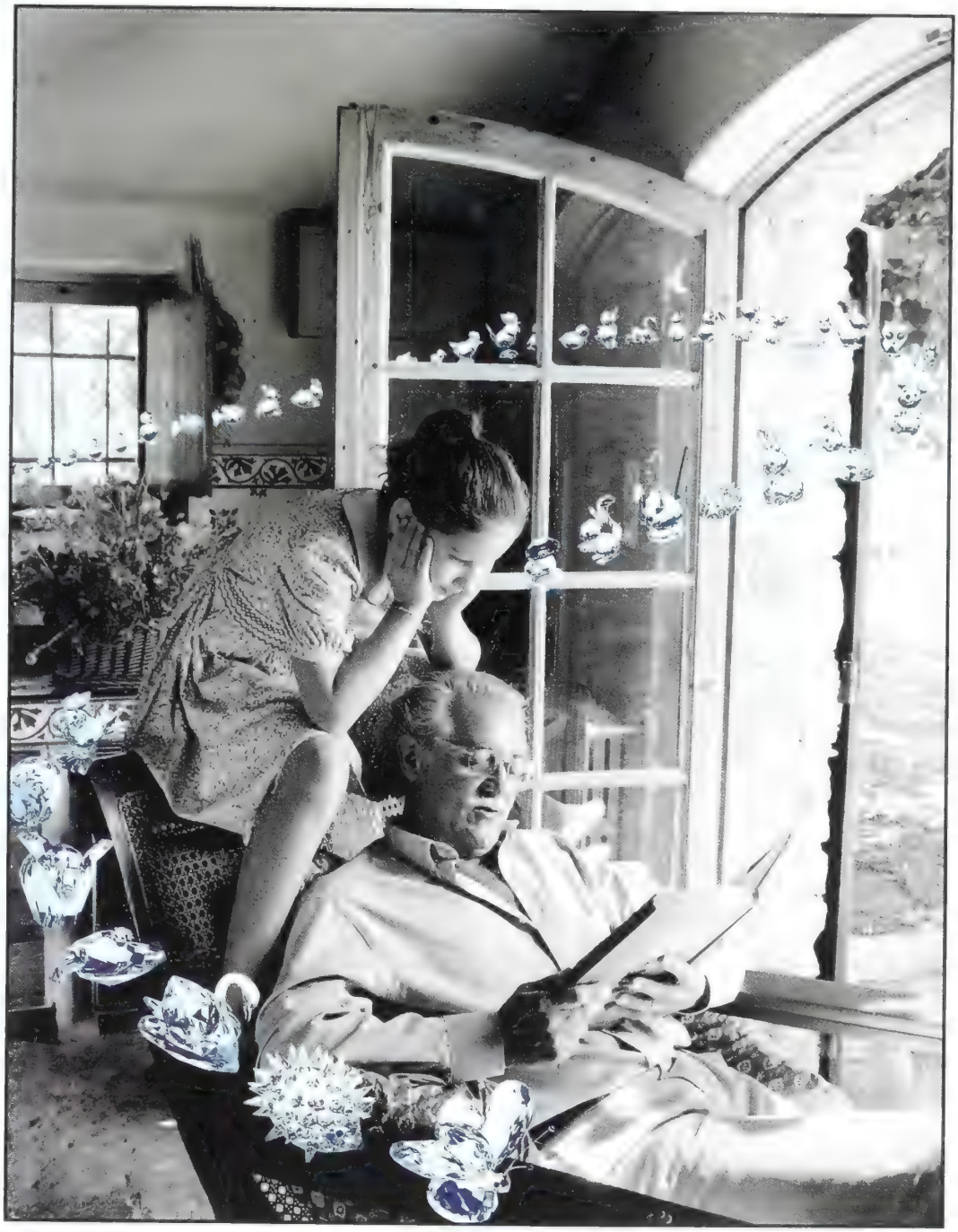
faced man famous for his ability to drink anyone under the table, the elector enjoyed all the sybaritic pleasures: he had countless mistresses who bore a regiment of illegitimate children, he bedecked himself with jewels, and he made sure that everything around him answered to the same luxurious standard. Luckily, he was not content with trifles like his gold and diamond coffee set: an avid collector of oriental ceramics, he also founded the first European hard-paste porcelain manufactory at Meissen.

From the beginning, Augustus demanded that its output be of the highest quality. But since there was, after all, no Western tradition to rely on, some early designers turned to what they knew best and started making oriental-inspired porcelain. Simple harmonious forms, clear strong colors, and elegantly sparse decoration characterize this early phase of Meissen, before the European rococo prevailed. The factory also grew able to produce unusually large objects. A pair of glazed white lions, about half life-size, at the Metropolitan are a perfect case in point. Gently melancholy but wholly majestic, the lions have all the appeal of overgrown lap dogs.

Animals remained a constant subject. There is, for instance, the vast dinner service made for Count von Brühl, director of the Meissen factory, in which swans appear on everything from plates to life-size bird tureens. Stags were represented again and again: like all their fellow rulers, the electors of Saxony loved to hunt, and the hunting cup was a favorite motif. A particularly fine porcelain cup was made for Augustus III, who was elected king of Poland after his father's death. Designed by Johann Joachim Kändler, this covered vessel is topped by a stag at bay while a hunter in the yellow and blue livery of the Saxon court blows his horn at the base. The subject is typical of German princely taste: it manages to be both aristocratic—only nobles were allowed to hunt—and amiably down-to-earth.

The ingenuity of Central European designers did not stop at purely decorative objects. Great skill was lavished on faience stoves, for example, in a region where winters are cold. Usually fed from an adjoining room, so that you could stay warm without being disturbed by a servant, rococo stoves are imaginative and amusing. A classic example at the Metropolitan is embellished with trophies and garlands of flowers and crowned by an urn perpetually venting gilded puffs of smoke. Nothing could be more characteristic of the age the museum has set itself to represent, and because there is no attempt at re-creating an imaginary period room out of disparate elements, each object proclaims the aesthetic sovereignty of the court it once served. ▲

ble of supplying the grand white and gold panels that adorned palaces throughout Europe, but it is in less conventional objects that we see all the charm of regional baroque and rococo. Several of the Metropolitan's most exceptional pieces come from the court of Saxony. Although the electors of Saxony had always been among Germany's richest princes, they attained new heights of magnificence when, in 1697, Elector Augustus the Strong also became king of Poland. A large, loud, red-



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Conventional Wisdom

A writer retreats from fantasy to a world of everyday comfort

BY MICHAEL CRICHTON





Michael Crichton, above, in his library. Right: *Pilgrim Bottle* by ceramist Albert Green rests on a Thai lacquered chest beside the living room sofa. Claes Oldenburg's *Two Fag Ends Together*, 1972, hangs next to Thai temple doors. Top right: Jasper Johns's *Two Flags I*, 1973, on the mantel.



Many popular activities of everyday life seem to me inexplicable: I just don't get them. I've never been attracted to games or gambling, I don't know how to play most games, I cannot understand why anyone would want to gamble or go to Las Vegas. I find spectator sports dull and don't follow them. And I have never been attracted to the idea of designing and constructing my own living space, to the idea of making an environment for myself. I much prefer to adapt to a space that is already there. For most of my adult life I have rented houses, not wishing to be bothered with ownership, let alone the rituals of ripping out walls, custom-designing furniture, and doing all the other things that my friends inflict on their residences.

I'm sure these personality traits are explained by the fact that I spend my time writing fiction. Certainly that explains my indifference to games: after a day of bluffing, feinting, and scheming on the word processor, I have no desire to sit down before a chessboard. Similarly, the gambler's adrenaline rush comes often enough in work that it seems artificial to provoke it with a card game. And after spending all day in a world of my own devising—where characters, settings, events, and even weather are under my control—I have no desire to come home to a physical environment built to my specifications. The very idea strikes me as revolting.

To me, a specially made environment does not imply security and stability but rather artifice and transience, as if a movie set had been erected for my residence. Occasionally in my mind I see time-lapse images of some poor house, each successive owner adapting it to his taste in turn, bemoaning the awful taste of the previous owner while ripping out floors and walls and windows, until a subsequent owner, similarly bemoaning his predecessors, puts it all back again.



Taylor Crichton plays with her mother, Anne-Marie, in a Joe glove chair between fertility masks from New Guinea. Details see Resources.

I want no part of this cycle. I want a house I can touch and say, "This was here before I came to it." My present house is typical: my wife, Anne-Marie, bleached the floors and planted the garden, but otherwise nothing has been done. Not even minor cosmetic changes. My office at home has a bare light bulb in the ceiling, and when I moved in, I thought, "I'll have to do something about that." Three years later the bare bulb is still there.

The last house I owned was designed by Richard Neutra. I did nothing to it, either, for a long time. It was an elegant bachelor pad, all jutting glass, waterfalls, and mountain views. In comparison, friends consider my present house to be, well, extremely conventional. Chuck Arnoldi calls it a "real grown-up's house." Jay Chiat calls it a "TV sitcom house." When architects visit, they say

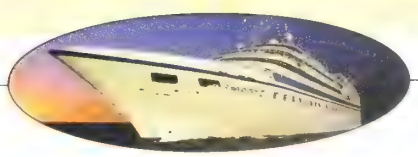
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"Umm" and "Hmm" and sometimes cough. It's just so—conventional. But I've become fond of this conventional house. It has many virtues. It's not obtrusive. It doesn't shriek, "Look at me, I'm *designed*!" The rooms are comfortable, and we've furnished them minimally. When I look around, I see family and artwork, not the ghost of an autocrat who sculpted the spaces in a way that always reminds me of his presence, like a tombstone set in the living room.

Nor does this house exist to make a statement to visitors, proclaiming how hip and slick its occupants are. I'm tired of all that. Living in a house for show is like wearing shoes that always pinch. What's the point? This is an actual residence. My family and I live here. It's not styled Bauhaus bare, so the rooms can withstand a fair amount of clutter (as they must, with my two-year-old daughter, Taylor, and her friends running around). You can put your feet up on all the tables and chairs. You can put glasses on all the surfaces. No worrying about wet rings or scratches. I'm tired of that, too. You don't have to tiptoe through this house. And if Taylor paints the walls or furniture, it's not the end of the world. Anything I really care about is more than four feet above the ground.

I don't write much in this house, just on weekends. I have an office about a

Chuck Arnoldi calls it a "real grown-up's house." Jay Chiat calls it a "TV sitcom house." Architects say "Umm" and "Hmm"

mile away, and I go there every day between five and six in the morning; I return around four in the afternoon. Often I come home for lunch. Most nights we all eat dinner together at six thirty. (Another of my eccentricities is that I like to eat dinner in daylight. My daughter is merely an excuse for a lifelong preference.) Anne-Marie and I don't go out much. It seems to us that family life is important, and we find most socializing lifeless and mundane.

My work seems to spring from life in this house, sometimes in unexpected ways. Two years ago I found myself buying dinosaurs for Taylor, until Anne-Marie finally announced that we had one triceratops too many. Later, still preoccupied with dinosaurs and children, I began to write *Jurassic Park*. I've recently started a new book, *The Old World*, also suggested by events at home. This has been a happy house, during the time we've been here. I consider myself fortunate. Work has gone well and my family feels good here. We're all growing and healthy. There's not much else to say. I don't think much else matters. ▲



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Sissinghurst Grows Up

Nigel Nicolson writes about the celebrated garden created by his parents, Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson

"Sissinghurst is not what it was," say a few knowledgeable visitors. No, it isn't, nor should it be. A garden is not like a painting—inanimate, ruined by alteration. It is a living, growing, changing work of art. Plants die, new ones are introduced. The soil welcomes or rejects. Drought, frost, tempest, plant disease, birds, insects, and old age do the damage at Sissinghurst; accident rarely does and vandalism almost never, not even by the picking of a flower.

The garden changes because we do not slavishly replace a plant that dies with the same plant in the same place. We experiment, as Vita Sackville-West always did, with new varieties and different groupings, carrying round a flower (as she did too) to try its color against others before planting it, and quite ruthlessly exterminate the failures.

[illegible] if the detail changes, the plan and [illegible] scheme remain the same. The [illegible] determined by the buildings, [illegible]alls, and hedges which enclose [illegible] and divide them into the ten separate [illegible]ens Harold Nicolson designed [illegible]rly 1930s. His purpose, he explained [illegible]s to combine "expectation with surp[illegible]"—the expectation that there is a great deal more to find and the surprise of finding it. So he contrived vistas to cross the garden north-south and east-west, though they conceal more than they reveal, and you must walk down them toward a terminal statue or a view over the distant Weald to discover what he called his "succession of privacies."

He created all this in the intervals of his exceptionally busy life as writer, journalist, and member of Parliament. His execution of the garden was rather amateurish, for while he took great pains in drawing out the plan on paper, when he translated it to the ground, there could be, and were, errors of alignment. The Yew Walk, for example, kinks unalterably because we staked it out at night (he measuring, I, aged thirteen, torchbearing) and we could not see it from end to end.

Vita gratefully accepted his squares, oblongs, circles, and semicircles as canvases for her "paintings with flowers." He preferred symmetry, neatness, she irregularity, abundance.





The Lime Walk, top, beyond the yew Rondel and the Cottage Garden. Above: Vita Sackville-West wrote in the tower that rises above yarrow, Maltese cross, foxtail lilies, and meadow rue. Right: The White Garden.

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But only one horticultural fight between them is recorded, when they disagreed about the massing of azaleas on one side of the Moat Walk. She wanted them spaced separately, he in a tight long block. "We part," wrote diarist Harold, "not as friends." But here, as elsewhere in the architecture of the garden, he got his way, though her contribution must be acknowledged as the greater, for the imaginativeness of her planting schemes. Sissinghurst is Vita's romantic version of Harold's classicism, and somehow it works, works superbly.

The garden has become one of the best known in England since the National Trust acquired it in 1967. Eleven thousand people came here in the year of Vita's death, 1962; 166,000 in 1989. Would she be pleased? Undoubtedly this amount of attention is flattering, though she would have been appalled by the apparatus it brings with it, the car park, lavatories, shop, and restaurant. In her day a visitor would occasionally drop a shilling into an empty cigarette tin at the entrance; today you pay £4 and are counted by an electronic eye. But Vita would have been happy to find her ideas and color schemes consecrated, the plants she loved (old roses, peonies, clematis) flowering in abundance, and those she disliked (rhododendrons, cabbage roses) expelled.

She would notice how ingeniously the head gardeners, Pamela Schwerdt and Sibylle Kreutzberger, who were here for the last three years of her life, have managed to extend the season at each end, April into mid October. Roses and colchicums flower in the orchard after the daffodils have had their day, tulips and wallflowers in the White Garden at the start of the season, dahlias and Michaelmas daisies at the end. The exception is the Lime Walk, which is so stuffed with spring bulbs that it is impossible to plant it for summer flowering, and only forget-me-nots and scarlet impatiens in urns provide a splash of July color.

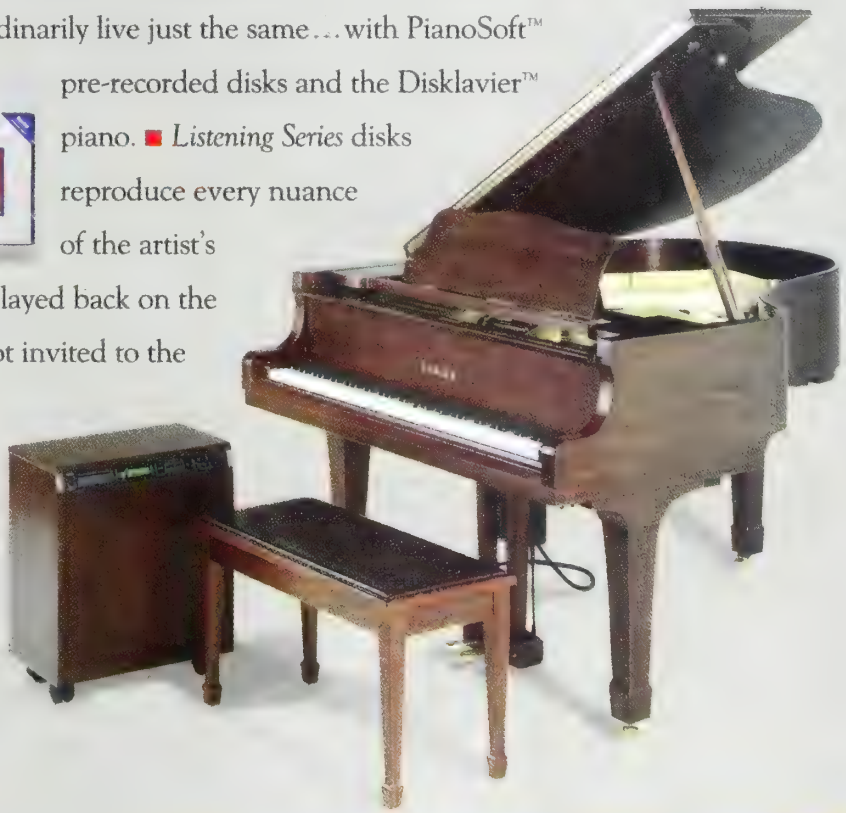
A garden is like a hospital. Its beds (how appropriate the term) are filled and refilled as the season progresses, and each occupant has its special needs. All that is lacking is a geriatric ward.



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A Lutyens garden seat in a yew crescent at one end of the azalea-lined Moat Walk.

Some roses planted in the 1930s require only an annual pruning. Acanthus, dictamnus, and peonies can flower happily for twenty years without attention.

A familiar criticism of Sissinghurst is that it is too tidy: "Vita would be horrified." She wouldn't be. She would welcome stone paths where she could afford only cement. It was always her delight to see hedges clipped to perfect symmetry, lawns like billiard tables, and tall plants staked against ungainly flopping. She allowed wildflowers to invade her garden. They still do. She fought an unending battle against weeds, using ground cover and spent hops as her adjutants, and the only change she would find today is the substitution of cedar bark for hops. No, she wanted her garden to be well kempt but not municipalized, and it isn't.

But the crowds. Do they destroy the serenity of Sissinghurst? Marginally. It is surprising how easily four hundred visitors can be lost in six planted acres, hidden from each other by walls and hedges, when the same number in an open stretch of ground might seem a multitude. A garden, after all, is not unlike a picture gallery. Visitors come to walk and look, not touch and play. The Tate Gallery is not thought overcrowded when it contains twice our numbers in half the space. Little annoyance or frustration is evident in either place. The garden scene is calm and tolerant; many people are making notes of what they might grow themselves.

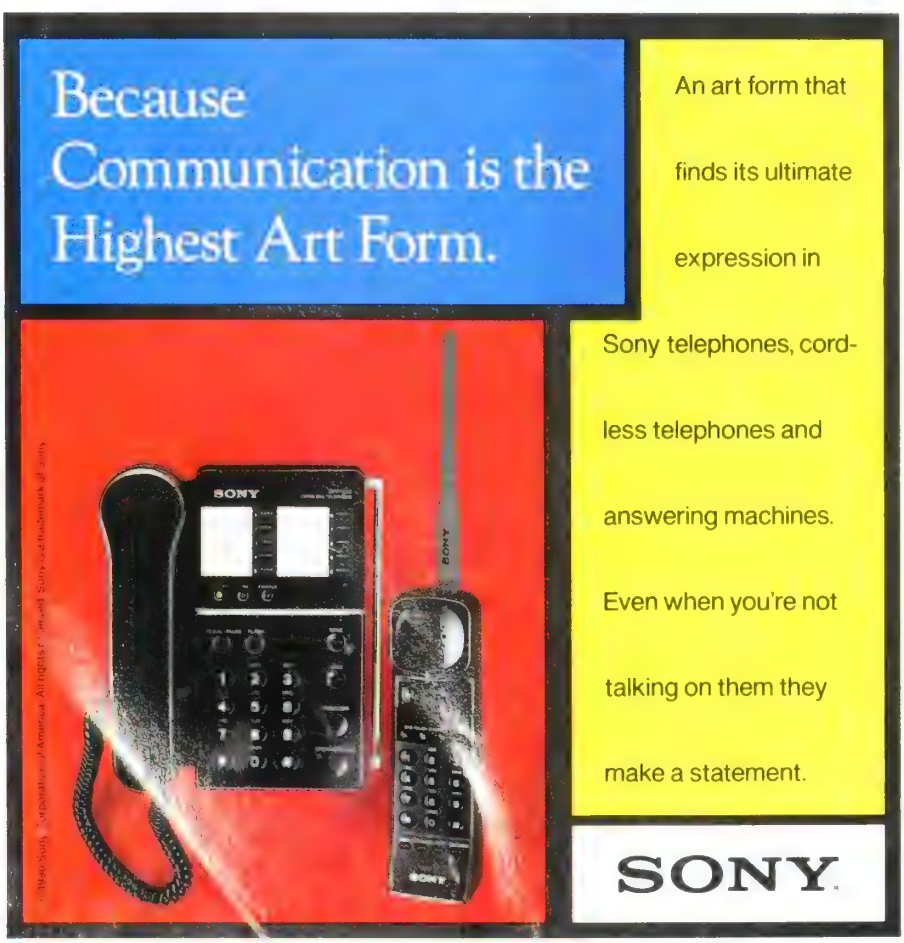
We raise most of the plants in our own greenhouses and cold frames and sell the surplus to visitors, giving temporary lodging to new plants in the nursery area to watch their behavior for a year before admitting them to the garden or flower stalls. Some plants are renewed from root cuttings, others from stem cuttings or by division, and all annuals and perennials are raised from seed. The rotation reaches its climax just before we reopen to the public on April 1, or Easter if earlier.

It is an event to which I always look forward. I am often asked if we who live here find the presence of strangers disturbing. No more than a city dweller minds pedestrians outside his window, and in a garden there is no other traffic. Without visitors the garden could not survive. They pay for its upkeep. With them we share a pleasure. To confine an elaborate garden to its family and their friends would be like leaving a book unpublished or a painting unexhibited. It demands an audience.

What do they leave behind? Litter? Very little. The grass is worn away where people funnel from one separate garden to the next or at what the gardeners call "admiration patches" where visitors stand and stare. These are almost the only indications after six in the evening that a crowd has siphoned in and out. Though some speak of limiting the crowd to four hundred at a time, I see no method of enforcing this except by raising the entrance fee to a level unacceptable to the National Trust or by turning people away when they may have come a great distance—it always seems to be California or New Zealand—to see what is advertised as open.

The law of averages is surprisingly consistent. The four hundred never surge beyond five hundred, and even five hundred are tolerable for rare and short occasions. Pam and Sibylle would not agree. They find a precious fragile plant squashed by errant feet, and who can blame them for saying that the more visitors we admit the fewer plants we shall have to show them?

For visitors information: Sissinghurst Castle Garden, near Cranbrook, Kent; (580) 712-850. Sissinghurst: Portrait of a Garden *by Jane Brown, foreword by Nigel Nicolson, will be published this month by Harry N. Abrams.* ♠



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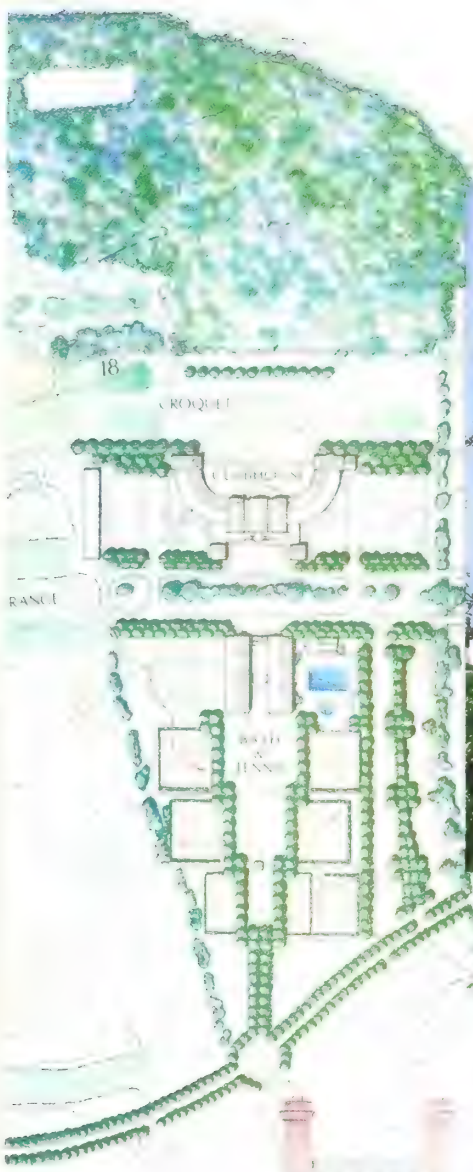


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Georgian on Their Minds

A new community draws on the classic architecture and landscape of America's rural past BY DOUGLAS BRENNER





Leslie Wexner, at left, above, and John Kessler in front of Thierry Despont's full-size study model for a corner of Wexner's house. Top: New Albany Country Club, by architect Jaquelin Robertson of Cooper, Robertson. Above left: Part of Hanna/Olin's landscape plan. Below: A Robertson-designed house.

You used to be able to take it for granted that when architecture buffs talked about a trip to Columbus, they meant Columbus, Indiana, the city where, for nearly half a century, a single patron has commissioned a varied roster of modern design stars to produce signature buildings all over town. Starting last year, though, when Peter Eisenman's controversial Wexner Center for the Visual Arts opened at Ohio State University, another Columbus was suddenly on the map. And now, with a nationally prominent team of designers creating a projected 5,000-acre community in and around the 153-year-old town of New Albany, Ohio, twelve miles from downtown Columbus, everyone's architectural Baedeker will have to be revised.

If Columbus, Indiana, is a landmark of aesthetic individualism, New Albany promises to be a monument to harmonious collaboration on a grand scale rarely seen since the 1920s. From apartment buildings, town houses, and free-standing houses at an average density of one dwelling per acre to mansions on sites of anywhere from 3 acres to 350, every new structure must be Georgian in style, preferably in the hallowed manner of Tidewater Virginia and the Carolinas. The country club, which architects Cooper, Robertson & Partners modeled after eighteenth-century plantation houses, will soon break ground along with several houses by the same firm. And construction is already well under way on Thierry Despont's Palladian designs for the estates of the two partners behind the entire project, retailing magnate Leslie H. Wexner, founder and chairman of the Limited (and donor of the Eisenman building at OSU), and Columbus-based developer John W. Kessler. Both men's houses were inspired by Tidewater plantations, although there are also echoes of European classicism—"they showed Kessler the Villa Rotonda and he said, 'I'll take it,' " quips Wexner.

Drawn to New Albany by its wealth of open farmland close to the city, the partners were intent on avoiding suburban clutter, even though the demographics and amenities of suburbia were essential if their twenty-year undertaking was to return a profit. Hence

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the choice of style evocative of horse-country Americana, and the use of handmade brick, slate roofs, and miles of white Kentucky fences. "We needed to reach for a vocabulary that had an internal integrity and consistency greater than what you find in most subdivisions," says Gerald M. McCue, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Design and the chief design adviser to New Albany's developers.

A complementary search for regional character led to a master plan that locates new structures in villages and estates based on early Ohio settlement patterns, and plots roads directly through the Jack Nicklaus–designed golf course, including its greens among the pastoral views available to everyone in New Albany. "We knew this was risky," notes McCue, "because there is still the prevailing idea that you can make a few more bucks by backing houses against the golf course. We saw something more like the great nineteenth-century houses that looked across the road to an Olmsted park."

Early on, landscape designers, planners, and architects such as Laurie Olin, Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, Peter Walker, and Robert Zion stressed the importance of conserving New Albany's old town center as part of the fabric of authentic rural life. Extensive areas have also been set aside for working farms, and Olin's firm, Hanna/Olin, will be planting a new forest and trucking in eight hundred apple trees for an orchard. Such sweeping gestures are matched by meticulous attention to detail—a full-size 45-foot-tall mock-up of one corner of Wexner's house was erected at the construction site to study proportions, color, and cast shadows.

"I see all this as a continuation of an ancient and well-established American tradition," says Jaquelin Robertson of Cooper, Robertson. "We came to this country in search of a rural arcadia with freestanding buildings. It is our ancestral home. Wexner and Kessler are playing a wonderful game of arcadian Monopoly." It's a safe bet that architects all over are brushing up their Georgian in the hope of passing go. ▲



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Beneficent Bugs

Squadrons of ladybugs, praying mantises, and other helpful insects can banish pesticides from garden borders

By Patti Hagan

Though I came of gardening age in the DDT-delirious fifties, I enjoyed a strictly nonpesticidal upbringing. The House Un-American Activities witch-hunts in no way deterred my mother, the organic gardener, from her suspect horticultural ways. Still, the McCarthy era was about as bleak a time for garden-variety liberals as for political ones. The garden scribes of the decade took to the new petrochemical synthetic fertilizers, pesticides, and herbicides with the uncritical fervor of religious converts. *What's New in Gardening*, a 1956 book by plant pathologist P. P. Pirone, hailed the " 'Peter Pan' chemicals," which prevent insects from growing up, as the "latest and newest concept of insect control." Pirone was astonished that "some folks actually 'worry themselves sick' " about exposure to these modern wonders. "Merely because insecticides are toxic to man and animals," he chided, "does not mean they cannot be used safely!"

Thirty-five years later American politicians, gardeners, farmers, consumers, and pests are building up resistance to these quick-fix chemicals. Their safe use is much in question. The National Coalition Against the Misuse of Pesticides has warned the Senate of a "national pesticide exposure crisis." Billion-dollar-a-year sales of house and garden pesticides translate into forty to sixty million pounds of active poisonous ingredients applied to ensure brilliant green lawns and perfect perennial borders—free-fire zones where the life in the soil has been killed.

To find out what the pesticide acceptants among us are stockpiling, I recently completed a hair-raising read through the Chevron Chemical Company's Ortho Consumer Products Division's *1990 Product Label Guide*. The book's back inside cover is devoted entirely to "handling accidental spills of garden chemicals." These homey toxic spills—described by Chevron in the passive tense—involve "escape of the product from its container." Labels for the product carry "precautionary statements" spelling out the "hazards" and "danger" possible for consumers of Ortho's popular weed and pest chemicals. Could any rose be worth the risk of a Funginex Rose Disease Control spill? "DANGER: Causes irreversible eye damage. . . . Avoid contact with skin or clothing. Avoid breathing spray mist."

Or Diazinon Plus. "Environmental Hazards: This product is toxic to fish and wildlife. Birds . . . may be killed. . . . Highly toxic to bees. . . . Application should be timed to provide the maximum possible interval between treatment and the next period of bee activity" (whenever that is). Then there is Orthocide (Captan) Garden Fungicide—"DANGER: Causes irreversible eye damage," whereas Orthorix Lime-Sulfur Spray is merely "corrosive to eyes."

What about Bug-Geta Deadline Snail & Slug Killer? "Do not apply to foliage or other plant parts. Do not allow children or pets to contact treated areas until they are dry." To contact? Minus a work force of remote-control robots to apply these hot pesticides, it seems to be a dodgy proposition for humans to handle them safely. (The physician's emergency telephone number on the label is no comfort.) Nothing could induce me to have these take-home Love Canals at home. Clearly the pesticide is far more dangerous than the pest.

The United States, in 1990, is developing a green consciousness, and I am part of it: an urban gardener but still a

I keep my half pint of low-fat ladybugs in the fridge and dole them out by the tablespoon to my rosebushes



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practicing organic. A couple of years ago I treated myself to the "Cadillac of Composters," and to boost my soil's microbial count, each spring I treat my heap to five pounds of Compost Pile Recharger. I read *Garbage*, the year-old environmental magazine.

I am familiar too with numerous microscopic and near-microscopic forms of biological warfare. On occasion I have let loose a minihive of trichogramma wasps, confident that these positive parasites would lay their eggs within the eggs of two hundred plus kinds of offending bugs and doom them all. I am beguiled by the good juvenile-stage parasitic nematodes, which stand on their tails "waving their heads around, hopping to make contact with a passing insect," as the Natural Gardening Research Center catalogue describes them. Each spring, for $10.95, I become a nematode multi-millionaire, unable to resist the image of a chorus line of tail dancers that are certain death to borers, root weevils, cutworms, and the like. I am in awe of the invisible workings of *Bacillus thuringiensis* and its ability to interdict insect blood flow, paralyzing and starving whole populations of gypsy moths, potato beetles, and mosquito larvae. But my involvement is stronger with bugs than with bacilli, especially those beneficial bugs whose battles I can witness.

I got into big-city bug farming about ten years ago, for several good reasons. With beneficials there is no chance of at-home toxic pesticide spills. Living in a bird, butterfly, dragonfly, and firefly sanctuary, I would not poison the food chain. I refused to nuke my small patch of the biosphere with the horticultural equivalent of atomic bombs. (Nor would I feed it junk-food fertilizers, synthetics that do nothing for the biological health and good tilth of the soil.) And bug patrols are convenient. These lightweight carnivores—1,500 ladybugs to the ounce—can be purchased through the mail. Rincon-Vitova Insectaries in California states: "All of our insects are guaranteed to arrive alive and ready to do their duty." They go on duty within hours of birth or release and require virtually no shepherding.

Placing my order has become a rite of spring. The first small white box arrives, stamped in red with urgent messages: LIVE LADYBUGS: KEEP OUT SUN, LEAVE VENTILATION. My half pint of low-fat ladybugs comes to me from California. An orientation sheet states that the ladies, who travel in cotton drawstring bags, "devour many times their own weight and prefer a limitless menu of aphids." (This I can offer, along with near-limitless portions of leafhoppers, thrips, tree lice, mealy bugs, and scale). I try, scrupulously, to follow the release instructions, keeping the ladies cool in the fridge and doling them out by the tablespoon—but not "during the heat of the day or while the sun is shining"—to my aphid-green rosebushes. A grown-up ladybug does in forty-five insects per day, but the larva, the "aphidwolf," downs forty *per hour*. I also usually order green lacewings (1,000 larvae for $6.95), those diaphanous, iridescent nerve-winged insects that the Natural Gardening Research Center in Sunman, Indiana, rates the "best all-purpose predator for your garden." The lacewing's aphidicidal instincts (the larva—"similar in appearance to an alligator with pincers like tiny ice tongs," as described by the Beneficial Insectary in Oak Run, California—eats one hundred a day) don't stop it from indulging in mealybugs, scale, leafhopper nymphs, thrips, mites, or caterpillar eggs.

Some botanic gardens and extension agents do not recommend bug gardening because the animals cannot be confined. Such humbuggers obviously don't know the excitement of the praying mantis hatch: the morning you walk into your kitchen to find the range aswarm with ghostly mantid nymphs just out of the egg case you had left on the warming shelf in an open jar, hundreds of triangular heads swiveling to triangulate on *you*. Clearly, the antibug element does not know the charm of the nymph diaspora—"early morning with dew on leaves is ideal," one insectary directs—when you quickly put some distance between nymphs, which are "cannibalistic from about the second day." Then come the surprise encounters with the greening adolescents and, by summer's end, daily visits with your half dozen brilliant reddish green adult mantids, four to five inches long, each defending its chosen turf from high atop a gardenia bush, a hydrangea, or a Veronica spike. What drama in coming upon a mantis praying! Forelegs uplifted to catch the next high fly landing on a leaf, enormous centifaceted eyes alert, its single thoracic ear to the air. I have watched a mantis grab an aphid, eat it head first, then meticulously clean its own sawtooth foreleg of aphid crumbs. A praying mantis looks prescient—an insect intellectual.



A grown-up ladybug does in forty-five insects per day, but the larva, the "aphidwolf," downs forty per hour

This year the Natural Gardening Research Center's vastly entertaining *Gardens Alive!* catalogue has persuaded me that a battalion of spined soldier bugs is in order. A color photo shows how an "adult spined soldier bug harpoons Mexican bean beetle pupa." These insect Ahabs are said to enjoy a varied diet, and one unit—fifty spined soldier bug larvae—costs only $6.95. The NGRC is the exclusive source for this military mite, whose "only threat comes from man-made chemical pesticides."

Accepting bug control into your garden demands a knowledge of each bug's curriculum vitae—both beneficial and pest—and careful timing to set up the desired interactions among natural systems. Even so, it's impossible to control insect peregrinations. (Forget ladybug corrals.) These are free-spirited, free-ranging creatures, and there is simply no way to tie a good bug down. ♠

(For more information about gardening with beneficial insects see Resources.)

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Art Down Under

Melbourne and Sydney offer an in-depth view of the cultural landscape

BY PAUL TAYLOR

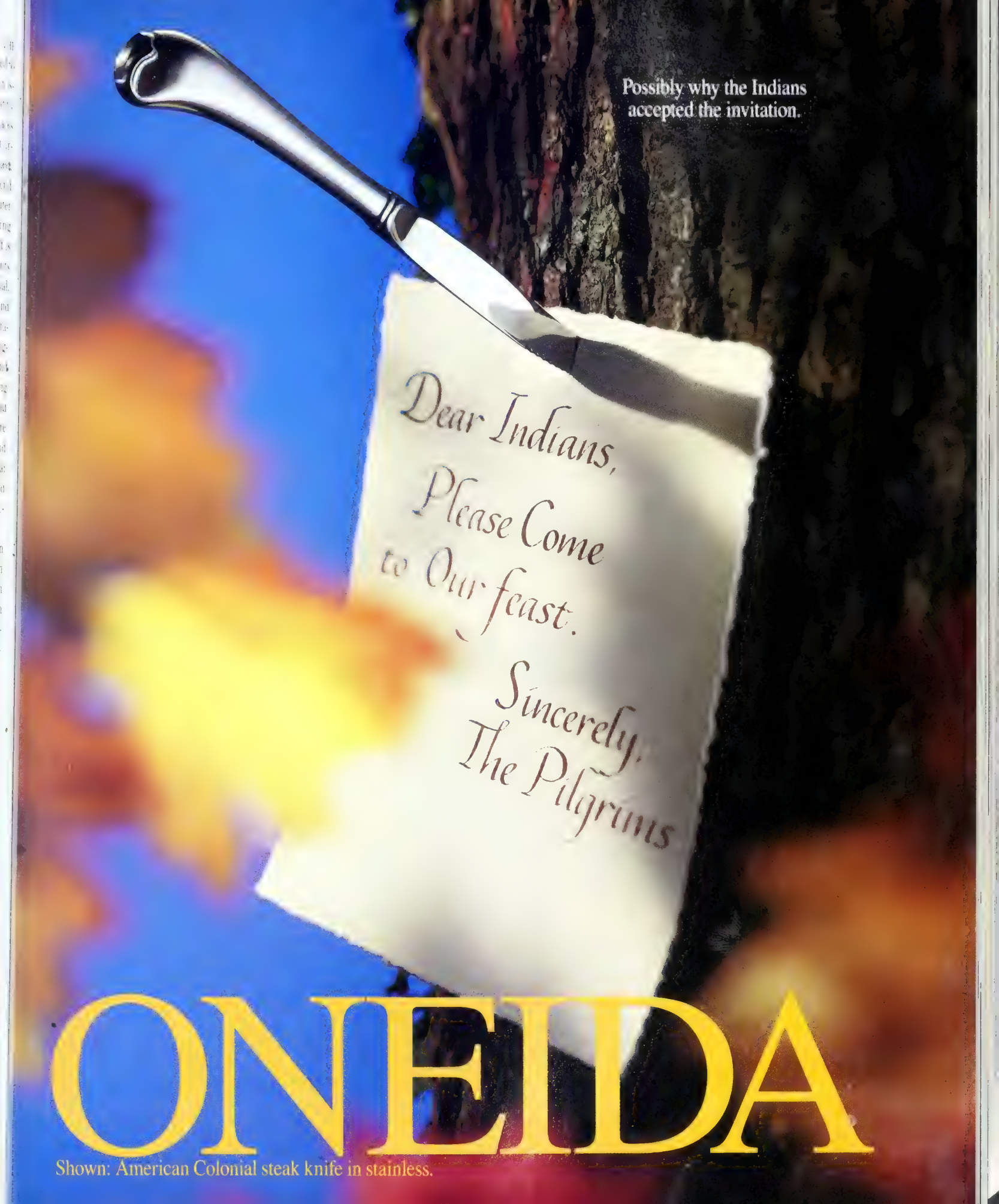
BRUCE CHATWIN CLAIMED THAT AUSTRALIAN MEN HAVE THE best legs in the world. True or not, the world has preferred to view Australia as a nation of men in shorts, as the sunny island-continent where endless stretches of desert relieved by endless stretches of beach provide some of the best places around for stretching a leg. In fact, Australia is the most urbanized nation in the world and legs are generally clothed: Aussies these days attend cultural events in greater numbers than sporting events. And the world is catching on. Arts events like the Adelaide Festival, the Sydney Biennale, and the Contemporary Australian Art Fair are increasingly international draws, and travelers are discovering the country's museums and galleries, eclectic treasure mines where ancient and contemporary aboriginal art—the art world discovery of the decade—is exhibited alongside works by Rembrandt, Pollock, Warhol, and indigenous impressionist, expressionist, and pop artists.

Sydney and Melbourne are the sun and moon of Australian culture. On the rectangular port known as Circular Quay in Sydney's brilliant harbor, two new museums are opening in time for the next art season down under (spring through fall): John Kaldor Art Project, with an emphasis on one-person shows, and the Museum of Contemporary Art, whose inaugural exhibition is a survey of recent German painting. Together with the Sydney Biennale and the city's commercial galleries in the Paddington and Surry Hills districts, its museums make Sydney the country's international art capital. Melburnians, on the other hand, like to suppose that their city is the fountainhead of national culture, and it is true that virtually all of the major movements in Australian art originated here. The grand nineteenth-century Exhibition Buildings in the Fitzroy district house the Contemporary Australian Art Fair every other June, a magnet for collectors from abroad as well as locals. And along and off Saint Kilda Road, the sweeping boulevard that connects the city's business district to the shops and galleries in South Yarra and its beaches, many of Melbourne's cultural institutions large and small can be encountered in a day's stroll, including the National Gallery of Victoria (the most well-endowed museum in Australia and particularly strong in old masters) and the Australian Center for Contemporary Art (a small but progressive alternative space). Galleries are concentrated in South Yarra, Richmond, and Fitzroy—respectively, the 57th Street, SoHo, and East Village of Melbourne. Each neighborhood can be covered by foot in an afternoon; for all the legwork involved, it's still advisable to pack a pair of shorts. ♠





Recent Australian art encompasses aboriginal paintings by Tim Leura Japaljarri, left, and Maria Kozic's post-pop works, above. Top: Sydney's brilliant harbor and skyline.


Possibly why the Indians accepted the invitation.
Dear Indians,
Please Come
to Our feast.
Sincerely,
The Pilgrims
ONEIDA
Shown: American Colonial steak knife in stainless.

[illegible] the cook had carried it into the dining room. "What's the pie?" asked one of the guests. The cook, unprepared for the question, murmured, "Jus' pie." Another guest, with a mouth full of the delicious stuff, boomed with delight, "Chess pie! Heavenly."

The desserts should be displayed on the sideboard, and a place should be set at the table for each person to avoid the awkwardness of guests having to use their laps to balance their plates. Depending on the size of your gathering, you can choose any or all of the following pies for the final act of your own Thanksgiving production.

APPLE CRUMB PIE

Crust
- [illegible] cup (1 stick) butter
- [illegible] cup sugar
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- [illegible] teaspoon vanilla

Topping
- [illegible] cup light brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 3 tablespoons chopped pecans
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 3 tablespoons butter

Filling
- 3[illegible] cups Granny Smith apples, peeled, cored, and thinly sliced
- [illegible] cup sour cream
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- [illegible] cup sugar
- [illegible] cup all-purpose flour
- [illegible] teaspoon cinnamon
- Whipped cream or vanilla ice cream (optional)

Crust. Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Grease a 9-inch springform pan. In a small bowl blend together butter, at room temperature, and sugar. Mix in flour and vanilla until a soft ball forms. Pat dough over bottom and halfway up the sides of pan. Bake 10 minutes. Remove from oven and let cool. Reduce oven to 350 degrees.

Topping. Combine all ingredients and mix together with a fork or your fingertips until crumbly. Set aside.

Filling. Fill pastry crust with the Granny Smith apples. In a small bowl, blend sour cream, lightly beaten eggs, sugar, flour, and cinnamon. Spoon over apples. Sprinkle top with the crumb topping. Bake 40–45 minutes, until custard is set. When cooked, remove sides of springform pan. Serve at room temperature, garnished with unsweetened whipped cream or vanilla ice cream. Serves 8–10.

CHOCOLATE BROWNIE PIE

Chocolate Crumb Crust
- 1½ cups finely ground chocolate wafer crumbs
- 5 tablespoons melted butter
- 2 tablespoons brown or white sugar

Filling
- ½ cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 cup tightly packed light brown sugar
- 2 large eggs, lightly beaten
- ½ cup (1 stick) butter, melted
- 1 cup toasted pecans, coarsely chopped
- 1 cup semisweet chocolate morsels
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- [illegible] cup Kahlua
- Whipped cream

Crust. Grease a 9-inch pie plate and set aside. Prepare crumbs by rolling chocolate wafers between two sheets of waxed paper or whir them in a blender or food processor until uniformly fine. Place crumbs in a bowl and mix with melted butter and sugar. Pat crumbs evenly and firmly over the sides and bottom of pie plate and place in freezer 15–20 minutes.

Filling. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. In a medium-size bowl, combine flour and sugar. Add beaten eggs and mix well.

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Blend in cooled melted butter. Mix in chopped pecans, chocolate morsels, vanilla, and Kahlúa.

Transfer filling to crust and bake 45–50 minutes. Do not overbake. Cool and serve with whipped cream. Serves 6–8.

LEMON CHESS PIE

Crust
- ½ cup (1 stick) cold butter
- 1½ cups all-purpose flour
- Pinch of salt
- 3–4 tablespoons ice water

Filling
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
- 1 tablespoon ground cornmeal
- 4 eggs at room temperature
- 4 tablespoons (½ stick) melted butter
- ¼ cup light cream
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
- Whipped cream

Crust. Cut butter into ¼-inch cubes. Mix flour and salt in a mixing bowl. Add butter and blend with fingertips until mixture resembles coarse meal. Sprinkle with ice water, using only enough to make a dough, mixing with fingertips until mixture forms a ball. Do not overwork. Flatten ball of dough slightly and cover tightly with plastic wrap. Refrigerate 30–40 minutes. Let dough come to room temperature and roll out on a lightly floured surface until it measures about 12 inches in diameter and about ⅛ inch thick. Ease dough into a 9- or 10-inch buttered pie plate and press gently into sides and bottom of pan, leaving a 1-inch overhang along outside rim. Turn edge under to make a rim of double thickness. Flute edge or press rim with the tines of a fork. Refrigerate. Preheat oven to 375 degrees.

Filling. Sift sugar, flour, and cornmeal into a mixing bowl. Add eggs, melted butter, cream, lemon juice, and lemon rind and beat until well blended and smooth.

Pour into unbaked pie shell and bake 45–50 minutes or until set. Let cool. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 8.

CRANBERRY CHUTNEY PIE

Crust
- 2 cups flour
- Pinch salt (optional)
- 1 cup (2 sticks) cold butter
- ⅓ cup cold water

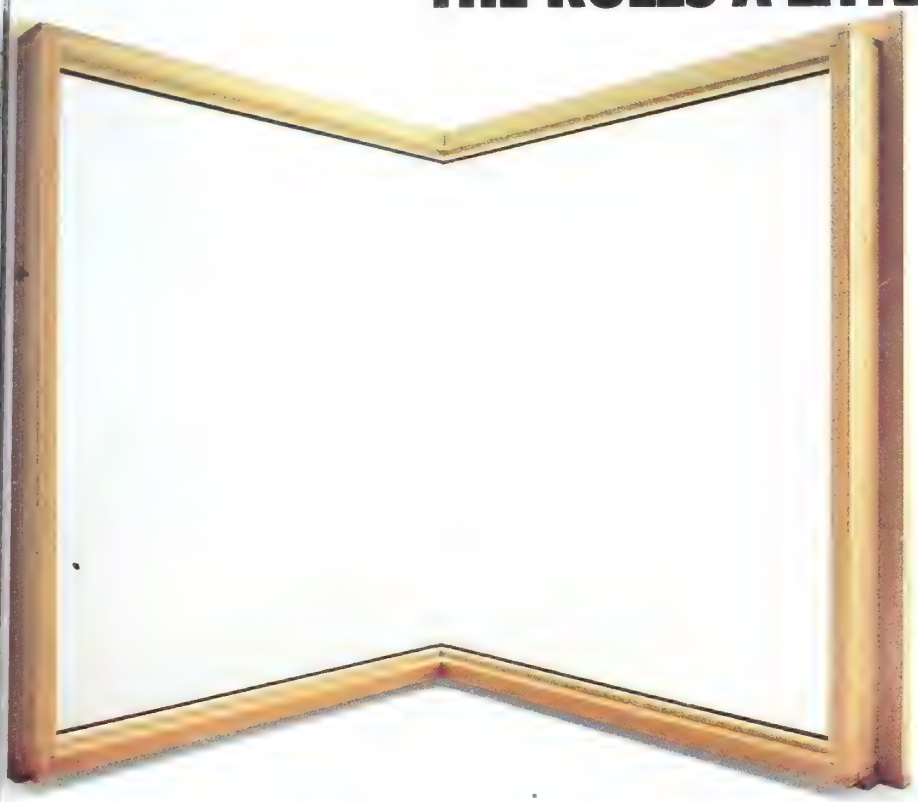
Filling
- ½ cup dried currants
- ¾ cup orange juice
- 3 tablespoons tapioca
- ½ cup sugar
- Grated rind of 1 orange
- 1 pound fresh cranberries
- 1 Granny Smith apple, peeled, cored, and coarsely chopped
- ½ cup Major Grey's chutney
- ½ teaspoon ground cardamom

Crust. Mix flour and salt. Cut butter into small cubes and combine with flour, using fingertips until mixture resembles coarse meal. Sprinkle water over mixture a small amount at a time, adding just enough to make pastry hold together. Press into ball. Flatten slightly, cover in plastic wrap, and refrigerate 30 minutes.

Filling. Soak dried currants in ¼ cup of the orange juice. Stir in tapioca and set aside. In a medium saucepan, combine the remaining half cup of orange juice, sugar, and grated orange rind and bring to a boil. Add cranberries and cook 5 minutes or until cranberries soften a little and begin to pop. Do not overcook. Remove pan from heat and add chopped apples, the currant and tapioca mixture, and chutney. Mix well and add cardamom. Let cool.

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Remove dough from refrigerator. Divide into two balls. Roll bottom crust 2 inches larger than an 8- or 9-inch pie plate. Ease crust into pan, without stretching. Fill with cranberry mixture. Roll out remaining dough and cut into strips about ¾ inch wide. Use strips for a lattice over the top of pie. Crimp or flute edges. Bake 40–45 minutes or until brown. Serves 8. ▲

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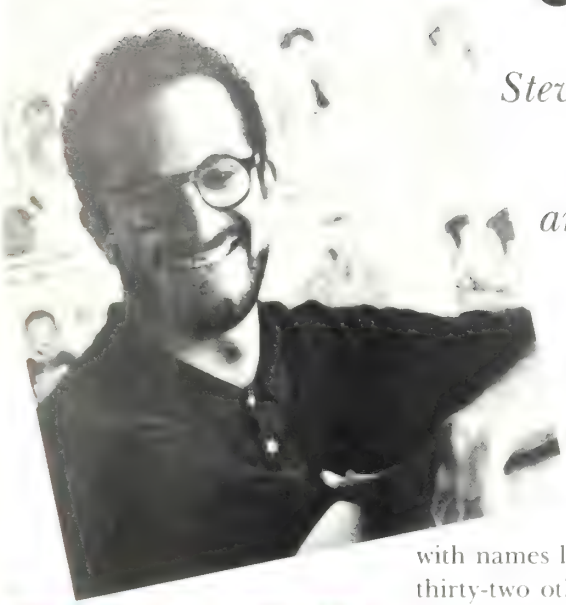
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Creative Playthings



Steven Guarnaccia finds kindred spirits among the toys and books that surround him

BY MARGOT GURALNICK

STEVEN GUARNACCIA SAYS THE SIGHT OF KIDney-shaped tables makes him queasy. He loathes whisky jug lamps and wagon wheel tables. But he does have a nostalgic streak: flip books, masks, Rooster brand ties, games with names like Rich Uncle, stackable ring toys, and some thirty-two other categories of playful collectibles from the twenties to the fifties inspire emotions that are equal to, if not the same as, love. "I remember how these things made me feel as a kid," explains Guarnaccia, who at thirty-seven has done well by trusting his early instincts.



Growing up in Fairfield, Connecticut, Guarnaccia knew when he was "embarrassingly young" that he wanted to become a commercial artist. In college at Brown University, he took a part-time job assisting a rare-books dealer and discovered there was also a shopkeeper and a librarian lurking within him. It was as an illustrator, however, that Guarnaccia moved to New York in 1977 and within a week found himself working for *The New York Times*. He's been in demand and under deadline ever since. His jaunty, intelligently comic drawings can be seen in magazines and books; he also designs greeting cards for the Museum of Modern Art, teaches at Parsons School of Design, makes toys that are shown in art galleries, and has a batch of book deals brewing.





Steven Guarnaccia, top left, draws and designs in a studio given over to his displays of vintage toys, globes, masks, games, and other colorful objects, top right, above left, and left. Above: A watch collection on an articulated hand and a sculpture by Tom Nussbaum. Right: A Guarnaccia self-portrait.

All these projects take shape in a one-room studio a quick bike ride away from the Fifth Avenue apartment he shares with his wife, graphics designer Susan Hochbaum, and their two-year-old son, Jasper. Home is where Guarnaccia, a maximalist, Hochbaum, a minimalist, and Jasper, "a budding artist," mix sensibilities. The studio is where Guarnaccia, free of all tempering influences, piles as he pleases. "I feel like I run a store without ever having to sell anything," he says, happily wedged in a corner behind his drawing board; around him, display cases of toys, stacks of books, and strings of banners have free rein. One of his assistants jokes, "Soon there'll be so many things we'll have to set up lanes and shopping carts."

But Guarnaccia's astonishing eye for order keeps the room from going awry. Everything—from Italian product labels to alligator-shaped clothespins to "aesthetically correct" art supplies—has its place. A drawer labeled Tweets contains what else but whistles. A black and white cupboard is a repository of black and white relics. And though Guarnaccia has resisted the temptation to apply the Dewey decimal system to his library of illustrated books, no doubt Dewey would be impressed by his tidy stacks. Even the front door has fallen prey to neat display—smack in the middle is Guarnaccia's goggle-eyed self-portrait. ▲


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Eminent Victorians

Only the most distinguished nineteenth-century designs are welcome in Margot Johnson's gallery

BY EVE M. KAHN

Anyone convinced that Victorian furniture is big, dark, and heavy will feel enlightened in Margot Johnson's Manhattan gallery. "I concentrate on museum-quality American pieces that are refined, airy, and elegant," she says. "A lot of the best furniture of the period looks like that, only most people don't know it yet."

Her showroom's offerings sparkle with pale marquetry and gilding, and none would overwhelm even a modest room: not the faux bamboo vanity that balances on delicate-looking legs, the chair with arms ending in gilded Cleopatra heads, or the sinuous grandfather clock. All of the major late nineteenth century styles are represented—Egyptian and Renaissance revival, neo-Grec, modern Gothic, Moorish, and aesthetic—as are all of the major cabinetmakers, including Pottier & Stymus, Kimbel & Cabus, Alexandre Roux, Léon Marcotte, Louis Comfort Tiffany, and Herter Brothers, the firm that is Johnson's all-time favorite.



Since Johnson opened her gallery in 1981, prices in the field have risen dramatically, thanks in part to the enthusiasm she has inspired among collectors and curators. She lectures to students from Sotheby's and the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York, and she frequently sets auction records—last year she spent $280,500 on a Herter Brothers piece that she describes as the "finest known library table in the aesthetic style." She also lends masterpieces in her own collection to museums for exhibitions. (The Metropolitan featured her spectacular Herter Brothers gilded-wood and leather screen in its 1986 show, "In Pursuit of Beauty.")

But it is not the soaring value of Victorian furniture that holds Johnson's attention, it's the remarkable craftsmanship and the sense of adventure. "There's so much detective work left to be done in this period," she says. "Who knows what's hiding in somebody's attic?" ▲

Margot Johnson Gallery, 18 East 68 St., Apt. 1A, New York, NY 10021; (212) 794-2225

Margot Johnson in her boiserie-embellished gallery, above and right, among 19th-century rarities, including a prize Herter Brothers library table and an armchair by Gustave Herter.



The Herter Brothers cabinet, above, 1870-75, is detailed with elaborate inlay and carved sphinxes, below.


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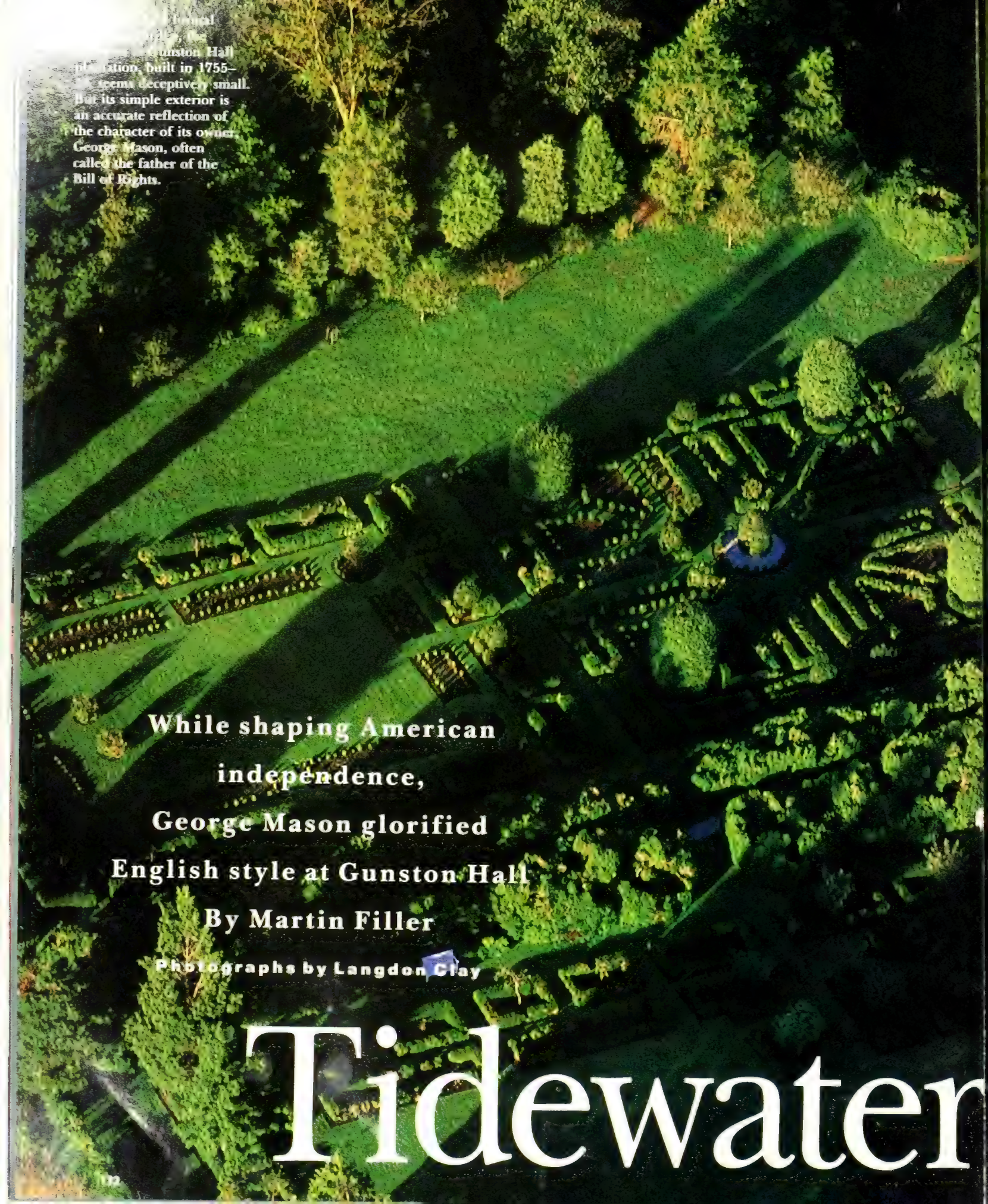
INTERESTING THAT the nature or nurture debate—that building block of the liberal arts education—can be applied even to decorating. Certainly a family legacy of fine furniture and beautiful houses is an advantage. I am proud to be illustrating the point in HG this month with the recollections of Mrs. Henry Parish II, the doyenne of American decorators, who was born into a world of comfort and discernment. Long before collecting became a weekend sport, Mrs. Parish's childhood Saturdays were spent bicycling around to country shops with her father in search of the unusual antique. From this grounding, invention took flight—painting a wood floor in bold red and white checks, for instance, which Mrs. Parish did as a young wife, before the rage for faux finishes and decorative paint. The November issue also presents the Milan palazzo of noted fashion designer Gianni Versace. His flair for drama and his daring variations on classical silhouettes take on a new light when one considers that Versace's childhood romps were among Roman busts. That Nigel Nicolson, son of Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson and chronicler of their marriage, has presided over the enduring wonders of Sissinghurst, the family garden, is no surprise; here again the weight of history was on his side. Of course, not everyone follows in family footsteps—American photographer Peter Beard has chosen a camp in the Kenyan bush as a place to lead his life. And the English artist Howard Hodgkin's collections are founded on wide-ranging personal tastes rather than family influences. Then there's Sherman and Judy McCoy—shortly to make their way from Tom Wolfe's novel to the film *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. The set of the McCoys' Park Avenue duplex embodies both their abundance and their acquisitiveness. Does it tell us anything about nature or nurture? Perhaps that in decorating, as in life, we should nurture only the best aspects of our natures.



The library of Gianni Versace's 17th-century palazzo in Milan displays the richly detailed woodwork of master craftsman Balbo.

Nancy Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



...Gunston Hall plantation, built in 1755–... seems deceptively small. But its simple exterior is an accurate reflection of the character of its owner, George Mason, often called the father of the Bill of Rights.

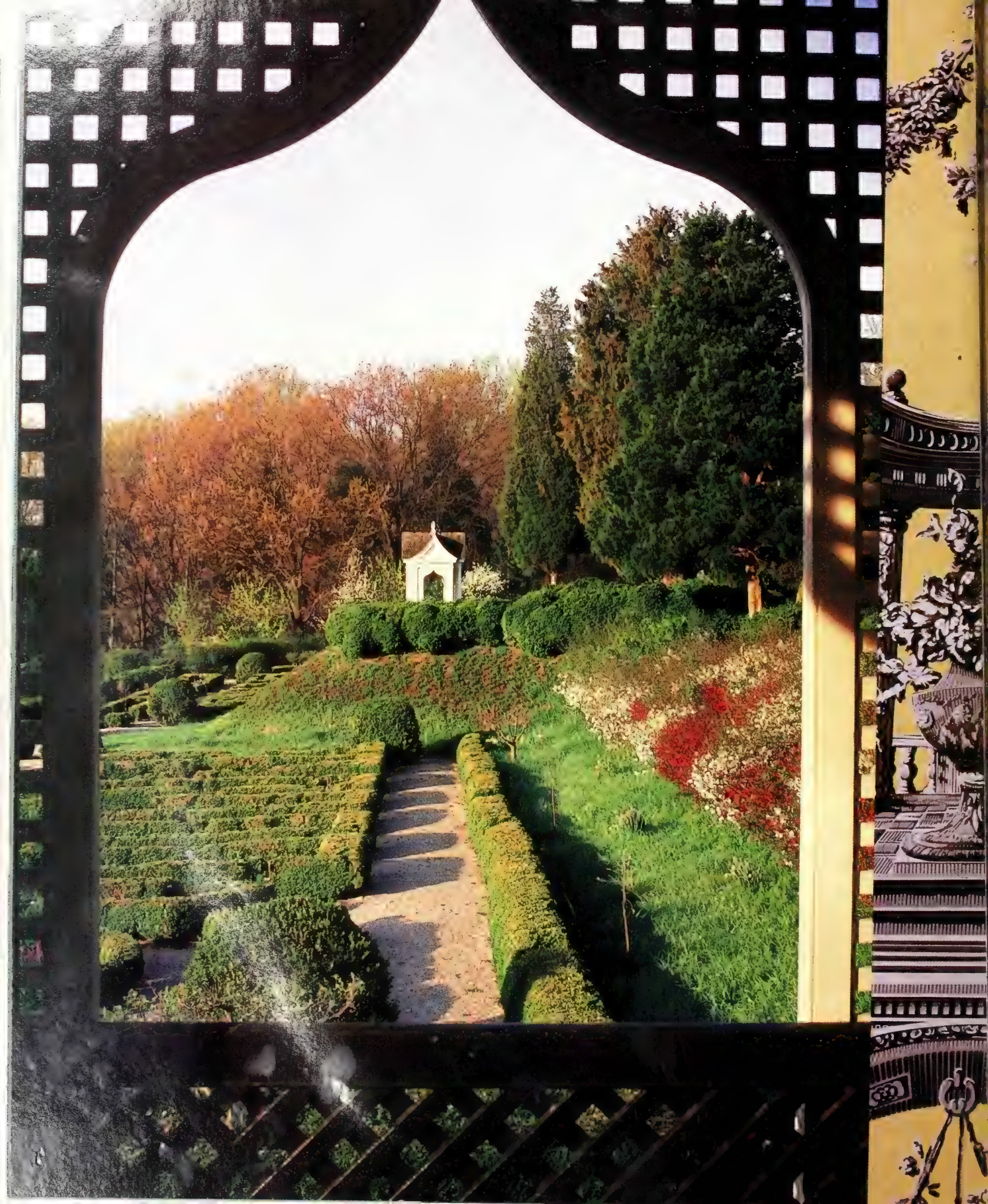
While shaping American independence, George Mason glorified English style at Gunston Hall

By Martin Filler

Photographs by Langdon Clay

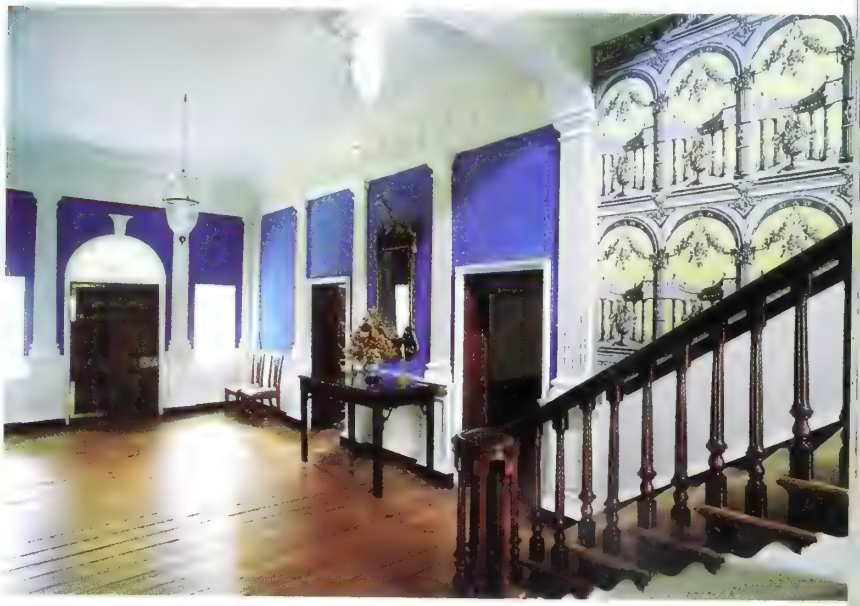
Tidewater

rTreasure





FIRST IMPRESSIONS CAN BE AS TELLING IN ARCHITECTURE as they are in human relations. And if initial appearances do not always accord with inner qualities, then a carefully planned façade is at least some indication of how one wants to be seen by the world. No American house of the colonial period presents a more characteristic portrait of its owner than Gunston Hall, the Tidewater Virginia home of George Mason, one of the most paradoxical figures of the American



Revolution. Mason's house is as outwardly plain and unpretentious as he was. Unlike Mount Vernon, the nearby estate of George Washington, Gunston Hall never became a seat of national affairs, and Mason saw no need for the kind of improvements Washington added to his mansion as his role as leader grew. But it would be a mistake to assume that Mason's solid brick farmhouse was built by a man solely concerned with his crops. After 231 years, this little-known landmark still sums up the contradictions between the public and private selves of a most uncommon patriot.

A fourth-generation landowner who inherited extensive holdings on both the Maryland and Virginia sides of the Potomac River, Mason built Gunston Hall in 1755–59 on a fertile peninsula twenty miles south of what is now the city of Washington. Grateful for the kind of material blessings he would never have attained in England, he was eager to ensure the liberties that made his success possible. Mason held various official posts, but he disliked political life and took part in the unfolding drama of the Revolution mainly to protect the new system of government from the failings of the old one. He played a pivotal role in shaping the principles on which the

Gunston Hall is a fine example of the tendency of 18th-century Virginia landowners to model their estates on those of the English aristocracy. *Opposite:* A pair of latticework gazebos with Gothick arches based on the mansion's south porch flanks the boxwood garden. In the center hall, *above,* a classical arch and colonnade wallpaper, *left,* reproduced from an 18th-century design in the Victoria and Albert Museum.



Gunston Hall's most distinguished architectural feature is its magnificent wood carving, executed by the English craftsman William Buckland. *Left:* His Palladian Parlor is undergoing extensive restoration. Over the hearth hangs the blueprint for a chimneypiece to replace the lost original. The new design is the collaborative effort of architect Charles Phillips, historian Paul Buchanan, and carver John Bivins. *Below left:* Detail of overdoor. *Below:* The Chinese Dining Room, an exuberant chinoiserie scheme, is the mansion's most fanciful interior. Rough plaster walls await reproduction Chinese-style wallpaper.







The classical detailing of the pedimented front porch, *left*, suggests that architectural pattern books circulated during the 18th century were consulted. *Right:* A portrait of George Mason in the Palladian Parlor. *Opposite top:* Detail of center hall woodwork shows close attention to the classical orders. *Opposite center:* Boxwood planted by Mason still flourishes. *Opposite bottom:* A temple garden folly, a later addition.



VIRGINIA MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, RICHMOND



The design is as sophisticated as anything at the time in London

republic was founded, but his inherent distrust of institutions and inability to accept the compromise of his ideals led to his ambiguous place in American history.

Mason was the author of the Virginia Declaration of Rights, the 1776 document that became the prototype for America's Bill of Rights—the first ten amendments to the Constitution—as well as France's Declaration of the Rights of Man. But he took no major assignment in the revolutionary war (partly because of the pain inflicted by his chronic gout), and his aloofness from the fray exasperated his activist friends. As Washington pointedly wrote to Mason in 1779, "Where are our men of abilities? Why do they not come forth to save their country?" Four years later a no less disapproving Thomas Jefferson wrote of Mason to James Madison, "Is he determined to sleep on, or will he rouse and be active?"

After the war had been won, Mason agreed to become a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia, determined to insert safeguards akin to those he included in the Virginia Declaration of Rights. But his stubborn, if principled, refusal to endorse the Constitution primarily because it did not at first include a bill of rights led him to be stigmatized forever after as a spoiler, "the man who didn't sign." Now, on the eve of the bicentennial of the Bill of Rights, both the man and his beautifully preserved estate overlooking the Potomac deserve closer attention.



In 1755, George and Ann Mason had been married for five years and had produced two of their nine children. Prosperous at thirty, he was ready for a plantation house equal to his status as owner of more than 5,000 acres of tobacco, corn, and wheat. As one approaches that story-and-a-half mansion along a splendid allée of magnolias (there were cherry trees in Mason's day), it appears to be a small structure, more Dutch than English in its simplicity. The steeply pitched dormered roof diminishes the house's actual size. The only hint of anything other than rural practicality is the perfectly proportioned, exquisitely carved Palladian porch framing the front door.



Once inside, however, one instantly recognizes that the exterior is a skillful exercise in the concealment of wealth. It is startling to find that such grand interior spaces are hidden within an almost unadorned brick box. By far the most extraordinary feature of the rooms at Gunston Hall is the wood carving, the finest in any American house of its time. In 1755 an English craftsman named William Buckland was signed on as an indentured servant to Mason for four years, in return for which he received "Meat, Drink, Washing & Lodging" and a salary of £20 a year. Mason got more than his money's worth. Using the *(Text continued on page 231)*







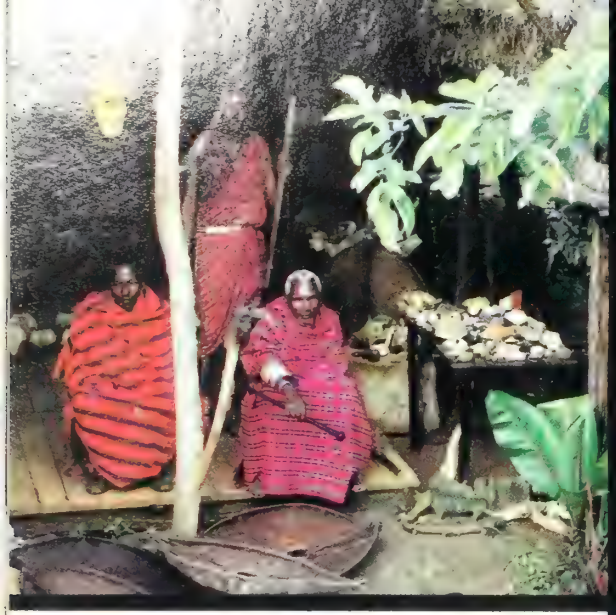
Abundant evidence of a wilder past survives at photographer Peter Beard's compound in the Kenyan bush. By Liza Campbell Athill

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache

Into Africa



Peter Beard, *opposite*, dressed in a Swahili kikoi, shaves on the veranda off his sleeping tent at Hog Ranch. *Below:* In the evening the stylishly chaotic mess tent is aglow with the light of storm lanterns, Dutch colonial oil lamps, and candles. A giant buffalo skull hangs from the rafters.







DRIVING WEST OUT OF NAIROBI a muddy little track leads to Hog Ranch, the magical camp that is home to Peter Beard and his extended family. Hidden away in thick bush, only yards from creeping suburbia, the camp is a romantic time warp that its owner nostalgically describes as the "last refuge of rustic authenticity in Kenya."

A turbulent blend of photographer, environmentalist, heartthrob, high-society party boy, and obsessive diarist, Beard, now fifty-two, first left New York for East Africa in the mid fifties. He had gone to retrace the footsteps of his heroine Karen Blixen, aka Isak Dinesen, the writer, whom he later tracked down in her native Denmark. Blixen took him under her wing, and in return he took on responsibility for her former household staff of six after she died in 1962. This friendship with one of Kenya's best-known pioneers left Beard with an all-consuming passion for Africa's dwindling wildlife and a desire for life lived in disheveled elegance.

In the mid sixties, a time when foreign ownership of land was discouraged, Beard set out to build himself a permanent camp. Two years of sweat, charm, and stubborn resolve finally secured him President Jomo Kenyatta's permission to lease forty-five precious acres. Bordered by an ancient cattle track, the camp lies in sight of the fist-shaped Ngongs—the towering hills where Blixen's lover, Denys Finch-Hatton, is buried—which surround the Masai grazing lands. Beard named it Hog Ranch after the amiable family of warthogs that inhabit the area and can be spotted through the trees in the evening light.

Previously married to Newport socialite Minnie Cushing and model Cheryl Tiegs, Beard now divides his time between New York, Montauk, and Hog Ranch with his third wife, Najma Khanum Beard, a strikingly beautiful young Afghani woman, and their two-year-old daughter, Zara. Days at Hog Ranch are anything but routine. An avid equestrian, reed-thin Najma often spends the early morning hours on horseback. Other times she might fly to Zanzibar for a few days, accompany her husband on a trip to the tiny island of Lamu, or collect Zara and her two nannies and go off on a safari to Lake Baringo. Beard may hole up in his studio to work on his myriad projects or pack up and leave unexpectedly to photograph a Masai circumcision ceremony.

When the Beards are home, the camp hums with fellow conservationists, writers, old white hunters turned wardens, soul-eyed giraffes (that wander in from a nearby sanctuary), leggy models, big game fishermen, and hangers-on, all of whom come to eat under the stars and listen to their host's impassioned diatribes on any given subject. Only a handful of guests have ever been known to get in more than a word or two during





The rustic kitchen, *left,* is the work of Mwengi, the resident carpenter at Hog Ranch. *Right:* Najma Khanum Beard at her dressing table. *Above from left:* Three Masai who are helping Beard and writer Gillies Turles gather material for a book on Masai art; a sampling of Beard's collection of Masai and Turkana walking sticks; two members of the family of warthogs for which the ranch was named. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Beard photographing Wambui, the wife of Kamante, who was Karen Blixen's majordomo; bathing his daughter, Zara, in a basin; working on his diaries; a crocodile carved by one of the staff at Hog Ranch; the thatched entrance to one of the tents; Beard in 1962 with Kamante; a shark's jaw that decorates a mirror; Beard carting his diary materials to his studio; a sheep in front of a *Euphorbia candelabrum* tree; a British tea service, c. 1900, with warthog tusk handles.



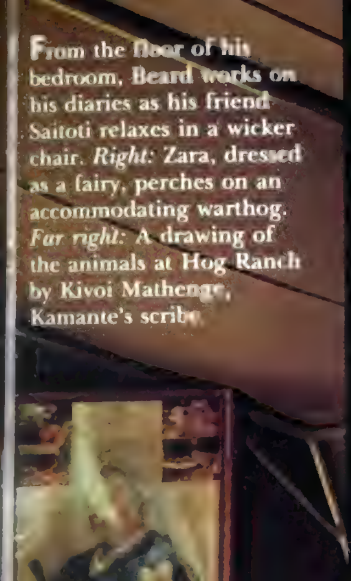

JULY
9
SUNDAY
Montauk
Bazooka
Topps
AERO CLUB OF EAST AFRICA



Beard describes his impressionistic diaries as "a time capsule collage of the past thirty years."



From the floor of his bedroom, Beard works on his diaries as his friend Saitoti relaxes in a wicker chair. *Right:* Zara, dressed as a fairy, perches on an accommodating warthog. *Far right:* A drawing of the animals at Hog Ranch by Kivoi Mathenge, Kamante's scribe.









the course of an evening when Beard is in full flow.

Shelter is provided by traditional Low & Bonar safari tents that have wooden floors and simple thatched roofs to protect the occupants from the summer monsoon rains. Each tent is separated from the others by stone paths and screened by banks of flowering shrubs. There is no modern plumbing except for a thunderbox in the studio, the few electric lights are powered by a generator, and the refrigerator runs on gas. Still, Beard hasn't relinquished many creature comforts: each morning he wakes up to hot tea and honey-buttered toast, fires are lit to take the chill out of the mountain air, and someone is always there to draw his bath, even if only in a tin tub painted white and placed inside a blue canvas bathing tent. Sleeping tents offer beds draped with muslin mosquito nets made in Mombasa and traditional folding camp chairs of mahogany with buffalo hide seats. The interior of the mess tent, which serves as dining room and living room, is the three-dimensional equivalent of Beard's famous collage diaries. Stuffy old table lamps with fat tasseled shades—which wouldn't look out of place in a maiden aunt's Victorian parlor—are surrounded by rocks, shark's jaws, and the bones of elephants, crocodiles, and warthogs. Other tables are cluttered with skulls (one human) and candles made by the local Dominican nuns. Beard's photographs of Iman (the statuesque model he discovered), beaded necklaces, and Picasso prints crowd the canvas walls; guinea fowl feathers protrude from empty gourds once used to mix blood and milk (components of the Masai diet); books and maps spill out of shelves; a massive buffalo head, lit by the russet glow of storm lanterns, hangs in the rafters. And in the middle of this existential magpie's nest sits Beard, cloaked in a saronglike cloth called a kikoi, hunched over his diary, gluing and scribbling and talking.

Beard is a man with prodigious quantities of nervous energy and a wealth of opinions and theories which he issues forth with scant regard for the formality of pauses. Similarly compelling and riotous, the pages of his diary are a mélange of hand-prints, dead insects, mud smears, newspaper cuttings, and doodles. *(Text continued on page 232)*

TOP RIGHT, PETER BEARD/VISIONS



Beyond the Pale

The subtlety of the Scandinavian palette lights up the work of Boston decorative painter John Andersen

By Alexandra Enders

Photographs by William Waldron

DECORATIVE PAINTER JOHN ANDERsen's two-bedroom apartment on an unassuming street in Boston's South End is a paean to light. And not New England light either, though he's tamed that harsh white glare admirably. When Andersen moved from his native Copenhagen seventeen years ago, he brought a mastery of the gentle glow of Scandinavia to Boston. "Where I come from, people tend to develop a sixth sense about light because it's so precious," he says. In a land of long winters Andersen learned to coax the sun, to draw rays through a window and pull them across a room. You can see it in the color of his walls, in his choice of curtains, and in the antique furniture he paints.

As an eight-year-old, Andersen biked to Copenhagen's National Museum where he discovered the Swedish manor house tradition—simple crisp interiors with subtle painted details developed as



Light plays off muslin curtains and streaked shell pink walls in the bedroom, *left*, furnished with a classic Swedish four-poster and other antiques, all of which bear evidence of Andersen's painterly touch. *Right:* A covered urn, c. 1880, from Andersen's collection of Danish porcelain. Details see Resources.


CHINESE BRONZES
DELFTWARE


FRENCH FAIENCE
History of Art





When Andersen found his white dining chairs, they were covered in "gold radiator paint," and his crimson velvet library chair came to him a "homely brown wreck"



an antidote to the gloomy weather. His passion for eighteenth-century Scandinavian design—"French rococo made human"—mystified his family of tradesmen, but Andersen knew he had found his calling. Growing up in an environment where art school wasn't an option, he worked a series of odd jobs and slipped away to museums every Sunday, notepad in hand, to copy ornamental motifs, furniture styles, and colors. Through intense looking, not only in Scandinavia but all over Europe, Andersen taught himself the complex techniques of water gilding (laying gold leaf in gesso and burnishing it) and decorative painting in the eighteenth-century Gustavian fashion. When he opened his Copenhagen studio to the public, he was amazed by the demand for restored and hand-painted furniture.

After an auspicious introduction to Boston as a tourist in 1972—scouring the antiques shops with a friend, he discovered a corner cupboard he'd painted a month before in Copenhagen—Andersen moved to the United States for good. He opened a shop, now located on Wareham Street in an old furniture showroom, and began brightening Brahmin interiors with his distinctive palette. For his own living quarters he set about converting a Beacon Street apartment into a miniature Swedish manor house and bumped headlong into Yankee opportunism: when his landlady realized what could be done with her dingy walk-up, she promptly upped the rent. Undaunted, Andersen moved on, revitalizing a series of spaces before he found his current home.

A perfectionist when it comes to color, Andersen spent days dropping paint in a bucket until he hit upon the exact shades for these rooms. The results are gloriously subtle: highlighted by a white ceiling, moldings, and pilasters, the living room appears peach until a closer

Andersen's Boston studio and shop, *left* and *above left*, is filled with his signature painted furniture, much of it battered antiques that he has resuscitated. *Above right:* In the entrance hall of his apartment a French table stands in front of portières of Stroheim & Romann silk, which Andersen designed with Boston decorator Ingrid Goulston.

look reveals elements of brown, taupe, red, and mauve; across the room the library's pale lavender walls comprise layers of purple, red, and gray; and the guest bedroom breathes pink delicacy.

Blessed with a scavenger's instinct for buried treasure, Andersen rescues battered antiques from junk heaps and flea markets and transforms them into "what I imagine they could be." He first glimpsed his pristine white dining chairs covered in "gold radiator paint" atop an antiques picker's truck. His 1770s console was painted "kitchen blue" and languishing in a Charles Street shop before he restored it to a regal shade of gold. And his crimson velvet armchair, resplendent with gilding, came to him a "homely brown wreck." Andersen's tampering doesn't always stop with furniture—he bought an unsigned eighteenth-century English landscape and, noticing it had no warm colors, added some daubs of red. "I know restorers would object," he says, "but I can always paint it out."

Assisting Andersen in his battle against dull brown furniture is decorative painter Roberto Figueiredo, who sees to it that every wooden piece entering the studio is washed with ammonia and stripped before the slow process of layering with milk paint begins. Andersen is particularly adept at imagining how something would have aged and, once the desired paint effect has been achieved, giving it the patina of time—rubbing bare a tabletop, a desk drawer or, in the case of a tea *(Text continued on page 232)*



Under an 18th-century Danish chandelier, *above*, a Danish dining table keeps company with a pair of English dining chairs painted a soothing white. *Right:* The gray tabletop brings out the polish in a pair of Swedish brass candlesticks and an English silver vase and sauce pot.



Chicago Modern

Art comes to the fore in a Gold Coast apartment designed by architects Ronald Krueck and Keith Olsen. By Pilar Viladas

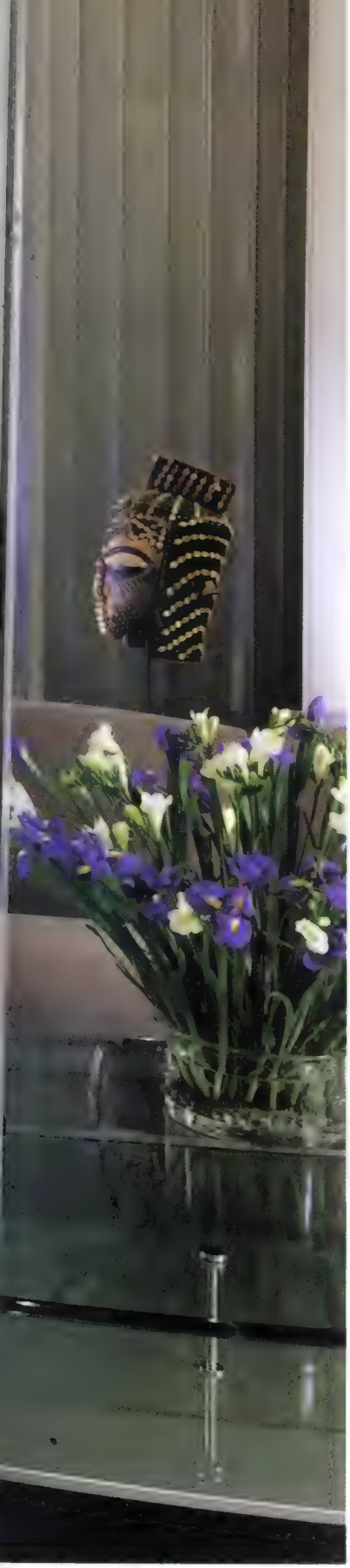
Photographs by Timothy Hursley



In the living room a mohair velvet banquette, Barcelona chairs from KnollStudio, and a custom carpet from V'Soske help create a subtle backdrop for a Miró figure and works by Giacometti, Dufy, Dubuffet, Rouault, and Calder. Details see Resources.



Krueck & Olsen have done more highly colored interiors, but here, in a bo



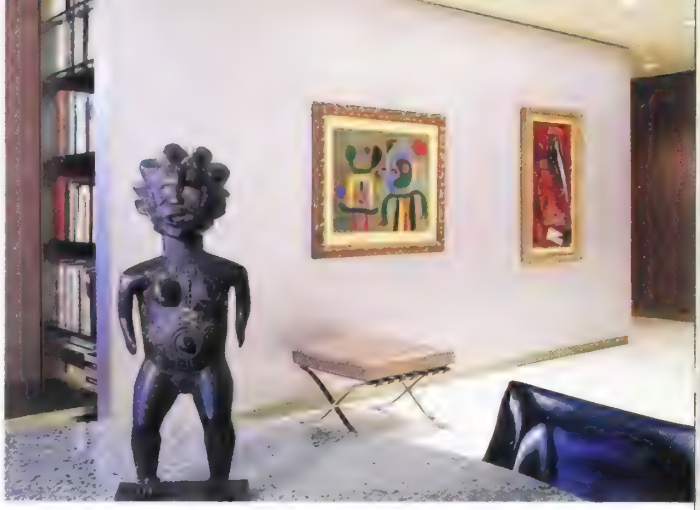
IN CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURAL circles, the Chicago firm of Krueck & Olsen defies easy categorization. Stylistically, Ronald Krueck and Keith Olsen are descendants of Mies van der Rohe, a pioneer of the international style, who not only made Chicago his adopted home after fleeing Nazi Germany but also made it America's modernist bastion.

Krueck and Olsen, however, have pushed and pulled Mies's rather puritanical right-angled steel and glass boxes into startling compositions of taut curves, layered planes, and quietly opulent materials assembled with the precision of Fabergé eggs and nearly as expensive. In the Windy City, the name Krueck & Olsen is a household word, but only in very select households.

A recent case in point is this 3,500-square-foot apartment, with a breathtaking view of Lake Michigan, in one of the city's Gold Coast buildings. The owners, a couple prominent in Chicago arts and civic circles, thought it would be the perfect place to house their impressive collection of twentieth-century and African art. And they thought Krueck & Olsen would be the perfect architects to design that place.

But the architects didn't get to design quite as much as they might have somewhere else. This apartment had been renovated in the early 1970s in a distinctly contemporary mode, with "punched" windows, white marble floors in the living and dining rooms, and teak cabinets. A low white marble ledge in the living room concealed indirect lighting. A motorized curtain of fabric strips screened the dining room from the living room. And a diptych by Robert Motherwell had been designed to double as a window covering in the dining room. The Motherwell went with the previous owner (eventually to be replaced by a James Rosenquist diptych), but everything else stayed behind. "What existed was relatively good," explains Ron Krueck. And, just as important, it constituted a suitably neutral backdrop for the owners' Légers, Mirós, Rouaults, and other treasures. So, apart from reconfiguring the bedrooms and study to create a more open flow of space, the architects concentrated mainly on creating "more subtle divisions" among the boxy spaces of the apartment—or, as Krueck puts it, they "tried to break those rectangles down."

While the architects have in the past accomplished that end by creating undulating partitions of metal mesh or faceted walls of glass, here the walls were left alone to accommodate works such as a cobalt blue George Segal figure or a brightly colored Eric Fischl painting. So Krueck & Olsen's signature curves were introduced



A motorized curtain of perforated metal slats screens the living room, with its architect-designed banquette and coffee table, *left*, from the dining room where a diptych, also motorized, by James Rosenquist doubles as a movable window covering. *Below:* A Sol LeWitt sculpture points the way to the study where a bracket-mounted Léger "floats" against mushroom-colored silk curtains. *Above:* In the entry, paintings by Miró and Chagall hang on a wall upholstered in silk satin.



the art, "our palette was pulled way down"



with furniture (the sinuous banquette and glass and steel coffee table in the living room), fabric (the raw silk curtains that soften the window walls), and details (the soft bevel that marks the edges of doors and the stone and glass tabletops).

The architects' sensuous spin on modernism owes a great deal to their sense of color and texture. In the entry a Miró and a red Chagall hang on a wall covered in silver gray satin. Two of Mies's Barcelona chairs, in the living room, are upholstered in an iridescent gray green textured silk. His Brno chairs, surrounding the dining table, are in a pewter-finish leather. In the study a Léger seems to float against mushroom-colored raw silk curtains (it is actually mounted on wall brackets). The fabric strips in the dining room partition were replaced by slats of perforated metal. Built-in furniture and cabinet doors are coated in metallic auto-body paint.

The architects have designed much more highly colored interiors, but here, in a bow to the [illegible], "our palette was pulled way down," explains Krueck. However, their propensity toward shiny surfaces allows them to walk on the wild side without falling off the edge: "The higher the finish, the more color you can add because with the reflection a lot of color goes away." In this apartment they created a broad spectrum of color within the given range of neutrals by adding accents—like the blue granite on the living room banquette—that bring out the hues inherent in the grays.

All this understated luxe and volupté might be a bit much were it not for the calme imposed on it by the architects' rigorous geometry. For them curves are not arbitrary but relate instead to practical concerns: the banquette winds around to respond to the flow of conversation; the edge of a carpet veers away from a straight line in deference to the flow of traffic. If the time-honored modernist dictate "Form follows function" (which, after all, was coined in Chicago) has come to connote the merely utilitarian, Ron Krueck and Keith Olsen's architecture reminds us of its original, more elegant, intent. ♠

Editor: Charles Gandee

Quietly opulent materials put a spin on the modernist dictate "Form follows function"



An Étienne Hajdu sculpture in the bedroom, with an Eames lounge chair from Herman Miller and a Cedric Hartman lamp from Jack Lenor Larsen. *Opposite:* A George Segal figure, paintings by Gris and Léger, a Barbara Hepworth bronze, and an African mask in the living room. Cab chair from Atelier International.



Mrs. Aaron [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] portrait, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hermann Kinnicutt, combined Georgian antiques, Lowestoft porcelain, and chintz upholstery in the living room at Mayfields, the country house they built at Far Hills, New Jersey, in 1920.

Mrs. Parish

EVEN MY AUNT JOAN, HOPELESSLY sentimental about every member of our family, admitted that I was a hideous baby. After staring for days at my scrunched-up face and straight brown hair, my father finally pried my eyes open only to discover that they were dull brown. "We'll always dress her in brown," Mother is reported to have said. "It's our only possible hope." My birth certificate read Dorothy May Kinnicutt, but the name Sister was immediately hung on me by my three-year-old brother, Frankie. It has not been an easy cross to bear. I often receive calls from religious groups asking me if I'd meet refugees at the dock. And when I was asked to help "do" the White House, a newspaper headline announced KENNEDYS PICK NUN TO DECORATE WHITE HOUSE.

I was born by mistake in our house in Morristown, New Jersey. I was supposed to have entered the world properly in our New York house, but Mother and I didn't quite have time. The date was July 15, 1910, and my premature arrival was one of the last occasions when the timetable of our lives would be interrupted for many years to come. Fifteen days later I was aboard the Bar Harbor express, heading towards the first of my eighty summers at Dark Harbor on the island of Islesboro, Maine. I traveled in the same white wicker bassinet that had carried my mother and her mother, the same bassinet that would carry my daughter and her daughter. I was receiving, quite unconsciously, my first lesson in good things. Even the simplest wicker basket can become priceless when it is loved and cared for through the generations of a family.

After the short ferry ride to our beautiful island, surreys and buckboards took us through the pine woods to my grandparents' house on the point. It is owned by my brother Gory's family now,



Remembers

The legendary decorator reflects on the lessons she learned growing up in her family's houses and striking out on her own

By Mrs. Henry Parish II

and nothing about it has changed over the years. Today, on the porch of my own house on the island, with the smell of jasmine, lilies, and heliotrope in the salt air, I sometimes take it for granted that the clock has stopped.

Nothing around me is without a story. There are a hundred pieces of golden oak—now painted white and decorated with roses and pine trees, cats and dogs—that my husband, Harry, and I bought with the house for $100. And there are my mother's chaise piled with fluted linen pillows from the Parish family; my father's chair with a book holder attached by a swinging brass arm; pastels of my brothers; and pictures of my grandmother's great-grandchildren on the parlor mantel, where a needlework border of blue and yellow roses takes the place of lace that had sadly been washed once too often. Upstairs, I sleep in the maple four-poster I was born in.

At night, wherever I am, I hear the waves lapping against the rocks and the seagulls calling. None of us who grew up in Dark Harbor, who knew the beaches, the coves, the sailing races, the picnics, the little movie house, the only store, the dances in the grand ballroom, will ever forget it. It has formed a bond between us. No words have to be spoken.

A sense of continuity is extremely important to me, and it is, I hope, implicit in my decorating. As a child I discovered the happiness that familiar things can bring—an old apple tree, a favorite garden, the scent of a fresh-clipped hedge—simply knowing that when you round the corner, nothing will be changed. That lucky part of my life I try now to instill in each house that I do. Some think a decorator should change a house. I try to give a house permanence.

Expressing personal feelings and memories is the essence of decorating. I find that people who can abandon all their old possessions or uproot the first rosebush they ever planted are lacking in a sense of what I call "home." Hundreds of new roses can't make up for the loss of that first bush. The same is true of your first room, your first house. The first thing I ever bought on my own was a cobbler's bench. My pride in that purchase is still with me, and the bench is right there in my barn in Maine. It is a memory, not a cobbler's bench.

The memory that emerges strongest from my childhood is the strict, reassuring pattern of our family life. It worked like clockwork. We would leave Dark Harbor for Morristown the day after Labor Day. No questions. We would leave Morristown for the house in New York City the Monday after Thanksgiving.



May Appleton Tuckerman, later Mrs. G. Hermann Kinnicutt, at left, with a friend outside J. P. Morgan's house in Murray Hill during the 1880s. As a girl, May's daughter, Dorothy May (Mrs. Parish), roller-skated on the same sidewalks.

No questions. We would leave New York to return to New Jersey on the Thursday before Good Friday. No questions. We would leave the country to board the Bar Harbor express for Maine on July 2. No questions.

Upon returning each fall, our only fear was that school would soon be starting. But at least that, too, was a certainty. Every morning Mademoiselle would sponge the Boston waterproof around the soles of our shoes so they'd be black and shiny. Mealtimes were sacred, and if you weren't on time, you didn't eat. Bedtime was on the dot. Manners, of course, were always correct—the boys bowed and I curtsied, elbows were never on the table—and family tradition was instilled in us from the beginning. Our American forebears included Cotton Mather and Oliver Wolcott, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and we were told that a strong wire of character stretched from them through all generations of our family. If the wire was strong enough in us, anything we might do would turn out right.

Our New York neighborhood for the first six years of my life was Murray Hill. The houses were mostly large comfortable brownstones, but with the exception of J. P. Morgan's, there were few mansions to rival those on Fifth Avenue. When I roller-skated around the block, I knew the family that lived in each house. And I didn't have to venture more than two blocks in any direction to find a treat at one of my grandparents' houses.

Just around the corner were my Kinnicutt grandparents. He was Dr. Francis Kinnicutt, one of the foremost physicians in the country. When patients summoned him to their bedside, they often sent their private railway car to ease the trip. One of his patients and closest friends was Edith Wharton. My grandmother Eleonora Kinnicutt was a woman of distinct character and frozen expression—all bust, bustles, and severity. (Her principal charity was placing No Spitting signs in subways.) I'm afraid that the Kinnicutts had appalling taste: polar bear rugs, moose heads, and antlers everywhere, golden oak furniture, and dreary pastoral paintings.

My maternal grandparents, the Bayard Tuckermans, were much more social. Annie Tuckerman was a pretty, frail woman of enormous charm. My mother, who was to inherit her charm—and her sharp wit—was the object of many of her more notable remarks. On one occasion, Grandmother Tuckerman introduced her to President Cleveland by saying, "I'm sorry, but today May looks like a piece of tissue paper." Another time she explained, "May is rather plain, but she always has a pure heart and a clean handkerchief." Bayard Tuckerman was a gentle, adoring husband whose occupation was first to minister to his wife's real or imaginary needs—principally the latter—and second to write books on American history. He was a lecturer at Princeton until Grandmother made it quite plain that she couldn't bear living there.

My father was G. Hermann Kinnicutt. He went to Harvard and, several years after graduating, with his uncle formed the brokerage firm of Kissel, Kinnicutt, which later merged with Kidder, Peabody & Co. An avid sportsman, my father was also learned and well traveled. He became a collector and connoisseur of English and American antique furniture, and I am sure that much of my knowledge of furniture originates with him. We used to bicycle all over the New Jersey countryside exploring out-of-the-way antiques shops, and whenever we tinkled the bell on another shop door, Daddy would invariably buy me a Staffordshire figure. Thus collections are born.

I could never repay his love and kindnesses, of course, but once, soon after I was married, I tried as hard as I could. It was the depth of the Depression, and in addition to his firm's financial troubles, Daddy became deathly ill. On impulse, I took a check for all the money I had in the world, $1,000, went to the hospital, and pinned it to his pillowcase, saying, "I've put something under your pillow so you will never have to worry again." It never occurred to me that my offering wouldn't be his salvation.

The knowledge of furniture that I received from my father is essential to decorating, but without taste, all the knowledge in the world won't help you make a room look right. My father had good taste in a scholarly sense. My mother had instinctive good taste. He would find an important eighteenth-century desk. She would know that the crystal candlestick should go on it, that this figurine and porcelain bowl would balance the family photographs that brought the desk to life. She knew precisely how that desk should look in a morning room and how it should look in a living room. She knew it instinctively.

Mother was gentle but strong-willed. She never raised her voice to make her point. More often than not, she would say nothing at all. She had a way of looking at a spoon, and the maid would instantly whisk it away and get out the silver polish. She would turn her gaze to a corner of the garden and the gardener would know exactly which rose to prune. When she wanted to use leftovers for dinner, she would ask the cook what was in the kitchen and he would invariably answer, "Nothing." She would say, "Then make something very very good out of it." And he would.

Everything in its place was almost an obsession with Mother. When she came

into a room, her eye might spot a tiny object an inch out of place, and without diverting her attention from the person she was greeting she would manage to put the object back where it belonged. When she came home from the hospital just before she died, she had the orderlies carry her on a stretcher from room to room, and wherever she went she would find something an inch out of place and put it back. That is perfection.

Naturally the rooms I lived in as a child put pictures in my mind that have stayed with me and influenced my decorating. The first room I can recall is one that was taken away from me when I was six. It was my family's sitting room in Morristown. The walls were white, the floor covered with pale yellow matting and a needlework rug of strewn white roses, tattered and worn. The furniture was wicker painted white and the cushions and curtains were of a heavy white cotton printed with vines and roses that looked like the flowers in my mother's vases. The doorstop was an iron dog painted black. Family pictures in silver frames were everywhere, and atop the white mantel, which had a deep organdy and lace ruffle tucked onto the edge of the shelf, was a gold clock under a glass dome which struck on the half hour. On the round table next to the sofa was a silver bell. To this day I can see and hear it summoning someone in the house. Maid or child, we came.

The lamps were twisted glass with paper shades that my father had made using lacy cutouts of flowers, birds, and clouds. I remember my mother saying, "Please put a wash of pale pink inside them." Years later, in Paris, I was to hear those words echoed when Madame Ritz conducted me on a tour of the Hôtel Ritz. She said, "In doing a room, you have only one rule to remember: always line your lampshades with pale pink." White wicker crept back into my life when I was nineteen and decorating my own first house in New Jersey. And today my house in Maine feels like home to me because it looks like the first room that I remember.

In my mother's day decorators, as we know them now, were not in evidence. People did their own houses, and if the job was a large one, they enlisted the services of grand upholstery shops like Lenygon & Morant, Mrs. Hooper, Schmitt & Co., or French & Co. When my parents decided to move our New York home from East 36th Street to 65 East 82nd Street, they hired Schmitt & Co. I was then six years old, and though not deeply touched by the new house, I



can still hear Mother's silver bell summoning someone in the house. Maid or child, we came

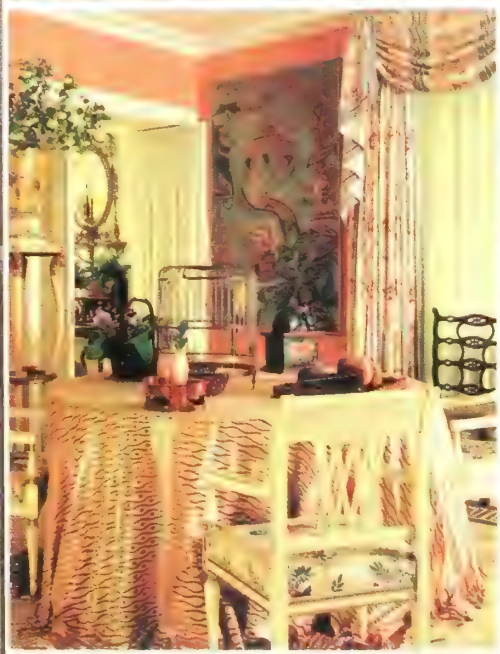


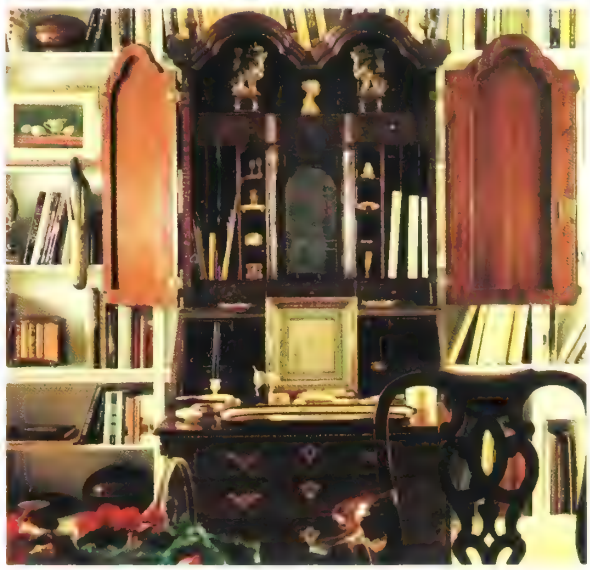


Awnings shade a porch at Mayfields, *right*. *Above:* In Mrs. Kinnicutt's bedroom, 18th-century Tuckerman family furniture stands near the four-poster in which Dorothy May, nicknamed Sister, was born. Mr. Kinnicutt found the bedspread in a New Jersey antiques shop. *Top:* Lydia Emmet's portrait of Hermann "Gory" Kinnicutt hangs between Lowestoft figurines above his mother's maple desk. Both the desk and the painted valance are now at Mrs. Parish's house in Maine.









Georgian paneling in the Mayfields library, *below*. *Above right:* The Queen Anne secretary from the library in Mrs. Parish's Fifth Avenue apartment. *Top right:* The front hall at Mayfields. *Top left:* The same mirrored late Georgian girandole against aubergine walls at Mrs. Parish's in the 1970s. *Above left:* The mirror and a Mayfields chair at her present residence, with painted chairs from the Kinnicutts' Paris apartment.



was impressed. It was six stories tall, with a great curving stairway and an elevator. The people from Schmitt installed a pine-paneled library from England, a white and gold paneled drawing room, mahogany doors, old parquet floors, and Queen Anne mirrors. My father traveled to England to inspect each paneled room before it was shipped. "English, all English," were the words I was to hear so often. And across the sea they came: inlaid sideboards, a breakfront secretary, lacquered consoles, Adam chairs that stood around a very old card table—even the paintings were all English. The only exception to my father's command was my bedroom. I had two canopied beds and a highboy which were distinctly early American. They are now in my granddaughter's bedroom in Boston, looking as warm and beautiful as they did when I was a child.

The most momentous event of my young life occurred in 1920. It was the day we moved from Morristown to Mayfields, our new stone house set on miles and miles of rolling country in Far Hills, New Jersey. Designed by John Cross, it had taken three years to build and Daddy was absorbed by the project. We had a swimming pool and a tennis court, a bathhouse and a tennis house, and a barn. My own room was the only French one in the house. It was done in yellow flowered chintz and painted furniture, gay but very sophisticated for a ten-year-old. I had white wallpaper with little gold stars and a parquet floor from Paris, glowing with wax and age. Before the fireplace was an Aubusson carpet, brown with pale flowers and blue ribbons. When my parents showed the room to me with pride and joy, I hurled myself on the bed and sobbed, "You promised me pink!" I think it was the only time I ever saw Mother cry. But of course, I did learn to love the room, and almost everything that was in it remains with me today.

Mayfields was to be my parents' most fulfilling house, and I think it was there that I absorbed my standards for perfection. But if Mother and Daddy were striving for perfection in their only daughter, I'm afraid they were desper-

ately disappointed. By the second grade they discovered that I was a hopeless child, untalented, uninterested, and not at all graceful. Together they did everything in their power to salvage what they could of me. Nothing went untried—fencing lessons, ballet class, sewing instruction—but every attempt was doomed to failure. The most wasted efforts of all were the journeys to Europe "for education." We toured in a Hispano-Suiza followed by a second car bearing our luggage. We visited all the great palaces and museums and I never learned anything. I kept my eyes closed tight in every cathedral.



G. Hermann Kinnicutt, c. 1914, with his eldest son, Francis (Frankie), Sister, and their poodle, Monsieur Beaucaire.

Of course, my parents laid their greatest hopes in the schools they sent me to, and this must have been the bitterest disappointment of all. If I have very few memories of my first schools, it is probably because I allowed so few thoughts to enter my head there. Somehow I managed to make it through until it was time for Foxcroft. No other boarding school was considered. My principal accomplishment at Foxcroft was the method I developed for avoiding exams: all I had to do was press a tender spot on the bridge of my nose and I would get an uncontrollable nosebleed. I won a prize for punctuality and was runner-up for the good manners prize. But no diploma, not even a certificate.

> Daddy and I bicycled all over the New Jersey countryside to out-of-the-way antiques shops. Thus collections are born

At one point the school became so alarmed at my utter lack of progress that they took a step unheard of in those days. They suggested that I be analyzed by a doctor. Mother took me to Dr. Draper. He was a psychiatrist, but he was also a relative and that made it all right. He asked me, "Do you like school?" and Mother answered, "No." He asked, "Do you like riding?" and Mother answered, "Yes." He asked, "Do you believe in God?" and Mother answered, "No." Finally he told me that I could leave. He asked Mother to stay.

By the time I was seventeen, nature had begun to change its mind about me. I was beginning to look somewhat attractive and a series of beaus paraded through my life. Mother and Daddy, who were horrified at my seeing a Yale man, decided that the time had come to introduce me to society. My coming-out party was held in New York after the 1927 Harvard-Yale game. We had Lester Lanin at one end of the ballroom and Meyer Davis at the other. Predictably, quite a few guests arrived slightly drunk after the Harvard-Yale festivities, but my brothers were effective bouncers and the party was a huge success.

I finally had enough of dances, and the next summer I went again to Paris, this time with a close friend. My parents had an apartment at 23 quai d'Orsay. I'd seen the apartment before, of course, but when I entered it this time, eighteen years old and feeling very grown-up, something stirred inside me. I marveled at the delicately carved fruitwood tables. I sensed the romance of Louis XV and XVI fauteuils covered in exquisite stripes and damasks. I began to feel the love of painted furniture that has followed me through all my decorating. I knew I was discovering something important, but I didn't know why. The rest of the trip was spent touring French houses. This time my eyes were open, and so was my heart. I was at last beginning to understand beauty and the role it would play in my life.

My parents' goal for me at eighteen was marriage, as quickly and as honorably as possible. Honorably did not include any of the Yale sophomores I had been seeing. Mother became more convinced than ever that Yale was not really a college and that those who went there had little justification for being alive. She felt the same way about Princeton. The only man for me would be a Harvard man, and then only if he were a member of the Porcellian Club. The Porcellian elected fewer than ten members a year, so this considerably narrowed my prospects. With that in mind, Mother sent out invitations to a black-tie dinner party. I didn't have to ask any of the men where they had gone to college or what club they had joined. They were all at least three years out of Harvard and settled in good jobs in either banking or finance. I thought they were ancient. They thought they were gods.

We girls were all in a state of excitement and dread, and I doubt that any of us would have said more than two intelligible words to the men if one of them hadn't been so innately polite that he saw his duty to make an effort with us. He was Harry Parish. He was wonderful looking with bright blue eyes and broad shoulders, and I soon learned that he was gentle and sweet as well as perfectly mannered, and, best of all, we had the same taste in music. This led naturally to dancing to the bands at the Casino in Central Park, and soon we were dining there two and three times a week. I knew I was bound to marry him.

Another family trip to Europe had been planned for that summer and I was

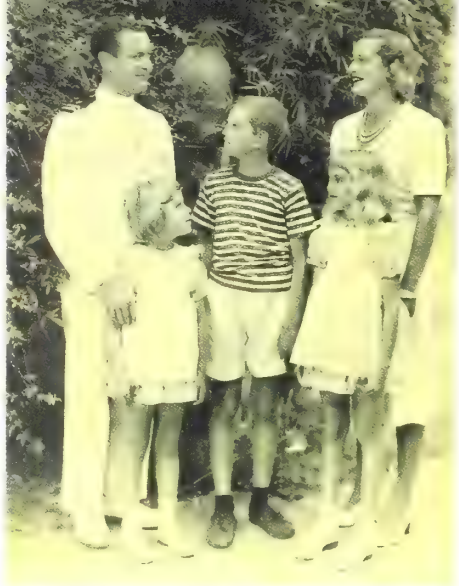
able about leaving. But to help take my mind off Harry, I did have Paris and trips to châteaus. When I came across anything especially pretty, I would imagine it in "our" house. I would wander past the shops, slyly buying small flower drawings or a porcelain bowl with garlands of ribbons. We returned home in September, and from then on Harry and I were hardly ever separated. It became apparent to both of our families that formal discussions would have to be held soon.

Harry's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Parish, were older than my parents and of another world. My mother and father were racy by comparison. At the time I was falling in love with Harry, his family was living with his grandfather, the banker Henry Parish, whose house on East 79th Street was one of the grandest in New York. Most of the furniture came from Paris in suites made to order, and the Parish children learned to roller-skate on an Aubusson carpet.

When the time came for the two families to talk seriously about our marriage, my mother met Mrs. Parish at the Tea Court of the Plaza. As soon as tea arrived and the waiter was gone, Mrs. Parish, with a trembling voice, announced that she had a confession to make that might stop our wedding. Mother waited with dread to hear her out, fearing syphilis, insanity, or worse. With tears in her eyes, Mrs. Parish confessed that her daughter Eliza was "contemplating divorce." She added that she would understand completely if Mother didn't want such a thing in her family.

Despite other hurdles, Harry and I were married on Saint Valentine's Day, 1930. Everything would have been perfect if I hadn't come down with a serious case of chicken pox on the day of the wedding. I broke out head to toe, developed a 102-degree fever, and as I walked down the aisle, my only thought was, "Thank God for my veil." Throughout our honeymoon in Nassau poor Harry had to handle a sick patient instead of a happy bride, but we were both radiant upon our return.

Harry had a promising job at Loeb, Rhoades, and fortunately for us our



My husband's uncle and aunt concluded that even marrying a Democrat was preferable to marrying a woman in trade

families believed that if you brought your children up in the grand manner, you should help them start their own married lives in the same style. My parents provided a beautiful house at 146 East End Avenue, which had been done entirely by Mrs. Brown of McMillen—with Mother's help and suggestions, of course. Wedding presents provided almost all of the furnishings. We had to buy only one upholstered chair, at Macy's, and I was appalled at having to pay $40. (I still have that chair in my apartment.) We had a couple who worked for us and a laundress twice a week, and we slept on linen sheets and big square pillowcases with monograms so prominent that I often woke up to see DMP stamped on my cheek.

When I was told that I was having a baby, the competition between the grandparents-to-be was keen. The Parish bassinet was starched up and out came the Parish christening dress with its yards of frills and pleats and lace. My parents produced the basket that had carried me to Dark Harbor twenty-one years before, along with silver rattles and bowls. Harry brought home fishing tackle and a baseball bat and was rewarded with a boy. Little Harry's first word was "birdy," which to us meant that it was time to move to the country. We found a small farmhouse in Far Hills—and the first stirrings of my career were about to begin.

OUR HOUSE WAS A THING OF WONDER. IT was white with yellow shutters, a picket fence, and apple trees all around. Young, in love, and full of confidence, I wasn't the least bit afraid of what I would put in the house or of what people might say about my taste. When the Parishes offered to give us furniture from their town house, I chose, of all things, a suite of black ebony. The sofa and chairs were covered in blue tapestry with pink flowers. There was a carpet to match, a bit ragged since it was the one the Parish children used to skate over. I then proceeded to do something no one had ever heard of: I painted the ebony white. I soon discovered that Harry's mother would choke before allowing that the effect was "interesting." But I knew what I was after, and I was delighted with the result. I then put white striped paper on the walls, added two white sofas, a papier-mâché table with fringe, and two white and gold console tables with marble tops, and used white mattress ticking for the curtains. Mrs. Parish thought they were sheets and wondered why I hadn't left the windows bare until the curtains arrived.

Off the living room we built a small greenhouse with an old brick floor, which we furnished with a huge sofa covered in yellow canvas and two white wicker chairs from my Morristown days. This is where we really lived, with the flowers, the pots of bulbs, and the trailing vines. (Thirty years later my daughter Apple turned a greenhouse into the same kind of enchanted living room, and some of my happiest memories returned.) I had our bedroom walls painted dead white, and then decided to paint the floor as well, another daring innovation. I wanted it cherry red with white diamonds, and Harry spent much of the

summer on hands and knees, making sure the diamonds came out right. I had the bedroom mantel made from structural blocks of Steuben glass applied to the wall which I had painted red just there. Over our bed, white silk taffeta flowed downward from a crown. The first night we spent there we kept the lights on because it was so beautiful.

I suppose all of this looked strange in a little farmhouse, and it did puzzle people. But I could sense something in their response beyond the usual hollow compliments. Soon friends came seeking advice. It never occurred to me that I wasn't qualified to give it. The living room at the Essex Hunt Club was looking shabby—could I do something about it? I decided to replace the stiff overly masculine furniture with comfortably upholstered sofas and chairs—a risky thing to do since this was primarily a men's club. I improved the lighting and had mirrors installed so people could see themselves dancing in their pink coats and evening dresses. The compliments were genuine. Then one day our friend Senator Frelinghuysen told me of a new restaurant that needed some decorating help. The place was called Howard Johnson's. I immediately saw the waitresses dressed in aqua and the walls and placemats in aqua, which I must have thought was chic. I haven't done a thing in aqua since, but I still have a love for Howard Johnson's.

I had never known a woman who worked. Certainly not a married woman with a child at home. It was impossible. I had decorated the hunt club for pleasure and advised Howard Johnson's for little more than free ice cream. But the Crash had come, both my father's business and Harry's were coming upon hard times, and any further help from Mr. Parish was suddenly out of the question. Without telling Harry, I decided to go to work. It never occurred to me to start anywhere but at the top, so my first move as a would-be professional decorator was to arrive unannounced in the New York office of the president of Stroheim & Romann, the venerable fabrics house. He gave me a charge account and begged me, for heaven's sake, to leave. I had become a decorator, but I still hadn't worked up the nerve to tell Harry.

A few weeks later I found a small room in Far Hills. I painted it myself and hung out a sign that said MRS. HENRY PARISH II, INTERIORS. When I brought Harry inside, he missed the sign and I had to explain twice before he comprehended that this was my shop. There was a long silence, a slow shaking of the head, then finally a smile full of love and admiration. *(Text continued on page 234)*





Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parish II, *opposite*, in the early 1940s, with their children, Dorothy Bayard (D.B.), Henry III (Harry), and May Appleton (Apple). *Above:* The beds and dressing table shown in a guest room at Mayfields were brought to Dark Harbor. *Left:* Mrs. Parish uses her mother's four-poster and chaise in her own bedroom in Maine. She had rag rugs similar to her own made for Caroline Kennedy at the White House. *Below:* The Parish retreat at Dark Harbor.





Showing His Colors



The bold designs of Patrick Frey break the greige barrier of conventional French taste

By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by Pascal Chevallier

PATRICK FREY IS TO COLOR AND CLOTH WHAT LISZT was to the piano: someone who constructs the most exacting challenges and meets them with an apparent ease that leaves you thinking they were not difficult at all. His eye is impeccable: he can vary his way across a hundred shades of blue in one room and then use all the colors of the rainbow in another. Frey is the owner of a fabric design house, and his interest in the use and effects of material is everywhere manifest in his apartment; though he has good furniture and some fine paintings, the place is about cloth. And despite its look-ma-no-hands quality, it is also humorous, unpretentious, and stylish: virtuoso extravagance need not by any means result in fussiness or excess.

Tucked into the sixteenth arrondissement in Paris, the Frey residence is a wonder of devastatingly smart effects. "In France people are afraid of color and pattern," says Patrick Frey. "Everything is beige or cream. I wanted to show that it was possible to do something different." That he has. "I went to visit some friends, and when I went into their dining room, there was a pair of curtains at the window, and one of these was red, the other blue. They apologized. 'We had our curtains rehung today, and the left one was not quite long enough, so it's gone back and we're left with this terrible situation.' But I thought, Why should both curtains in a pair be always the same color?" In the living room of Frey's house there are three big windows and six hues for the curtains: green, red, blue, yellow, purple, and turquoise. Moiré fabrics in these colors have been put on the part of the drapery facing the window so that from the street you see the six shades in all their stark drama. Inside, they come around the edges and form ten-inch-deep rainbow borders on otherwise beige curtains.

You get enough color in the room itself for the effect and enough beige not to be driven mad by it. Frey has upholstered the right side of one chair in yellow moiré, its left side in blue, and has covered a pair of sofas in a single striped moiré but in tones so different (the blue and yellow of the chair) that only when you study them do you realize that the fabrics are one and the same. In fact, the apartment is swathed entirely in different shades of these two moirés.



"I wanted to see how many variations on red and green I could use," says Patrick Frey of his bedroom, *left*, where daughter Johanna snuggles up. *Below:* Bibelots cover an 18th-century commode. Details see Resources.



Frey, *left*, his wife, Lorraine, and Johanna, Vincent, Amandine, Matthieu, and Pierre sit for a family portrait in the living room, *below*, where a two-toned bergère echoes blue and yellow sofas in the same Pierre Frey moiré pattern, available from Brunschwig & Fils. The painting is an homage to David Hockney. *Bottom:* A clock dressed in laurel leaves by Jule des Prés sits on the mantel. *Right:* Amandine and Johanna set the table. All the fabrics in the house are made by Pierre Frey. The rug is from Casa Lopez.







"I found that a lot of my paintings were red and green," says Frey, "so I decided to make my bedroom also red and green." The room is upholstered, curtained, and otherwise clothed in striped and solid shades of these colors. There is a desk and the furniture necessary for a room in which life unfolds; it's cool and quiet and welcoming. "I wanted to see how many variations on red and green I could use without making the room uncomfortable," Frey says.

Comfort is a crucial concept in this house. Frey and his wife, Lorraine, have between them five young children, who run free throughout, flopping on the various fabrics with no undue anxiety. In fact, the apartment was chosen and designed to accommodate them—it is near the best school in the area, and it is as appropriate when their friends come to play as when Lorraine and Patrick's come by for supper. "When they are older, we will live in a different place in a different way, but for right now we are all very very happy to live here as we live," says Frey.

Frey's father opened Pierre Frey, the fabric house, in 1935 and still keeps an eye on the company. As owner and chairman, Patrick employs over a dozen staff and freelance designers, selecting patterns now from one, now from another. "Sometimes, of course, they are perfect as they come, but more often I discuss them with the designer, and we come up with new colors and variations for them," he says. "Usually we try to come up with some that French people will buy, some others that Americans will buy, others for the Swiss, the English, the Italians, the Scandinavians. I try to make things that are beautiful by each set of standards. Do you know how many things you can do just with solid colors? But what works in cashmere does not work in silk, and what can be woven into one texture dies in another. I've sometimes spent weeks coming up with the right colors for a particular range of fabrics."

The relation between weave and color is Frey's great obsession. He has also launched collections of luggage and household goods, but these are really variations on the same theme, extensions of the career of a fabric man. Everything he does depends on the idea of fabric, on the way a surface can be tinted or printed and made beautiful, on how that surface can be turned or twisted into something altogether fascinating. When the Freys *do* move, they will move to the country. "I want a big house with every kind of light in it," Patrick Frey says fondly. "To see what it does to all the colors." ♠

ST. CLAIR MARIE KALT



Patrick Frey can vary his way across a hundred shades of blue in one room



Architect [illegible] Hynes [illegible] a [illegible] that represents the Park Avenue duplex of Wall Streeter Sherman McCoy and his wife, Judy, an aspiring decorator. *Opposite:* Production designer Richard Sylbert employed looming pediments, burnished red walls, and a George Stubbs hunt scene to convey the McCoys' overweening Anglophilia. Details see Resources.





The Unreal McCoy

Hollywood sends up the pretensions of New York society on the set of *The Bonfire of the Vanities*

By Donald Albrecht

Photographs by Grant Mudford



THE RISE AND FALL OF SHERMAN McCOY'S LAVISH PARK Avenue duplex has come to represent the rise and fall of Ed Koch's New York and even, perhaps, Ronald Reagan's America in the imaginations of the millions who read Tom Wolfe's 1987 best-seller, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. "It was the sort of apartment," wrote Wolfe, "the mere thought of which ignites flames of greed and covetousness under people all over New York and, for that matter, all over the world." Now a new, definitive version of the apartment has been created by Hollywood for Brian De Palma's movie based on the novel. This parable of metropolitan life, played out among the "sleek ladies," "golden hillbillies," and "social X-rays" of Manhattan's Upper East Side, is planned for release in December by Warner Brothers. It stars Tom Hanks as Sherman McCoy, a flush Wall Streeter who is arrested and accused of running down a black teenager in the Bronx. Melanie Griffith plays McCoy's headstrong mistress. Bruce Willis is the slimy journalist who causes his downfall. And Kim Cattrall is his wife, Judy, in the words of the script, a "socialite/decorator." The McCoy apartment is her latest creation.

I visited the *Bonfire* set in Burbank with its production designer, Richard Sylbert, a Hollywood veteran whose credits include *The Graduate, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, Chinatown, Reds*, and this past summer's *Dick Tracy*. It was late Friday afternoon, and about fifty set dressers, decorators, scenic artists, carpenters, and grips were rushing to finish their two-story seven-room version of the apartment where the final days of shooting would begin early Monday morning. The vast apartment was the most complicated *Bonfire* set built, and De Palma chose it as his last stop in the filming process.

Sylbert and his crew, which had numbered nearly a hundred at the height of construction, were now engaged in the final stretch of a six-month marathon to capture the look of New York during the booming 1980s. The *Bonfire* script by





The rooms lack outside views to suggest the McCoys have cocooned themselves from the realities of New York life



Trellis-patterned wallpaper and chintz from Brunschwig & Fils surround an ensemble of Chippendale designs in the dining room, *above*. *Above right:* Intended to look upright and intimidating, the living room is furnished with 18th-century antiques and traditional sofas. *Right:* The Russian Biedermeier breakfast room features a parquet floor and walls bearing four layers of yellow lacquer.







Michael Christofer had required a total of thirty-nine settings. These were realized on screen with fourteen New York City locations, such as the Winter Garden at the World Financial Center and the exterior of 800 Park Avenue, which appears as the McCoys' apartment building. There were also nine locations in Los Angeles, where the Natural History Museum stood in for the one in New York, and sixteen specially designed sets built across three big soundstages. They included a French restaurant, which Sylbert modeled in part after New York's posh La Grenouille, a rent-controlled walk-up apartment for McCoy and his mistress, a box at the Metropolitan Opera House, and even an opera set for a production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni,* which in the film anticipates Sherman's descent into the hell of New York's judiciary maze.

Of all the *Bonfire* sets the McCoy apartment was Sylbert's favorite, if only for the sheer thrill of creating something that cost $500,000 to construct and $350,000 to dress with Chippendale furniture, Chinese Coromandel screens, and Georgian silver rented and purchased from local antiques shops and prop houses.

To capture the look of the 1980s, the designer concocted a "chopped salad" of English classics

Designing the apartment gave Sylbert the chance to play the role of society decorator and to bring to the screen a quintessential 1980s style that he describes as a "chopped salad" of English country classics—canopied beds, overwrought draperies, Georgian end tables, and chintzes on top of chintzes. Sylbert says he conceived the set both as a reinforcing backdrop to De Palma's stylish social satire and as his own satire on the contemporary designs of such Colefax & Fowler disciples as Mark Hampton, Melanie Kahane Associates, and Mario Buatta.

Few corners were cut in the process. The parquet floors are complete, even when partially covered by oriental rugs. The George III desk and Venetian blackamoors that furnish the starchy living room—"the kind of room you walk into and you turn your voice down to a whisper," noted Wolfe—are the real McCoy. Scenic artists brushed four layers of lacquer onto the walls of the breakfast room to achieve the right lustrous shade of yellow. And McCoy's library, where he has attempted to fashion himself as an English gentleman, comes complete with a George Stubbs hunt scene and an oiled-walnut and green-felt armory of guns and fishing gear. The only visual ingredient noticeably *(Text continued on page 232)*

Fashionably old-fashioned white cabinets and Italian white tiles are offset by a matte-black floor in the expansive kitchen, *top left. Center:* Gold faucets, an exercise bicycle, and an impressionist painting mingle in the wall-to-wall carpeted bathroom. *Left:* The master bedroom, accented with chinoiserie wallpaper, an 18th-century Aubusson, and yards and yards of silk moiré, is Judy McCoy's version of an 18th-century bedchamber. *Opposite:* Late 19th century bronzes stand in the windows of the English-style library, seen here from the outside of the set.





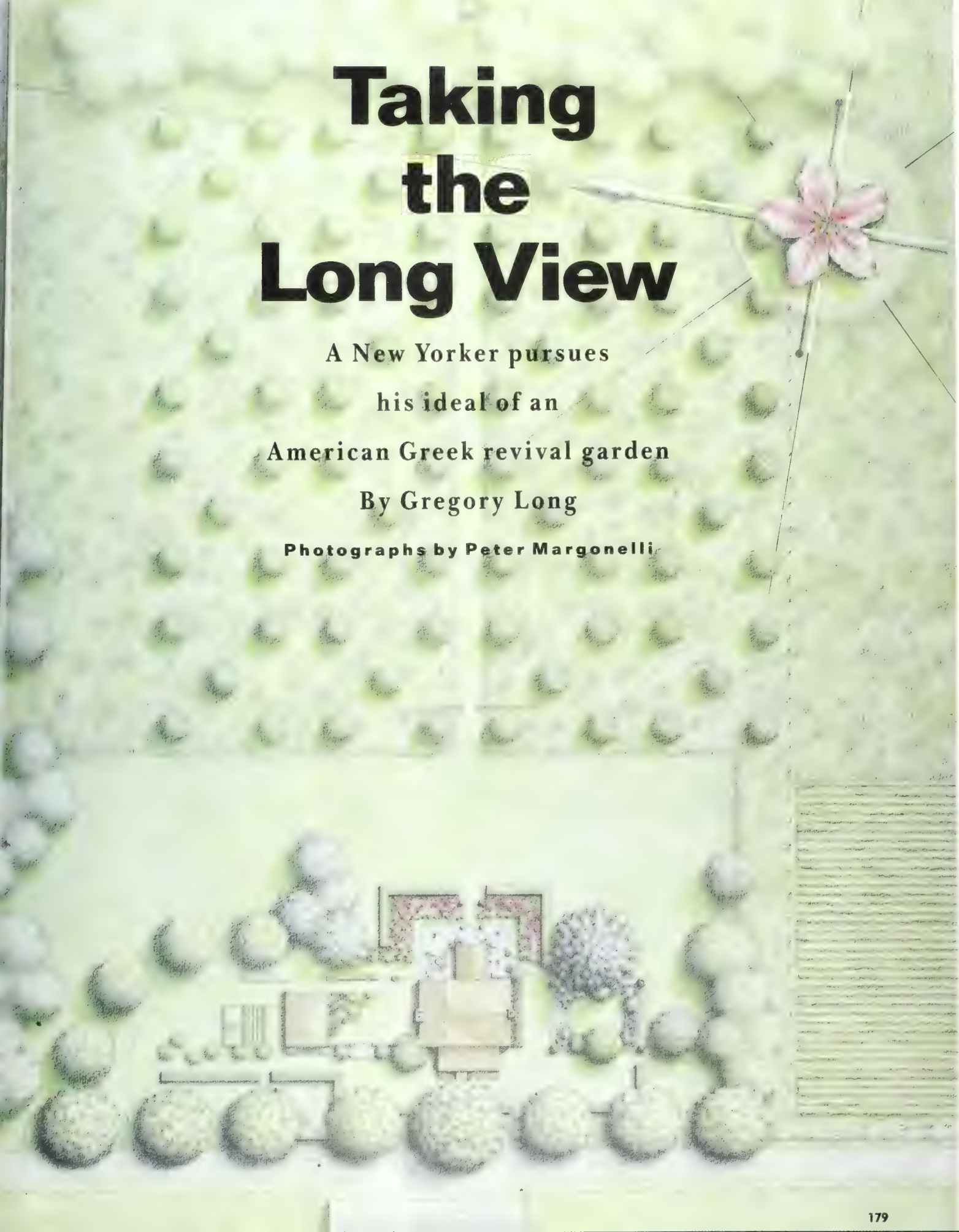
Walls of green hemlock and white clapboard define outdoor rooms with beds of roses, garden heliotrope, lamb's ears, and artemisia bordering terraces of grass and slate. *Opposite:* Perry Guillot's bird's-eye view projects fifteen years' growth in the new orchard.

Taking the Long View

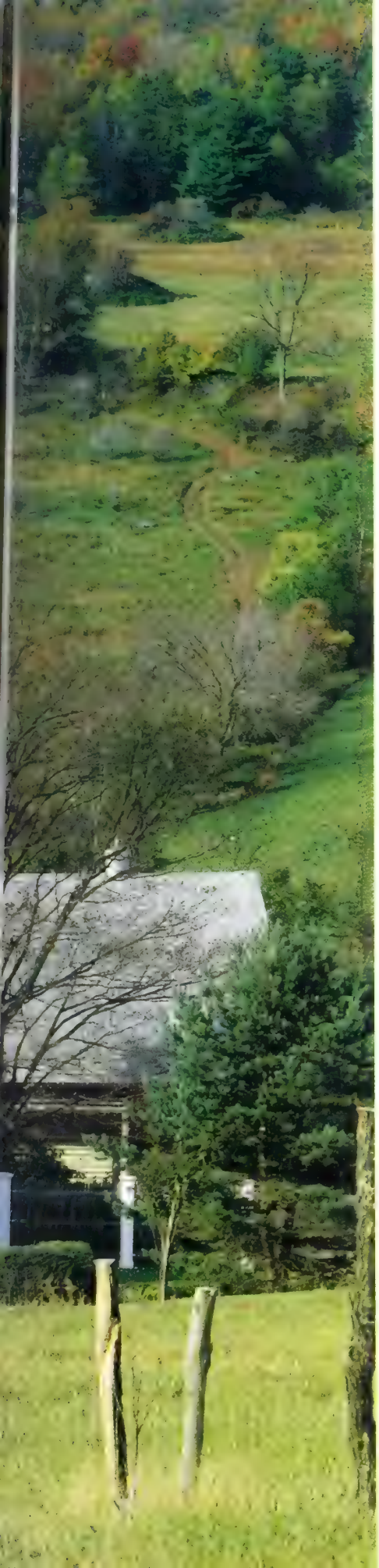
A New Yorker pursues his ideal of an American Greek revival garden

By Gregory Long

Photographs by Peter Margonelli







THE GREEK REVIVAL HOUSE SITS quite correctly, square and white and plain, on a west-facing slope above Briar Creek in a small dairy-farming valley just north of the Susquehanna River valley of central New York State. Built circa 1835, the clapboard structure is not large, but its views in all four directions from all eight rooms are vast. The views are directly east, up the hill behind the house to about thirty open acres of hayfield; south, past the big red barn and down the valley to the distant blue hills beyond the Susquehanna; west, across Briar Creek Road and cornfields to the hilly patchwork of more hayfields and meadows dotted with black and white cows and brown speckles which turn out to be wild turkeys; and north, up the road and the valley to the woods.

The property was derelict when I came here in the 1970s, but the house was full of light and promise and has since mostly returned to its original self. Because I love the American Greek revival aesthetic, especially in its vernacular expression, I decided to make a Greek revival garden, with connecting garden rooms at about the same scale as the rooms and porches of the house. Of course, no modest nineteenth-century homestead on a country road would have had much of a garden. And of course, no one making a garden in the 1830s or '40s would have had the visions in his mind's eye that I had in mine—the garden rooms at Sissinghurst, the long allées up the center of sixteenth-century Italian hillside gardens, the stone-floored terraces of Pompeii and those of the twentieth-century country houses of Lutyens in England and Delano & Aldrich here. Knowing that I was too full of this high-style imagery, I took only a few ideas from such historical sources—particularly in laying out my plan—and I have tried to create the garden entirely with the native plants and trees and the simple architecture and building materials that might have been used by my Briar Creek predecessors. It was important to me that the garden feel old and blend into this American scene.



ELIZABETH NAPLES

On the west side of the house I restored the big porch with Doric posts that had been patched onto the original façade around 1910. The porch does not flatter the house, but it has a thrilling 400-acre view, and since the sun setting across the way at ten on a June evening is my favorite sight, I decided to keep it. The front yard was long and narrow and too exposed to the road below, so, parallel to the façade, I planted a row of ten sugar maples next to an old pair I had inherited and installed a 200-foot-long hemlock hedge above the road, creating a shady green compartment. An immense hundred-year-old clump of lilac graciously lends its historic and fragrant presence to this space.

On the south side of the house, where the weedy hayfield slopes down to the road, I made a rectangular sunken garden. Seen from the upstairs windows of

Some of the eighty apple saplings, *left*, march downhill to the terrace and the back of the house in late fall. The Doric temple porch, formerly a woodshed, faces the mown walk, which marks the central axis through the orchard. On the far side of the house, across Briar Creek Road, is the Victorian barn. *Above:* Gregory Long, president of the New York Botanical Garden, among the Botanical Garden's orchids.



No gardener in the 1830s would have had t visions in his mind's eye that I had in mine



the house, the stone walls surrounding the rectangle look like the foundation of an old barn. Four large Italian flowerpots sit on the wall at the corners, and I leave them empty; they are architecture. A flight of stone steps descends one of the retaining walls to an octagonal lawn with five-foot-wide borders. This sunken garden was conceived by Hitch Lyman, the landscape painter and garden designer, who planted the beds with blue and white perennials, old roses, various shrubs, and a *Magnolia × loebneri 'Merrill'*. The only other color comes in the spring, when yellow and white narcissus and a few small bulbs such as *Fritillaria meleagris* bloom with the blue squill and the white snowdrops.

This blue and white garden room is at its height in late June and early July with the last peonies, the *Campanula lactiflora*, too many delphiniums, lilies, white roses, and *Aruncus sylvester*. I have a penchant for tall plants—even at the front of the border—and these beds are crammed with things growing to six or eight feet. By the Fourth of July, when you sit in a low wicker chair on the octagonal lawn, below grade on two sides, you are in a secret garden—alone with the fragrant boxwood, the roses, the bees, and the chipmunks, which have a grand hotel in the stone walls.



The blue and white garden, *above*. *Above right:* The back porch after the first frost. *Right:* The gate to the vegetable patch. *Below:* Bee balm, *Filipendula rubra*, and cosmos in the pink and white border at midsummer.





At the back of the house, floor-length windows lead from the living room and the kitchen onto a flagstone terrace carved out of the hill. A collapsing Greek revival woodshed attached to the rear of the kitchen at the center of the terrace was restored and transformed into a porch with a Doric temple front for outdoor meals. (Happily, nighttime insects are the favorite hors d'oeuvres of the many bats that make their home in the barn across the road.)

Lichens, mosses, and thyme now grow in the stone terrace, which is flanked on three sides by strips of turf, then wide perennial beds, then a high hemlock hedge. The flowers are best in July and August, and they are mostly pink and red and white for relief from the cool severity of the blue and white garden. There are patches of oriental poppies for the early summer and other old-fashioned plants such as garden heliotrope. There are pink and white hardy geraniums and patches of *Stachys byzantina,* tall *Filipendula rubra,* yellow *Iris pseudacorus,* and pink and white cosmos. Frost sometimes comes to this garden by mid September, but the late roses and the phlox and the tall New York asters and *Sedum spectabile* bloom on into October. Close to the kitchen and the living room, whose pine floors are flush with the stone outside, this colorful terrace border becomes one of the rooms of the house—a room wallpapered with hollyhocks and bee balm.

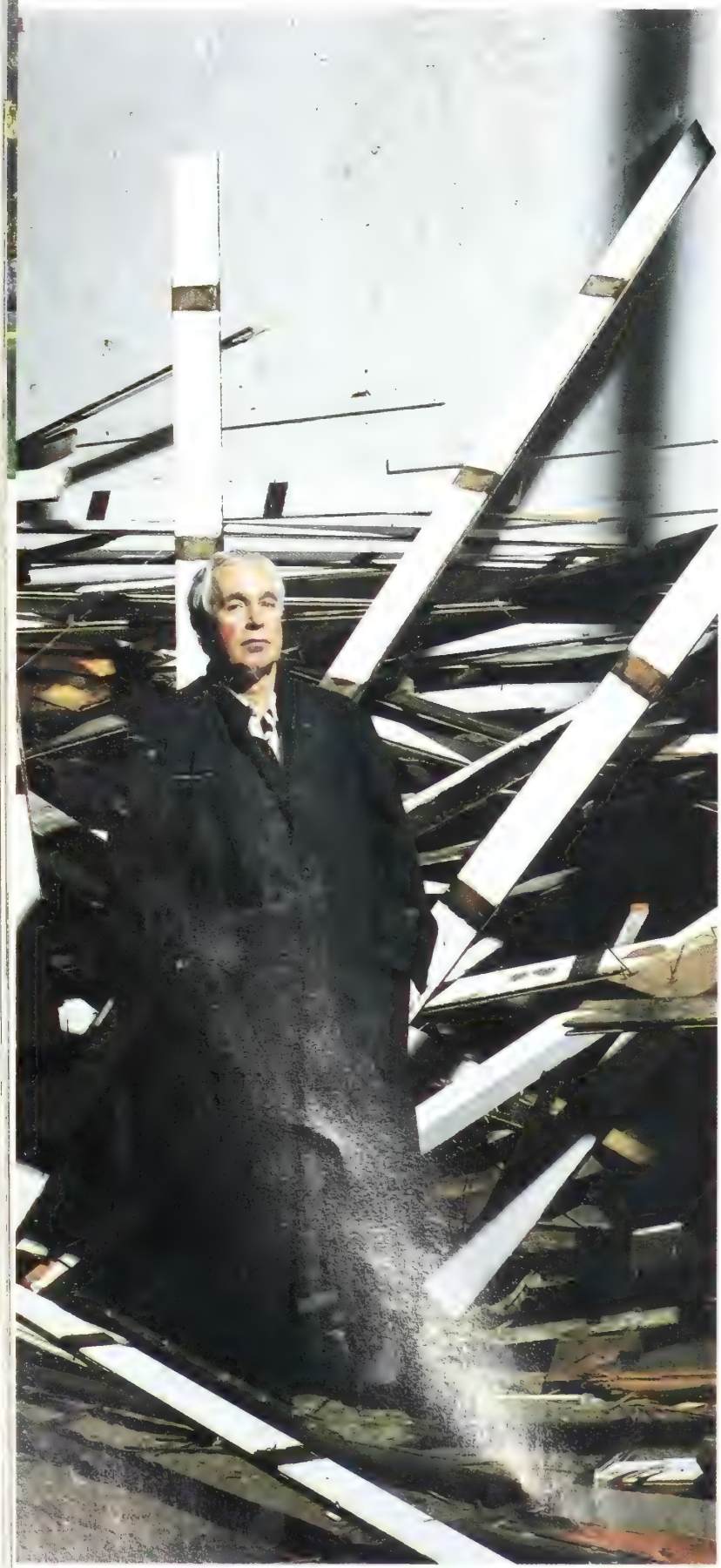
To the north, where the driveway formerly ascended the hill, I made a flat grass terrace, again level with the main floor. A white shed was put up on the north end of this yard, and against it is a big triangular flower bed full of tall white phlox and pink roses and *Thalictrum rochebrunianum* and plume poppy and lilies and lots of other things that I could never find room for in the other beds. My little grass car park is below the garden, at road level, because I do not believe in looking out the windows of one's farmhouse to see cars in the driveway. Visitors *(Text continued on page 230)*



A corner by the garden shed, *above,* full of June roses and delphiniums. *Right:* Autumn produce and the last bouquet of monkshood, zebra grass, asters, and goldenrod. *Below:* The stone-walled blue and white garden has a 200-acre view of hayfields and dairy cows beyond the hemlock hedge.



An Artist's Empire



The far-flung aesthetic realm of painter Howard Hodgkin crowds the rooms of a London house

By Rosamond Bernier

Photographs by Richard Davies

NOT FAR FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM IN LONDON there is a house that appears to be like every other in a neighborhood of antiques shops, printshops, jewelers, publishers, secondhand booksellers, old-fashioned pubs, and new-fashioned little restaurants. Climbing its steep stairs and walking into the living room, I remember that the British Museum was initially based, in part, on the miscellaneous and discreetly passionate collections of Sir Hans Sloane. Collections of that order, allied to a contrasting delight in the ordinary and the fractionally out-of-date, coexist within the outwardly anonymous house that has for some years now been the home of Howard Hodgkin.

Hodgkin, at fifty-eight, is known as one of the preeminent English painters of his generation, and a show of his recent work opens November 6 at Knoedler & Co. in New York. He has an auxiliary reputation as an outstanding collector of Indian paintings, which will be the subject of an autumn 1991 exhibition at the Arthur M. Sackler Gallery in Washington, D.C. But the look of his own house is not set by art. Only two examples of his work are on view; both very small, they are upstairs, hung high and next to the electric pump that serves the shower. Few people ever get to see them.

The visitor doesn't get to see many Indian paintings either, though Hodgkin's preferred objects in the house at the moment are probably three seventeenth-century Indian tiles colored with opaque enamel. Some years ago, when we were together in the great fort at Lahore, we saw tiles very much like them. An inventive colorist himself, Hodgkin was struck at that time by the daring clashes of red, yellow, green, and blue and the frenzy of identification with which the artist had gone to town over flower forms.

But it is not India that dominates in the house; it is the huge voracious panoramic curiosity of the householder himself. This curiosity leaves him both wracked and ravished: "At one point these two rooms had about eighteen to twenty different kinds of furniture in them. I wanted a look of amplitude, and yet the rooms are tiny. They look bigger than they are because of the high ceilings, but the floor area is about the minimum for public housing in England. I wanted outsized



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Opposite: Hodgkin
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a dairy that he
tly transformed
a painting studio,
h adjoins his house.







furniture that added to my life, and it took me a long time to get it right."

That is why there is a tapestry in the living room that was meant to hang down only to waist height but now comes right down to the floor. In front of that tapestry, which is Aubusson, about 1760, there is a very grand northern Italian table, fit for a palace in Turin, that turned up in a dim furniture shop just around the corner. On the table is a triumphal arch, all white and gold, that may be Russian or north German or Italian but in any case has an august and formidable look.

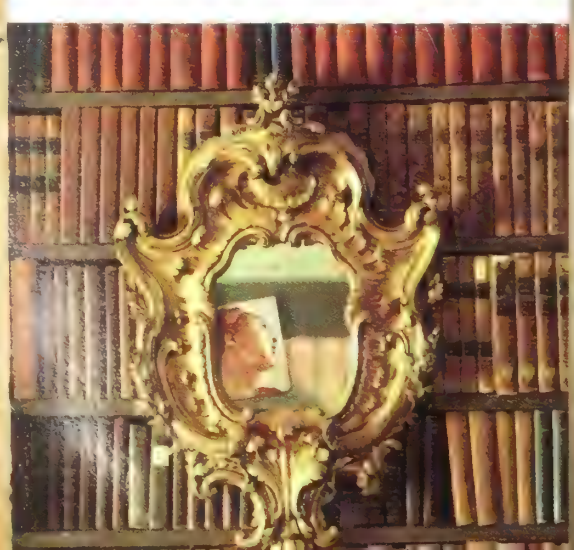
On the floor is a nineteenth-century Indian carpet, woven by inmates in the prison in Amritsar, that Hodgkin bought from the granddaughter of the man for whom it was made. Over the fireplace is a Japanese painted screen, which was a wreck when Hodgkin bought it for £30 (with two pictures thrown in). "People said it had to go back to Japan to be mended, but then a young man from the British Museum came. He said, 'It will take six months to mend and it will cost you £1,000. I can reconstruct it for you using Japanese paper and a bamboo frame. It's seventeenth century, and it will look like new seventeenth century.' He did it, and there it is. It's worth a fortune now. As bargains go, I think it's my greatest find."

Here and there bits of old fabric lie around—some from Fez, some from Istanbul. Gilt bronze candelabras have been fixed to the wall through the tapestry (one thread at a time), and against the russet and faded crimson rows of books hangs a rather small mirror in a rather large and very elaborate gilded frame. In it is stuck, as if by chance, a postcard of a detail from a painting by Pontormo.

"Living with objects is terribly difficult," Hodgkin says. "It's difficult to keep them in their place and not to get too serious about them. If they're no good—if they're wrong—I think they can ruin people's lives. It may look as if I live in a house crowded with objects, but actually the objects have got infinitely fewer. It's just that they've also got infinitely bigger." He went on to say something that was just about the most implausible thing I have ever heard: "I wanted it all to look completely impersonal, like a hotel—no knickknacks, no mementos, absolutely no family photographs. I think it is impersonal now." I was relieved when he added, "I find that nobody agrees with me."

If I have made this house sound like the sanctuary of a recherché and cosmopolitan taste, nurtured by privileged journeys to far parts, that is both true and not true. There is, admittedly, a monumental table of Italian mannerist design that was made in Rome around 1690. Though once in a grand house, it was found in a shop called Bygones of Worcester in the English cathedral town of that name. Just above that table is an enormous, somewhat whimsical map of









odgkin's shopping-bag lampshades look as if ey were lifted off the heads of disheveled nuns

Europe, of the kind that grand English country houses used to have. It originally came from Cobham Hall. "I found that map in the house of a bookseller friend—it was hanging over the space where his children stacked their Wellington boots. He asked £2 for it."

But far from enshrining these discoveries in traditional good taste, Hodgkin has at the same time a liking for the odd and apparently contradictory. He has beautiful rugs, but they are laid down on top of industrial carpeting. He could have the best of everything on the table, but he especially prizes an American green glass pitcher from the 1930s which he bought in a Saturday antiques market on Third Avenue in New York. He could have his pick of fashionable dining chairs, but he prefers to sit at table on standard American folding chairs.

"I remember those chairs from the time I was in America as an evacuee during World War II. I saw them everywhere, usually in khaki, and I still think they're among the best chairs ever invented. None of my American friends can bear them because of their association with schools and waiting rooms and draft boards, and even the dealers in New York who are usually so kind to me were embarrassed to ship them over." Painted black, they happen to rhyme with the round black Bakelite occasional tables (English, circa 1930) which, once again, owe nothing to standard good taste.

Never was a house less "done up." The paint on the walls came straight out of a can. ("The green is called Georgian green, though anything less Georgian would be hard to imagine.") But perhaps most disconcerting to many visitors are the lampshades. The four or five lamps in the living room have supplementary lampshades made out of unedited white plastic shopping bags. At first, they look as if they had been lifted off the heads of a group of disheveled nuns. But the effect that they have on the light is one he had craved for years: "The light doesn't just go through the white plastic; it runs down it, sides and creases and all. Those bags saved my life."

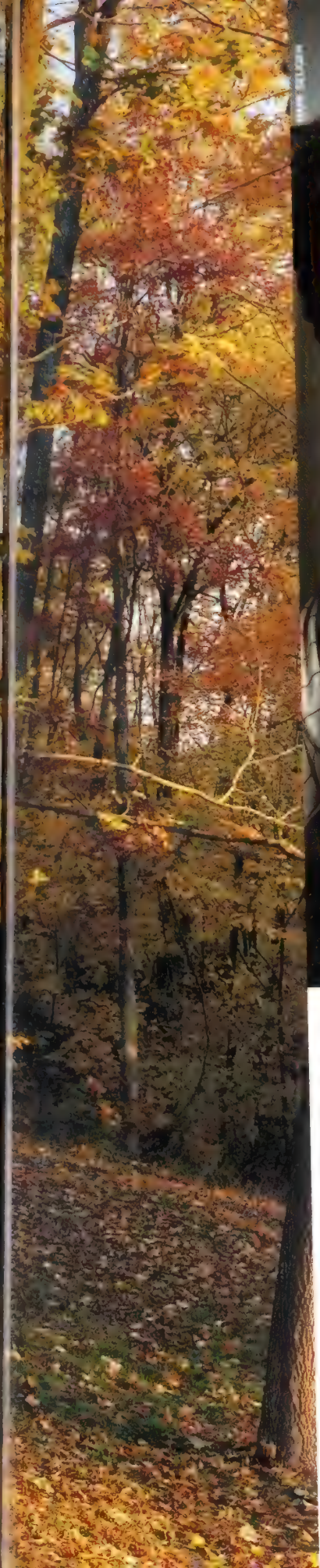
Howard Hodgkin identifies strongly with the Indian elephant and has something of its padding tread and its ability to switch humors on the instant and sometimes unaccountably. Whenever I think of the great painting of an elephant—half walking, half running—that is in his collection and will be in the Washington show, I remember Hodgkin himself, moving watchfully and with deceptive speed around the interior of his house in London. "All collectors are prisoners," he once said, but I don't see him petitioning for release. ♠



Hodgkin's furnishings encompass both the rare and the run-of-the-mill. *Top row from left:* An 18th-century Pahari painting from his collection of Indian art; a detail of an early 17th century Mughal miniature; a plastic shopping bag, used to modulate the light from a lamp on an Italian table, c. 1690; a group of early 17th century Mughal enamel tiles; Hodgkin's understated front hallway; a c. 1800 Devgarh painting by Chokha. *Bottom row:* A 16th-century Deccani painting; a Venetian baroque mirror amid stacks of books; a Patrick Caulfield painting and folding chairs in the kitchen; in the bathroom, a leopard-patterned suitcase and a 19th-century Rhaput painting; two of Hodgkin's own paintings, high on a second-floor wall.



Partners Ronald Beatley, at left, Franklin Salisbury, and Salvatore LaPorta, *opposite*, Mary Woodlands, Beatley and LaPorta escape from New York to their "little house with a hat" in Bucks County with walls of cedar shiplap, clapboard, and board on board.





Three's Company

There are no boundaries between architecture, decorating, and product design in the well-crafted world of Bentley LaRosa Salasky

By Heather Smith MacIsaac

MICK HALES









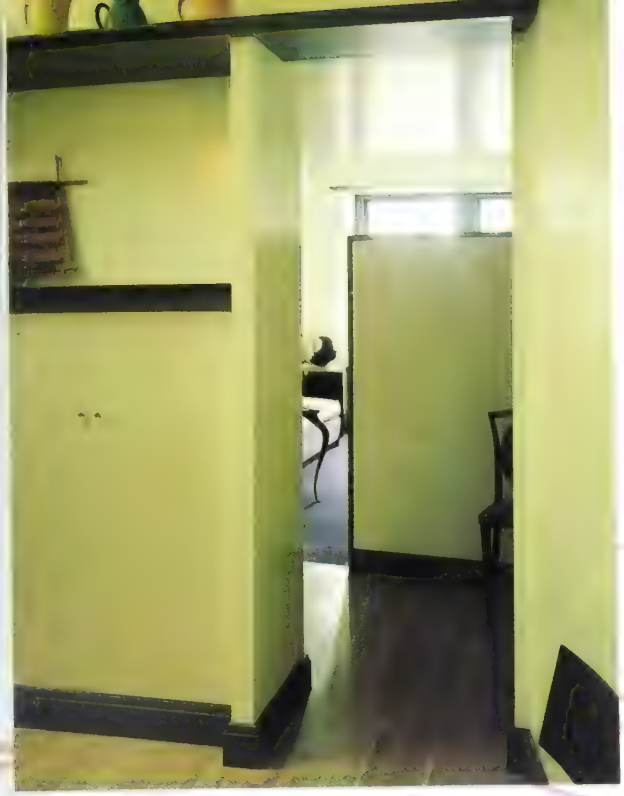


A table of maple and mahogany by BLS, *above far left,* holds a tray of combs and acorns from Japan. *Above center:* An antique gilded opera chair sits next to cedar bedroom closets. *Above:* Cabinets of painted wood and frosted and clear glass partially screen a kitchen from view. *Far left:* Dishes, baskets, and flea market finds in a BLS-designed cupboard. *Left:* End table of cherry and anegré veneer, with painted steel legs, by BLS for Brickel. Details see Resources.





In Bucks County, a walnut end table by Herbert Lippmann, *above left,* overhangs a TV. *Above right:* In an apartment in the Sherry Netherland, mahogany was used for doorjamb panels and shelves in painted book niches. The carpet is from Stark.



A BLS design offers places to put things, like the frieze-height shelf and the granite top of the "mantel cabinet," *left*, in the dining room of a New York apartment. *Below:* A drawing by Franklin Salasky of a proposed bowl for Steuben.

"Our first projects were minimalist, but we soon realized that if the one flower wasn't perfectly placed, the whole scheme fell apart"

THERE IS NO UGLY COLOR," SAYS Franklin Salasky. "Every project has its logic," says Ronald Bentley. "We use wood because wood talks back," says Salvatore LaRosa. Of all their talents, and these three architects have many, their best may be for defining their work, not just in talk but in practice. After nine years as Bentley LaRosa Salasky, Design, they recently adopted the name Bentley LaRosa Salasky, Architects & Decorators because, simply put, "it's what we do." Theirs is a firm of ideas, and ideas behind ideas. Just as characteristic is their ability to articulate such express notions as "circulation in an apartment should run along the window wall" and yet be utterly flexible. "We think of our work as intelligent but not doctrinaire," says Salasky, an attitude that sets him and his partners apart from most architects and many a decorator. "What we practice is portraiture, defining what each client uniquely is. A client has to take a leap of faith because he or she isn't likely to find something in our portfolio and say, 'I want one of those.' "

What a client will find are images at once quirky and elegant, modern and traditional, simple and complex that illustrate a vocabulary as specific to Bentley LaRosa Salasky as chintz is to Mario Buatta or a square grid to Richard Meier. As eclectic as the BLS vocabulary may sometimes seem, the "words" are derived from rational thought and practical experience. "Our first projects were minimalist," relates Bentley, "but we soon realized that if the one flower wasn't perfectly placed, the whole scheme fell apart. We also discovered that if we were going to give a project, especially an interior, a strong image, we had to get involved in all layers of shaping it—not just the architecture but the lighting, the furniture plan, the colors, fabrics, and furnishings."

If the firm's early work was about taking away, its later work is about adding. The partners use architecture to decorate and decoration to point up structural details—of a wall, a closet, even a chair. Much as they admire the architecture of the Scandinavians Asplund,





A cedar ceiling caps the living room, *left* and *above*, in Bentley and LaRosa's house. Groupings of BLS-designed furniture like the leather sofa, club chairs (for Brickel), and cherry bookcase anchor two corners of the room; the remaining two are animated by a stair tower and a double-height window dropping through to the kitchen below. The coffee table with a "flip hairdo" of goatskin is postwar Italian. Joe D'Urso designed the terrazzo and steel end table.

MICHAEL MUNDY

Aalto, and Saarinen ("Eliel, not Eero," emphasizes LaRosa) and the furniture and objects produced in the late forties by Italians and Americans, they also feel a kinship with the Victorians. "Just like them, we're living at the turn of a century and experiencing the same polarities in architecture, asking ourselves what is historicist and what is contemporary," explains Salasky. "Our approach is very much like theirs in that we work quite freely in plan and elevation, explore and employ furniture of various scales and periods, and favor polychromy."

These architects think of a molding not simply as a baseboard or a window frame but as a line that can be moved up or down to animate a wall. Wallpaper, like tile, fabric, or decorative painting, is applied to vertical surfaces to enrich a geometric order. Fabrics and leathers work together, not just in a room but on a single piece of furniture, such as a Le Corbusier chaise longue (traditionally in black leather) done up in a tapestry fabric and brown leather. In making up a chair, as in conceiving a building, they consider the container and the contained, highlighting individual parts with a variety of fabrics.

Wood is used not just as a structural member but as a form of paint. "It's such a rich and plastic medium, you can work with it in two or three dimensions. And it only gets better with age," explains Bentley. In the country house he shares with LaRosa, the living room features no less than six kinds of wood: a cedar ceiling and a maple floor, a mahogany and maple table, cherry bookcases with holly details, and a table in lacquered walnut by Herbert Lippmann. Furnishing the kitchen are a birch table, sycamore chairs by Jean Royère, a chair with padauk arms, a breakfront of mahogany and painted maple, and a maple window seat trimmed in cedar.

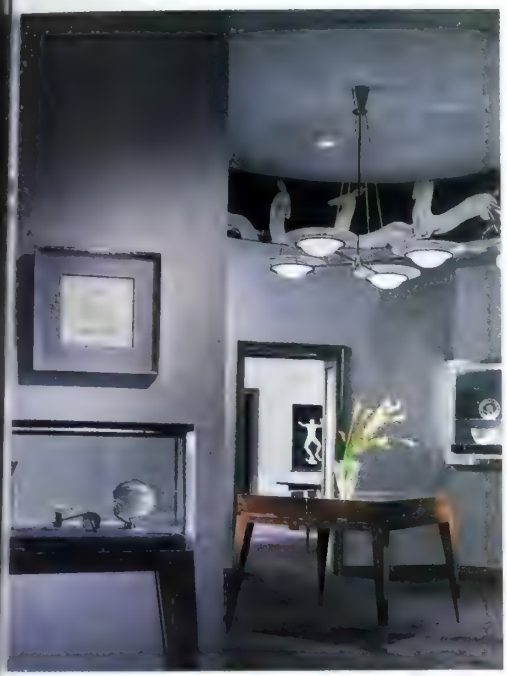
With equal ease Bentley, LaRosa, and Salasky add modern pieces, usually of their own design, to a room of antiques (as they have done in an apartment for collectors of art deco furniture), add dashes of various periods to a contemporary interior (their own residences being the best examples), or offer a modern take on a classic (as in their re-

newal of Steuben's flagship store and their furniture designs for Brickel).

As much as the partners excel at composing the look of a room or a building, it is comfort that guides their hands. "You can create a beautiful room, but if the occupants don't find it comfortable, you can be sure they will rearrange your perfect composition to make it so," states Bentley. They recognize subtleties of comfort—a steel column is wrapped in leather, a metal light fixture suspended over a dining table is softened by a length of silk tied around it—and how much a sense of human scale contributes to a feeling of ease. Wainscoting relates to waist level, a frieze is about head and shoulders. Whether or not their rooms are occupied, there is always a sense of the spaces being peopled, their furniture anthropomorphic. LaRosa refers to a vintage Italian table of goatskin parchment over bent plywood as "that table with the flip hairdo." His and Bentley's house is "a face with a little hat." Salasky talks about the upholstery of a chair in dressmaking terms: "Should the hem be above the knee? Below the knee?"



The partners' own places are, of course, their best laboratories. At Bentley and LaRosa's house, ideas like dynamic asymmetry come into play on an ever greater scale, from furniture to wall to building to, just recently, landscape. Salasky's Manhattan studio apartment is an in-depth examination of the two-dimensional, an experiment, as he says, "in trying to get to another level with color, surface, pattern, style." By the window sits a big bright yellow plastic chair from the sixties of which Salasky says, "I don't like the chair itself, but I like it here," and of which his partners diplomatically say, "It's Franklin probing taste." Controversial though this odd piece of furniture may be, it represents the real strength of the firm—the three men's respect for one another's sense of style and their communal desire to build a body of work that pushes a sensibility in unpredictable directions. ♠



Chairs by Jean Royère surround a BLS table of birch, *opposite*, in the country kitchen. *Opposite below:* Steel plant stand by BLS for Brickel. *Left:* BLS's renovation for Steuben involved designing new furniture, lighting, and display cases.



The architects use wood not just as a structural member but as a form of paint





A New York apartment, *top*, displays signature BLS moves: a wallpapered dado, an interior window set into the high end of a wall, and a custom-made table, here of maple and mahogany. *Above:* BLS substituted tapestry fabric and brown leather for the usual black leather on a Le Corbusier chaise longue from Atelier International and created a buffet of ash and wenge to go with a client's grandmother's mirror. *Left:* For his own apartment, Salasky collected Italian and American designs from the 1940s and '50s.



Export Quality

Colefax & Fowler's very English style is successfully transported to a Manhattan apartment. By Sherrye Henry

Photographs by William Waldron

TAKE THE JOINT VISION OF A MEMBER OF MULTIPLE NEW York City boards who admits to "no mind for decorating" yet is involved in every step of a project and a world-class investment banker who claims he has "no gift of imagination or knack for spatial relationships" and can only describe in the most general way what he wants—but who wants things the way he wants them. Add an empty Manhattan apartment that must be partly ripped apart before it can be put back together. Throw in the impediment of 3,000 miles between the decorator in England and the clients and construction workers in New York and you have a prescription for a nine-month migraine. You also have a stunning backdrop for a high-powered couple who alternate between entertaining sundry luminaries and settling in for cozy evenings with the kids.





The foyer chandelier, *above*, illuminates trompe l'oeil panels by Gordon Davies and a pair of Italian benches. *Left:* Julius Rolshoven painted *Madame Koch and Her Children* nearly a hundred years ago, but he might have set up his easel in this living room. Details see Resources.

Imogen Taylor, one of Colefax & Fowler's most enduring designers, knew from the start that the apartment—and her clients—would be a supreme professional challenge. Generally unfamiliar with the sophisticated aura of New York apartments, she knew only that they were "glitzy—not stuffy and old-fashioned like English country houses where my background lies." Nor was she accustomed to dealing with "acute American businessmen." "My background," says Taylor, "is in fussy old duchesses." Nevertheless, she and her clients, who dropped into Colefax & Fowler almost by accident while planning a vacation home in Jamaica, were able to collaborate with the single-minded determination of the Allies planning the invasion of Europe.

The couple expended considerable effort looking for the right apartment at the right price, returning a number of times over the course of two years to the one they finally pur-



A Bessarabian [illegible]-style carpet in the [illegible] room sets the Confi[illegible] tone and color scheme [illegible] the apartment. The curtains were made in Colefax & Fowler's London workroom. *Opposite:* A faux marbre table, Fortuny wall fabric, and Sri Lanka silk for the dining room.







chased—a generous prewar space with high ceilings and an unusual amount of light provided by four exposures. When it came time to redo, says the wife, "I was not about to make snap decisions. I really cared." Although pleased with the Jamaican retreat that Taylor had recently completed for them, the couple were concerned about the distance between London and New York for such a major undertaking as the decoration of their apartment, so together they interviewed the best and the brightest names in New York's extensive decorating circles. Surprisingly, Colefax & Fowler became an unseen presence in almost every conversation. "'This is a Colefax & Fowler carpet' one would say," explains the wife. "Another would say, 'This wallpaper is Colefax & Fowler.' Why were we going to the second generation when we had already established a relationship with the originators? We picked up the phone and asked Imogen, 'How can we make this work? How can we shorten the distance?'"

> The husband wanted something "comfortable so you don't feel like a guest in your own house"

The answer was an intricate timetable for the next nine months that would be meticulously followed, down to the exact day the painters would arrive. The family would remain in their old apartment while the eastern wing of the new one was gutted; a bigger kitchen, a butler's pantry, a laundry room, and a family room were installed; and the whole place was decorated. Every six weeks jet planes brought Taylor to her clients, or vice versa, for decision-making conferences. Faxes

hes and estimates zipped back and forth across the Atlantic. Photographs of special finds at London antiques dealers flew by overnight courier. And containerized furnishings for the entire apartment, even mattresses, eventually sailed across the ocean.

First purchase: an exuberant Aubusson-style carpet for the living room. With its expansive woven bouquets and joyous hues, the elegant rug set the Continental tone and color scheme for the apartment. Guided by the husband's specifications—"elegant but warm, formal but not stuffy, and comfortable so you don't feel like a guest in your own house"—Taylor came up with an English print room theme for the entrance hall, bookcases and moldings designed in London and built by a Vermont cabinetmaker for the library, a classic pale blue Colefax & Fowler floral pattern for the master bedroom. Clearly, the decorator put the man of the house at ease with both her choices and her precise estimates. "By the time the decision came to me," he remembers, "there had been so much done even I couldn't mess it up. The only stress was paying for it at certain points in time, but even then we were never surprised."

Not that the project was entirely stress-free. "We went through hell," says Taylor, "because the unpredictable happened every day." She credits the triumphal results to a team of exceptional workers in New York and the extraordinarily organized wife, who kept a notebook in which the minutiae of every room were carefully chronicled. Two weeks prior to moving day a Colefax & Fowler entourage signed into a New York residential hotel to produce the final effect. Nerves frayed as Fortuny fabric was upholstered to the dining room walls and the luscious signature hangings of the venerable British firm went up at the windows. The husband, who routinely makes million-dollar business decisions, stayed away, unable to face the pressure. "It was chaos," says Taylor. "[illegible] were touching up [illegible] were tacking down. But [illegible] aged to scrape through and [illegible] it all. *(Text continued on page 2[illegible]*

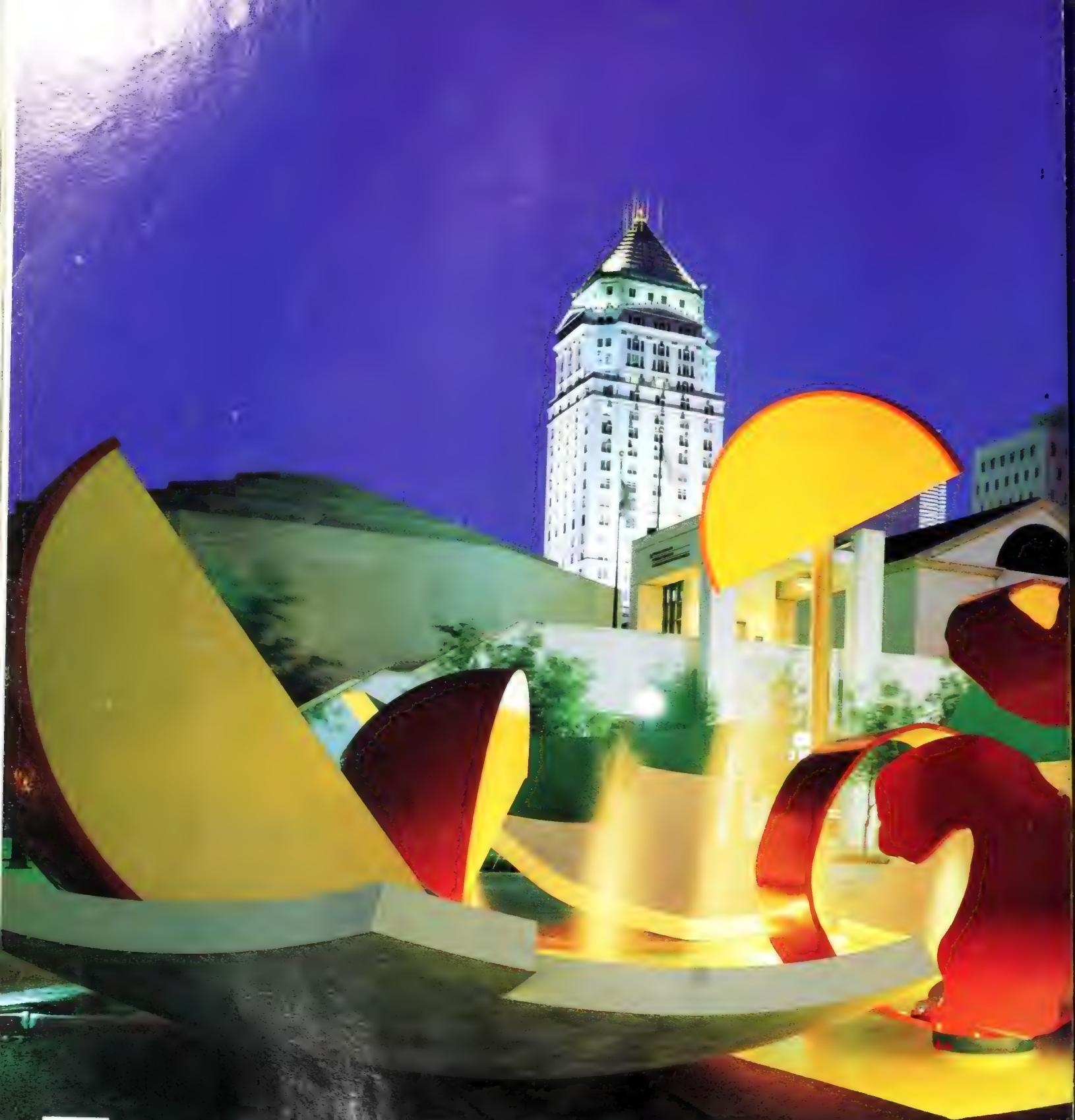


A corona canopy in Colefax & Fowler's Hydrangea chintz, available from Clarence House, hangs in the bedroom, *right. Below:* The dressing table is topped with Directoire lamps and a French mirror, c. 1890. *Opposite:* The chintz and Higford carpet amplify three shades of blue on the walls.





On the appointed day, the clients walked into their new home.
The beds were made and flowers graced the rooms



Fruit of the Boom

Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen's fountain is the latest project nurtured b

Miami's public arts program. By Allan Schwartzman **Photographs by Timothy Hursley**

WHEN FORMER ASTRONAUT FRANK BORMAN WAS CHAIRman of Eastern Air Lines, he "vetoed" the installation of a mural by pop artist James Rosenquist that was intended for Miami International Airport. The mural included huge slices of bacon floating through a starry night, and Borman insisted there was no bacon in space. A decade later, Miami had one of the most ambitious public art programs in the country—on paper, that is—whereby such internationally influential artists as Robert Irwin, Daniel Buren, Joseph Kosuth, and Nam June Paik were commissioned to transform Dade County's bridges, parks, plazas, and, yes, the airport, into evidence of a visionary public art mecca. But the Borman Principle proved to be prophetic. Local agencies were slow to release legislated funds, and community groups had to pressure them to try to loosen up the money. Last May, after years of carrying the torch with evangelical devotion, the program's embattled director, César Trasobares, resigned.

If most of the projects remain on paper, the recently dedicated fountain in downtown Miami by the great pop artist Claes Oldenburg and his wife, Coosje van Bruggen, will be a fitting monument to the city's dashed dreams. Oldenburg and van Bruggen, an eminent art writer, have been quietly making an important body of public artworks over the past decade and a half. Together they have mastered the unique hybrid that has always been Oldenburg's trademark: the subversive crowd pleaser, the monumental antimonument, the protest in conciliatory clothing. Like all their pieces, the fountain sounds simple, even a bit silly: a massive fruit bowl has apparently fallen to the ground and shattered, its orange slices and ten-foot peels in turn scattered across a plaza, with water spouting up in staccato rhythms like squirts of juice. But the Oldenburgs have taken a dead horse of art history—the bowl of fruit—and infused it with new relevance. The fountain is sexy, yet, unlike most monuments, decidedly nonphallic; the scattered slices and peels were suggested by the tropical ethnic mix of Miami, the broken bowl by the divided nature of its population.

The team had to do some pretty savvy electioneering to gain the acceptance of politicians not fond of having their city glorified as a monumental accident. According to van Bruggen, this was accomplished by indicating that the shards of the piece are scattered in such a way that "there is the potential of bringing it together." For the fountain as for the population—and, at the moment, for Miami's public art program—there is hope. ▲

Editor: Charles Gandee



Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen's *Dropped Bowl, with Scattered Slices and Peels*, 1990, gives the old bowl of fruit a new spin.



...ourt,
...ace
...d-terrace"
...-old palazzo.
Opposite: The designer
on the threshold of her
office where a pair of
Warhol portraits flank
a French art deco
temple on a deco table.



Versace Center Stage

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PALAZZO
WHERE THE MILANESE COUTURIER LIVES AND WORKS
DISPLAYS HIS LIFELONG PENCHANT FOR DRAMA

BY WENDY GOODMAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



THE ITALIAN FASHION DESIGNER GIANNI VERSACE IS NOTHing if not theatrical. His famously sexy and flamboyant clothes appear on such stars as Jane Fonda, Sting, Sylvester Stallone, and Cher, and aspects of his costumes for film, theater, ballet, and opera often find their way into his fashion collections. A famous fashion designer with a theatrical bent would, logically, live and work in a four-hundred-year-old palazzo in the heart of Milan; the living quarters would be dramatically different from the work space; and they would be designed by a famous interior decorator known for his "settings for the theater of life." So it is that Lorenzo Mongiardino was put in charge of the private floors of the Versace residence.

"I knew Mongiardino through his work, which I had greatly admired," says the forty-four-year-old designer. "He is a man of great culture, and I have loved what he has done for my house. I really appreciated the respect he showed for my ideas, for the way I am, and for the fact that I was going to spend my life in this house."

The palazzo, which Versace bought eight years ago, was

Renzo Mongiardino hired the artisan Balbo for the master woodwork in the library, *above*. The globes and astrolabes are Versace's passion. *Right:* A niece, Allegra, models a dress her mother, Donatella, designed for Versace. *Opposite:* A Mimmo Paladino painting and a deco sculpture bracket the designer's desk. Details see Resources.





Versace's assistant, Angelo Azzena, fits a model in a ballet costume for *Evita Perón*. *Right:* Greek urns are reflected in the Carrara marble floors of the Beaux-Arts foyer. *Opposite:* Greek and Roman sculptures and neo-classical paintings line the salon.



built as a convent in 1600 and destroyed and rebuilt several times over the following centuries. Renzo Mongiardino's work exposes and shifts the layers of old-world time, before, during, and since. With extraordinary care, employing artisans in many fields, he and Versace have created rooms that have the feeling of other ages, namely antiquity and the Renaissance, as they should have been.

The master woodworker Balbo, for example, was enlisted to execute the richly detailed cherry bookcases, paneling, pediments, and molding in the neoclassical library, where chairs Versace found in another old palazzo were covered in velvet inlay with sixteenth-century borders and embellished with antique pillows from around the world; the designer's collection of globes and astrolabes—"from periods when man was beginning to understand the solar system and that the world was round, placing us in the fifteenth century," he says—line the walls.

Portraits of Roman emperors in the salon surround a collection of Roman and Greek sculptures of various divinities and heroes which date from the second century B.C. to the second century A.D. And in the designer's bedroom the view from the bed—a Florentine bed with a frescoed canopy that once belonged to the Medicis—is of a 100 B.C. Dionysus, a dozen or so models for frescoes, and religious statuary.

"I used to play among Roman busts. Maybe I collect to preserve the child inside me"

"My house," says Versace, "reflects a great love for classicism and a strong attraction to certain old English mansions that transmit a sense of safeness. It is full of collections I am fond of, and to me it is home in a very deep sense. I am inclined to collect whatever brings up emotion. This probably *(Text continued on page 230)*





Studies for frescoes hang in Versace's bedroom where a Florentine bed with a frescoed canopy is anchored by a Chinese carpet. The sculpture by the bed is a 1st century B.C. Dionysus

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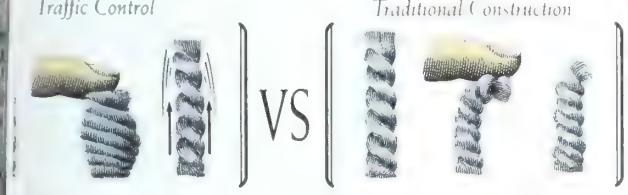
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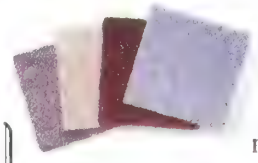
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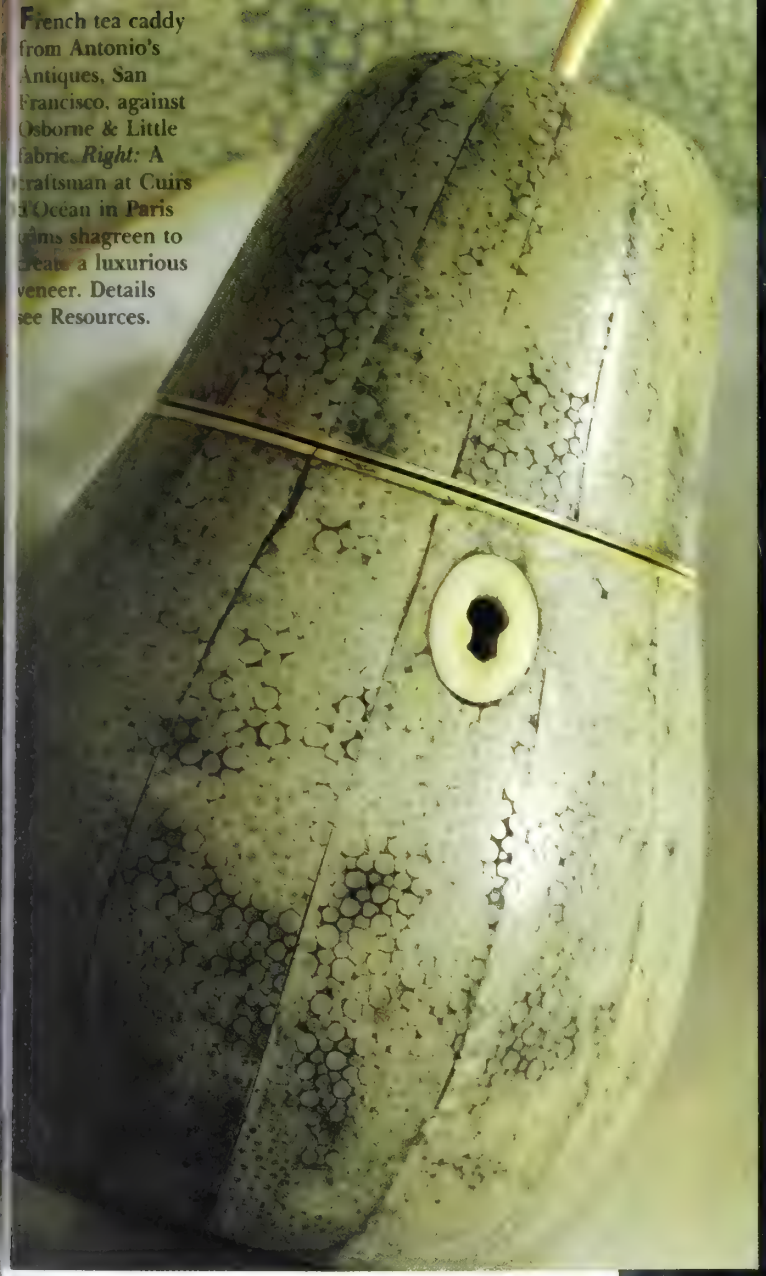
Create a French Revolution on a 20th century bedroom.



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French tea caddy from Antonio's Antiques, San Francisco, against Osborne & Little fabric. *Right:* A craftsman at Cuirs d'Ocean in Paris trims shagreen to create a luxurious veneer. Details see Resources.

Great ideas

Shagreen, the exotic decorative material made from fish skin, is a prime catch for designers with a sense of history BY JOEL KAYE

THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES, shagreen, the luminous caviar-textured natural finish, has served as everything from the no-slip covering on samurai sword grips to the veneer lining the Aga Khan's prewar Rolls-Royce. Labor-intensive, hard to come by in large sizes and quantities, and nearly impermeable, it well deserves its status as one of the world's most prized—and priciest—decorative materials. Shagreen is traditionally made from the skins of sharks, dogfish, and stingrays that are bleached, filed, and dyed (typically pale green using copper acetate), in a sixteen-step process. Its name, derived from the Turkish saghri (the croup





of an animal), also applies to treated leather bearing an ornamental pebbled surface.

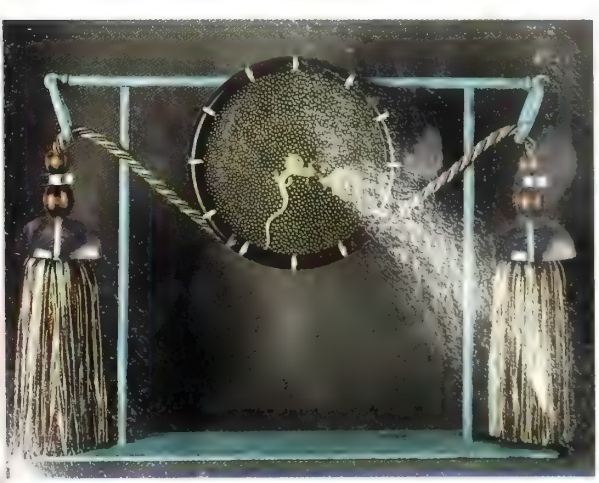
It was the exotic piscine-derived shagreen, however, that captured the imagination of Louis XV and his court, thanks to Jean-Claude Galuchat. A craftsman who specialized in making sheaths, Galuchat dazzled his royal clientele with shagreen cases containing perfume flacons, sewing sets, lorgnettes, and other accoutrements of high-style eighteenth-century living. To this day, shagreen is known in France as galuchat.

During the early decades of this century, French ébénistes and decorators such as Paul Iribe, Clément Rousseau, Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann, and Jean-Michel Frank rediscovered shagreen as the perfect textural foil to their sleek furniture designs. The prince of Wales, later the duke of Windsor, played a part in this revival by enthusiastically commissioning shagreen tables, humidors, and even toe caps for his shoes.

Now shagreen is experiencing a new revival. In Paris, a latter-day Galuchat named Jean Perfettini runs Cuirs d'Océan, an atelier devoted to the production and restoration of his material of choice. Perfettini is also the author of the 1989 book *Le Galuchat*, the most comprehensive study on the subject. Closer to home, New York decorator Robert Metzger lives with hundreds of historic examples of shagreen (his favorite find is a whippet head from an Edwardian cane), which inspired him to design a shagreen-patterned wallpaper and porcelain. Meanwhile furniture firms like Baker, Karl Springer, Ron Seff, Lorin Marsh, and Maitland-Smith have been putting shagreen to work on chairs, tables, and towering secretaries. And they will no doubt soon be joined by other big fish in the design world who are hooked on this most adaptable of embellishments. ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield



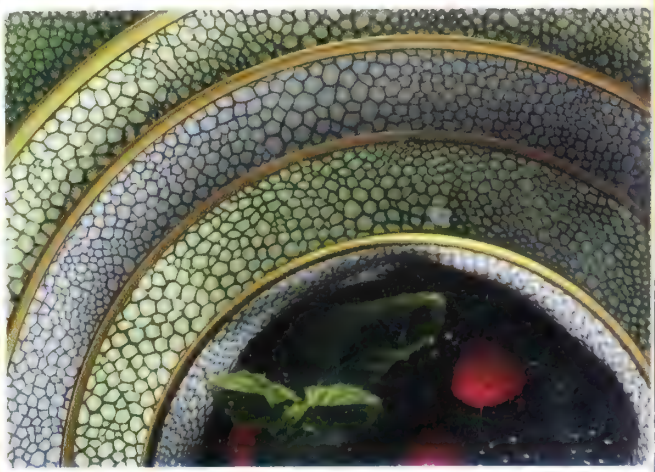




Celebrated for its caviarlike texture, shagreen has covered everything from the grips of samurai swords to the toe caps embellishing the prince of Wales's shoes

Shagreen objects, *above*, from the collection of Robert Metzger. *Right:* Secretary from Maitland-Smith. *Far right:* Puiforcat china by Manuel Canovas. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Box and faux ivory globe, both from John Rosselli, NYC, tuxedo shoes from Jandreani, NYC, with Manuel Canovas fabric, glass plate and vase from Muriel Karasik, NYC. Commode by Paul Iribe and Clément Rousseau, 1912, in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris. Pierre Legrain chair, c. 1917, from the Andy Warhol collection, sold by Sotheby's in 1988. Clock by Gérard Saint-Fort-Paillard for Cour/Intérieur, Paris. Charles Pfister nightstand for Baker Furniture, book box from Linda Horn, NYC, and bone sphere from Rosselli.





By Anne Foxley

samples

Decorative tables hold drinks or magazines—or their own as statements of style















Tables of contents include, *left*, the Chevron [illegible] Shannon Associates at Luten [illegible] NYC. *Clockwise from above*: [illegible] Vale Burge Antiques, NYC; [illegible] at Fran Laufer Collection, NYC; tin pie molds by Charlotte Mau[illegible] Furniture of the Twentieth Cent[illegible] leather and wood by Jan Gira[illegible] Spectre's Sidecar for Century Fur[illegible] cloverleaf from Manor House, NYC; Anna Syrett's mosaic flag at B[illegible] New York; Brancusi's Constantin from Modern Age, NYC. Details see Resources.


There is something noble in a classic design.
Room designed by Sandra Nunnerley Inc.
Cherry Grove Ribbon Stripe - Historic Nineteen Collection
J. Schumacher & Co. © 1990.
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Resources

CONTENTS
Page 18 Arcadia Swing glass/cast-aluminum table, by Pierre Angelo Caramio for XO, $2,000, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 353-3450. 18-kt gold gauze jacket with feathers, $2,850, at Jackie Rogers, NYC (212) 737-9759. Bronze/rock crystal drop earrings, by Stephen Dweck, $300 pr, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Aversa, Milwaukee, Oak Brook; to order at Neiman Marcus.

PEOPLE
Page 72 Ushak rug, c. 1900, similar at Rug Tower, NYC (212) 677-2525. Curtains of Ceylon cotton, Capitol cotton on dining chairs, to the trade at China Seas, Los Angeles, NYC; Jerry Pair & Assoc., Atlanta, Dania; Ostrer House, Boston; Hinson & Co., Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Habert, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver; Taggart-Zweibel, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Georgian mantel, similar at William H. Jackson, NYC (212) 753-9400. **74** Copper Pegasus, carnival gate, similar at Great American Salvage Company, NYC (212) 505-0070. Turkish Bessarabian kilims, similar at Rug Tower, NYC (212) 677-2525. Indonesian cotton sarongs on chairs and middle pillows on sofa, Bunga cotton napkins, similar to the trade at China Seas (see above). Batavia cotton on end pillows and sofa, China Stripe cotton over poles, to the trade at China Seas (see above). Roma chairs (#BEC 114192), to the trade at Syllian Collections, NYC; Stuart Buchanan, Chicago, Denver (retail); Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, San Francisco; retail at Pranich-Snyder, Palm Beach; Julie Walters, Washington, D.C.

WRITER IN RESIDENCE
Page 100 Joe baseball glove sofa, $9,073.50, to the trade at Stendig, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles.

ENVIRONMENT
Pages 114, 116 Gardening with insects: SUPPLIERS Beneficial Insectary, 14751 Oak Run Rd., Oak Run, CA 96069; (916) 472-3715 catalogue free. Bio-Control, Box 337, Berry Creek, CA 95916; (916) 589-5227 catalogue free. Biofac, Box 87, Mathis, TX 78368; (512) 547-3259 price guide free. BioLogic, Box 177, Springtown Rd., Willow Hill, PA 17271; (717) 349-2789 catalogue free SASE. Natural Gardening Research Center, Box 149, Sunman, IN 47041; (812) 623-3800 catalogue free. Nature's Control, Box 35, Medford, OR 97501; (503) 899-8318 catalogue free. Necessary Trading, Box 305, 422 Salem Ave., New Castle, VA 24127; (703) 864-5103 catalogue $2. Rincon-Vitova Insectaries, Box 95, Oak View, CA 93022; (805) 643-5407 catalogue free. Unique Insect Control, 5504 Sperry Dr., Citrus Heights, CA 95621; (916) 961-7945 catalogue free. LITERATURE Mary Louise Flint, *Pests of the Garden and Small Farm: A Grower's Guide to Using Less Pesticide*, Division of Agriculture & Natural Resources, University of California, ANR Publications (6701 San Pablo Ave., Oakland CA 94608; 415-642-2431), 1990, $25. *Organic Gardening: Sowing the Seeds of Safety, Least Toxic Control of Lawn Pests, Pest Control Without Toxic Chemicals*, The National Coalition Against the Misuse of Pesticides (530 7 St. S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003; 202-543-5450), brochures $2 ea. Bio-Integral Resource Center (Box 7414, Berkeley, CA 94707; 415-524-2567), nonprofit organization giving advice on ecologically sound pest control indoors and outside (termites, cockroaches, other insects, weeds, plant diseases, rodents, and other wildlife), offers following publications: *Common Sense Pest Control Products and Services Directory*, $4; *The Producers of Beneficial Insects* (listing all insectaries worldwide), $3; *Least-Toxic Pest Management Publications Catalogue*, $1.

STYLE
Page 128 Ostrich-trimmed satin pillows, by Adrienne Landau, $300–$400 ea, at Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Gattle's, Fort Lauderdale; Randall's Linens & Gifts, Little Rock; to order at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. English painted carved-wood mirror, c. 1880, similar at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6644. 1920s French tole sconce, $2,800 pr, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. One-of-a-kind English brass penholder, c. 1890, from Sentimento Collection, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Feather sterling-silver quill pen, $270, from Tiffany & Co., to order (800) 526-0649. 18-kt gold gauze bolero vest, $1,250, chiffon bandeau and pants, $1,250 set, by Jackie Rogers Couture, at Jackie Rogers, NYC; to order at Ultimo, Chicago. Lycra gloves with maribou feathers, by Tally at Showroom Seven, $110 pr, at Bloomingdale's, NYC; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset. Maribou feather/crystal/rhinestone/gold-plate earrings, by Eric Beamon at Showroom Seven, $264 pr, at Roz & Sherm, Birmingham; Charivari 57, NYC; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood. Les Plumes silk scarf, by Hermès, $195, to order (800) 441-4488. Fleur de lis English wall bracket, c. 1860, $2,750 pr, at Newel Art Galleries (212) 758-1970. Wood chair with rooster feathers and patent-leather seat, by Dish-Ta-Henge at Showroom Seven, $1,750, at Charivari 57, NYC (212) 333-4040.

BEYOND THE PALE
Pages 148–49 Custom muslin curtains with fringe, by JoAnne Chirico, Melrose (617) 665-0628. Linen Moiré rayon/cotton/linen on armchairs, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beachwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. **150–51** Veronese Antique Velvet cotton/bemberg on chair at left, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). **152** Portières of Grimani silk, by JAB, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Orlando, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **153** Directoire cotton/silk on dining chairs, striped pillow in Agincourt silk, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Bourges Moiré Brocade rayon/silk on chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Ninon Taffetas silk on pillows at left, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above).

CHICAGO MODERN
Pages 154–55 Custom-color Concorde mohair plush on banquette, custom-color Shan silk on chairs, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, NYC, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Holly Hunt, Minneapolis; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia; McNamara & Harris, Phoenix; Wayne Martin, Portland; Randolph & Hein, San Diego; Primavera, Toronto; Zeising, Troy. Mies van der Rohe Collection Barcelona chairs, to the trade from KnollStudio, division of Knoll International, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Stainless-steel/glass coffee table, by Krueck & Olsen, 1986, at Manifesto, Chicago (312) 664-0733. **154–57, 159** Rodelle custom-color, custom-size, hand-tufted wool rugs, other custom rugs, to the trade to order at V'Soske, for showrooms (800) 847-4277, in NY (212) 688-1150. **156** Mies van der Rohe Collection



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Resources

Flat Brno chairs, to the trade from KnollStudio, division of Knoll International, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Metallic-dyed cowhide on chairs, to the trade at Teddy & Arthur Edelman, NYC (212) 751-3339. **157** Mies van der Rohe Collection Barcelona stool, to the trade from KnollStudio, division of Knoll International, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Pollock chair, to the trade at Knoll International,for showrooms (800) 223-1354. **158** Mario Bellini Cab leather chair, to the trade at Atelier International, NYC, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Montage, Boston; Rep Group, Denver; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Williams Group, Seattle. **159** Eames lounge chair and ottoman with 5-star metal base and wood frame, approx $3,000, from Herman Miller, for dealers (800) 851-1196. Horizontal surface mount lamp (#444HSM/CO), by Cedric Hartman, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, Chicago, for other Cedric Hartman showrooms (402) 344-4474.

SHOWING HIS COLORS

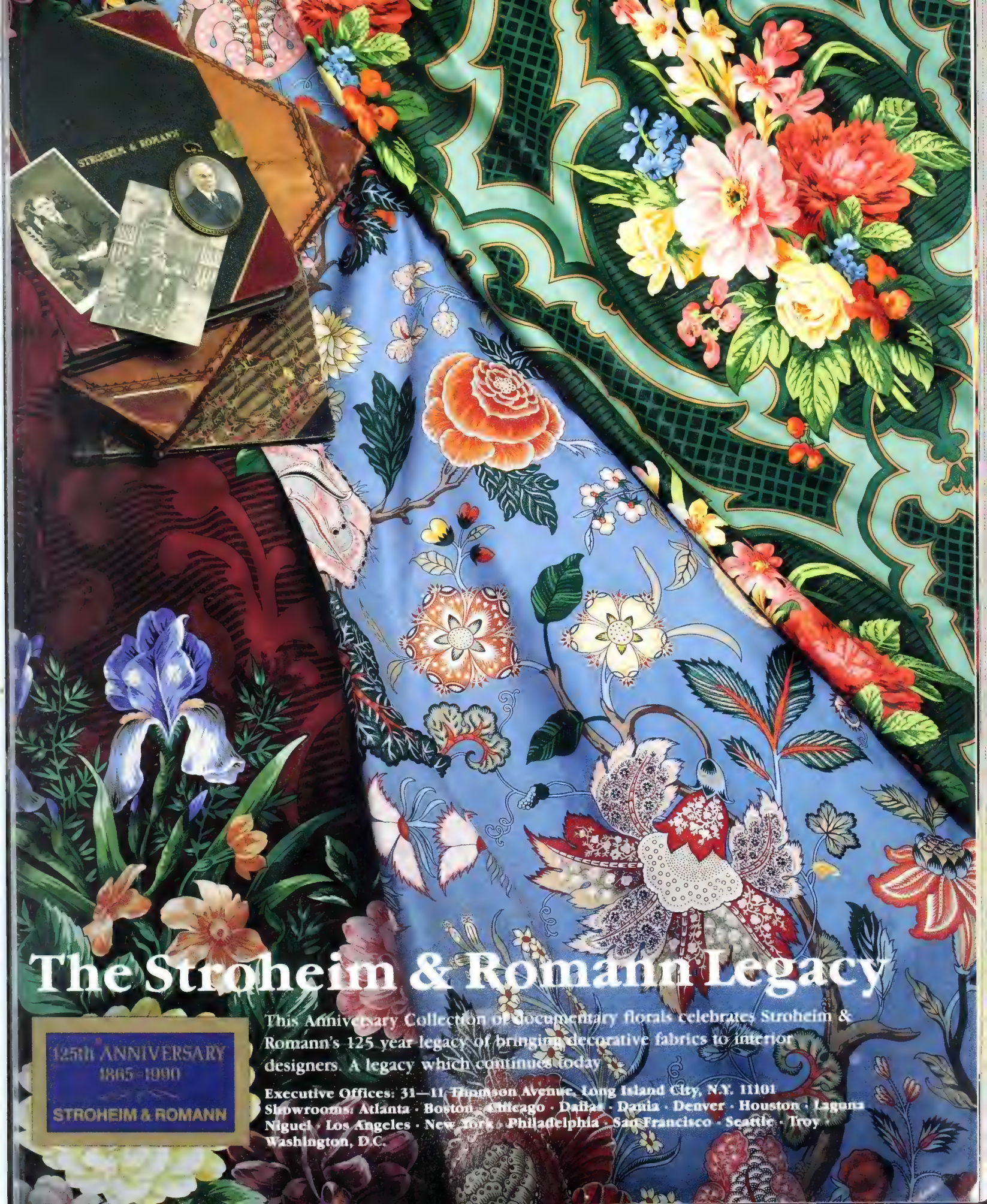
Pages 168–69 Tyler Woven Stripe viscose/cotton moiré on walls and as curtain border, Trevise viscose/cotton moiré for curtains, on bedspread, bed, and armchairs, Etienne viscose/cotton moiré on chair, all by Pierre Frey, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 148–49). Mandalay throw on bed, from Patrick Frey Collection at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills; La Ruche, Boston; Branca, Chicago; Potter & Mellen, Cleveland; Marie Leavell, Dallas; Naked Zebra, Greenwich; Kalkin & Co., Paramus; Lyman Drake Antiques, Santa Ana; Michel's Antiques, Sun Valley. Champs du Mandarin cotton under bedspread, 54" wide, $102 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Style AA wall lamp, Fr700–800, style AL standing lamp, Fr1,160–1,360, both by Manufactor, at Besson, Paris (1) 40-51-89-64; David Hicks, Paris (1) 43-26-00-67. Custom Villa d'Este needlepoint carpet, $700 sq yd, to order from Casa Lopez, NYC (212) 935-5344. **169** Poet's glass/brass shades, $140–$160 ea, by Point à la Ligne, to order at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. **170** Brunschwig's Pierre Frey Trevise on chair and pillows, Tyler Woven Stripe on sofas (see above for pgs 148–49). Brompton beechwood sofas, $8,875 ea COM, Stone Gardens granulated-stone/beechwood coffee table, $3,670, both by Philippe Hurel, to the trade at Interna Designs, for showrooms (312) 280-4800. Dried flower compositions, from Jule des Prés Galerie, 19 rue du Cherche-Midi, 75006 Paris; (1) 45-48-26-84. **171** Trevise viscose/cotton moiré on yellow chair and screen, Tyler Woven Stripe viscose/cotton moiré as screen border, Mellon Tapestry viscose/cotton jacquard as tablecloth border and undercloth, all by Pierre Frey, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 148–49). Leaf Tapestry as tablecloth, by Pierre Frey, to the trade at Fonthill, NYC; Marion-Kent, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia, Dania; Reynolds-Howard, High Point; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Custom-color La Grecque reversible wool jacquard carpet, to order at Casa Lopez, NYC (212) 935-5344. Soleil armchairs, Lune chair, both by Patrick Frey Collection, to order at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; to order at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills. Hervé Baume extralarge glass candleholders (AM#1), $350 ea, at Pierre Deux, to order (800) 874-3773. Ropework on candelabras, similar from Jule des Prés (see above).

THE UNREAL McCOY

Page 174 Treillage Sidewall wallpaper, Sarah Jane chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 148–49). 19th-century Chippendale-style mahogany dining table, 19th-century Chinese Chippendale–style mahogany vitrine, similar at Morey Palmer Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 658-6444. 18th-century French crystal chandelier, at Paul Ferrante, Los Angeles (213) 653-4142. **175** Basillo Damask linen on living room walls, to the trade at Lee Behrens, division of Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Pickney Stripe cotton for breakfast room curtains, to the trade at Schumacher, for showrooms (212) 415-3900. Russian Biedermeier walnut table, $8,500, and birch chairs, at R. M. Barokh Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 655-2771. 18th-century Provence mirror, at Connoisseur Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 658-8432. Bronze Empire chandelier, at Paul Ferrante, Los Angeles (213) 653-4142. **176** French Silk Taffeta on bed canopy and dressing table, to the trade at Lee Behrens, division of Decorators Walk (see above). Old English Chintz on settee, to the trade at J. H. Thorp, division of Decorators Walk (see above).

THREE'S COMPANY

Page 190 Checkerboard Ikat cotton on chair, by Nuno, to the trade at Ilana Goor/Nuno Showroom, NYC; Bradbury Collection, Los Angeles. Anegré veneer/cherry/steel end table, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky, $2,360, to the trade at Brickel, NYC, Chicago, Dallas; Portfolio, Arlington; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Te'Cera Group, Chesterfield; Lloyd Smith, Coral Gables; Ferguson/Rice, Houston; Levine Calvano, Long Island City; Lear Melick & Assocs., Philadelphia; Birkett Representatives, Phoenix; Lynam & Company, San Francisco; Bennett, Seattle; Craig Johnson & Assocs., Toronto. Herbert Lippmann end table, similar at Wooster Gallery, NYC (212) 219-2190. Regalaire Velvet carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Shears & Window, Denver, Dean-Warren, Phoenix. Leather on chair and ottoman, to the trade at Spinneybeck, for showrooms (800) 482-7777. Shaker wool/viscose/cotton on pillow, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Italian late 1940s end table, similar at Fred Silberman, NYC (212) 925-9470. Three-fifths round steel coffee table with custom top, at rear, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky, to the trade at Brickel (see above). **192–93** Baby Ball lounge chairs, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky, $3,300 ea COM, to the trade at Brickel (see above). Fairfax cotton chenille on chairs' sides, to the trade at Donghia Textiles, at Donghia Showroom, NYC, Beachwood, Chicago, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Telio & Cie, Montreal, Toronto; Judy Baer, Philadelphia; Susan Mills, Seattle. Ascot cotton/wool/nylon chenille on chairs' seats, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, San Francisco, NYC; Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia; Devon Services, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Keith H. McCoy & Assocs., Los Angeles; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle. Napoli leather on sofa and



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Resources

chairs, to the trade at Teddy & Arthur Edelman, NYC (212) 751-3339. Gio Ponti 1940s goatskin coffee table, similar at Fred Silberman, NYC (212) 925-9470. Terrazzo/steel end table, by Joe D'Urso, $960, to the trade at Gullans International, NYC, for representatives (203) 366-1846. **194** Rais #3 wrought-iron fireplace/stove, $2,790, from Rais & Wittus, for information (914) 764-5679. Alvar Aalto chandelier (#JL341), $925, to the trade at Lighting Associates, NYC (212) 751-0575. Colorsound ceramic tiles (color shown not available), from Villeroy & Boch, for dealers (201) 575-0550. Marble/steel plant stand, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky, $1,800, to the trade at Brickel (see above). **195** Le Corbusier chaise longue, to the trade at Atelier International (see above for pg 158). Hoffmann limed, black-stained ashwood nesting table, from set of four, to the trade at ICF, NYC, Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. Gio Ponti table lamp, late 1940s, similar at Fred Silberman, NYC (212) 925-9470.

EXPORT QUALITY

Page 196–97 Campbell sofa, Cunard cotton velvet, wool bullion fringe, from Colefax & Fowler, London (71) 493-2231, contact Dinah Marriott. Custom coffee table, to order from Colefax & Fowler (see above). French Empire medallion pillows, similar at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770. Late 19th century Aubusson pillows, similar at Heraz, London (71) 245-9497. Early 19th century Japanese Imari jar, similar at Bennison, London (71) 730-3370. **197** Trompe l'oeil panels, by Gordon Davies, through Colefax & Fowler (see above). Unusual painted, curved Italian benches, c. 1780, found at Michael & Margaret Parker Antiques, London (71) 589-0133. **198–99** Bessarabian tapestry carpet, c. 1860, similar at Heraz, London (71) 245-9497. Kingsway sofa and armchair in Semi Montrechard viscose/cotton, from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Specially woven fabric for curtains, 120 m minimum order, handmade fringe, to order from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Irish Regency carved marble mantel, c. 1830, similar at T. Crowther & Son, London (71) 385-1375. English Coalport plates on mantel, c. 1820, similar at Bardith, NYC (212) 737-3775. French tole egg coddler, c. 1810, on mantel, similar at Stair & Co., London (71) 499-1784. **199** Custom faux marbre table and Chinese Chippendale–style dining chairs, to order from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Uccelli cotton, 51"–55" wide, $237 yd, from Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Sri Lanka silk, handmade block fringe, to order from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Velours de Lin linen velvet on chairs, from Colefax & Fowler (see above). 18th-century Italian mirror, similar at John Allsopp, London (71) 730-9347. Genova crystal stemware, from Baccarat, NYC (212) 696-1440, outside NY (800) 847-3004. **200** Hydrangea chintz, by Colefax & Fowler, 52¼" wide, $93 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). Glenalmond chintz for lining and headboard, from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Handmade ruched border, to order from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Linens from Frette, NYC, Beverly Hills; Frette at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Broderie Anglaise cotton on dressing table, from Colefax & Fowler (see above). French mirror, c. 1890, similar at Keith Skeel Antiques, London (71) 226-7012. **201** Custom-color Higford wool carpet, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, Chicago; F. Schumacher & Co., Atlanta, Boston, Dania, Laguna Niguel, Minneapolis, Washington, D.C., West Hollywood; Form III, Dallas; Regency House,

Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Boulogne Check cotton on chair, daybed, Gloriana silk for festoon blinds, from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Monte Carlo comforter, from Pratesi, NYC, Bal Harbour, Beverly Hills, Palm Beach, Montreal, Toronto.

VERSACE CENTER STAGE

Page 207 Dress shown not available, other Gianni Versace children's wear, available at FAO Schwarz, NYC; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. **208** Beaded harlequin suit, by special order, Gianni Versace Boutique, NYC, Los Angeles.

GREAT IDEAS

Page 215 Early 19th century French tea caddy, $13,500 pr, at Antonio's Antiques, San 2Francisco (415) 781-1737. Shagreen cotton, 55" wide, $49.50 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (212) 751-3333. For galuchat furniture, some custom, or restoration, Cuirs d'Océan Workshop & Showroom, 19–21 rue Henri Regnault, 75014 Paris; (1) 45-39-14-03. **216** Temple-style shagreen box, faux ivory globe, at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 737-2252. Tuxedo shoes, $485 pr, at Jandreani Men's, NYC (212) 753-4666. Laperouse cotton, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above for pg 190). Murrine glass plate, c. 1960, by Tobia Scarpa for Venini, glass vase, c. 1930, by Ercole Barovier for Artisti Barovier, at Muriel Karasik, NYC (212) 535-7851. One-of-a-kind Hommage à François de La Chataigneraie shagreen/metal/wood clock, by Gérard Saint-Fort-Paillard, Fr29,000, similar at Cour/Intérieur, Paris (1) 42-77-33-10. Charles Pfister Premier Collection nightstand from Baker Furniture, 917 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL 60654. 1920s shagreen/ivory book box, $3,500, at Linda Horn Antiques, NYC (212) 772-1122. Yak-bone sphere, at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 737-2252. **217** Shagreen secretary from Maitland-Smith, to the trade at Robert Allen showrooms, for Maitland-Smith dealers (919) 889-5616. Galuchat porcelain, designed by Manuel Canovas for Puiforcat, $295 5-piece place setting, at Puiforcat, NYC (212) 734-3838; for other stores (212) 684-6760.

SAMPLES

Page 218 Chevron steel/cast-iron table with brass wrap, painted arrows and feathers, by Michael Shannon Associates, $1,165, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Design Resources, Beachwood, Cincinnati, Troy; Antiques, Chicago; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shanahan Collection, Denver; Mitchell Ryan, Dania; Menage, Los Angeles; Helen Fraser & Assocs., Minneapolis; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Jack Pesarcyk, Phoenix; Les Stewart, Salt Lake City; Dunkirk, San Francisco; Michael Folks Showroom, Seattle; Joan Eiley & Assocs., Toronto; retail at Hilary Thatz, Palo Alto; Kris Kelly, San Francisco; Sue Fisher King, San Francisco. Mid 19th century pole screen made into wood table with antique curios, $4,350 pr, at Yale Burge Antiques, NYC (212) 838-4005. Indian hammered-brass table, $950, at Fran Laufer Collection, NYC (212) 686-7373. Table #7 of tin pie molds, by Charlotte Maugirard, $1,250, to the trade at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Darius leather/wood table, by Jan Girard, $4,600, limited edition, to order from Girard Designs, Brooklyn (718) 782-6430. Jay Spectre Collection Sidecar glass/gold-leaf wood lamp table, $360, from Century Furniture, for dealers (800) 852-5552. Cloverleaf oak table, $1,914, to the trade at Manor House, NYC (212) 532-1127. Mosaic/wrought-iron flag table, by Anna Syrett, at Chelsea Passage at Barneys New York, NYC (212) 929-9000. Brancusi's Constantin wood/brass table, $2,000, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 353-3450.

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Versace Center Stage

(Continued from page 209) stems from my southern origins, from the fact that I was born in a land where ancient Greece left deep marks, in a house not far from a Greek temple. When I was a child in Reggio Calabria, I used to play among mosaics and Roman busts. Maybe I collect these items to preserve the child inside me and protect the attachment to my origins."

If the majority of Versace's "items" are several hundred years old, he also has a few modern treasures: his art-filled offices, on the third floor of the palazzo, are as contemporary as his living quarters are classical. "I could not possibly live and work in the same atmosphere," says the designer, whose offices were done by Gianfranco Cavaglia, an architect from Turin. "I asked for large and clean spaces to recreate the atmosphere of certain museums and to hold all the books and more recent works of art I have been collecting." Huge paintings by contemporary Italian artists Mimmo Paladino and Mimmo Rotella, for instance, as well as bold duochrome portraits of Versace by Andy Warhol line the otherwise stark walls upstairs. The floors are Carrara marble, and the furnishings are all art deco—French, Italian, and, including a pair of deco sculptures by Perpan, Russian.

From this supportive environment come Versace's couturier and ready-to-wear fashions as well as his new modestly priced Versus line. Although he is careful to maintain a church-and-state relationship between work and play, filial attachments are as strong as his ties to his birthplace; his brother Santo, brother-in-law Paul Beck, and sister Donatella all hold important positions in the Versace company. Donatella designs the children's line and provides inspiration to her brother in his own efforts; it was she who urged Versace to shorten what have become his very popular short skirts. "Donatella is my first assistant, the one who helps me to understand what women actually want," he says.

Versace's theatrical projects—including costumes for pieces by Robert Wilson, Roland Petit, and Maurice Béjart, as well as for the San Francisco Opera—germinate in the former greenhouse on the first floor of the palazzo, which has been transformed into a brilliantly lit space that gives onto expansive gardens designed by Versace with the help of the Milanese landscape architect Fumagalli. This parklike setting is filled with stately elms, plane trees, and maples, and the couturier can be found here often. "To stay at home means to feel safely away from the pollution of daily routine," he says. "To stay at home with some music and a good book helps me to remain who I am." ♠

Taking the Long View

(Continued from page 183) climb stairs to the level of the front yard, then climb a wide flight through a fence into the space at the north end, which serves as an entrance hall of sorts to the garden and to the house.

After about ten years of development and cultivation, when my four outdoor domestic spaces had begun to feel too limited, I removed part of the hemlock hedge at the back of the terrace border to open a gateway out to the lawn and the hillside. A grass path on axis with the Doric temple now bisects the beds of pink and red and heads straight up into the brand-new apple orchard—nineteen species of standard apple trees planted in sixteen quincunx formations (an ancient Roman pattern, four trees in a square with a fifth in the middle). At the top of the field, beyond the eighty spindly whips of trees, a wide hiatus has been cut through an old copse of quaking aspens so you can see the sky. (Not entirely by chance, this grove above the orchard is reminiscent of the bosco above the parterre, a canon of later Italian Renaissance gardens.)

The hill flattens out at its crest, and someday soon I hope to have a second Doric temple, an eye-catcher, up top, the mirror image of the temple front 350 feet below on my back porch. What a view there is from up there—down through the orchard and out above the house to the hills on the western horizon.

Something Horace Walpole once said of William Kent he could have said of me: "He leaped the fence, and saw that all nature was a garden." Kent, of course, was a guiding spirit behind the classical revival in English aesthetics in the early eighteenth century. I am pleased to report that I have a small-scale classical revival of my own going on in the late twentieth century on Briar Creek Road. ♠

Editor: Senga Mortimer

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must have been the wonder of the country when its decoration was completed. It is both a delightful document of the eighteenth-century fascination with the exotic and a bravura gesture of cosmopolitan fashion on the veritable edge of the continental wilderness. At a time when America seemed only slightly less distant to the English than far-off Cathay, this yellow ocher chinoiserie caprice was a design statement of the most eloquent sort, proclaiming Virginia every bit as up-to-date as the center of the empire. Mason's intimate involvement with all aspects of planning and embellishing his house paralleled that of his gentlemen contemporaries in England. But as closely as he and George Washington followed the latest London design trends, with the eagerness of colonials determined not to look provincial, Mason was vigilant in guarding against political attitudes that would simply replace a foreign tyranny with a domestic version of it.

His single-minded insistence on the sanctity of basic human rights—especially the freedoms of worship, speech, press, and assembly and the redress of grievances, protected by the first article of the Bill of Rights—led him to withdraw from public life when he felt his warnings went unheeded. But his triumphant vindication when the Bill of Rights was finally adopted in December 1791, less than a year before he died, allowed him to end his life content that he had done the right thing. Now when so many of the issues that George Mason struggled to defend are once again at the top of our national agenda, he seems more of a contemporary than ever. ♠ *Editor: Senga Mortimer*

For information on visitors hours and directions: Gunston Hall, Mason Neck, VA 22079; (703) 550-9220.

Tidewater Treasure

(Continued from page 137) architectural pattern books that began to circulate widely during the mid eighteenth century, Buckland moved methodically through the house creating one room more remarkable than the last. The center hall, which runs from the front door to the back porch facing the gardens and the Potomac beyond, is delineated by chaste white-painted wooden pilasters and an equally correct frieze. The Masons' bedroom and his simple study are on one side of that broad median corridor. But the two interconnecting public rooms on the other side are virtuoso displays of design invention, every bit as sophisticated and accomplished as the best work then being done in London, let alone in colonial Virginia. Both of those splendid interiors are now undergoing painstaking restorations from which they will emerge high among the most memorable American rooms of their kind. In the southwest corner of the main floor is the Palladian Parlor, a bit of a misnomer in that the richness and abundance of its classical ornament are less typical of the Italian master than of William Kent, the influential English architect and furniture designer who died seven years before Buckland came to Gunston Hall. The beefy dimensions of Kent's distinctive style of detailing, piling on row after row of dentils, rosettes, guilloche bands, and egg and dart molding, give this room a powerful aura very different from the delicate neoclassicism that blossomed in the United States after the Revolution.

Stepping through a magnificent doorway topped by a bold broken pediment, one enters the Chinese Dining Room, which

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Unreal McCoy

(Continued from page 176) lacking are views outside the windows, all of which remained covered with curtains during filming—a device Sylbert says he used to suggest that the McCoys have cocooned themselves from the realities of life in New York.

When the film begins, the pedigreed furniture and old-money flourishes amplify McCoy's inflated image of himself as a "master of the universe." As the story unfolds, however, the surroundings provide a taunting foil to McCoy's humiliating situation. In the elevator foyer and semicircular stair hall, inspired by the work of Sir John Soane, the trails of pink and gold faux marble serve as a sad reminder of McCoy's former riches. And in the master bedroom, which is Judy McCoy's nod to the royal bedchambers of the eighteenth century, a four-poster swathed in billowing silk becomes McCoy's torture chamber: "*Royal!* What a mockery it was of himself, a throbbing lump of flesh and fear cowering in bed in the dead of night!"

The tools that Sylbert used to design and decorate this glittering world filled his office in a corrugated metal trailer, which he shared with his five-person art department. Rows of fabric swatches hung alongside research pictures of Park and Fifth Avenue apartments. There were piles of decorating magazines, paint and lacquer samples, and, at the top of a heap of design books, Chester Jones's 1989 *Colefax & Fowler*, the film's design bible. Covering one wall were plans of every set and simple perspectives, which Sylbert drew in collaboration with De Palma. To give the director the freedom to shoot from any angle and to accommodate his penchant for determining on the set the swooping swirling camera movements and other cinematographic pyrotechnics for which he is famous, each room of the apartment had four walls and most came equipped with muslin ceilings, which could be removed at a moment's notice. This kind of built-in flexibility, which no real location can offer, is what justifies going to the expense of building Gotham in Hollywood.

Academy Award–winning cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond lent a crystalline clarity to the look of the movie. "No smoke, no gold," Sylbert says. No romance allowed, the desired effect is to capture the ice-cold materialism of Sherman and Judy McCoy before the flames of the film's impending bonfire destroy their glamorous, well-decorated world. ▲

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

Export Quality

(Continued from page 200) on time."

And beautifully, say the clients. On the appointed day the family walked into their glorious new apartment with only their suitcases in hand. Beds were made, books were in bookcases, dishes were in cabinets, vases of flowers graced the handsome rooms. "It gives me chills when I think about it even now," says the wife. "I know this just doesn't happen."

Since moving day, some items have been added by the owners, notably the 1898 Julius Rolshoven portrait above the living room sofa, which looks as if the painter had set up his easel in that very room. When Imogen Taylor comes to visit, which is whenever she is in town handling her ever-growing U.S. clientele, she surveys the new purchases and swaps old war stories. She enjoys staying in touch: "It's dangerous to be friends at the start of a job, but to achieve friendship at the end is good." And whatever hardships the couple endured through the undertaking have been smothered by the pride of ownership. "The distance actually became an advantage," the wife says, "by forcing us to make decisions promptly. Imogen gave the project a beginning and an end. Now we're on our own." ▲ *Editor: Carolyn Englefield*

Beyond the Pale

(Continued from page 153) table that nestles in the library, scraping back paint where the key turns. Though based on a traditional design dating from the days when tea was served over a charcoal burner, the table is a complete Andersen invention: he drew up the plans with a carpenter, designed the legs himself (modeling them after an antique he had restored for a Danish dealer ten years earlier), laid the top with tiles salvaged from a derelict house in Holland, and painted the body to match biblical scenes on the tiles.

Given his skill at capturing a past elegance, it's not surprising that Andersen abhors electric light and has refused to modernize the magnificent 1780 Danish chandelier above his dining table. Instead he effects shifts from cool to warm with strategic placements of his collection of eighteenth-century Swedish brass candlesticks. As light stretches across the room, lingering on the dove gray and pearl white of a chest of drawers, caressing the sleek white chairs, sparkling in the gilt intricacies of a trumeau mirror, the walls both absorb and reflect. And the luminosity continues—at day's end, the candlelit hues deepen with the setting sun. ▲

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

Into Africa

(Continued from page 147) [illegible] confined to his photographic books, one recently reissued *The End of the* [illegible] and *Eyelids of Morning*, which document the mismanaged culls of Kenya's wild[illegible].

Over the years he has amassed [illegible] extensive collection of tribal artif[illegible] beautifully carved wooden walking s[illegible] called rungus, throwing stones once used to read the future, aerodynamic throwing sticks for killing birds, bowls shaped like ears ("for extrasensory hearing," notes Beard), and intricate ceremonial dresses embroidered with shards of ostrich eggs, shields, and carved fetishes. "So many people have totally abandoned their past," he says. "All they want now are nylon shirts and wristwatches."

Currently Beard is working on the photographs for a book by his friend Gillies Turle on the hidden art of the Masai—at the same time Beard is writing a television series on environmental issues, building a tree house for Zara, thinking about expanding the camp to provide tents for paying guests, preparing excerpts from his diaries for a book entitled *From a Dead Man's Wallet*, and, as always, speaking his mind to whoever crosses his path. ▲

Editor: Ruth Ansel



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Mrs. Parish

(Continued from page 167) He had his doubts, but he approved.

His family, however, most definitely did not approve. When Harry's uncle and aunt learned that I had become a professional decorator, they promptly disinherited him. Instead they left a sizable sum, which had been due Harry, to Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, who had stayed at their house. It must have been a difficult decision, but they concluded that even marrying a Democrat was preferable to marrying a woman in trade.

The first person to enter the shop with any serious intentions was the daughter of a family friend who had a large country house she wanted decorated and well over $100,000 to spend on it, which made it a very auspicious beginning for me. I didn't really know much more than she did, but she trusted me completely. I decided that she should have a leather library and a white carpet with red roses. Luckily it worked and was considered quite dashing.

I found that I didn't need a decorator's manual to tell me basic things: a feeling for lighting and for which colors would go together came to me naturally. I just knew that the tables should all be the same height so the lamps would be at the same level, that there should be three groupings of furniture so the room could be completely used. I did have to do some research on valances, but that was all that I got out of books. There were mistakes, of course—there are in almost any job—but the final result was wonderful.

After that first job the word spread, and despite difficult times, commissions followed. I had not gone to school, read any books, or served an apprenticeship or joined any professional organizations. Admittedly, I had been extraordinarily lucky, but I felt that I had a decorator's eye and a decorator's instinct, and somehow I sensed that nothing else mattered. I am now more convinced than ever that instinct is all that is really important. There must be 20,000 decorators in New York today. They've all studied decorating at Parsons or some other school. They can draw a floor plan and they know the history of furniture, but that doesn't seem to be what's necessary. I don't care how much studying you've had—if you haven't got it in you, you won't be able to put it across.

From the beginning, I never followed trends in decorating. If I was aware of them I didn't care, for I believed then, as I do now, that rooms should be timeless and very personal. I didn't set out to achieve a particular style or develop a "look," because I knew that every person's life differs from every other and all needs are therefore different. And, of course, I knew from my own life the importance of continuity in the things we live with.

Some years ago, my partner, Albert Hadley, and I were delighted when patchwork quilts, four-poster beds, painted floors, knitted throws, rag rugs, painted valances, and handwoven bedspreads were first listed among the "innovations" of our firm, Parish-Hadley. The list sounds old-fashioned, and certainly no decorator wants to be that. But Albert and I understood, all the same, that innovation is often the ability to reach into the past and bring back what is good, what is beautiful, what is useful, what is lasting.

At the start of my career I instinctively set out to make some old ideas popular again, and after sixty years I am pleased to see that they still work. It is like the pleasure I feel when I remember the day at Dark Harbor, long ago, when I learned to tie all the ship's knots. Even now they hold tight in my memory, and I think they have helped not just in keeping my boat fast, but in keeping my life fast. ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

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Gandee

Paloma Picasso has mass appeal

Last January Karl Lagerfeld gave a small dinner party at his palatial apartment on the rue de l'Université in Paris, and Paloma Picasso was the last to arrive. She marched into the grand couturier's grand salon wearing a little black dress and cast her big black eyes around the gilded room, focusing not on the remarkable Louis XV–style lit à la turque, which functions as a thronelike sofa, but on the two or three people she didn't know. "Hello," she said, presenting herself somewhat formally to each of us in turn. "I'm Paloma Picasso." Which seemed redundant since it's fair to assume that most people who end up at small dinner parties at Karl Lagerfeld's palatial apartment in Paris know Paloma Picasso when they see her. But then what else could she say?

Seven months later I called Paloma through an intermediary to make a date to meet for lunch in New York. She agreed—through the intermediary—stipulating that lunch be coffee at 11:00 and we have it at Sant Ambroeus, a small Italian café on Madison Avenue. Again Paloma Picasso was the last to arrive, and again Paloma Picasso was wearing a little black dress. This time, however, the little black dress was a sheer sleeveless Azzedine Alaïa creation that revealed, once the scarlet Geoffrey Beene coat had been removed, substantially more than most American women would feel comfortable revealing—at least before noon. "We met last January in Paris," I said. "Yes, of course," smiled Paloma, allowing me the luxury of believing that she remembered. Which was nice.

"I don't mind being a woman, but I don't want to be a lady"



Paloma Picasso with her china designs

In photographs, and there have been many photographs, she appears exotic, defiant, intimidating. The perennially provocative Helmut Newton, for example, shot her in 1973 holding a highball glass that only partially obscures the left breast her dress exposes. Nothing, however, obscures her expression, a chilly mixture of contempt and boredom: Pablo Picasso's daughter as dominatrix. In her best-known Richard Avedon portrait, the one she commissioned to promote the perfume she introduced in 1984, an ultrasophisticated Paloma stares out at the world with confrontational directness—a larger-than-life Latin glamour queen, all sable hair, fire-engine-red lips, and caught-in-the-kill panther eyes. The image is powerful. Memorable. Severe. It is the picture of a woman you do not cross. A woman you do not take home to mother.

"It had to be strong because our advertising budget was very small, and every page had to count," says Paloma of the Avedon portrait. The explanation is helpful because in person Paloma Picasso is not like her pictures. At all. In person, Paloma Picasso is warm, engaging, accessible, and very very funny. And though English is not her first language, she does have a way with words: "I don't mind being a woman, but I don't want to be a lady." She's also, jet-set reputation notwithstanding, an enterprising businesswoman, a savvy designer and promoter of a sufficient number of products to justify a Paloma Picasso boutique, which Jacques Grange designed and which opened last month in Paris. The idea of a Paloma Picasso boutique selling Paloma Picasso scarves, handbags, umbrellas, gloves, panty hose, cosmetics, perfume, and sunglasses may be a stretch for some. Isn't it a bit commercial? What would her father say? "What people see as appealing about who I am," explains Paloma, "is the girl who goes to parties, the girl who's on the best-dressed list—all the very superficial things. I've been famous since I was a baby. That's not a thrill. To me the thrill is to design things and see that they work. The fun part is to *be* commercial." Which explains why Paloma went to Villeroy & Boch when she decided to design china, crystal, silver, and, yes, bathroom tiles. She wanted mass production, mass distribution, mass appeal. Tiffany, on the other hand, which many regarded as the obvious vehicle for her entry into the tabletop market, she deemed too "elite." Never mind that Paloma celebrated her tenth anniversary as one of Tiffany's most prolific jewelry designers this year.

Although her range is wide, Paloma believes her innumerable product lines all adhere to a singular point of view. "Everything should look new yet classic. That way, when the newness has disappeared, they'll still be appealing." Paloma also believes in quirky combinations of materials. "I like surprises," she says, referring me to the wrought-iron ornament she had applied to the Paloma Picasso pocketbook she was carrying. To further illustrate the idea, she pulled out her Paloma Picasso compact with a little jewel punctuating the interior. Although the point was made, Paloma didn't seem quite sure. So she lifted up her skirt and showed me the decorative motif she had woven into her Paloma Picasso panty hose, not quite at the point where the panty meets the hose. It was a natural, impulsive gesture—both simple and startling. And it made Paloma Picasso blush like a schoolgirl, then laugh like a woman.

Charles Gandee

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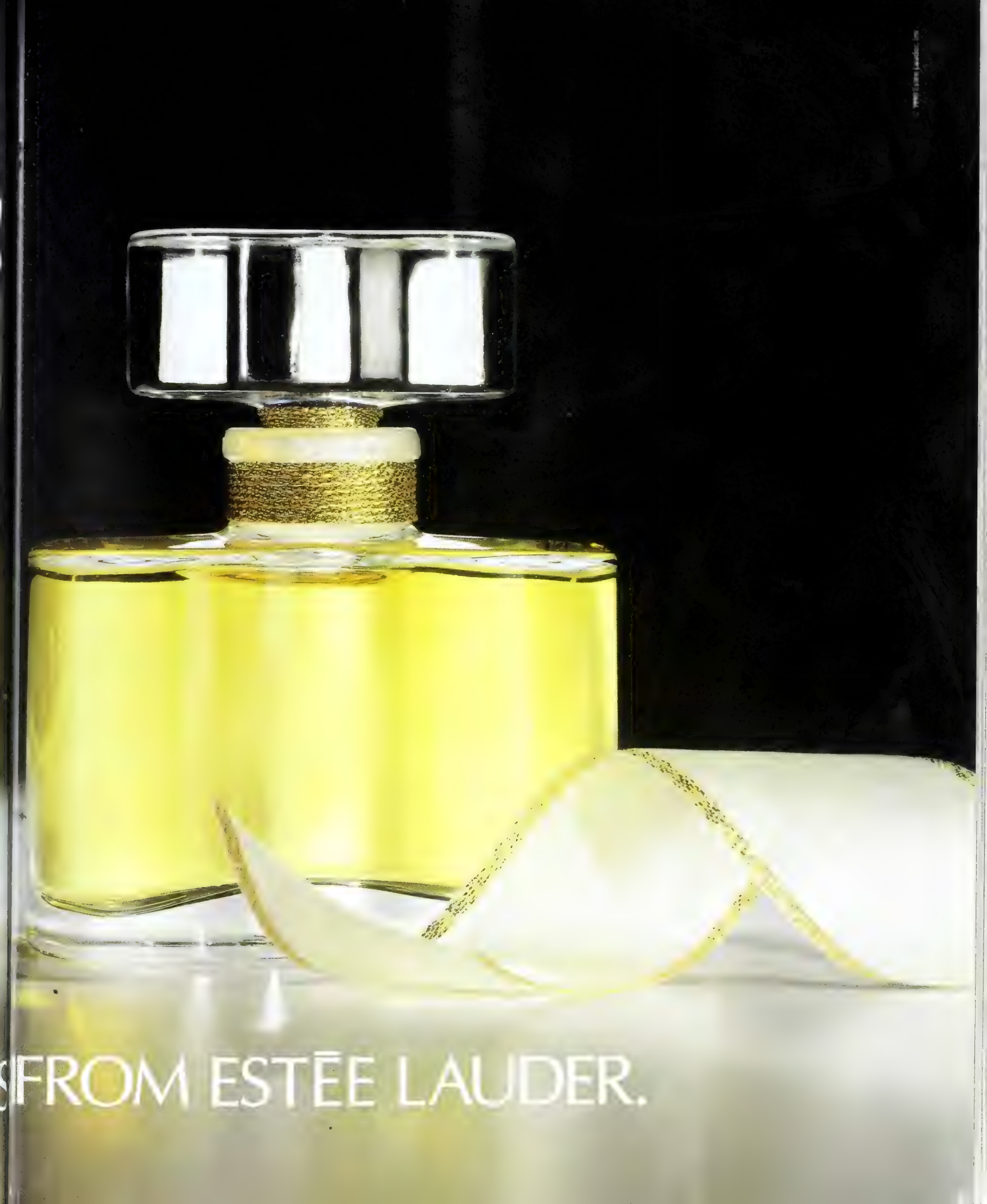
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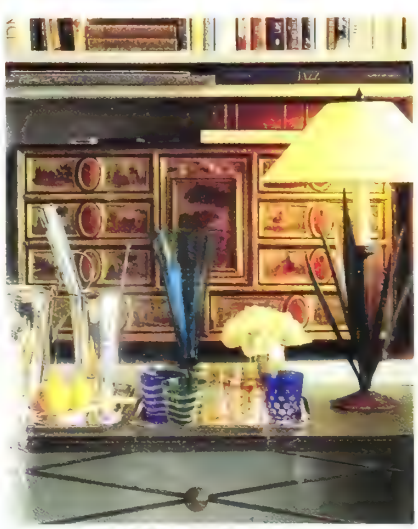
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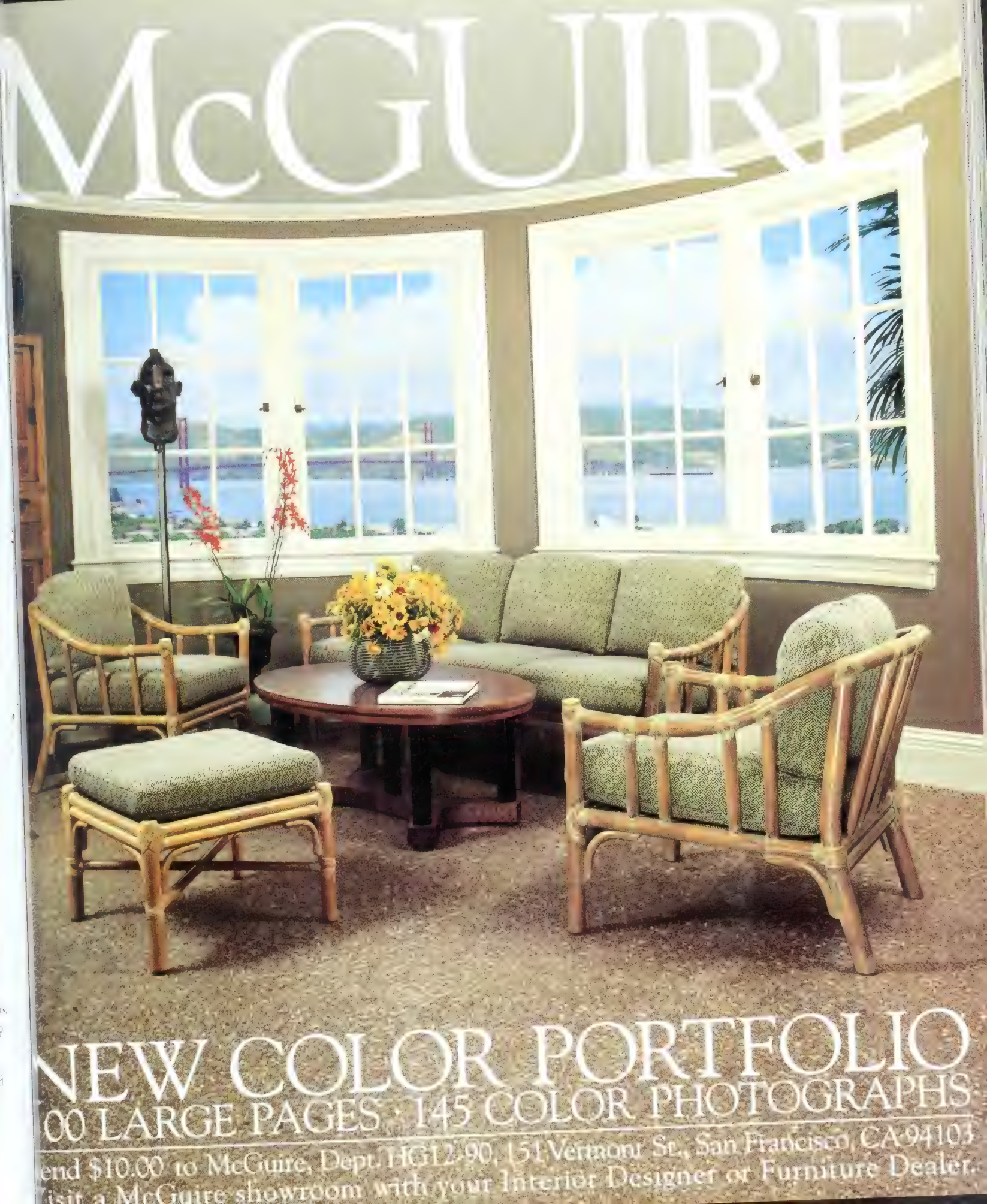
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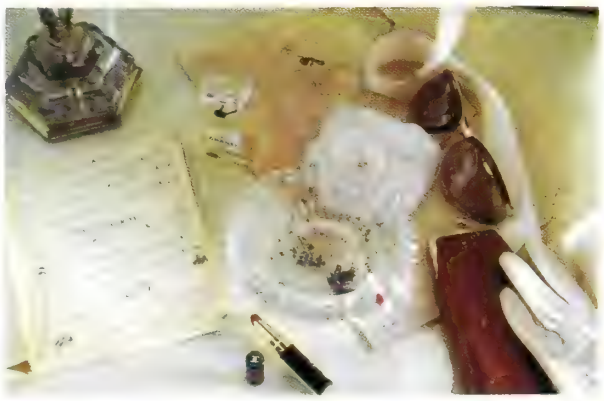
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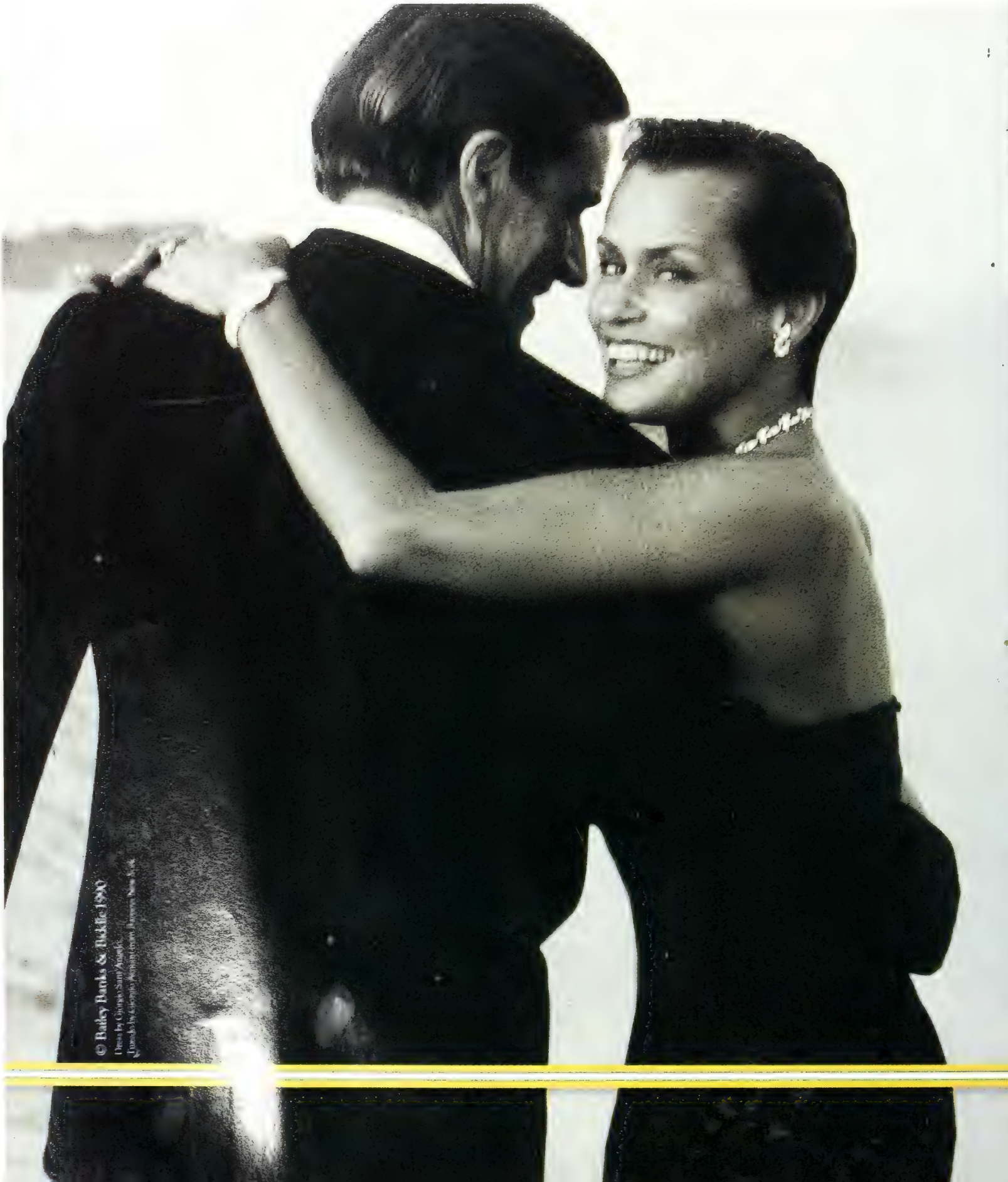
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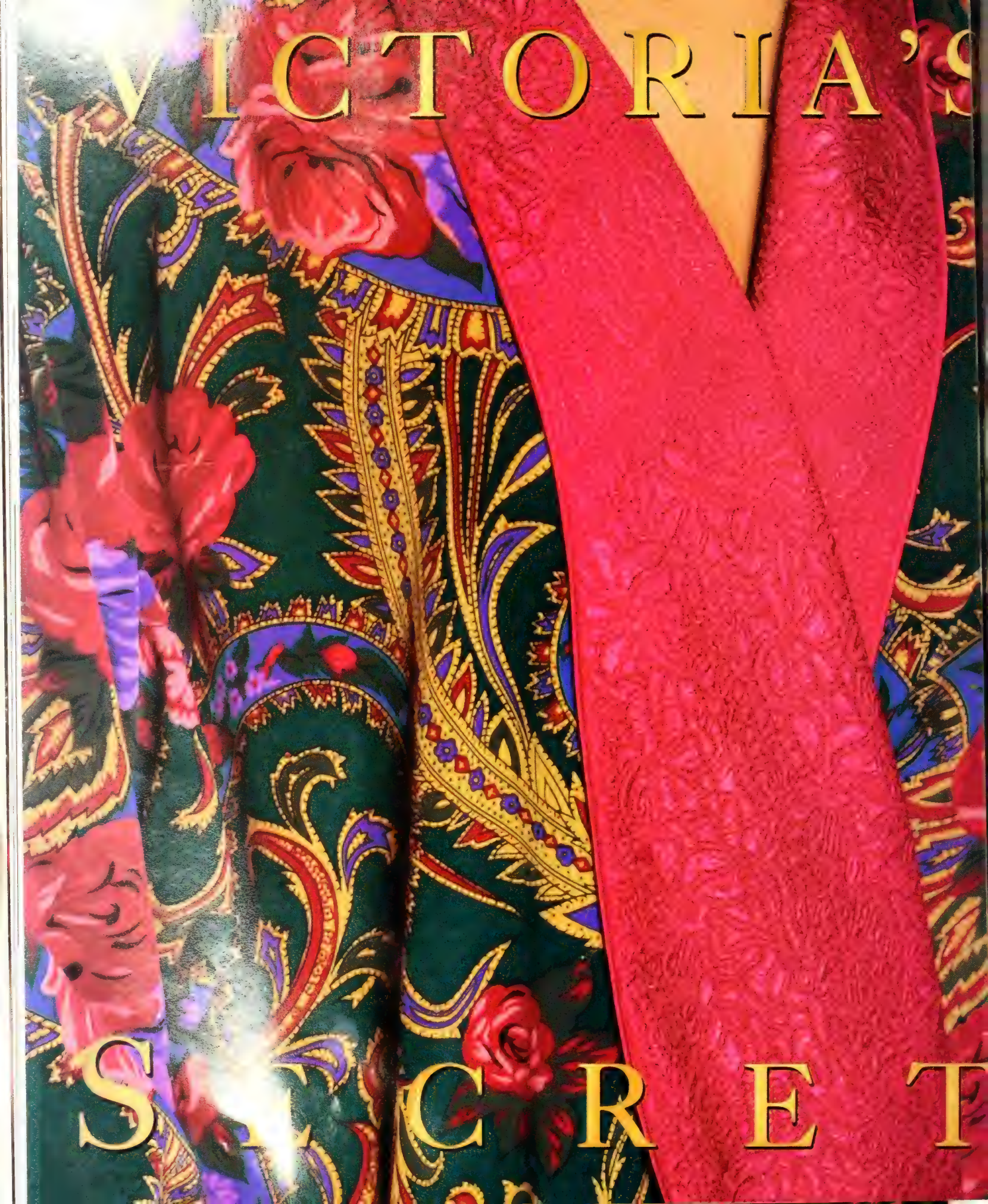
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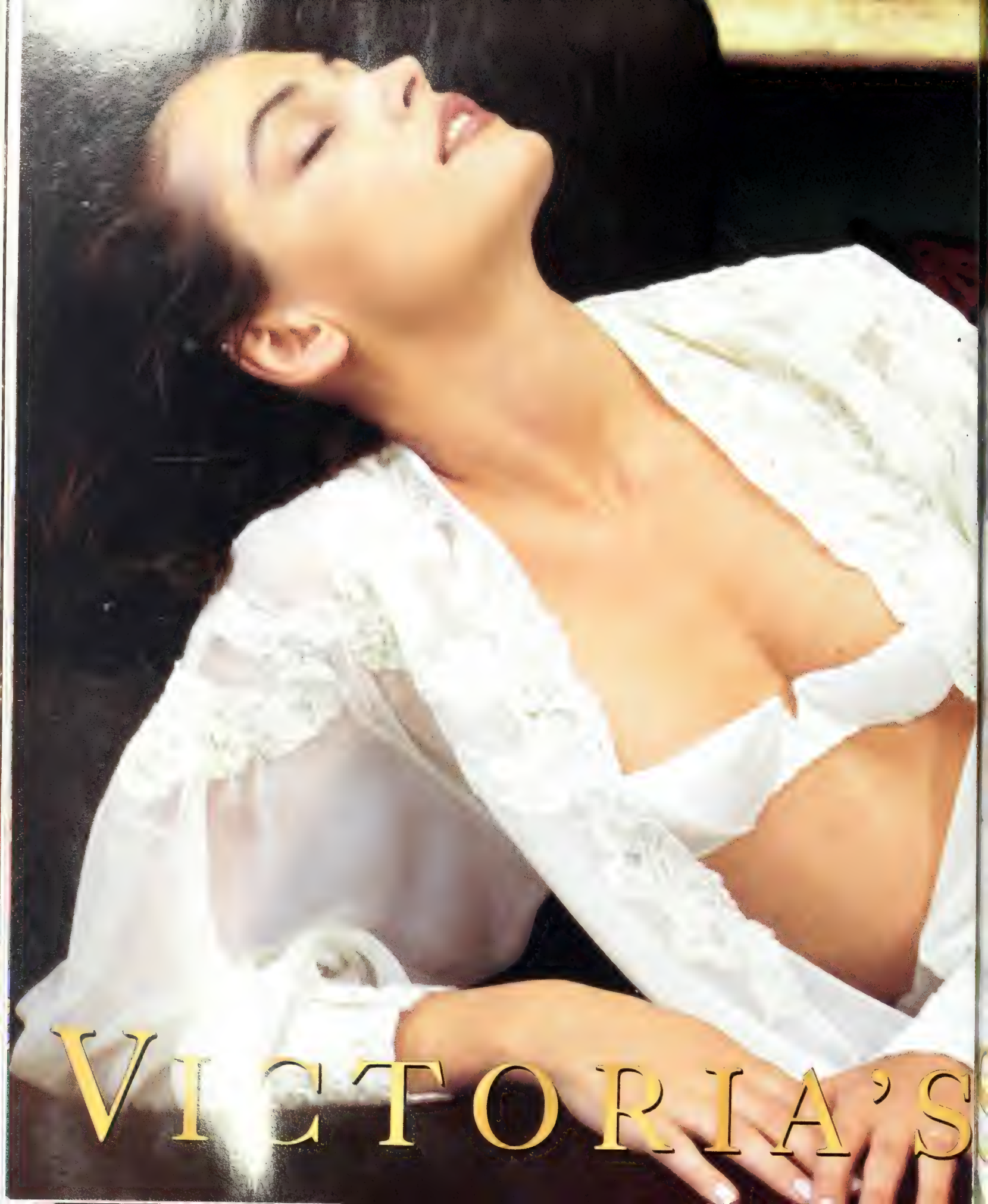
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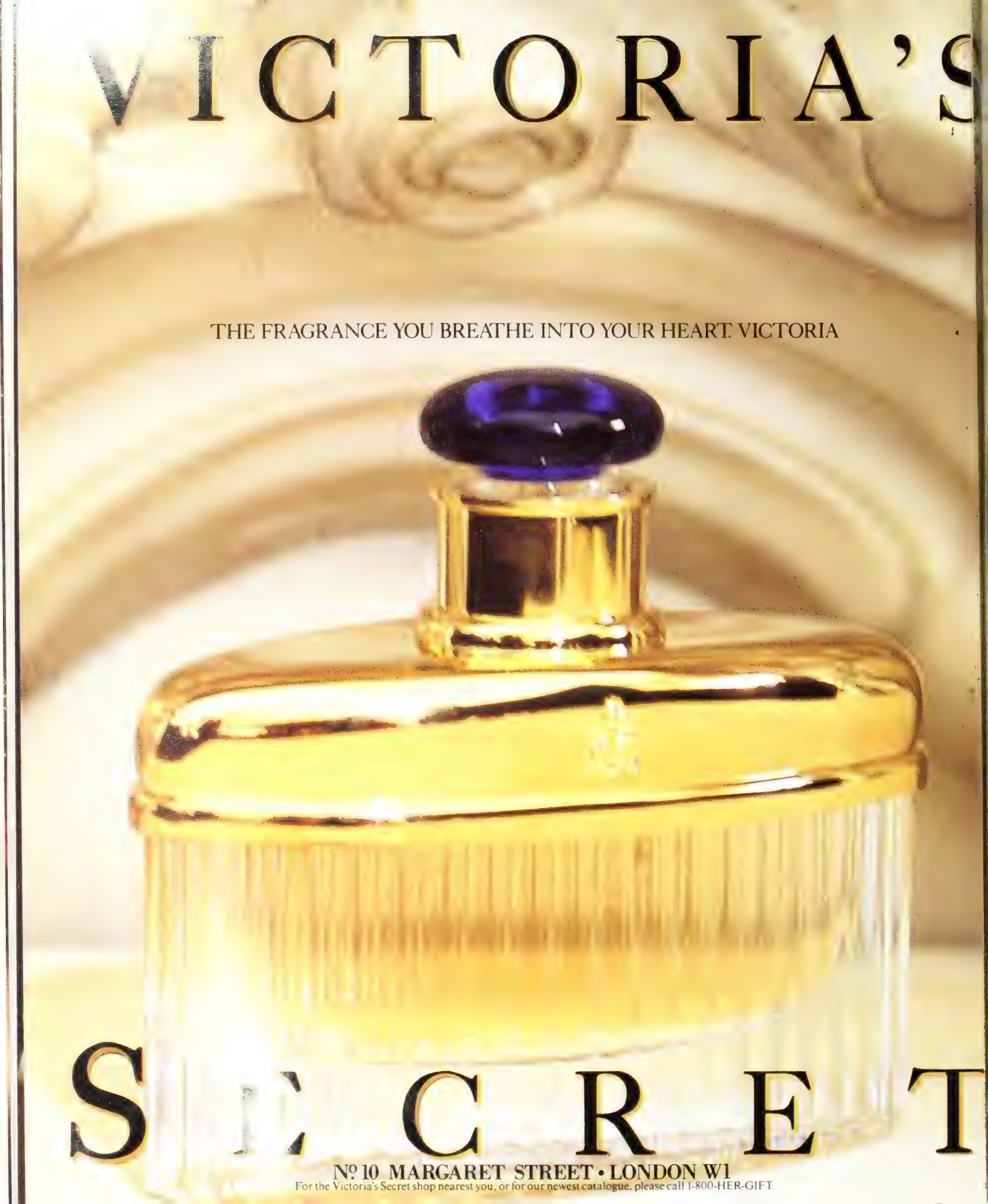
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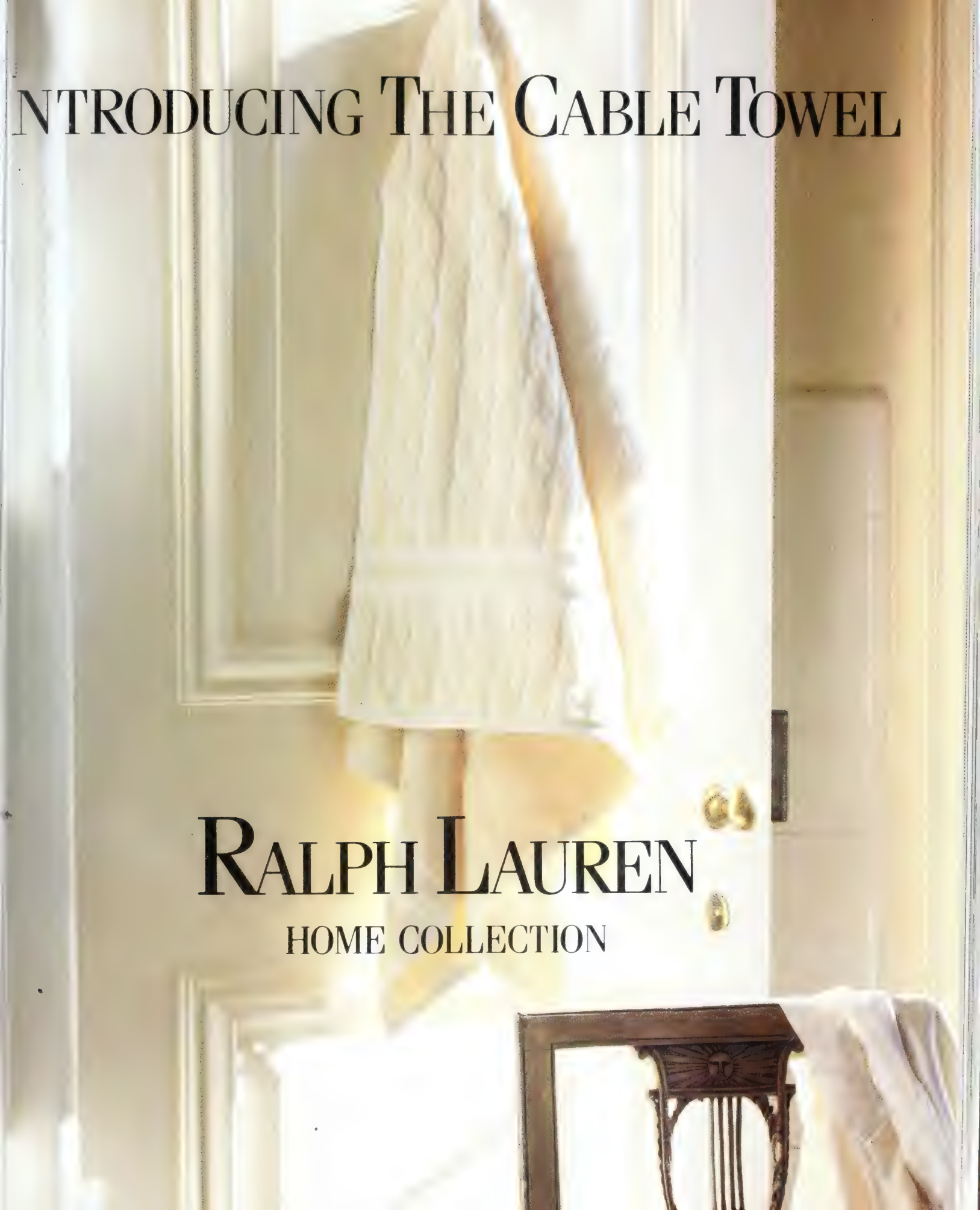
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ERIC BOMAN

Mark Lancaster last appeared in the pages of HG in April 1988 when we featured his Tudor seaside house in Kent. In this issue, we present the English painter's new home base, a grand Victorian castle on the west coast of Scotland. "At one point the building was used as a youth hostel, but in spite of that, all of the original details—from stained-glass images of the owner's favorite yachts to faux bois ceilings—are still intact," says Lancaster, whose studio now occupies the old kitchen quarters.



RICHARD FEGLEY

Brooke Hayward writes about her friend and "culinary confrere" Gene Hovis, whose chocolate cake she rates as the "best in New York." The two frequently collaborate in the kitchen—"we prepare winter picnics of fried chicken, and for Thanksgiving we like to do a standing rib roast." Author of the 1977 best-seller *Haywire*, Hayward lives in New York and Connecticut with her husband, bandleader Peter Duchin, and their three parrots. She is currently at work on a nonfiction account of life in Los Angeles during the 1960s.



Adrian Higgins visits the legendary English gardens at Port Lympne, the country estate of John and Lady Sarah Aspinall. An Irishman who moved to Virginia ten years ago, Higgins started out as a reporter covering politics. Now, he says, he has found his niche as a garden writer. "It's an incredibly rich and diverse field that leads you to everything from architecture to social history."


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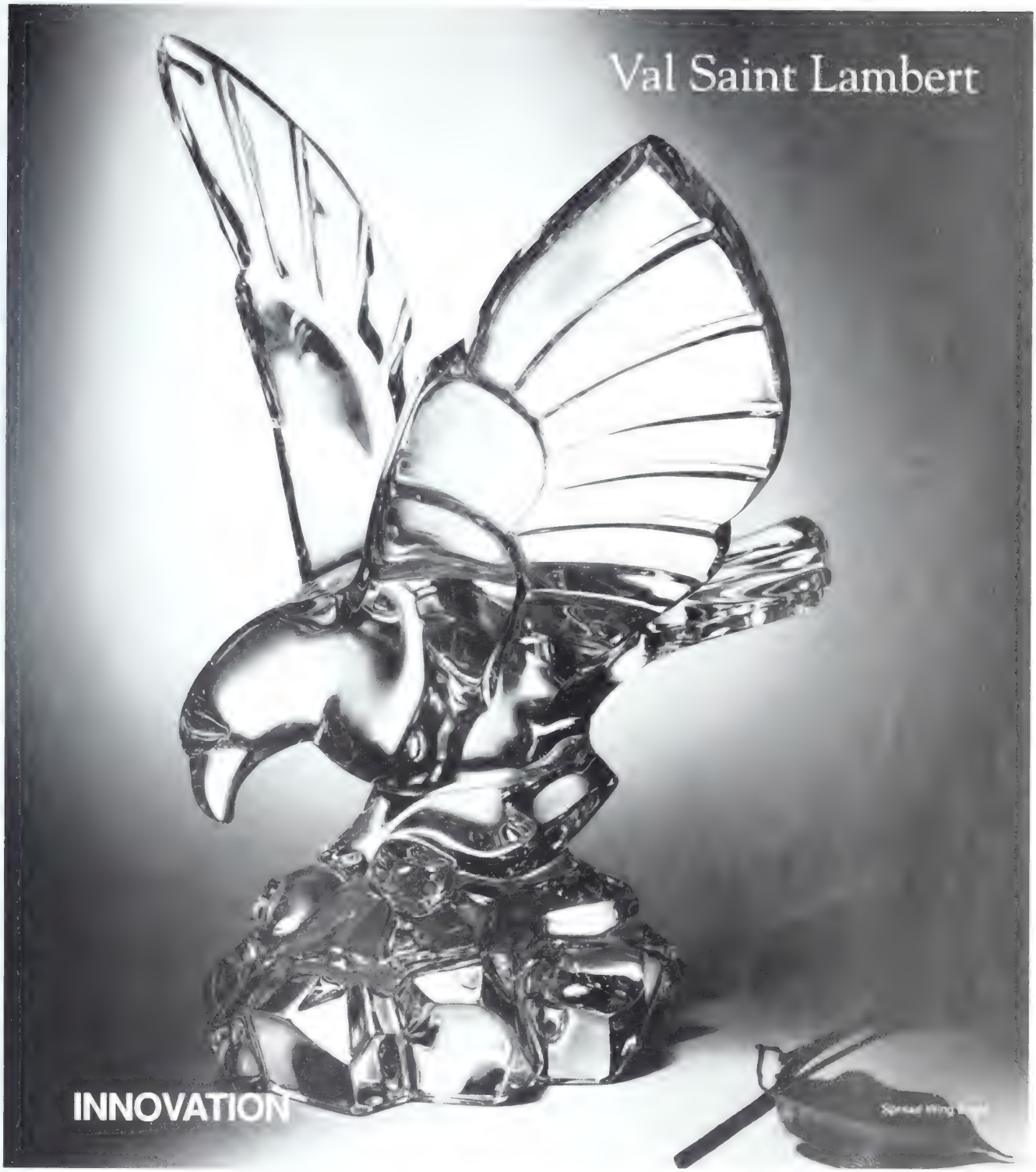
SIGRID ESTRADA

Gita Mehta, author of *Raj* and *Karma Cola* and producer of several television documentaries, delineates the differences between American and Indian decor in the "Taste" column. Mehta, who divides her time between New York, London, and New Delhi, claims to be uninspired by the fashions of those cities. "For me, decorating is a nightmare," she says. "I prefer my rooms to be organic."



ANN SUMMA

Margy Rochlin, a contributing editor of *Interview* magazine, has "interrogated" everyone from John Travolta to Pee-wee Herman. For HG, Rochlin test-drives the Ford Explorer, a tidier vehicle than she's used to: "Someone asked if I was doing an origin-of-life experiment in my own car because it's piled with magazines, cassettes, and clothes. Sure it's messy, but when driving in L.A., it pays to be prepared."



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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



Anya Larkin designs, paints, and gilds wallpaper borders that wrap any room in sheer luxury. With a seven-year background in painted fabrics and wallpapers, the New York artist was eager to explore a new technique when a client asked her for a hand-designed border. For her first collection of gilt borders, appropriately entitled Gilded Age, Larkin has brushed, rubbed, and burnished leaves of silver, 22-kt gold, and copper into bold circles and squares, flashy diamonds, and jazzy checkers. With their glimmering detailing, these timeless geometric motifs dazzle the eye. "The designs of the borders are classical and yet very contemporary," says Larkin. "And the gilt really jumps right off the wall at you—it's a spectacular effect." Available to the trade in New York at Luten Clarey Stern (212) 838-6420; in Chicago at Holly Hunt (312) 661-1900; and in Los Angeles at Randolph & Hein (213) 855-1222. For other showrooms call (212) 532-3263.

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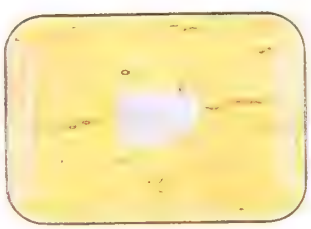
Decking the Halls Atlanta's top decorators create Christmas at historic Callanwolde (*above*), Nov. 27–Dec. 12, at 980 Briarcliff Rd., Atlanta; (404) 872-5338.



Sign Language
Sara Midda's impressions of signposts (*left*) and other French iconography are compiled in *South of France: A Sketchbook* (Workman, $17.95).

Simon Says Grace
Czech artisan Borek Sipek has created Simon (*below*), a versatile silver-plate centerpiece, $1,200. Available at Driade, 212 East 57th St., NYC (212) 888-5375.





Breakfast in Bed
Custom-made and hand-painted trompe l'oeil trays of tole are available to the trade at Christopher Norman, NYC (212) 879-6559.



Star Grazing
Saint Louis introduces Firmament, a line of cobalt cut crystal. Available at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, or call (212) 838-3880.



Near Pavilions
A 17th-century Italian gazebo (*right*) is among the many fine period garden ornaments and architectural antiques available from Crowther of Syon Lodge, London Road, Isleworth, Middlesex; (81) 560-7978.

Historical Figures Hand-painted reproduction 17th-century dummy boards (*below*) are at Branca, 65 West Illinois St., Chicago; (312) 822-0751.





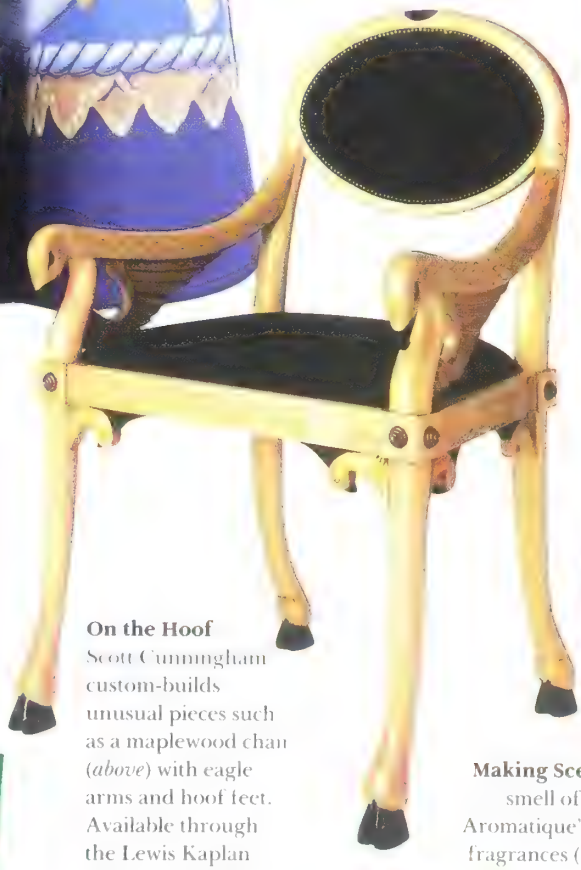
Going for Baroque Sheridan's Bernini cotton bed linens (*above*), $29–$160, feature cherubs, medallions, and twisted rope. Call (800) 777-9563.



In with the Old Potter Ann Agee updates the blue and white (*above*) with a mix of classical and contemporary images at Objects Gallery in Chicago; (312) 664-6622.

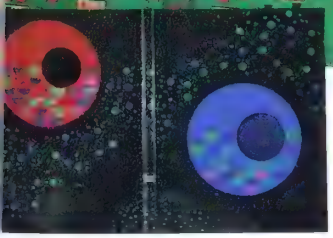


Winter Idyll Stephanie Hoppen in New York and London is featuring 19th-century heliogravure prints (*above*). Call (212) 753-0175.



On the Hoof Scott Cunningham custom-builds unusual pieces such as a maplewood chair (*above*) with eagle arms and hoof feet. Available through the Lewis Kaplan Gallery, London; (71) 589-3108.





Bound for Glory German-born Tini Miura practices the art of custom-made bibliophile binding (*left*) in her Tokyo and New York ateliers. Call (212) 995-5822.



Making Scents Mario Buatta brings the smell of honeysuckle indoors for Aromatique's new line of decorative room fragrances (*below*). Available nationwide.



A Tale of Two Cities

YSL's Joy Henderiks is just as much at home in New York as in Paris

BY JAMES SERVIN

At her home base in Paris, Joy Henderiks entertains friends with buffets of pot-au-feu, poularde grand-mère, and artichoke terrine, prepared by a private French chef. In New York, these same guests are more likely to make do with Chinese takeout on her living room sofa. No one seems to mind. Least of all Henderiks, senior vice president in charge of corporate image for the Yves Saint Laurent group in America, whose responsibilities recently required her to take a pied-à-terre on Fifth Avenue with a view of Central Park. "I knew long before I made the move that I wasn't getting a castle in England," Henderiks chuckles. But she did have a minimalist aerie in mind at first. "I wanted everything very American—bright and white," she recalls. "Maybe a touch of gilt here and there but no dark furniture like my apartment in Paris. Then what happens? I end up with two apartments that are very much alike."

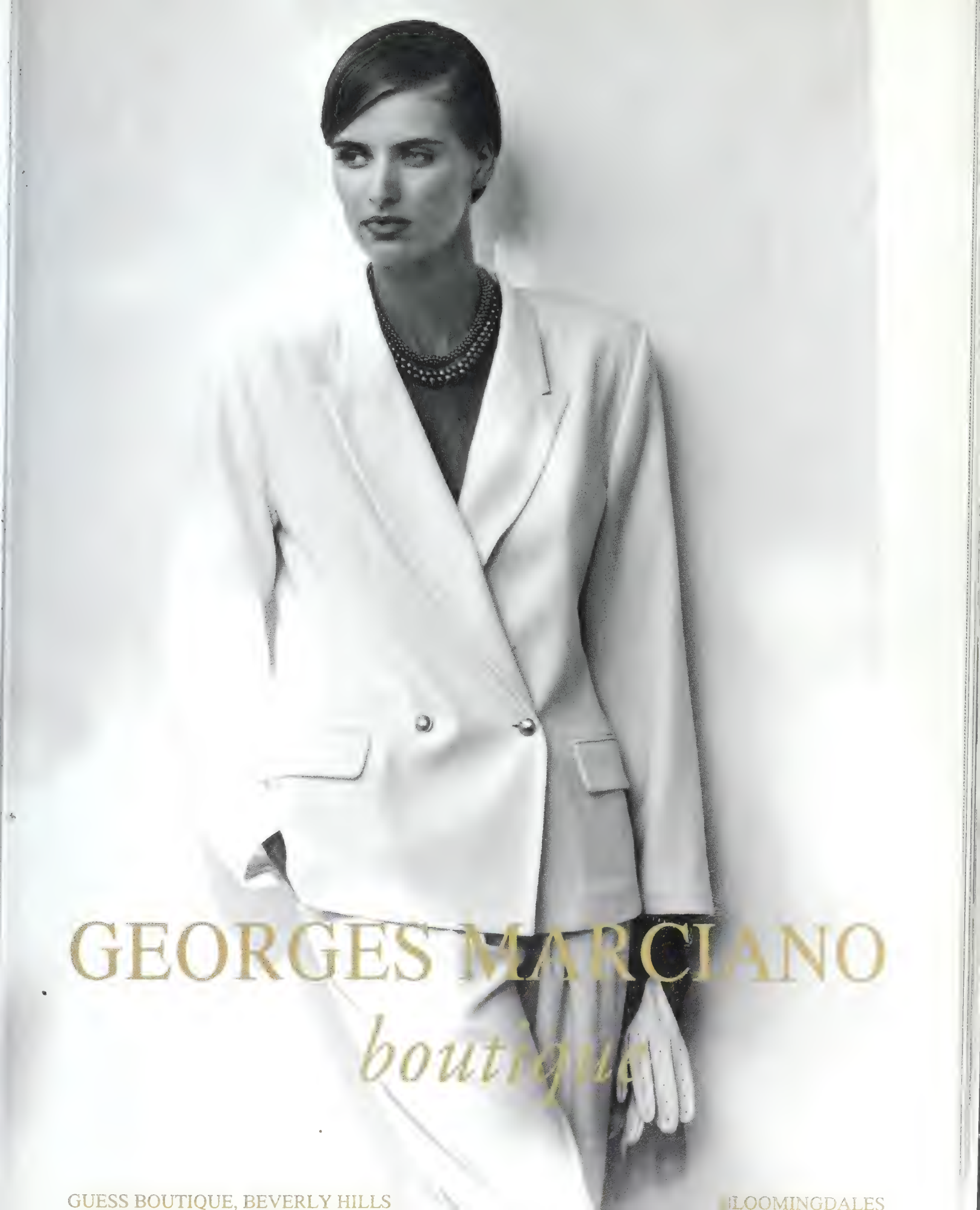
In some respects, yes. For the past fifteen years, Henderiks has occupied a five-room flat in Paris close to the Bois de Boulogne. Here, high ceilings and spacious rooms give her the freedom to lavish ivy and wisteria where she likes, to have a dozen Louis XVI chairs and a grand iron and porcelain chandelier in the dining room, to place an eighteenth-century Chinese lacquer table in the living room, a Regency console and gilt-wood mirror in the hallway, and to experiment with what she considers a few radical touches: "I covered the Regency chairs in green suede—something my mother would never have dreamed of doing."

In New York things are a bit more "cozy," to use Henderiks's term. "I have to make do with two cubicle rooms with a ceiling hardly high enough to stand under," she says in mock outrage. But even with these limitations, Henderiks has been able to replicate a successful motif in her Paris apartment: in both places, framed animal prints, lacquer boxes, books, pillows, and other gewgaws form artful still lifes. Many of the wallhangings in particular have sentimental value, such as the botanical study in oils by her grandfather and the floral watercolors from her parents' house; to these Henderiks has affixed a festive green moiré bow. Lush fabrics feature prominently as well: the opulent silk curtains in





NEW YORK: Henderiks, above, on her sleigh bed from MAC II, under a wall swag she made out of a Clarence House chintz. Far left: Her entry hall/dining room. Left: Animal prints and watercolors line the living room. Details see Resources.



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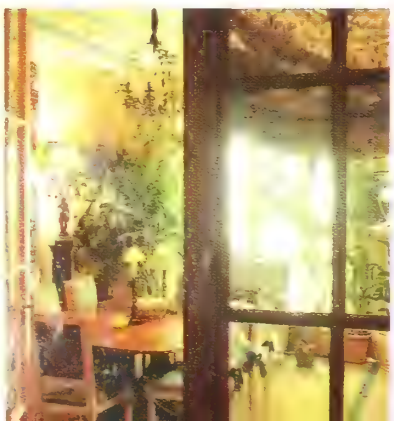


PARIS: Henderiks, above, in Yves Saint Laurent, at her faux bois front entry. Right: A trompe l'oeil cat perches on a living room bookshelf.

"In New York, it's my job to go out. In Paris, I take a rain check"



Silk curtains and a valance made from paisley fabric [illegible] courtly alcove to the Parisian room, above. A view through the French doors to the plant-filled dining room.

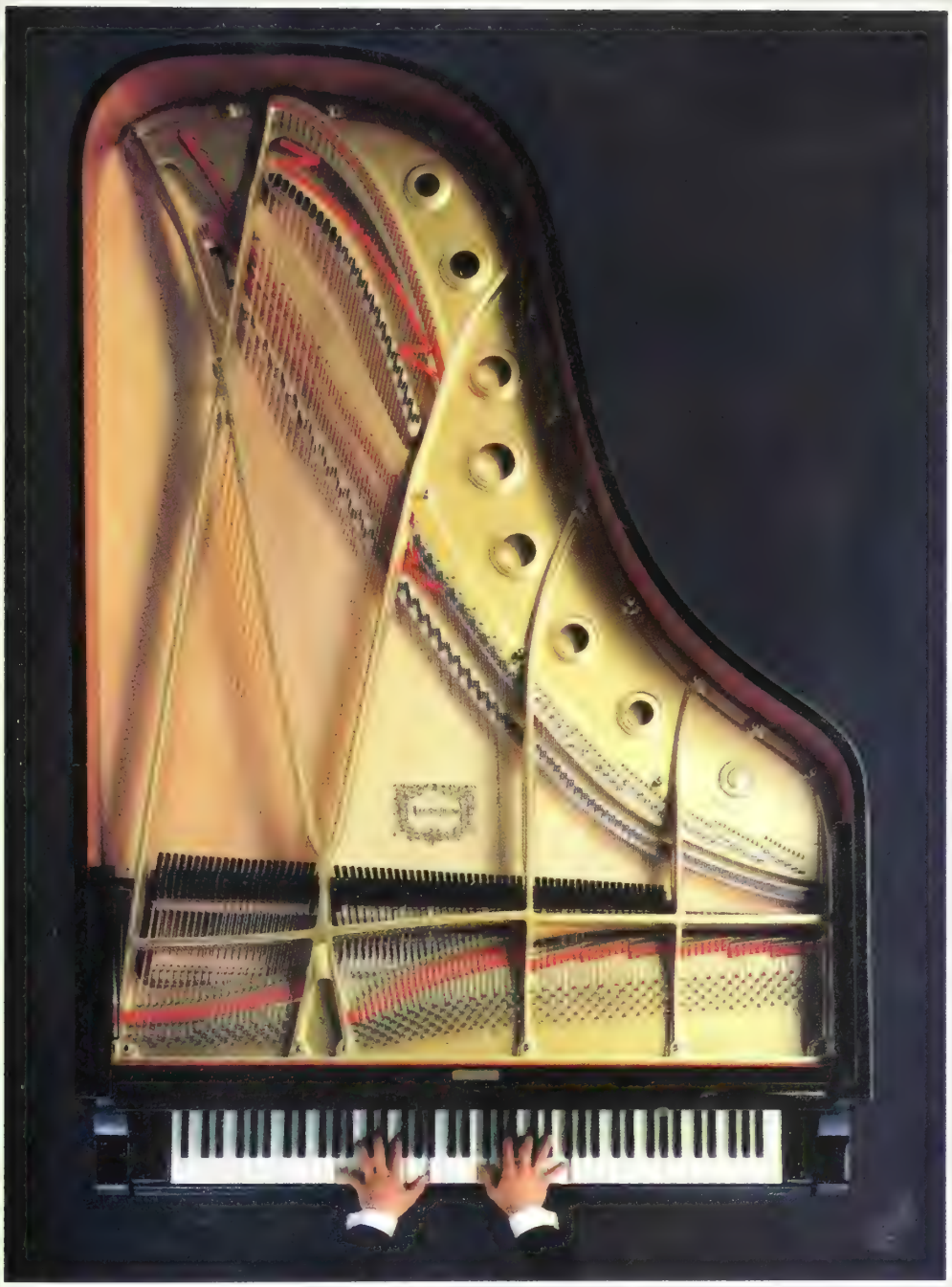


Paris are the color, she says, of "faded tomato." In New York a swag of Clarence House chintz frames an elegant English mirror placed over a Syrie Maugham sleigh bed, which is upholstered in a matching linen. The swag is supported by a hand-carved gold-leafed arrow rod made by Clare Mosley, a Parisian artisan whose wooden tassels Henderiks uses as paperweights and curtain ties in both New York and Paris.

Henderiks surrendered her vision of an all-white living space in Manhattan when she began accumulating furniture that didn't quite fit the bill. "It was totally unconscious. Everything I've always loved kept catching my eye. Finally, when I got a few things," she says, gesturing to the Gothic revival desk, the English footstools, and the French modern lacquer table in the living room, "I realized I had to go the dark furniture way." In a big way. "I hate little things. I like eighteenth-century English and Regency furniture. It's massive," she says admiringly.

But where to put it all? Henderiks's friends stepped in to offer advice. Nan Kempner suggested that Henderiks move her bookcase to another corner "to open up the room a bit." Blaine Trump, who came for tea when everything was still in boxes, suggested a pastel wallpaper "to brighten the bedroom." It was decorator Chessy Rayner of MAC II, however, who helped pull it all together. She rearranged the living room chairs and table in minutes "to make it look less railroad-y" and advised Henderiks to chose linen rather than chintz for her bed frame and lampshades. "Chessy was right, linen is so much chicer," says Henderiks, who also notes, "in decorating a New York apartment there's an enormous system to deal with. I didn't know the ropes and Chessy really helped me. She's a great friend."

Of course, she's one of many. In New York, Joy Henderiks has a table filled with framed photographs of her closest pals to greet her when she comes home. Should she prepare a meal for one of them, the photo table gets cleared and—voilà!—it becomes a dining table. But first, the storage underneath must be removed. "There are boxes, pillows, extra lamps," she confides—"you can just imagine." Fortunately, Henderiks is always on the move, far too busy to confront this Fibber McGee underworld with any frequency. "In New York, it's my job to go out, to go to parties. But when I'm in Paris," she says, a bit longingly, "I take a holiday. I take a rain check. I close the door." ♠ *Editor: Catherine Marron*



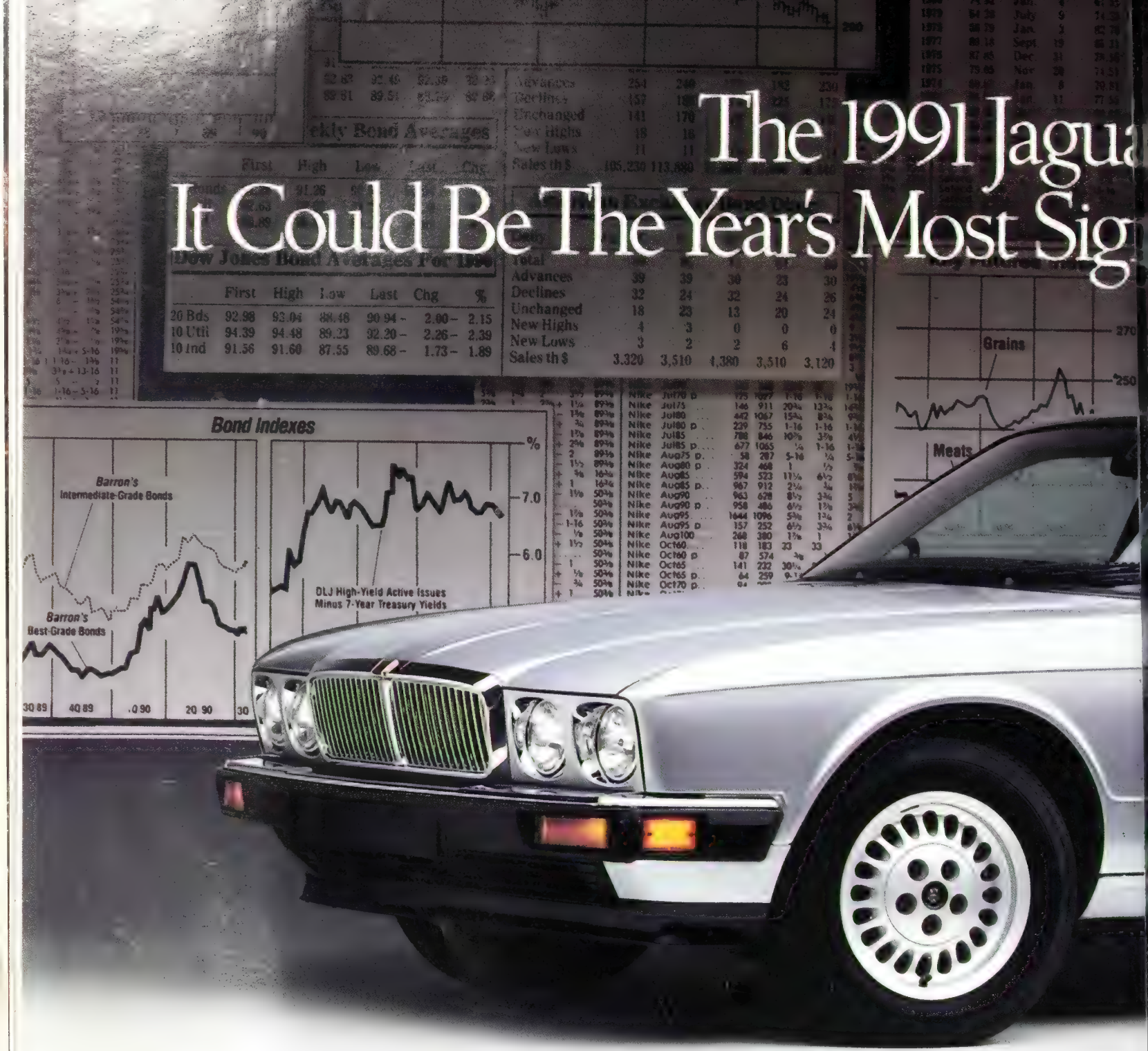
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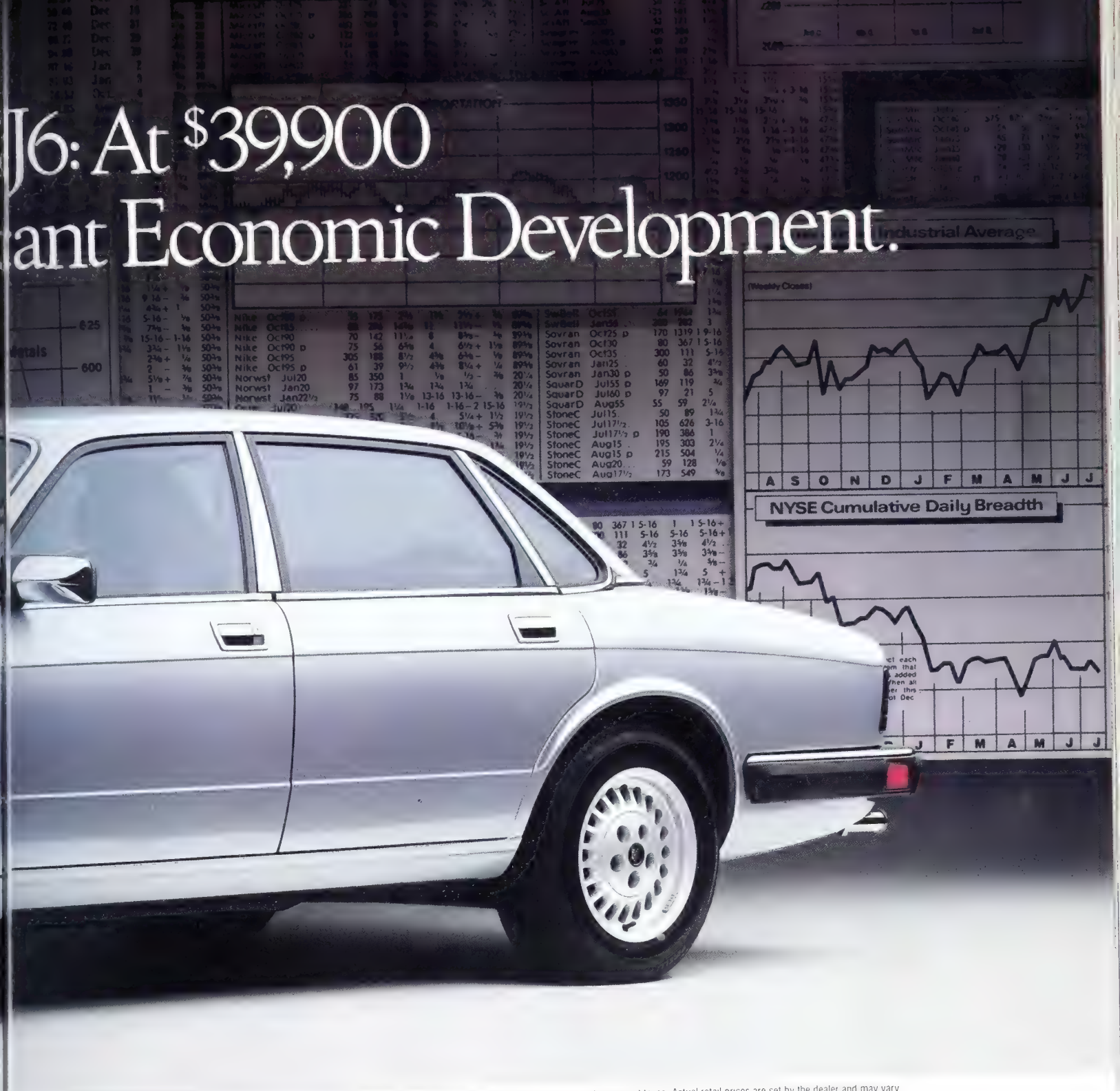
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Falling for Zimbabwe

The colonial grandeur of the Victoria Falls Hotel lures travelers to an African oasis

BY TED CONOVER







The grand Victoria Falls Hotel, above right, is a short hike from the falls, seen in a 1904 photograph, above, one of the seven natural wonders of the world. Left: A view from the hotel of the bridge over the Zambezi and mist from the falls.

Rhodesia now exists only in out-of-date atlases, but where the new Zimbabwe borders Zambia, where the great Zambezi spills into a staggering chasm, there remains an elegant outpost of the old order that serves the present well. With the Victoria Falls Hotel, whitewashed and rising like a palace from the woods, the Africans have mainly gotten right what we managed to botch at Niagara Falls.

From its expansive terraces and gardens, one can follow the roar and the towering clouds of mist on a path to one of the scenic wonders of the world. A dense canopy covers the path, the temperature drops, the humidity climbs, and monkeys scream on the approach to Victoria Falls, first shown to explorer David Livingstone in 1855 by tribesmen who knew the falls as Mosi-oa-tunya—the Smoke That Thunders. "Scenes so lovely," wrote Livingstone, "must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight." Flight and falling are ideas that come easily to one perched on the precipitous cliffs, watching as nature pulls the rug out from underneath the Zambezi.

The builders of the hotel tried to realize a human complement to this natural grandeur. Two front wings angle forward to welcome and enclose guests arriving in the semicircular driveway; inside, everything is outsized early twentieth century elegance. Black and white checkered tiles in the foyer yield to wide green carpeted hallways and twin curving staircases up to the rooms. There is the Livingstone restaurant—with dishes like the Cucumber Canoe and the Crocodile Cascades, a big lizard tail poached in champagne with prawn sauce—and the I Presume bar.

After stopping at the grand braii (barbecue) one evening on the terrace, I elected to skip the nightly show of native dance in favor of the casino down the road. I lost a little money but still came out of Victoria Falls ahead. On a roundabout walk back to the hotel I happened to glance up at the three-quarter moon through the pillars of mist from the falls and saw my first lunar rainbow. (Victoria Falls Hotel, PO Box 10, Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe; 800-448-8355) ▲

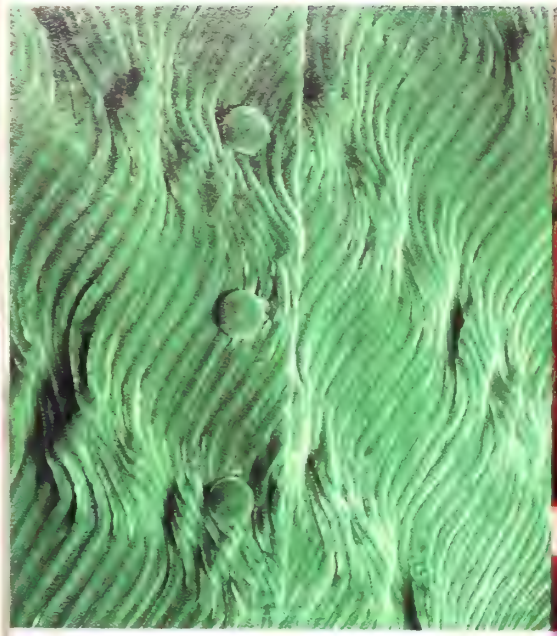
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ESCADA

BY MARGARETHA LEY

Neiman Marcus







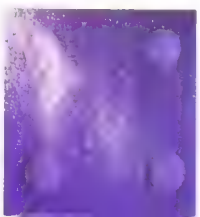


In the hands of Nigel Atkinson, velvet takes the shape of a sea creature, above, and waves, top left. Top: Dialogica's quilted wall and sofa with pillows. Buccaneer's hat and riding coat by Selina Blow. Above left: A chair and pillow covered in Noa Noa velvet from Yves Gonnet. Left: Velvet-like rug in wool and silk by Charles Pfister Pamela Babey for V'Soske. Details see Resources.

International Velvet

European and American designers give a new twist to traditional fabric

BY HEATHER [illegible]ACISAAC



Interior design is not simply following clothes design these days; in the case of velvet, decoration is hot on fashion's heels. Just as stretch velvet leggings are hitting the streets, bright, painted, and crushed (or otherwise convoluted) velvets are settling onto sofas and climbing the walls.

Contemporary furniture fairs around the world have recently yielded velvet sofas in glorious shades and shapes by Massimo Iosa-Ghini for Moroso (Milan), a throne in crushed velvet by Marco de Gueltzl for V.I.A. (Paris), and a second collection of multihued velvet furniture by Monique and Sergio Savarese of Dialogica (New York).

The Savareses mix and match panels of velvet, applying up to six saturated colors to a single sofa. The rear wall of their shop, in a quilted diamond pattern of olive green crushed velvet, testifies to the partners' continuing devotion to this soft vibrant fabric. "Because of the way the light hits the nap, you get more than just one color," says Monique. "And it ages so gracefully."

London textile designer Nigel Atkinson is doing for velvet what Fortuny, in developing a tight pleat, did for silk. Atkinson's three-dimensional effects, achieved by bonding the velvet with polyurethane, have attracted the attention of fashion designers such as Romeo Gigli—who was seduced by descriptive patterns like jellyfish, wave, bamboo pleat, edelweiss, and mushroom—as well as interior designers such as Georges Andraos, who fashioned an inviting padded cell of velvet for the British Interior Design Exhibition.

Closer to home, Yves Gonnet has recently doubled the range of velvets in his fabric house and added the first printed velvet to his collection. Called Noa Noa, the lively pattern looks as if it could have been hand-painted by Gauguin. "The pile of the velvet subdues the colors," says Gonnet, "so that the pattern, taken from a rather vivid watercolor, is still exotic but the effect is subtle."

Subtle or smashing, the classic material has clearly outlasted the days when, as Atkinson says, "all you saw was the boring plain velvet curtain." ♠


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Buildings in a Box

An exhibition explores the history of modern architecture through Lincoln Logs, Erector sets, and Tinkertoys

BY PILAR VILADAS





An early Erector set owner proudly poses with his construction, top left. Top center: The Mysto Erector set. Top right: American Skyline Above right: A cabin of Lincoln Logs and its ancestor, the Novelty Playhouse: The House That Jack Built

For many people the mention of building blocks, Lincoln Logs, Erector sets, or Tinkertoys instantly evokes happy memories of hours spent absorbed in the construction of some towering skyscraper, cozy cabin, or imaginary city. Few people realize, however, that architectural toys such as these have a fascinating history—one that reflects the development of modern Western architecture.

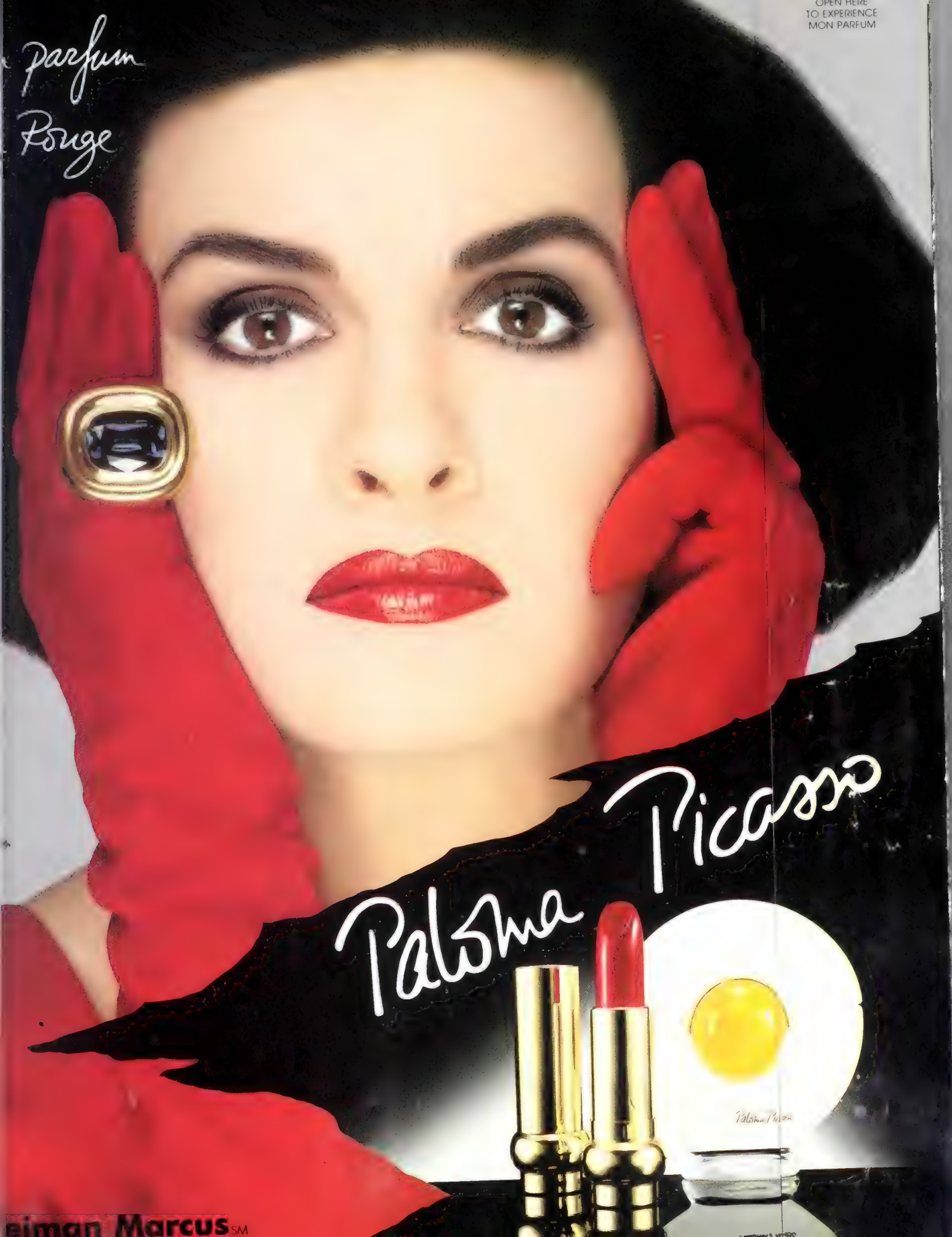
This history is the subject of "Buildings in Boxes," an exhibition at the Canadian Centre for Architecture in Montreal which runs through March and showcases nineteen objects from the CCA's collection of over 300 architectural toys and games. The collection was acquired earlier this year from Norman Brosterman, a New Yorker with an architecture degree who became hooked on the toys when he found a Bilt-E-Z skyscraper set at an antiques [illegible] in the Catskills nine years ago.

It is the most complete assemblage of architectural toys and games in existence, covering the early nineteenth century to the 1960s," explains CCA exhibition coordinator Brooke Hodge, who organized the show with librarian Rosemary Haddad. "The CCA already had some architectural toys in its collection, and we felt that these were not only interesting objects but that this was an appropriate place to house them. The toys also have a wide appeal and a strong educational aspect."

Indeed, the toys mirror the progress of our industrial society. A German toy village from 1800 is composed of crudely hand-carved blocks while the American Toy Village of 1875 shows how machine-milled wood blocks could be produced in large numbers, in this case to mimic some of the major structures in Springfield, Massachusetts, home of Milton Bradley, the toy's manufacturer. By the 1950s, Plasticville, U.S.A., offered children such components in a modern material and for newer building types, such as the motel, reflecting America's growing reliance on the automobile.

Some of the objects comment on building technology. The c. 1880 Novelty Playhouse: The House That Jack Built was made of long wooden blocks, scored to look like stone, that interlocked at the corners like traditional log buildings. This method was imitated more directly by Lincoln Logs, the 1920 invention of John Lloyd Wright, son of Frank Lloyd Wright—who was himself known for touting the virtues of the German Froebel blocks, which are also in the collection.

Other toys, such as the 1914 Mysto Erector set, the 1924 Bilt-E-Z ("As the Boy Builds the Toy, the Toy Builds the Boy"), and the 1957 American Skyline, reflected the growth of skyscraper technology. And others, like the small gray and black painted blocks designed by Josef Hoffmann around 1920 to make a factory, are simply beautiful to look at. The CCA plans to show more of the collection in future exhibitions every year or every other year—timed, appropriately enough, for the holiday season. ♠


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The Haunted Château

Shades of a tragic past people the romantic domain of Chantilly BY PRINCE MICHAEL OF GREECE

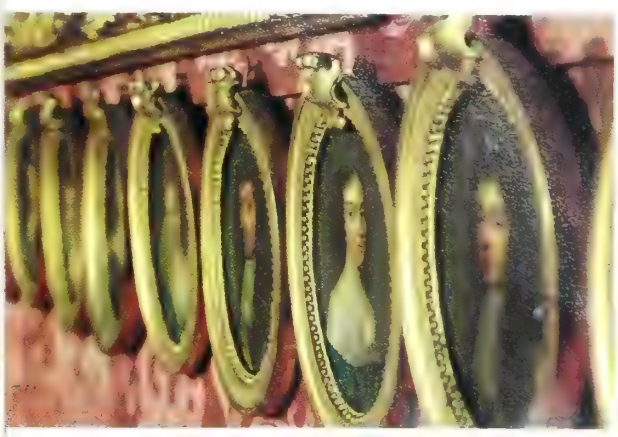
After the fall of Napoleon the Condés, a princely family belonging to the cadet branch of the royal house of Bourbon, were restored to full possession of their estate at Chantilly—or what was left of it. For Chantilly, once a lavish gathering place of the ancien régime, was by then little more than a shadow of past splendor. The Revolution had obliterated the Grand Château, the adjoining Petit Château stood abandoned, and the formal gardens laid out by Le Nôtre were overgrown beyond recognition.

Both tenacious and rich, the Condés set about piecing their property together and made the Petit Château habitable once again. But the last head of the family, the prince de Condé, lacked the heart to complete the task—the more so because his only son had been shot by Bonaparte on a trumped-up charge. After the prince himself was found hanged under mysterious circumstances in 1830, his huge fortune passed to the eight-year-old Henri, duc d'Aumale, a younger son of a nephew, Louis-Philippe, duc d'Orléans, who had recently been crowned king.

Aumale eventually spent a few years at Chantilly as a young man with his bride, princesse Caroline de Bourbon-Siciles, for whom several rooms in the Petit Château were redecorated. But in 1848 another revolution drove Louis-Philippe out of France, and the duke was obliged to follow his father into exile. Aumale did not see Chantilly again until 1871, when he returned to France after the fall of Napoleon III.

Almost immediately the ill-starred property the duke had acquired as a boy became one of his great passions. The architect Honoré Daumet was called in to rebuild the Grand Château in the Renaissance style, the surrounding demesne was restored to its former glory, furniture by Riesener and other celebrated cabinetmakers was installed, and Aumale collected paintings, drawings, books, and illuminated manuscripts with the single-mindedness of a true Orléans. Sometimes his quarry would be a unique piece he had been stalking for years—a Raphael, a Van Dyck, a Watteau, an Ingres—at other times he would carry off an entire collection. Aumale became a legendary figure at the auction houses, while his agents scurried around Europe on voyages of acquisition. Before long the duke's collection of rare manuscripts, which included the now priceless *Les Très Riches Heures du duc de Berry*, was the most important of its kind in France.

The prices Aumale was prepared to pay accurately reflect contemporary taste. For example, to obtain a single painting by the nineteenth-century academic Meissonier, *Les Cuirassiers de 1805*, he put up as much money as he had disbursed to buy three hundred enchanting Renaissance drawings by





Beyond the moated 16th-century Petit Château, top, rise cupolas and spires of the 19th-century Grand Château built by the duc d'Aumale. Top right: The duchess's bedroom, 1845. Above: Condé portraits in the duke's salon. Right: German bronzes on his desk.



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An equestrian in the Petite Singerie apes ancien régime style.



The moat reflects gilded light into a magic corner few visitors see



Jean and François Clouet. Chantilly was soon bursting with masterpieces, so much so that the Grand Château, now the centerpiece of the Musée Condé, was given over entirely to exhibiting them amid marble, ormolu, and exotic boiserie. In his will, Aumale forbade the least change in the arrangement of his collection, with the result that Chantilly today is a rare example of nineteenth-century museology, virtually in

Besides amassing his collection, Aumale won a seat in the National Assembly, hunted stags with his own pack at Chantilly, and wrote a number of books on history, which earned him election to the Académie Française. In contrast to the opulence that surrounded the duke as a public figure, his personal style was modest to a degree. He lived in a seven-room apartment on the ground floor of the Petit Château. His own bedroom was almost monastic, though there was a tiny rococo boudoir lined with exquisite Louis XV singeries, depicting monkeys in contemporary costume. Other rooms were refitted in eighteenth-century style by Eugène Lami, a favorite painter of the Orléans clan and a great exponent of historical reconstructions. Because this apartment is level with the moat, the surface of the water diffuses the sun's rays, gently gilding the light that lends the rooms an impalpable charm.

Few visitors enter this magical corner of Chantilly, parts of which are closed to the public. Perhaps for this reason something of the past still lingers, a hint of the people who once lived here. The most luxurious room is the bedroom of the duchesse d'Aumale, by all accounts a sweet unassuming creature. Her white and gold chamber is one of the rooms redone in 1845. Though the sun has faded the silk walls in her round Louis XVI–style salon, they are still a vibrant purple. In the duke's salon, family portraits hang against red damask. A more or less secret door leads off the dining room to another apartment, once the quarters of the comtesse de Clinchamp, whom the duke was rumored to have taken in morganatic wedlock after the duchess's death.

When Aumale died in 1897, Chantilly and its treasures were bequeathed to the Institut de France. Believing that he had inherited the place in consequence of a crime, the duke was loath to pass on such a tainted legacy to his descendants. Indeed, he blamed its curse for the deaths of all his children during his lifetime. It was his wish that one of his nephews should take the title of his favorite son, to keep his memory alive; accordingly, Jean d'Orléans became duc de Guise. He was my maternal grandfather, a personal link to Chantilly's long family history. ♠



The duke in exile, above, c. 1860. Top: Louis XVI motifs were adapted for the duchess's 1845 salon. Above left: In the Petite Singerie, a rococo boudoir, c. 1735, panels show monkeys engaged in human pursuits.

The Musée Condé is open every day except Tuesday. For further visitors information: Musée Condé, Château de Chantilly BP 243, 60631 Chantilly CEDEX, France; 44-57-08-00.


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India's Art of Chaos

Excess is an essential element of decorating in the Indian house

BY GITA MEHTA



At the beginning of this century a young Indian lancer from the kingdom of Jodhpur was received by the emperor of Japan at his palace in Kyoto. The lancer was horrified by the austerity of the ruler of the Chrysanthemum Throne. "Except for a painted screen at the very end of the audience chamber," he recorded in his diary, "the audience hall was completely *empty*." The Indian's shock would have been entirely appropriate, according to the British Indologist William Archer, who describes the Indian aesthetic as being of "gargantuan excess." Those who say that American culture today, in its acquisitive drive, suffers from similar excess. But excess in the richest country in the world differs from excess in one of the poorest—and in their respective homes this difference is maintained by the golden rope of decor.

The lancer might have understood the Zen principle behind the emperor's decor since the word Zen is a corruption of the Sanskrit *dhyana*, meaning awareness. But to achieve awareness through the contemplation of a solitary object is, to the Indian, only tunnel vision. Not for India the tranquillity of gazing at the glaze on a single perfect pot. For India, the satisfaction lies in finding a pattern in the glazes on a hundred pots in varying stages of disintegration. Such an attitude has made the Indian home a *mess*. The householder's delight, perhaps, but the decorator's nightmare. What the Westerner hides in the attic, to be examined in moments of nostalgia, the Indian keeps proudly at hand because notions of the good old days—or, in the case of America, reconstructions of the old country—are alien to India. So on an Indian wall a miniature painted in the sixteenth century by a master artist at the court of the Moghul emperor will hang next to a group photograph taken to commemorate a meeting with a minor British official, and both will fade into obscurity against the lurid colors of a calendar with illustrations of ripe Indian deities or equally ripe Indian film stars. While this makes the Indian home interesting, it also means the Indian home fails to "make a statement," lacking the discrimination that in Europe and America constitutes an aesthetic.

But then Ananda Coomaraswamy, the great scribe of Indian culture, is scathing about aesthetics. He dismisses the aesthete as merely effete, capable only of a passive response. And there is no passivity in the Indian home. It exists in a civilization where eras and cultures are colliding with such force that the home itself is sustained only by an act of will, a stubborn clinging to an idea of order in the midst of disorder, a faith in form in the midst of malfunction. I once overheard a French lady commiserating with a former maharaja as he showed her around his palace. "It's so sad to see it like this," she said sympathetically. "It must have been formidable when it was perfect." Her host looked bewildered. He simply didn't understand the sentiment. The Indian home has never been perfect. It is always in a state of decay and reassembly. And in this mobility lies the essential difference between excess in India and excess in America.

> Beauty coexists with equally heart-stopping awfulness

For a start, mobility in the West is directed upwards. Increased status and wealth confer both the capacity and the necessity for visible improvement, demanding that residences, objects, furniture, paintings become ever more refined, more exclu-

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sive. The American house, recognizably European in origin, offers its owner the added luxury of choosing which element of Europe he wishes to emulate. In the hands of his decorator this luxury is too often taken to an extreme, and the result is a proliferation of rooms frozen in terminal Empire or terminal English country house. Discrimination, in short, is all. Paradoxically, all this excessive discrimination has led, like face-lifts, to a mind-numbing homogeneity.

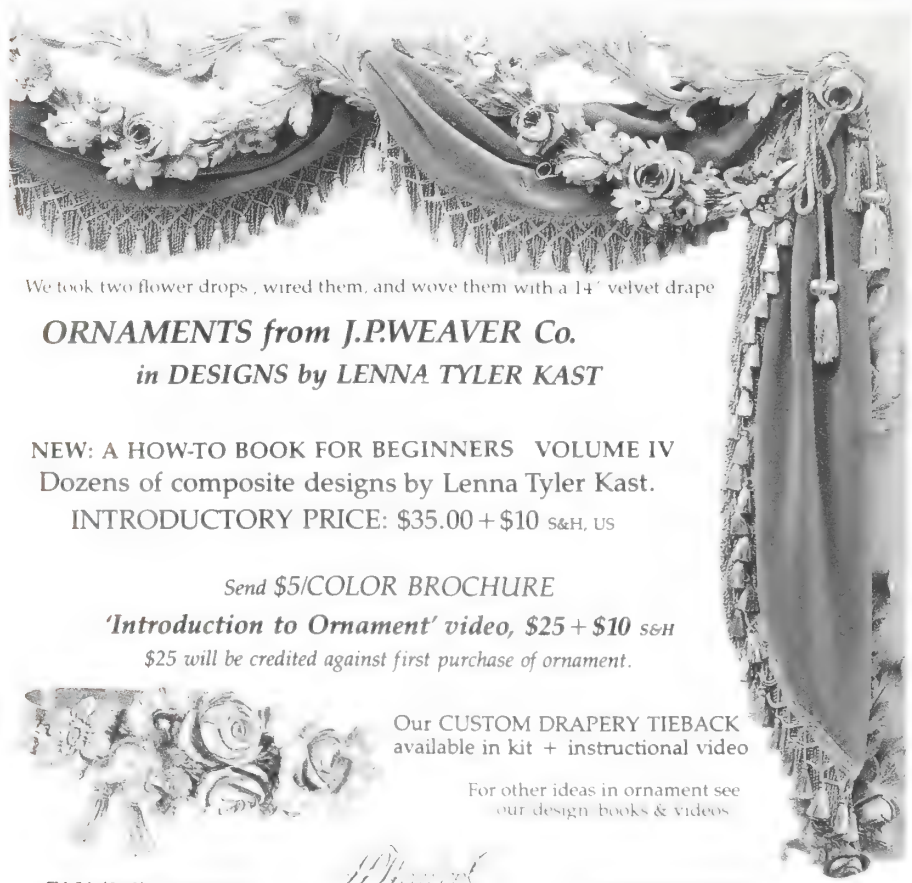
But Indians cannot afford to remake the world closer to the heart's desire. In contrast to the upward mobility of the West, the Indian home has a sort of amoebic mobility enclosing within itself both its individual history and the history of a civilization which, because it cannot afford to throw things away, absorbs them. Or waits for them to fall apart. Those who have traveled in India will be familiar with high-ceilinged rooms which still retain the iron hoops that once held heavy curtains connected by ropes to small boys in adjacent chambers who pulled at the curtains to stir the summer air. Today between these hoops there often swings an electric fan with wide wooden blades where sparrows nest because the noisy air conditioner listing at an awkward angle beneath a carved window has long since rendered hoops and fans obsolete.

If the Indian home has an aesthetic, then, it is chaos—which enables it to accommodate regional influences as different in their ways as Spain is from Scandinavia, as well as European influences from the long reign of the British Empire and Islamic influences after centuries of Muslim domination. An average Indian bungalow, for instance, will probably have a pillared veranda: traditionally the number of pillars outside a house indicated the eminence of the owner, until the British imported Greek and Roman pillars. Now European decoration and Indian tradition are fused in stucco to support a roof from which is suspended by brass links a traditional Indian swing, facing wrought-iron lawn furniture derived from the European gazebo. Above the pseudo-Palladian doorway hangs a garland of tulsi leaves and marigold blossoms to bless the house.

Inside, Persian carpets will, if it is winter, lie on top of cotton dhurries used in spring, which are removed during the summer heat to reveal stone or marble floors. Such attention to the ground is inevitable in a culture accustomed to taking its shoes off before entering a room. On the Persian carpets will be a variety of furniture, from the cushion-covered platforms on which Indians habitually recline, to the Victorian sofas and chairs on which Englishmen once sat bolt upright, to the art deco remnants from the days when Indians learned the tango. Enclosed courtyards indicate the deep influence of Islam's sequestered women, and in the dining room—itself a British import—platters with the separate containers dictated by Hinduism's caste considerations lie in happy juxtaposition to European china, while in the corner an intricately worked Moghul ewer awaits diners who wish to wash their hands.

Over time, the architecture and artifacts of alien worlds have been made familiar to India through extended use. Possessions are not so much displayed as lurking around, waiting to be used, incontrovertible evidence that when an irresistible force, such as life, meets any immovable object, something's got to give—and in India the something is usually good taste. It is no good asking an Indian, What is that refrigerator doing plugged into that marble wall inlaid with lapis lazuli, because the Indian will only look at you as though you are a cretin and answer, Keeping the water cold.

India's greatest filmmaker, Satyajit Ray, once said that Indians have an infinite tolerance for decay. Certainly, in their houses elements of heart-stopping beauty coexist with elements of equally heart-stopping awfulness. Although such intolerable tolerance occasions gargantuan distress in the visitor, it seems to leave the locals unfazed. Perhaps this is because the Indian looks on his home more as a place to live than as a work of art. The art, if there is one in India, is supposed to lie in the living. ♠



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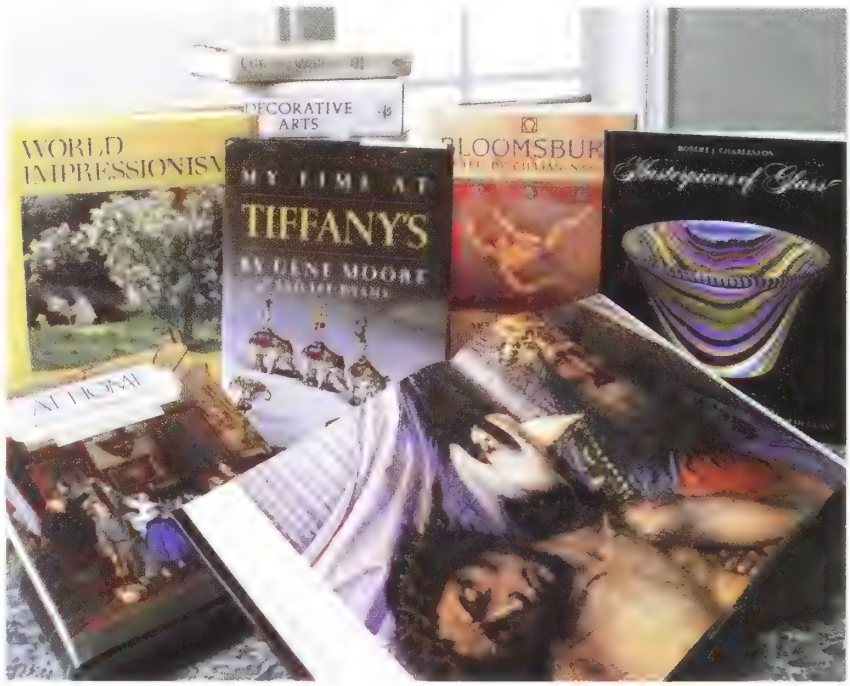
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Season's Readings

From coffee-table behemoths to stocking stuffers, HG's editors pick the books they want to write home about



One way we can allay the urge to possess and give things beyond our inevitable limitations of money and space this season is through books. Robert J. Charleston's **Masterpieces of Glass: A World History from the Corning Museum of Glass** (Abrams, $75) is a model of the coffee-table book at its best. Presenting 110 pieces from ancient Egypt to Renaissance Bohemia to the contemporary American craftswoman Toots Zynsky, it depicts each object in a superbly detailed full-page color photo, which faces a concise but exceptionally informative text addressing not just the artifact at hand but also its larger significance within the development of the medium. Technical but accessible, scholarly but diverting, this is a survey one can dip into casually or delve into at length with equal—and considerable—pleasure. **Martin Filler**

In the rage for historical revivals, Swedish neoclassicism has emerged as one of the most seductive decorative styles. The combination of finely burnished wood furniture, luxurious woven silks, and bronze and ormolu mounted objects achieves a moment of lightness, of ornament without excess. Hakan Groth's **Neoclassicism in the Nu[illegible]edish Furniture and Interiors, 1770-[illegible]** (Rizzoli, $50) is richly illustrated with photographs by Fritz von der Schulenburg. It covers such monuments of the period as the royal palace in Stockholm, Rosendal, Haga, and Gripsholm Castle—and it left me with lots of ideas for how I'd like to live. **Nancy Novogrod**

Elisabeth Donaghy Garrett's **At Home: The American Family, 1750–1870** (Abrams, $49.50) is one of those books that pull back the velvet rope from the period room, dismiss the quaintly costumed guide, and conjure up the voices of long-gone men and women to tell you how everything really was. Garrett, a vice president at Sotheby's, New York, has combed our national attic for inventories, letters, diaries, and manuals that reflect on everything from the best-parlor niceties of draping a piano scarf to keeping wayward children from tipping over chamber pots, and there is broad humor as well as pathos in the accompanying paintings, drawings, and prints. This family portrait is indeed a speaking likeness. **Douglas Brenner**

I always knew that the talents of industrial designer Raymond Loewy were remarkable and, to say the least, wide-ranging. Loewy, as his 1951 autobiography declared, fashioned the shape of things "from lipsticks to locomotives." What **Raymond Loewy: Pioneer of American Industrial Design** (Prestel, $65), a well-illustrated and well-rounded collection of essays edited by Angela Schönberger, fills in is that Loewy's long career was itself every bit as carefully designed and executed as the Avanti car, the Exxon logo, and the Lucky Strike package, all of which made him famous. **Heather Smith MacIsaac**

Bloomsbury: Its Artists, Authors, and Designers (Bulfinch/Little, Brown, $55) pools the artistic, literary, and decorative talents of England's early avant-garde to fresh effect. Editor Gillian Naylor selects from the journals and letters of Roger Fry and Virginia and Leonard Woolf to illuminate modernist paintings by Fry, Vanessa Bell, and Bell's sometime lover Duncan Grant and to resuscitate Charleston, the country house where Maynard Keynes wrote *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* and Bell and Grant decorated just about every available surface in the fanciful style of the Omega Workshops, founded by Fry to ward off "the dull and the stupidly serious." **Peter Haldeman**

If you or someone you care about would like to be walked through a master gardener's garden while being shown how to do it all by yourself, invest in a copy of **Color in My Garden** (Atlantic Monthly Press, $29.95) by Louise Beebe



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Wilder. Mrs. Wilder's 1918 classic, with its sparkling illustrations by her daughter Anna Winegar, has been republished, and it is a rare pleasure indeed to find such a practical guide—one that is as useful today as it was several [illegible] years ago. Focusing on what one might achieve without the assistance of a staff (unlike some current volumes), the author tells the story of her Pomona, New York, garden in a chronicle that maintains a delicate and effective balance between lyrical observation and practical advice. **Senga Mortimer**

In 1765 Catherine the Great embarked on a nineteen-year quest for European masterworks for her private collection, which resulted in one of the great treasures of the world, the Hermitage. Today the Hermitage houses more than 48,000 paintings and drawings, making it one of the largest permanent collections in existence. In **Paintings in the Hermitage** (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $95), Colin Eisler discusses 630 of the more important works and offers a personally guided tour of the Winter Palace through the centuries, one that left me dreaming of making that special trip to Leningrad. **Eric Berthold**



Architectural fashions come and go, but Michael Graves's unique brand of neoclassicism prospers. **Michael Graves: Buildings and Projects, 1982–1989** (Princeton Architectural Press, $49.95 cloth; $34.95 paper) is a large monograph compiled by Karen Nichols, Patrick Burke, and Caroline Hancock, covers Graves's recent work—over 300 built and unbuilt projects—in drawings, models, and photographs, many of them in color. A must for architecture buffs, not to mention fans of the "Prince of Princeton." **Pilar Viladas**

With over 500 illustrations highlighting relatively obscure impressionist painters around the globe rather than the movement's most famous practitioners in France, **World Impressionism: The International Movement, 1860–1920** (Abrams, $75), edited by Norma Broude, makes a seductive argument for impressionism as a truly international artistic achievement. There are striking similarities in technique, subject matter, and palette among the artists represented here. But cultural, geographic, and aesthetic differences are also readily apparent: I was especially taken by the luminous northern light of the Scandinavian artists and the tranquil scenes painted by the Japanese. **Catherine Marron**

Growing up in New York City, I have always looked forward to the changing window displays at Tiffany's. **My Time at Tiffany's** (St. Martin's Press, $60) is no mere coffee-table book—although visually it fits that bill brilliantly with wonderful photographs recording Gene Moore's legendary career in window display, which included stints at I. Miller, Bergdorf's, and Bonwit Teller before he arrived at Tiffany's. His warm and witty text, written with Jay Hyams, concentrates on Moore's innovative use of everyday objects such as ice-cream cones, eggs, and dirt—a merchandising breakthrough that would forever transform window settings. **Wendy Goodman**

If there was a common thread running through the architecture of the eighties, it was a decorative thread. One of the consequences of this newfound fascination with pattern and ornament was the stampede of architects to the tabletop industry. In the United States, Nan Swid and Addie Powell spearheaded the movement that brought us Michael Graves coffeemakers, Robert Venturi dinnerware, and Ettore Sottsass candlesticks; **Swid Powell: Objects by Architects** (Rizzoli, $35) is their book. New *York Times* architecture critic Paul Goldberger attempts to put the Swid Powell story in a larger cultural perspective, and Annette Tapert supplies the running commentary. Not incidentally, the book makes a first-rate catalogue of the company's wares. **Charles Gandee**

Just when I thought I'd seen everything I'd ever wanted to see about art deco, a book on paintings of the period crossed my desk. British art critic Edward Lucie-Smith's **Art Deco Painting** (Clarkson N. Potter, $45) includes elegant if somewhat predictable works by Georgia O'Keeffe, Marsden Hartley, and Paul Cadmus and also offers some wonderful surprises. Tamara de Lempicka's soulful painting *The Refugees* proves that she knew there was more to life than glamour. And lesser-known artists such as Boris Grigoriev, Mariette Lydis, and Ernst Fritsch are given well-deserved attention. **Dana Cowin**

John Fleming and Hugh Honour's **Dictionary of the Decorative Arts** (Penguin, $40) is a book I turn to often for quick facts ("Hipped knee: a type of cabriole chair-leg"); for insider details ("Palissy, Bernard: according to his own account he was reduced to using the floors and furniture to fire his pots—to the fury of his wife"); and for settling office disputes ("Tête-à-tête: an alternative name for (a) a cabaret or (b) a confidant"). First published in 1977, this compact volume has recently been revised and beefed-up; there are now almost 5,000 entries and more than 1,000 illustrations. I always felt suspicious of people who claimed to read dictionaries for pleasure, until I found this one.

At Wig Wam Village 1, three miles east of Horse Cave, Kentucky, the ersatz Indian accommodations come complete with hot and cold water, inner-spring mattresses, and solid hickory furniture. Barry Zaid's **Wish You Were Here** (Crown, $19.95), a perfectly conceived album-style book of hotel postcards, spans the thirties through the fifties, from smart set resorts to roadside motels straight out of *Psycho*. Don't miss the airbrushed shot of the Waldorf-Astoria majestically dwarfing the Chrysler Building. **Margot Guralnick**



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An Alsatian brioche-dough pretzel and a pressed tea brick are tucked amid jams, spices, and other treats in a linen-lined Norman apple basket, left. Below left: Bachelor's jam.

Beyond the Gift Basket

Containers are as extraordinary as the sweets and savories they hold BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS

Forget magnums of champagne, fruitcake, and sugar cookies—holiday baskets should brim with originality. To begin with, you need not use a standard wicker basket. A bushel basket, a copper jam basin, an antique footed ironstone bowl, or even a wooden butter barrel can also be filled with out-of-the-ordinary homemade delicacies as well as other surprises. Determined to come up with imaginative alternatives to the proverbial hamper from Fortnum & Mason, I recently looked to my own kitchen, and those of several other cooks, for novel Christmas offerings.



Living in rural Normandy, I decided to use an oval wire-mesh apple-picker's basket—traditional on the farm, but hardly the usual holiday gift container. Into the basket, which is lined with an old embroidered linen pillowcase, goes a brightly glazed brioche-dough pretzel, a customary dessert at New Year's in Alsace. A pomegranate, a French yuletide motif, is included for its mysterious beauty weeks after the holidays, when it has begun to dry in its leathery casing.

Rhubarb appears in my basket as a rich and puckery chutney, the recipe for which is supplied by two American friends living in Paris, Constance Borde and Sheila Malovany-Chevallier, authors of a marvelous American cookbook in French. Onions are present in the unlikely form of a sweet-and-sour jam that is excellent with rabbit terrine or with cold sliced turkey the day after Christmas. Macerated confiture de vieux garçon, or bachelor's jam, submerges a mixture of red fruits in eau-de-vie perfumed with a baton of cinnamon and a split vanilla bean. Handwritten recipes for the pretzel and jams are rolled up and tied with tartan ribbon so they, too, become gifts.

If you live in a place that the person receiving the basket is likely to think exotic or romantic, he will enjoy being reminded of it with local foods. In my case that means the hazelnut bonbons called petits péchés, which are packaged in the sort of thin wooden boxes usually reserved for cheeses like Camembert. And, of course, it means anything to do with apples—fifteen-year-old Calvados, sparkling brut farmhouse cider, pommeau (three parts cider and one part Calvados), mellow cider vinegar aged for eight years in casks, and apple-sugar sticks wrapped in paper and mounded in pyramids. Taking the idea of place one step further, I like to slip in a book about my corner of the world, along with vintage postcards.

To fill the inevitable little pockets of space there are licorice sticks (the real thing, roots of the licorice plant), branches of fresh laurel, and cork-stoppered laboratory tubes of spices (one mixture combines star anise with cardamom and turmeric—superb with chicken, veal, fish, or shellfish). A tea "brick," a fragrant block of compressed tea leaves with Chinese decorations in relief, is for scenting the kitchen throughout the year. As a final flourish, I put in something my friend collects—old crystal, perhaps, or creamware or tole. For someone who fancies faience, I could not do better than to include one of the charmingly naive, naturalistic plates of



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Nestled beside jars of pesto and pepper jelly is a soft pair of gardening gloves



Unusual gift "baskets" include a plant pot, a copper jam basin, and a cake mold.

Paris potter Claire de Lavallée.

When the New York writer Emelie Tolley, author of *Herbs* and *Cooking with Herbs*, assembles a holiday bundle, she begins with an antique English trug. This flat "basket" of wooden slats, traditionally used for carrying cut flowers, is lined with moss and filled with treats for and from the garden, some of them wrapped in burlap and tied with raffia. Handsome old canning jars from Tolley's vast flea market collection contain her own sun-dried tomatoes. Covered with pale green olive oil, they're flavored with a sprig or two of basil or even a cutting of rosemary.

Another jar, filled with thick pesto, has a recipe attached for using the basil sauce to make a refrigerated goat cheese torte to serve with cocktails. Pepper jelly, whose counterpoint of hot and sweet complements both chicken and lamb, has dried peppers dangling from its lid, and a bottle of champagne vinegar includes either a handful of peppery nasturtium leaves and flowers or a bouquet of delicate salad burnet. A loaf of rough-textured peasant bread with a touch of cornmeal provides the perfect base for a rubbing of garlic and a drizzle of oil, to accompany winter soups.

Also nestled in the trug is a pair of buttery soft goatskin gardening gloves—"the only ones I know that actually let you feel as if you have some contact with the soil while protecting your hands." Next, says Tolley, "I gather a few packets of seeds, harbingers of the glories of next summer's garden—hollyhocks, four-o'clocks, or coneflowers." A small hand-carved wooden bowl cradles potpourri for the kitchen, composed of lemon verbena, lemon peel, cinnamon, cloves, rosemary, bay, and a few sunflower petals for color. Last of all, "I put in a big bunch of lavender from the garden. It will keep moths at bay, perfume a room, or add its subtle fragrance to a syrup for poached pears, ice cream, cookies, or a rich, rich pound cake."

Ruth Rogers and Rose Gray, partners in the River Café, probably the finest and certainly the most fashionable Italian restaurant in London, start out their gift with an empty (save for one bottle) crate of their best wine, Barbaresco 1985, a dense, serious red. Everything else that goes into the box—from an oregano plant and tongs for grilling vegetables to a Pavoni espresso machine and a bunch of fresh red chilies—expresses the quality and authenticity the two women insist on at their restaurant.

Besides staples like olive oil (from Fattoria dell' Ugo in Chianti), grappa (from Bartolo Nardini in the Veneto), and loaves of the flat olive oil bread called ciabatta, Rogers and Gray pack such presents as a mortar and pestle, a sack of tiny blue green lentils from Le Puy in south-central France, and beautiful tins of salted anchovies from Naples. More anchovies go into jars of homemade salsa verde: classic with a bollito misto of chicken, ox tongue, and cotechino sausage, the pungent sauce is also served with grilled lamb, sea bass, and, at the River Café, a sliced entrecote salad. Another accompaniment for bollito misto is Dondi-brand mostarda di Cremona, pears and apricots in mustard syrup.

"Rose and I love polenta, which explains the bag of the coarse-grain variety in our 'basket,' " says Rogers. "Coarse-grain is essential if you don't want to end up with mashed potatoes." Polenta flour is used in a simple almond cake that also goes into the crate next to a mezzaluna, the two-handled half-moon-shaped chopping blade: "Use it to chop herbs, and the result is the opposite of the wet mass you tend to get with food processors." As Rogers sees it, perhaps the best gift of all is one that encourages a friend to prepare the baskets—or barrels or bowls or whatever—of holidays to come.

ONION JAM WITH CRÈME DE CASSIS

- 3 tablespoons light olive oil
- 1½ pounds onions, thinly sliced on a mandolin
- Salt and freshly ground pepper
- 6½ tablespoons sherry vinegar
- 6½ tablespoons crème de cassis
- 1 cup dry red wine

Add the oil, onions, and seasonings to a saucepan and sauté the onions over low heat until soft, about 15 minutes. Add the remaining ingredients, mix thoroughly, and simmer uncovered 30 minutes or until all the liquid has evaporated and been absorbed. Cool and serve chilled or at room temperature. Makes 2½ cups.

RHUBARB CHUTNEY

- 1½ cups sugar
- 1¾ cups white vinegar
- 2¼ pounds rhubarb, trimmed and cut into ¾-inch pieces
- 1 cup dark raisins
- 1 green bell pepper, cored, seeded, ribs removed, and cut into medium dice
- 2 medium onions, cut into medium dice
- ½ heaping tablespoon coarse salt
- 2½ ounces candied ginger, minced
- 1 clove garlic, chopped

In a large saucepan, dissolve the sugar in the vinegar. Add the remaining ingredients, combine well, and boil vigorously 10–15 minutes or until the rhubarb is completely cooked. Strain the mixture, return the liquid to the saucepan, and reduce by one third. Stir the solids back into the sauce and transfer the chutney to sterilized canning jars. Seal hermetically and store one month before serving. Makes 5 cups.

GOAT CHEESE AND SUN-DRIED TOMATO TORTE

- 8 ounces cream cheese
- 8 ounces Montrachet cheese
- 3 sticks butter
- 1 cup pesto
- 1 cup drained minced sun-dried tomatoes

Beat the cheeses and butter until well blended and fluffy. Line a cake pan with



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damp cheesecloth, making sure the cloth is large enough to fold over the top of the pan. Fill the pan with one third of the butter-cheese mixture, followed by half of the pesto. Repeat. Spread over the remaining mixture and cover with the tomatoes. Place plastic wrap over the top of the torte and fold the cheesecloth over. Refrigerate at least 1 hour. To serve, fold the cheesecloth back, turn the torte out, and remove the cloth from the bottom. Invert, tomato side up, onto a serving plate and remove the plastic wrap. Serve with crackers.

HOT PEPPER JELLY

- 1 cup minced green bell pepper
- ½ cup (or to taste) minced hot red pepper
- 1½ cups cider vinegar
- 6½ cups sugar
- 6 ounces liquid pectin

Place the peppers, vinegar, and sugar in a stainless-steel or enamel saucepan and boil gently for 5–7 minutes. Remove from heat and carefully skim surface. Stir in the pectin and pour into sterilized jelly glasses. Makes 6 pints. Note: If only green hot peppers are available, substitute a red bell pepper for the green one to keep the combination of colors.

SALSA VERDE

- 1 cup chopped Italian parsley
- 1 cup chopped mint
- ½ cup chopped fennel
- ½ cup chopped basil
- 8 whole salted anchovies, washed, boned, and chopped
- 3 tablespoons chopped capers
- 2 tablespoons mustard seeds
- Freshly ground pepper
- 2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
- 5 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil

Combine the first eight ingredients, stirring well. Add the vinegar and mix again. Add the olive oil, beating it forcefully into the mixture. Makes 8–10 servings.

POLENTA AND ALMOND CAKE

- 7 ounces butter
- 7 ounces sugar
- 7 ounces ground almonds
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract
- 6 eggs
- 7 ounces polenta flour
- Grated zest of 2 lemons
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Preheat oven to 325°F. Cream the butter and sugar until the mixture is pale yellow. Add the almonds and vanilla and combine. Beat in the eggs, one at a time. Add the polenta flour, lemon zest, baking powder, and salt and blend thoroughly. Butter and flour a springform pan and pour in the batter. Bake 45 minutes. ♠






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In the house on Utopia Parkway, left, Cornell created boxes such as *Setting for a Fairy Tale*, 1942, below. Far left: *Untitled (The Hotel Eden)*, c. 1945, one of his Aviary series.



The Artist as Homebody

Joseph Cornell remade the world in a modest Long Island house

BY DEBORAH SOLOMON

About two years ago I began work on a biography of Joseph Cornell, a project that in some ways seemed absurd. His life could not have been less adventurous had he been a clerk at the corner drugstore. To be sure, Cornell was a picturesque figure, a gaunt timid man who spent his days in a cellar workshop sifting through stacks of clippings and oddments—seashells, clay pipes, butterfly wings, pictures of ballerinas, and so on—and arranging them in small shadow boxes. Yet his life wasn't a story so much as it was an odd situation: decade after decade he lived with his mother and disabled brother in a small house in Flushing, Queens, on the outer edge of New York City. He traveled nowhere, and never had a real love affair. His address was strangely revealing: the artist who boxed himself into his own world lived at 3708 Utopia Parkway.



Cornell assembles one of his boxes, c. 1940

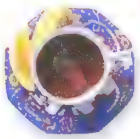
Cornell belongs to what might be described as the homebody tradition in art. As much as there are artists who crave experience, there are those who actively spurn it. Edouard Vuillard, for instance: he was not a joiner, never married, and painted mostly domestic scenes—small, unexpectedly haunting images of chairs and floral wallpaper. Giorgio Morandi, too: he was an art-world monk, a reclusive Bolognese, locked in eternal contemplation of his table of old bottles and cans. Cornell shares with these artists the belief that experience—experience of the grand, worldly, Byronic variety—is somehow beyond his capabilities. Homebody artists present the world from inside the house, slightly stuffy and claustrophobic. They give us a room without a view.

Did Cornell ever venture beyond his front door? Absolutely. Central to his activities were his trips by train into Manhattan. Like a flaneur in nineteenth century Paris, out of the pages of Baudelaire, whose work Cornell knew intimately, he would wander the streets of the metropolis attentive to every sight. The artist's meanderings frequently took him down-

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, OTTAWA; HANS NAMUTH; PEGGY GUGGENHEIM COLLECTION, VENICE; SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM FOUNDATION



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From his tiny apartment on the right bank, a dark-eyed young artist dreamed of participating in the celebration of the extravagance of the day. It was the beginning of the spectacular age of Debussy, Diaghilev, Picasso and the infamous Mata Hari. It was a time when ladies sported lavish attire, bedecked with pearls, sequins and precious gems. It was Paris, 1913. His name was Romain de Tirtoff.

Born of a prominent Russian family, he brought to Paris the mystery of his Eastern roots. His penchant for expressing his remarkable eccentricity through his designs propelled him to international eminence, providing the impetus for a generation of fashion, theatre and graphic designers. He set the artistic tone for the influential *Harper's Bazar*, with his designs appearing on virtually every cover for 20 years. Eventually, the world would know him simply by the French pronunciation of his initials.

After an already prolific career spanning eight decades, in which he had explored a variety of different art forms, Erté embarked on a series of entirely new creations: his figurative bronze sculptures. Some of his most outstanding creations are those sculptures he created during his last years, which were inspired by the theatrical costumes, haute couture gowns and the designs for *Harper's Bazar*, conceived and created much earlier in his career. Each one of the pieces, having been stimulated by the freedom of fantasy rather than the limitation of reality, embody the essence of Erté's creative genius. Casting the images in bronze and adorning them with gold leaf and semi-precious stones, the extraordinary artworks he designed "for the sheer pleasure of creation" were brought to exquisite three-dimensional life.



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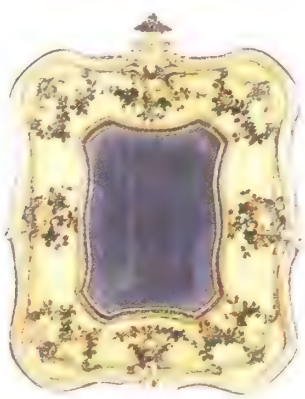
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town to the secondhand bookshops that once lined Fourth Avenue, where he would scout for material for his boxes—boxes that are magical and enchanting and give no hint of the quiet gray asceticism in which their maker lived.

Cornell, who died in 1972 at the age of sixty-nine, is generally identified in art history books as the dean of American surrealism. He came of age when the French surrealists were dominating the art scene, and from their work he came to understand the poetry that inheres in the juxtaposition of incongruous images. Yet Cornell was essentially a solitary figure, out of step with the modernist parade. While his contemporaries were exploring what Ezra Pound called the "make it new" ethos of avant-garde art, he remained fixated on retrieving the innocence of the past. His little boxes, which often bring together symbols of his own childhood (soap bubbles, say) and extravagant invocations of a vanished European past (yellowed travelers' maps, hotel advertisements), present us with a fairy-tale world untouched by the betrayals of experience. In Cornell's lifetime, artists who agreed on almost nothing agreed on him: he was an original, and key figures in successive generations, from Marcel Duchamp to Robert Motherwell to Andy Warhol, all made the pilgrimage out to Queens to see him in his famously middle-class surroundings.

The house on Utopia Parkway was in many ways an extension of the artist's allusive imagination. True, from the outside it was spectacularly ordinary: a two-story white frame Dutch colonial with blue trim and a garage off to one side, it resembled other houses on the block. The inside, however, a musty mélange of Edwardian furniture and five-and-dime tchotchkes, more than hinted at Cornell's activities. The tiny dining room overflowed with his "dossiers"—extensive files compiled on personalities both living and dead. (They brought together such unlikely file-mates as Vermeer, Hans Christian Andersen, Claire Bloom, and the various ballerinas for whom Cornell harbored feelings of unrequited love.) Downstairs, in the cellar

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workshop, boxes in various stages of completion and treasured finds from urban journeys were crammed on sagging shelves. Like the storybook castles one finds in several of his boxes, Cornell's cluttered house became a sanctuary of dreams and fantasy.

The artist was especially fond of the tiny patch of garden behind his house, which in his mind was as mythical a place as Arcadia. In nice weather he might be found sitting beneath a tree, tossing peanuts at blue jays. These moments offered him not just pleasure but prized opportunities for reverie, and he faithfully recorded them in his diary.

Cornell's life might seem to correspond with Flaubert's famous principle that an artist should live like a bourgeois yet create like a revolutionary. Did any other artist ever live more reticently yet travel further into the strata of the imagination? One wouldn't want to make the mistake, however, of romanticizing his stay-at-home existence. Cornell certainly didn't. In his later years he lamented to friends that he felt he had missed out on much that life has to offer, if not on life itself. His boxes, he believed, were merely the dead residue of the process that had inspired them; in his diaries he bemoaned the "inadequacy" of his medium next to the "freshness & spontaneity about life and people."

Why does an artist choose to stay home? For Cornell the choice was not a choice at all. Home, for him, was everything: a sheltering wing, a place to work, a metaphor for self-invention, the means by which he shut out the workaday world and retreated into a private one where the past was as accessible and alive as the present. Home, moreover, was one of the themes of his work. As much as Bonnard painted busily patterned parlors and Matisse gave us the tranquil rooms of Nice, Cornell, too, was an artist of interiors. What were his boxes, after all, if not little rooms, cramped and airless, each containing its own cryptic tale? Which isn't to say that, like his French counterparts of the intimist school, he was interested in celebrating the homebody life. Rather he wanted to escape it, and in his work he did. ▲



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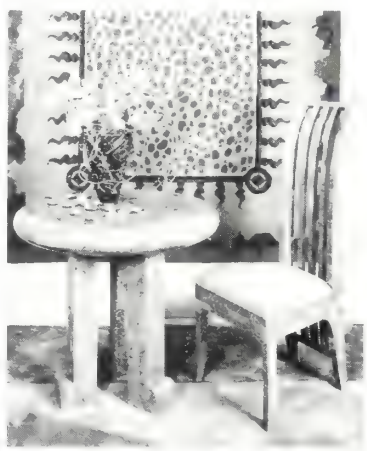
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Backroad Chic

The Ford Explorer races toward the frontier of four-wheel-drive fashion

BY MARGY ROCHLIN

Fifteen years ago, before what is now referred to as a sport-utility vehicle assumed generic status with the middle class, my father bought my mother a boxy silver-colored Jeep Wagoneer. He chose it because my mother had "customized" all our other family cars. The red Falcon station wagon had deep rivers on one side; the fender of the brown Buick was as wrinkled as a piece of old fruit. She was not so much a terrible driver as a woman with other things on her mind. My father's logic was to put her behind the wheel of an automobile that would assure she'd cruise away the victor.

In America, bigness confers security. But until now these suburban tanks haven't been built to protect. Not really a car yet not quite a truck, sport-utility vehicles (SUVs) land smack in a categorical loophole with fewer safety restrictions, which explains the number of SUVs that at relatively low speeds simply flopped over while turning. And not only housewives with grocery bags have been unknowingly risking their skins; they've become an important fashion accessory with Hollywood's we're-rich-but-not-pretentious set. With a crossover market like this, how long could the car industry resist throwing life-preserving features into the bargain?

The 1991 Ford Explorer is the first to fill this void: it has more government-recommended safety devices than the Toyota 4 Runner, the Chevrolet S-10 Blazer, the Jeep Cherokee, or the Nissan Pathfinder—in other words, more than any SUV in its formidable class. But Ford also had to imagine what would be considered tantalizing to a city dweller with a pioneer fixation. Which is, judging from the Explorer, something as roomy and rugged as a Conestoga wagon but with gale-force air conditioning, comfy suspension, a premium JBL sound system with a subwoofer, nine strategically mounted speakers, and 145 watts of blasting power, and as many compact storage crannies as a ship's cabin. There are reservoirs carved into the dashboard and the central armrest and tucked behind the rear seat cushions, and a trio of black plastic discs dispenses your otherwise loose change.

> Bigness generally confers security

But cars like these aren't about actually needing a one-touch push-button four-wheel drive (although the Explorer offers such a mechanism). They're about the thrill of knowing you can rusticate if and when the spirit moves you. The first time I took the Explorer out, I found myself whizzing up steep private roads, the kind with signs at the entrance that clearly state NO TRESPASSING. On another day a friend and I discovered ourselves in the pounded dirt backyard of a complete stranger's Coldwater Canyon estate. We did 360s while discussing how breezily the Explorer took such hard turns and the efficiency of the adjustable seat bolsters, which at the flip of a switch curl up around your thighs as tightly as control-top panty hose and keep you from sliding around on the seats. Then we tested the horsepower of the Explorer's big electronically fuel-injected 4.0-liter V-6 engine: we screeched off before the homeowners realized that it was two adults responsible for the thick film of dust on their picture window.

The vehicle has a uniquely pig-nosed look, which gives it its own special road presence. Once, while changing lanes, I almost flattened a college student on a fly-sized motor scooter (the rearview mirror placement takes a little getting used to). He cut my hand-wringing apology short by burbling, "Great car! What is it? Is it new? Does it handle well?" The Ford Explorer not only handles well, it rides high, and such lofty stature gives one an inexplicable sense of superiority as well as a new perspective on things. Traffic jams are no less avoidable, but at least you're able to see how far the pileup snarls into the distance. And I would never have understood why take-out windows at fast-food restaurants are positioned so far above the customer's line of vision had I not pulled the Explorer into the drive-through lane. At my new height I learned that in matters of junk food, perhaps it's best not to know who is preparing your meal. ♠


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LIVING WITH

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN



Chanel travels back in time to launch a new watch collection

Mademoiselle, as Coco Chanel was always referred to by her colleagues, is now the name of a luxurious watch collection designed by Jacques Helleu for the house of Chanel. For the recent launch in Paris during the fall couture shows, Chanel staged a stylish tribute, turning back the clock at the Hôtel Ritz.

From photographs of the thirties and details of the designer's everyday activities, [illegible] Chanel suite was restored to re-create the atmosphere Mademoiselle fashioned for herself

Coco Chanel, above, in a contemplative mood, photographed by Cecil Beaton in 1937. Right: Chanel's 1930 evening dress on an 18th-century bergère in the designer's former Ritz suite.


ANNE KLEIN
and simply nothing else
maeyl







during the four years she lived there until 1939. Many pieces were brought from her rue Cambon apartment, kept intact as an historic reference, including the famous coromandel lacquer screens that Chanel liked to pair with white flowers. Her vermeil breakfast tray lay on the bed, complete with biscuits waiting to be nibbled and tea leaves in the cup. Mademoiselle's dressing table looked as if she had been interrupted in midtoilette: a cigarette filter in the ashtray stained with her red lipstick, her white kid gloves lying casually next to her eyeglasses, and a book by her friend Pierre Reverdy, open to the pages where he scrawled a long dedication to her. Above the dressing table were sketches of Chanel's fashions by Bérard and Cocteau.

In keeping with the Mademoiselle Collection's three watch styles—one for morning, one for afternoon, and one for evening—each room in the Ritz suite was arranged and lighted accordingly. The bedroom basked in the radiance of morning, the salon glowed in the afternoon sun, and the small study was suffused with blue evening light. The study was added to the suite for the launch, as Chanel's quarters originally consisted only of the bedroom and the salon. It was as if Mademoiselle had just left the room or, better yet, might enter to catch you peering at her collection of precious bibelots. To gaze at the bergère in which Horst photographed the great couturiere or to walk onto the balcony where she surveyed the place Vendôme was to take a step back in time to the incomparable world of Coco Chanel. ♠



The couturiere, far left, in the salon in 1937. Chanel took her tea, left, in the bedroom, top left. The study, top right, was arranged as a setting for the Mademoiselle pearl evening watch, above. Details see Resources.

december

THERE ARE a number of ideas that we bat around in editorial meetings, shaping and refining them before they actually develop into stories. Color and its uses in decorating is one such subject—I mention this after reviewing the lineup for our December issue, with its complement of richly hued interiors. Together they serve, quite intentionally, as a salute to the vivid spirits of the season. Close readers of the magazine will remember English artist Mark Lancaster's house from one of HG's premier issues over two and a half years ago; it will be no surprise then to find pockets of startling color in Mark's new lair—a cozily eccentric castle on the west coast of Scotland. For his Manhattan skyscraper apartment, Lucas Samaras has chosen a cool urbane gray as a background for the carnival of colors in his furniture and art. The legendary decorator and highly versatile designer Tony Duquette has constructed his own idiosyncratic world in California; the patinated blues and greens of his pavilions in the Malibu mountains, visited by HG style editor Wendy Goodman, are illustrations of a daringly baroque sensibility. And the New York apartment decorated by Ned Marshall is an homage to the English country house, with a bold American twist contributed by its persimmon, evergreen, and Pompeian red walls. HG's December colors don't stop there; they radiate out to mossy greens and even pastel pinks—witness our stories on the Pennsylvania farmhouse of designer Laura Bohn, with its palette borrowed from nature, and the Gramercy Park apartment of the Howard family, with its pink checked and flowered furniture. Color in the garden? Port Lympne's checkerboard is seasonal green and red. Color in design? See Heather MacIsaac on rich jewel-toned velvets. Color in depth? That's coming in a future issue. For now, I hope your holiday is festive—and every bit as colorful as you desire.



Painter Mark Lancaster has arranged classic modern furniture by Aalto and Eames in the billiard room of his Scottish castle.

Mary Novogrod

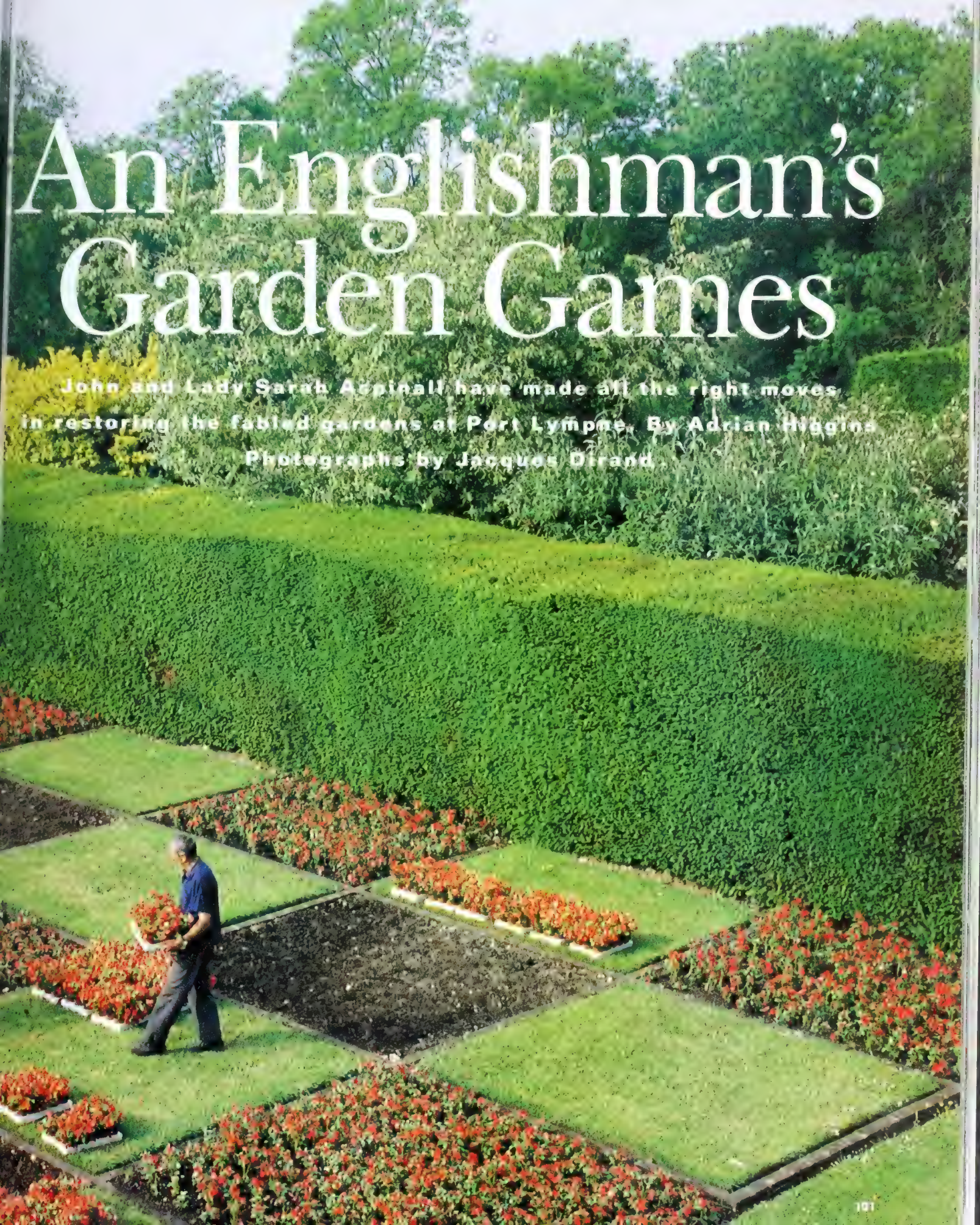
EDITOR IN CHIEF



In 1929 Lutyens's Liberty Bunch Garden, red and orange snapdragons bloom between squares of lawn in place of the heliotrope and begonia favored by Sir Philip Sassoon, former owner of the estate.

An Englishman's Garden Games

John and Lady Sarah Acpinall have made all the right moves in restoring the fabled gardens at Port Lympne. By Adrian Higgins
Photographs by Jacques Dirand





Port Lympne, or Belcaire, as it was called until 1918, was the creation of Sir Philip Sassoon, statesman, multimillionaire, dilettante, lover of fast cars and faster airplanes, and above all a champion of style and ostentation. Born into two great trading empires—his father's family had made their fortune as merchants in India and the East; his mother was a Rothschild—he was drawn to the English gentry after leaving France to attend Eton and Oxford. Pip Sassoon was already a baronet and a member of Parliament when, still in his early twenties, he commissioned the eminent architect Herbert Baker to design a house at the village of Lympne as a luxurious country retreat. Completed in 1913, the rambling red-brick structure has mellow Kentish tile roofs, towering chimneys, and curled gables in the Dutch colonial style Baker had mastered in South Africa for clients like Cecil Rhodes.

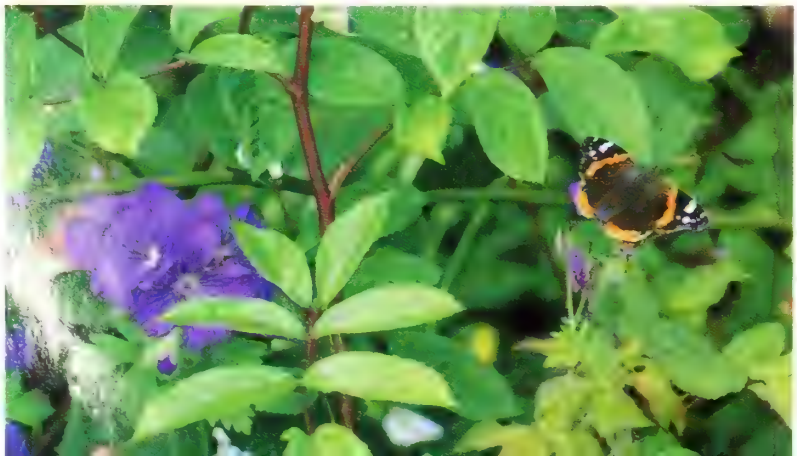
Work on the gardens was delayed until after World War I, when Sassoon engaged the architect and artist Philip Tilden to help him transform fifteen acres of raw hillside into a dramatic series of outdoor set pieces. Their collaborative designs drew on Lympne's strong Roman links (legionnaires once camped at Portus Lemanis, and the skeleton of a Roman was unearthed during reconstruction of the mile-long driveway) as well as on the classic forms of the Italian Renaissance: massive terraces, hedge-enclosed garden rooms, stone ornaments, pools, and fountains.

The historical references were always more fanciful than archaeological. For an open courtyard within the house, Tilden designed a Moorish Patio, which captures and intensifies the English sun with white marble columns and plaster walls. Outside, behind the house, the Trojan Stairs, a 125-step flight of York stone, rise to a plateau overlooking the grounds. Port Lympne's main, south-facing terrace (recorded on canvas by Churchill) leads down through double stairs to a landing from which wide semicircular steps descend to the main terrace. There Sassoon built a vast neoclassical bathing pool with tall jets of water, stone sphinxes, and raised po-

The English country house called Port Lympne might well be dubbed Portmanteau, it is stuffed with so many stories.

Between the wars the three-hundred-acre estate on Kent's southeast coast became a magnet for the leading figures of British society. Winston Churchill painted in the garden, Noël Coward sharpened his wit over the dinner table, and Charlie Chaplin arrived to find his weekend quarters redecorated in his honor. Other guests included T. E. Lawrence, George Bernard Shaw, the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Simpson, and, occasionally, the poet Siegfried Sassoon, a cousin of the unflagging host.

It is easy to understand the lure of the place. Port Lympne (pronounced lim) was a triumphant union of house, garden, and site that expressed all the confidence of the British Empire. As at the grand seaside villas of Italy, broad terraces surveyed spectacular views, here not the Mediterranean but the expanse of Romney Marsh [illegible] and the English Channel beyond. The terraces themselves enclosed a man-made landscape that was no less impressive in its monumental scale and flamboyance.

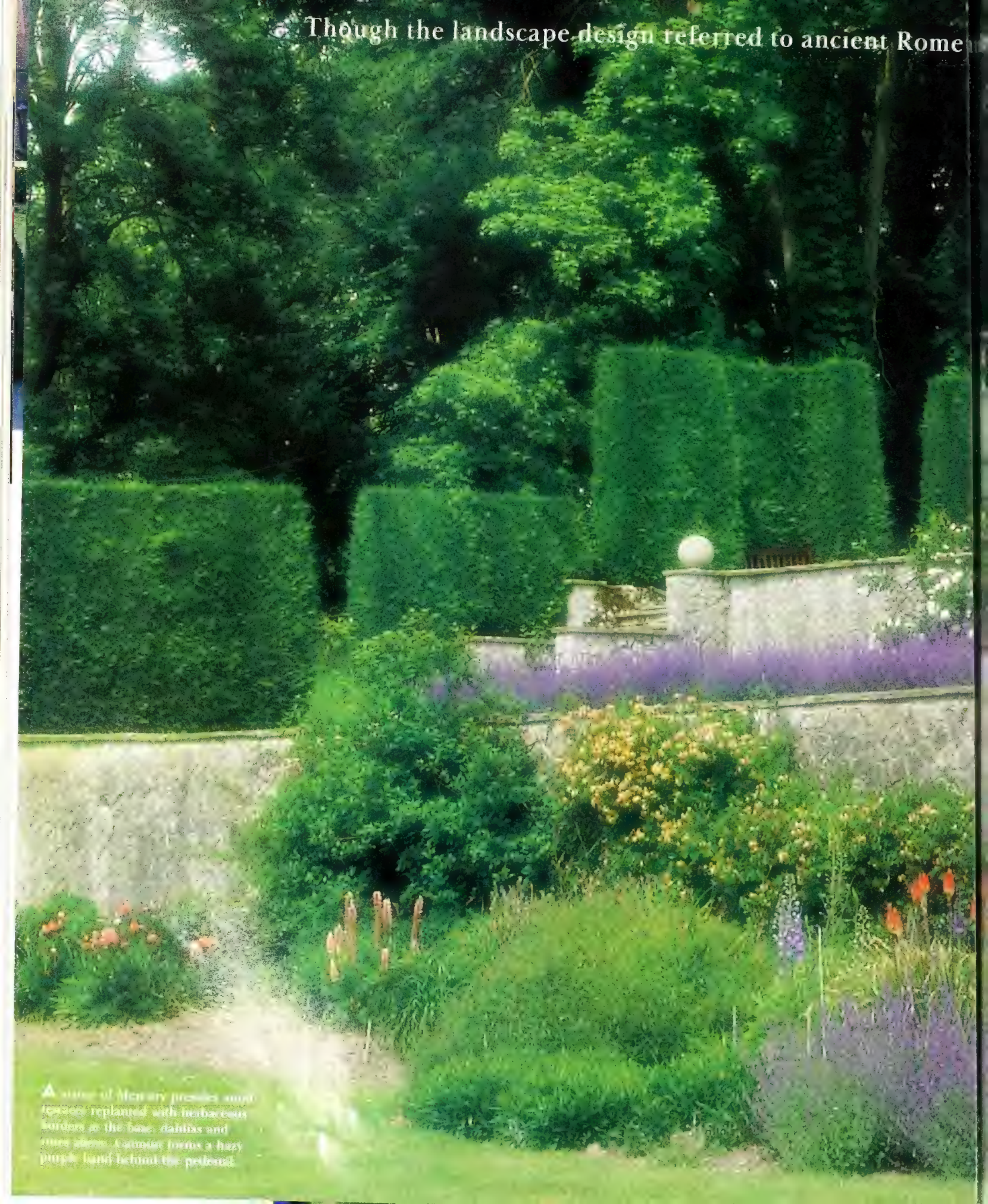


The 125-step Trojan Stairs, *above left*, descend to the west entrance of the house. Beyond terrace gardens, marshes stretch to the English Channel. *Left:* A butterfly and hardy purple geraniums among rosebushes. *Opposite:* Boumi the gorilla in the zoo at Howletts, another Aspinall estate nearby.



Exotic beasts now occupy a corner of the grounds
once given over to the kitchen garden

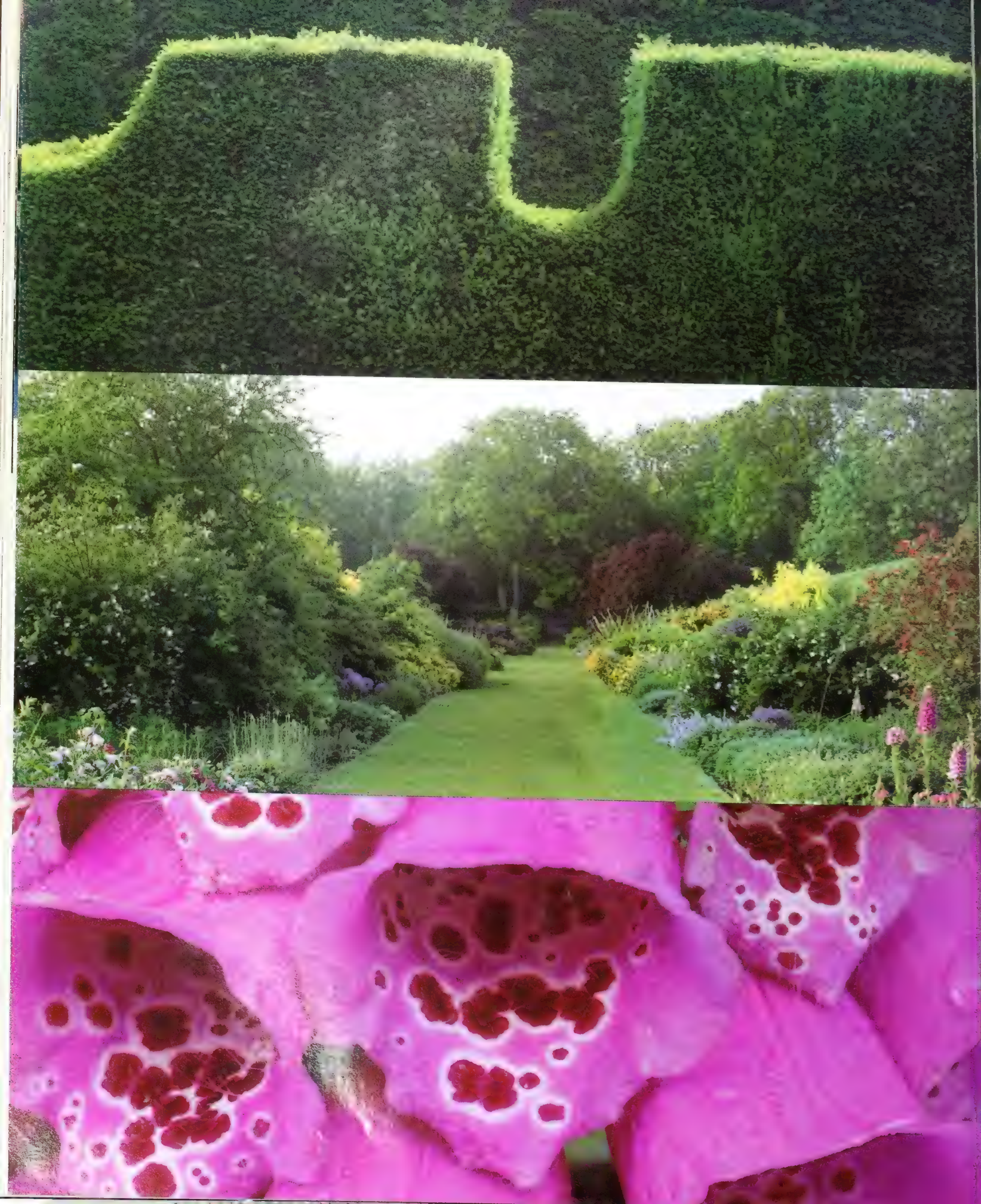
Though the landscape design referred to ancient Rome



▲ statue of Mercury presides amid flowers replanted with herbaceous borders at the base. dahlias and grass above. Catmint forms a hazy purple band behind the pedestal.

enaissance, the links were more fanciful than archaeological





diums where guests could sun themselves and take in the view to the Straits of Dover and, on clear days, the coast of France.

The pool terrace is flanked symmetrically by two of the most striking examples of Sassoon's taste for brilliant display. To the west, the Chess Board Garden consists of large alternating squares of lawn and colorful annuals—only two colors in a season, and one color to a square. (Sassoon liked heliotrope and begonias against the green grass.) To the east, the Striped Garden is laid out in long rows of hot-colored bedding plants. Elsewhere, Sassoon installed a fig yard, a hillside vineyard, and what is now the Clock Garden, densely bedded out with zinnias. Victorian-style carpet bedding had long since been rejected by the prevailing arts and crafts movement, which favored traditional cottage perennials, but the master of Port Lympne wanted a garden as bold and extroverted as he was. Besides, the strong patterns looked superb when he took friends aloft in his airplane.

Sassoon and his guests used Port Lympne in August. In July, the staff of gardeners was increased from fourteen to twenty-one, not just to plant the Chess Board Garden, the Striped Garden, and other annual showpieces, but to tend the huge double herbaceous border that was one of England's most celebrated garden landmarks in the 1920s and '30s. More extravagant vistas were added in the thirties with the construction of three great terraces to the east; to the west lofty parapets, balustrades, and statuary set off the dahlias and asters of late summer.

After Sassoon's death in 1939, the rise of Port Lympne inevitably was followed by its decline. How it was revived from the intervening decay and obscurity is a story almost as fantastic as its creation. The story began in 1973, when the present owners, John and Lady Sarah Aspinall, sought land in the country to expand their zoo and animal breeding program at Howletts, another estate some twenty miles inland, which is famous for rare gorillas, tigers, and other exotic beasts. The Aspinalls saved Port Lympne from a subdivision scheme and set about a faithful restoration of the house and garden that is an ongoing endeavor. (The couple own another Dutch colonial house designed by Herbert Baker, Noordhoek, near Capetown, which they have also restored along with its Gertrude Jekyll garden.)

The parkland at Port Lympne is given over to the Aspinalls' herds of rare mammals, but the grounds of the mansion recapture the essence of Sassoon's legendary villa retreat. The late Russell Page, who had visited Sassoon's Port Lympne in his youth, was engaged by the Aspinalls to restore the landscape around the house. He keyed this project to the now mature plantings and the survival of the garden's underlying structure. "The bones were there," says Lady Sarah, who today oversees the seasonal plantings of bulbs and annuals with head gardener Trevor King. The bones were also broken, however. The Western Terraces were collapsing, as were areas around the enormous pool, now a fish pond (the hillside had already begun to erode in Sassoon's time). It took two years just to discover the existence of the Eastern Terraces; found under thirty feet of vegetation, they too had begun to crumble and one had to be reinforced with buttresses. *(Text continued on page 186)*



Sassoon wanted a garden as bold and extroverted as he was



Original yew hedges, *opposite top. Opposite middle:* The color scheme of the Long Borders restored by Russell Page is subtler than the bold palette of the 1920s. *Opposite bottom:* Foxglove. *Above right:* Classical stonework recalls the ancient Roman presence in Kent. *Right:* Boumi on a garden stroll.



Taupe leather sofas with a Clarence House fringe, antique boxes, and a Jack Lenor Larsen carpet furnish one of a pair of parlors in the 18th-century farmhouse. Details see Resources.

Country's



The renovation of a period house in Pennsylvania sends designers Lembo and Bohn off in a different direction

By Heather Smith MacIsaac

Photographs by Jean Pagliuso

New Colors



DESIGNERS JOSEPH LEMBO AND Laura Bohn may not exactly finish each other's sentences like an old married couple, but they come close. In matters of proportion, placement, and palette, each could speak for the other—no doubt a result of having sat on opposite sides of a partners' desk for the eleven years they have been together as principals of Lembo Bohn Design Associates. They not only have the same taste; according to Lembo, the two are telepathic. When each partner decided, independently and simultaneously, to venture beyond the soft and pale taupes, lavenders, and gray blues the firm had always favored, the decisions were identical: the color choice was chartreuse, of course.

As much as they may be in tune visually, Lembo and Bohn are totally out of sync manually. Lembo is the first to admit that he is the unhandiest of men. What is an exercise in frustration for him, however, is sport for her. As Lembo describes it, for Laura and her builder/developer husband, Richard Fiore, "demolition and renovation are recreation." Laura has her own chain saw and blowtorch—a good choice of tools if you are contemplating taking on the kind of project that would only generously be called a handyman's special.

For the past five years Bohn and Fiore have dedicated nearly every weekend, all weekend, to the renovation of a Pennsylvania farmhouse whose two parts, dating from 1750 and 1810, had not benefited from a single instance of modernization or maintenance in over fifty years. Normally, a property such as this one—an antique house and post-and-beam barn on seventy acres in the heart of Bucks County—would not have languished on the market, especially in the heady real estate climate of the mid eighties. But as Bohn relates, "more than twenty-nine people looked at the house and not one made an offer. The work to be done was overwhelming—even for Joe D'Urso, who loved the property and told us about it."

With their heavy-duty tools and a lot of muscle, Bohn and her husband attacked the house, moving every steam pipe, lifting and shifting a staircase 180 degrees, removing a 1930s kitchen addon by severing it with a Sawzall and pulling it off with heavy rope and their pickup truck. With finer implements but no diminution of energy, Fiore re-created moldings and constructed closets while Bohn scraped away layers of wallpaper, paint, and grime—only to restore, in certain rooms, the look of these accumulations.

More than twenty-nine people looked at this house and not one made an offer. The amount of work that had to be done was overwhelming

"The dining room, which has a fireplace long used for cooking, had a particular orange patina," recalls Bohn. "A layer of chicken fat, no doubt. Other



Old (an interior window, a pie safe, a rustic Queen Anne chair, an oil portrait) and new (a banquette, a skylight, a slate-top table) meet in a cozy but bright corner of the kitchen, *opposite*, part of an addition to the house. *Right:* When Bohn rerouted the staircase, a doorway became a niche. The paneling and shutters around the dining room fireplace are original.



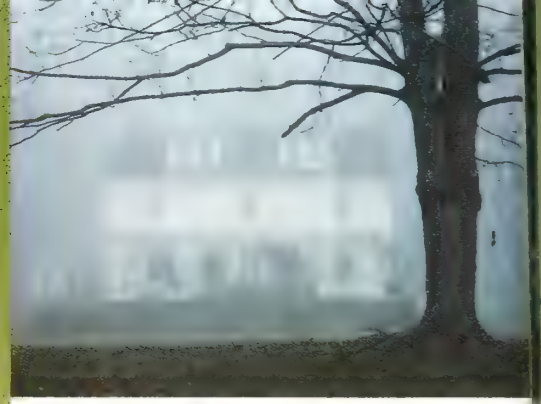


In the dining room, slipper chairs covered in a Donghia striped fabric, an antique bench, and a wicker chair surround a table of rough-cut cedar by Lembo Bohn Design. *Left:* The barn's weathered door and mossy wall provided design inspiration.

The older parts were structurall



fect, not off by an inch, and the building was incredibly symmetrical



rooms had various shades of mildew. I couldn't just strip all that off and then paint the walls a flat color. The irony is that the mildew I so carefully trompe l'oeiled to give walls age and depth has disappeared again under a new layer of the real thing."

Every weekend Bohn removed another layer; every workweek she and Lembo drew up new ideas as the original construction emerged. They were impressed that the older parts of the house were "structurally perfect, not off by an inch, and incredibly symmetrical. Every door and window has a mate."

Lembo and Bohn's design plays up the symmetry. They removed doors so that the view from the dining room is through a pair of doorways to a pair of matching front parlors. The staircase between these living rooms was turned around so that it now ends in a landing where one can choose to descend left or right into either parlor. In the master bedroom, the partners devised a headboard-bookcase of paneled wood between two windows opposite a composition of new *(Text continued on page 191)*

Lembo and Bohn lined a small guest room, *opposite,* with beaded board, elevated the bed, and built cupboards, shelves, and storage. *Left:* The exposed upper staircase. *Above:* The south side of the house in morning fog. *Below:* Red barn doors conceal a huge space with exposed timbers.





All in the Family

An extended family circle joined forces with Philip and Alexandra Howard to decorate their Gramercy Park apartment

By Charles Maclean

Photographs by Jean Pagliuso

WAR, SOMEONE ONCE SAID, is the father of all things. On the domestic front, certainly, it plays a more creative role than people like to admit. There may be couples who never argue about where to hang a picture, what color to paint the kitchen, or how to accommodate a grisly heirloom, but for Philip and Alexandra Howard—for most of us, perhaps—decorating is the art of armed compromise.

When they first viewed their apartment overlooking Gramercy Park, the Howards didn't have to convince each other that they'd found their ideal. Living at the time at One Gramercy Park, they wanted to stay in the neighborhood but needed more room to house their growing family. They were debating whether to move into a basement across the square with what Philip describes as "a park view of ankles going by," when an answered prayer lifted their sights from bunker to penthouse.

"It was in wonderfully shabby shape," Philip recalls. "The owners had lived there for forty years without changing anything. The rooms were dark and rather gloomy, but they had real distinction." The Howards fell in love with the huge double-height living room with its French windows and mock Jacobean mantelpiece suggesting the baronial hall of some English manor lofted high above the rooftops of lower Manhattan. They shared a vision of making it light and airy, retaining that element of grandiose fantasy that enriches the best New York apartments. As yet, there was little cause for disagreement.

Philip asked an architect friend from his Yale days, Richard Nash Gould—nicknamed Dog on account of his doleful expression—to undertake the renovation. "We changed the traffic flow and made what was a narrow center hall into a series of telescoping rooms, like big fish gobbling little fish, but the apartment needed very little work," Gould says. "It had really good bones." It wasn't until Gould, who has a distinctive modernist signature, persuaded Philip to paint the walls varying shades of gray to establish the "overall tonality of the place," that the battle lines began to form. Alexandra complained that the severe colors they'd chosen would overpower everything else. But money, or the lack of it, came to Philip's aid.

A year after buying the apartment, he



Philip and Alexandra Howard and their children, from left, Charlotte, Alexander, Olivia, and Lily, in their living room amid paintings by Alexandra's grandfather Howard Cushing and Lily Cushing, her aunt. The chaise is in a Brunschwig & Fils chintz. Details see Resources.









A sofa and chairs covered in Schumacher oversize gingham lend a summery air to the living room, *left*. The sisal carpet is from Stark. *Above:* Charlotte Howard shares the baby grand with a model of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. *Below:* A corner in the dining room lined with family photos and drawings by Howard Cushing.





Diverging opinions about the decor pitted boys against girls, gray walls against chintz

launched a new corporate law firm, incurring enormous debt and risk. The sudden lurch into the financial uncertainty of the entrepreneur meant that decorating plans had to be put on hold. "We didn't have the resources, let alone the energy, to be worrying about curtains and upholstery," he says.

As the business prospered and funds became available, Alexandra's sister Justine Cushing, an experienced interior decorator who'd started out at Parish-Hadley, took over where Gould had left off. Just as Alexandra had expressed doubts about living in a sleek monochrome space, Philip now began to voice his concern about "ending up with a frilly chintz-choked *(Text continued on page 190)*



cheeked Alexander
rd displays his
gerie on a living
table. *Opposite above:*
naster bedroom's
ge-style bed came
the Cushing house
wport. *Opposite*
In the dining
, rain forest chintz
age green walls
a tone that is both
y and spirited. The
ed screen is by
tect Parker Bloser.

The Samaras Spectrum

High above Manhattan, artist Lucas Samaras puts a spin on his own color wheel. By Ingrid Sischy

Photographs by Oberto Gili



Samaras transported a folding screen, dining table, and chairs of his own design to the studio in his new skyscraper digs. Opposite: Plastic pillows full of yarn serve as chair seats.





Samaras has made an environme

TO THE SHOCK OF HIS FRIENDS Lucas Samaras up and moved. But they weren't surprised that he did it practically by hand. Every day for two months Samaras carried, in plastic and paper bags, the more fragile possessions from his past, a small walk-up on the Upper West Side, to his future twenty blocks away, a new midtown skyscraper with doormen who announce company. His route included Central Park, which he felt cut down on the embarrassment of such a pack-rat sight.

Now Samaras is living as near to the moon as one can on earth. These are rooms with views so amazing they make it impossible not to fall in love with Manhattan. Hopelessly. It seems flawless from up here. Central Park looks miniature, velvety, and soft—emerald green in the day, slinky black at night. You can't hear any street noise, but you can look down at all of the city's visual jazz—the cars riffing and jamming; the people scatting; the blues, the pinks, and all the other colors of the neon signs trumpeting for customers.

On a clear day you can witness the

ectly suited to his need to be both in and out of this world



Glittering silver curtains and molding hand-painted by Samaras's sister enhance the view from the dining room to the living room and beyond. The artist, *opposite*, designed the dining table, lamps, and three chairs in the foreground; the wire hanger chair and chopsticks chair were made this year. Details see Resources.



A Samaras box holds jewels, beads, and yarn. *Opposite above:* Bedroom cabinets built by Tony Caccamo display jeweled objects and other pieces from the 1960s. The painting is *The Art Critic*, 1985. *Opposite below:* Sixty-two stories high, the living room offers views spanning the New York skyline.



planes coming and going at the airports. Samaras himself rarely goes anywhere, which is why his change of address stunned those who know him. In our eyes his old apartment was as much a part of him as his beard or his forthrightness. He'd been there for years and years, not seeking out tonier quarters when he got successful. But it's clear why he finally moved: Samaras has found and constructed an environment perfectly suited to his need to be both in and out of this world. He has always been an urban hermit, a loner on a grand and genuine scale—eating in, for example, instead of at fancy restaurants, almost always alone, usually something boiled, sometimes with the radio on, softly, sometimes the TV. In the new apartment Samaras often just looks out the window as he's having dinner; what you see out there is better than most movies. And what you see inside is a life in which art touches everything.

Going from room to room is like opening the drawers to one of those intricate boxes Samaras makes

Art isn't just dotted around the way we're accustomed to seeing it; it fills these spaces as it fills Samaras's days and nights. The show begins right away. There are two entrances: if it's your first time here, he'll probably open the front door, speak no more than a few short words, and stand aside while you walk ahead down a long corridor. Samaras likens this hall to the passageway into the tombs at Mycenae. The walls are covered with small paintings, drawings, and photographs, all but one made by him over the years. The alien picture is a photograph of the young Samaras in a belted leather coat. Diane Arbus took it. They liked each other, which isn't surprising—she so attracted to the outsider, he so drawn to the deep charged material that makes people tick and that usually comes out only on the shrink's couch or in the confessional box. High above all these images is evidence of Samaras's connection to human anxiety: strings of Venetian trade



beads hang from one end of the passageway to the other; they're not technically worry beads, but they look as if they have soothing power.

The living room waits at the end of this gangplank hallway. So does the view. Samaras knows he's got something here that's the equivalent of an ocean that sucks lemmings, and he has adorned the windows with glittering silver curtains to enhance the spectacle. An intricately striped molding—hand-painted by his sister after his instructions—wraps the room like a halo. The living room has been furnished with pieces Samaras designed: there are some of his chairs-with-a-difference—chairs that are so imaginative they make you realize how boring chairs usually are—and tables with such zingy patterns you think they're going to spin like a roulette wheel. One does. Lamps he made especially for the room look like pickup sticks unbound by gravity or stars in the middle of exploding.

Samaras's is a life in which art touches everything. Art fills these spaces as it fills his days and nights

The walls of the living room are gray. Shades of gray grace the place as clouds do the sky; you feel you're floating up here, dreaming too. But there's more going on than splendidness. Samaras has turned his apartment into a magnified version of one of those intricate boxes he has made for decades. And going from room to room of this art-potioned space is akin to opening their drawers. Like the boxes of Joseph Cornell, Samaras's enchant with combinations of autobiographical details and other strange and wonderful stuff. In the case of his apartment, each room is filled with treasures that he has created or found and then mesmerizingly rearranged. There are gray cabinets that light up and display collections put together over the years—paperweights, miniature plastic wedding figurines. Others reveal objects he's made—painted plates, jewel-encrusted shoes, his boxes. A museum should be so smart as to show his fantastical work this way.

And architects could learn a thing or two from the way Samaras makes the transitions from space to space. There's a passage between two of the rooms that's as mind-bending as a scene in Alice in Wonderland. When you first enter a small study, it appears to be the last room in the apartment, but after a moment what had seemed to be a mirror reveals itself to be in fact another room. To get into it you have to step over a ledge. I've watched people hesitate here in disbelief, as I did the first time. The trick Samaras is playing is fun house–like, harking back to the mirrored rooms and corridors he began making in the 1960s. Here he performs his wizardry to induce an altered state because you're about to step into the cocoon whence he spins his magic—you're on your way into the studio rooms.

As in his old apartment, there's a little room where he makes some of the pieces and then there's the larger studio. In the old place he lived in that larger room. Things haven't changed that much, for while this apartment is umpteen times bigger and grander, he still spends most of his time in the studio. It has a little kitchen off it, the same size as the old one, and every time I've been over, that's where he's cooked, not in the more opulent kitchen off the living room. We eat at a tiny *(Text continued on page 191)*





Works from the 1970s and Venetian trade beads adorn the hallway to the living room, *right*. *Left:* Wedding figurines collected over the years fill a corner shelf in the artist's studio.





Wearing a Valentino smoking jacket, Gene Hovis, *opposite*, carries desserts to his dining room/library. *Above:* His table, set for an intimate dinner, is layered with antique linens and lace over a paisley shawl. The Irish crystal is from Vito Giallo Antiques, NYC. Details, See Resources.

Host of the Town

New Yorkers vie for a place at the table of culinary arbiter Gene Hovis

By Brooke Hayward

IT IS A CRISP DECEMBER EVENING IN New York City; the plum-colored room pulsates with the sounds of rustling taffeta and chatter and piano music. A haze of amber light cast by candles and antique parchment lampshades floats dreamily in the air along with mingled perfumes. Standing by the closed mahogany pocket doors that lead to the dining room/library, Gene Hovis surveys approvingly the first act of another of his trademark productions: a perfect dinner party created for ten friends. From beginning to end and for three days he has been preparing—washing and ironing the nineteenth-century lace tablecloths and napkins; shopping for the ingredients and flowers; setting the table with lavish arrangements of cut crystal, German art nouveau silver, and English ironstone; writing in exquisite calligraphy a complete menu card for each guest; and otherwise doing the thing he simply does better than anyone else around: cooking. Earlier this evening, five trusted professionals arrived to help; two are in the tiny six-by-nine kitchen and three are on the floor serving.

In spite of all the activity around him, the fact that tonight's guest list comprises a group of men and women at the top of Manhattan's coveted A list (most of whom have begged for an invitation here at one time or another), Hovis is not a nervous host. Outfitted in a black silk smoking jacket made for him long ago by Valentina (his other uniform of choice for such occasions is a tuxedo shirt and a Valentina kimono jacket that ties with a drawstring), he enjoys himself thoroughly, remaining at all times the courtly old-fashioned southern gentleman. At 8:55 he goes to the piano, whispers a few instructions to the musician, rings a little silver bell, and the two massive pocket doors part as he announces dinner. From plush overstuffed chairs and sofas, the guests rise and look toward the glittering vision beyond. A long banquet table draped in paisley shawls and overlaid with lace gleams in the candlelight like a thousand diamond bracelets. A collective sigh is exuded. The second act has begun.

Tonight is a celebration for the New York Public Library, a biennial event that some seventy hosts and seven hundred guests participate in to boost book funds. Hovis's calligraphy at each placement reads:

Sevruga caviar on fried toast
Chilled vodka with green peppercorns
Roast duck with ginger glaze
Red cabbage
Rösti
Green salad with Roquefort shavings
Popovers (with lots of churned butter)
Château Nénin (Pomerol)
Lemon curd pie
Demitasse



OBERTO GILI

Now, while everyone sips chilled vodka with green peppercorns and tries not to gobble bread rounds fried in butter and topped with a generous bull's-eye of crème fraîche, chopped egg yolks and egg whites, and caviar (supplied by Glenn Bernbaum, owner of Mortimer's restaurant), Hovis makes a graceful toast to literacy, then goes around the table briefly saluting each person. He likes to get this formality out of the way in the beginning and without too much fuss so that serious eating may commence uninterrupted. And, needless to say, he has not misjudged his audience. In this charmed atmosphere the carefully thought-out balance of people, preparation, and food—superbly home-cooked—is always a success.

"I come from a family of great cooks," says Hovis. He was born and raised in a small town in North Carolina; his maternal grandmother, "Granny Dameron," was the daughter of slaves. Granny Dameron dominates the opening chapter of *Gene Hovis's Uptown Down Home Cookbook* (Little, Brown), a delightful compendium of childhood memories and no-nonsense southern recipes. "As a child," he writes, "I thought that Granny Dameron must be quite rich. Her dining room table, always covered with a lovely hand-crocheted cloth and pretty hand-embroidered napkins, a bowl of fresh flowers in the center, looked opulent and lavish. It would be laden with watermelon pickles, chow-chow (cabbage relish), pickled beets, stuffed baked chickens, an assortment of fresh cooked vegetables, hot yeast pocketbook rolls, a towering snowy coconut cake with a filling of homemade jam, and, in the summer, delicious lemonade. It wasn't until I reached my teens that I realized very little of this opulence represented an outlay of actual cash, since there was a limited supply of that in Granny Dameron's life. She raised on her own land practically everything she served. Granny Dameron had no room in her life for idleness or waste."

It is a long way from Salisbury, North Carolina, to Hovis's rarefied dinner party, but he seems to have been determined to make the journey from the start. After charming a private high school education out of a family friend and mentor (for whom his godmother worked as a cook), Hovis graduated from college with a fine arts degree and came to New York to be an actor. Living



Hovis scans his seating chart, *right,* as guests arrive at the table for a benefit dinner celebrating the New York Public Library. *Above left:* The shelves of a marbleized closet reveal Hovis's weakness for antique crystal, porcelain, and silver, which he finds at flea markets wherever he travels.

At 8:55, massive pocke



CHRIS SANDERS

oors part as Hovis rings a silver bell and announces dinner





in a tiny Greenwich Village apartment with an electric skillet and a hot plate, he began catering meals for friends as a way to make ends meet. He was really a chef posing as an actor waiting for a chance to be a chef. The late fifties in this country, however, were not a time in which it was respectable to be a chef, so instead he became the manager of a disco called Arthur and gradually accumulated a select group of clients who appreciated his culinary skills. In due course a prominent textile manufacturer made Hovis the executive chef for his company's private dining facilities. "It was fabulous," he says. "Every summer my boss would send me to Europe for six weeks to research new ideas and recipes—with pay, which was very generous."

After sixteen years, I [illegible] his job and went to work on [illegible]. In the evenings he began staging [illegible] ful dinners at home. "In truth, I've never really left the theater," he says. "When I

For days Hovis has been ironing lace tablecloths, writing menu cards, and otherwise doing what he does better than anyone else: cooking





:ook, my guests are the audience. First I 'reate the ambience: the table, the lighting, the flower arrangements. Then I prepare the meal. And last—and hopefully—my guests applaud."

The props chosen for his enchanting settings are booty from endless shopping forays. "When I see something beautiful, I want it," says Hovis. "I have to have it." By haunting the world's flea markets, he has amassed a remarkable collection of collections, starting each when it was unfashionable enough to afford and moving on when prices got too expensive. In this way, his small apartment has been entirely furnished with Biedermeier and American Empire pieces which display groupings of wooden fruit-shaped tea caddies, snuffbox shoes, English match-strikers, Battersea boxes, and Chinese porcelains. A spectacular assortment of antique Paisley shawls has provided upholstery for sofas, chairs, and curtains. Meanwhile, the closets contain rigorously organized stacks and rows of beautiful antique lace, linen, china, crystal, and silver. "Sometimes I get bored looking at one kind of china, so each guest might get an individual place setting, a different dinner plate, and glassware."

The preferences of a particular guest on any given night might also dictate the menu. Hovis is well versed in his friends' foods of choice. "One of Pat Buckley's favorites is red beans—there are lots of bean people. Carolina and Reinaldo Herrera love beans, as did Lady Keith, although her all-time favorite was chicken potpie. Glenn Bernbaum has very elegant taste. He likes scrawny chicken, broiled. By that I mean the kind of chicken I had *(Text continued on page 188)*



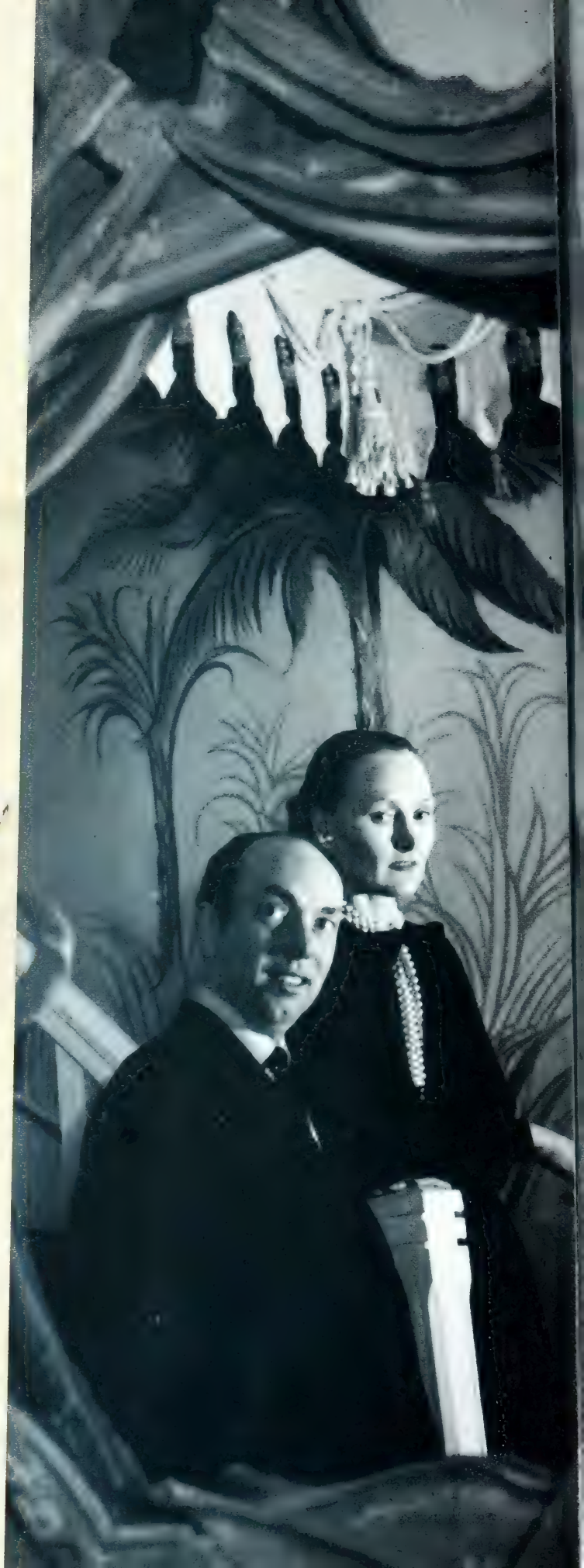
Tidy bundles of tablecloths and napkins fill a Regency linen press. Scenes from a New York Public Library dinner, *below from far left:* Hovis wearing a Valentina kimono jacket. A place setting. The late Slim Keith regaling Al Feinman and Bobbe Munves. Anne Slater with Hans Teetz. *Opposite:* The plum-colored living room and adjacent dining room, furnished with choice American and English antiques.



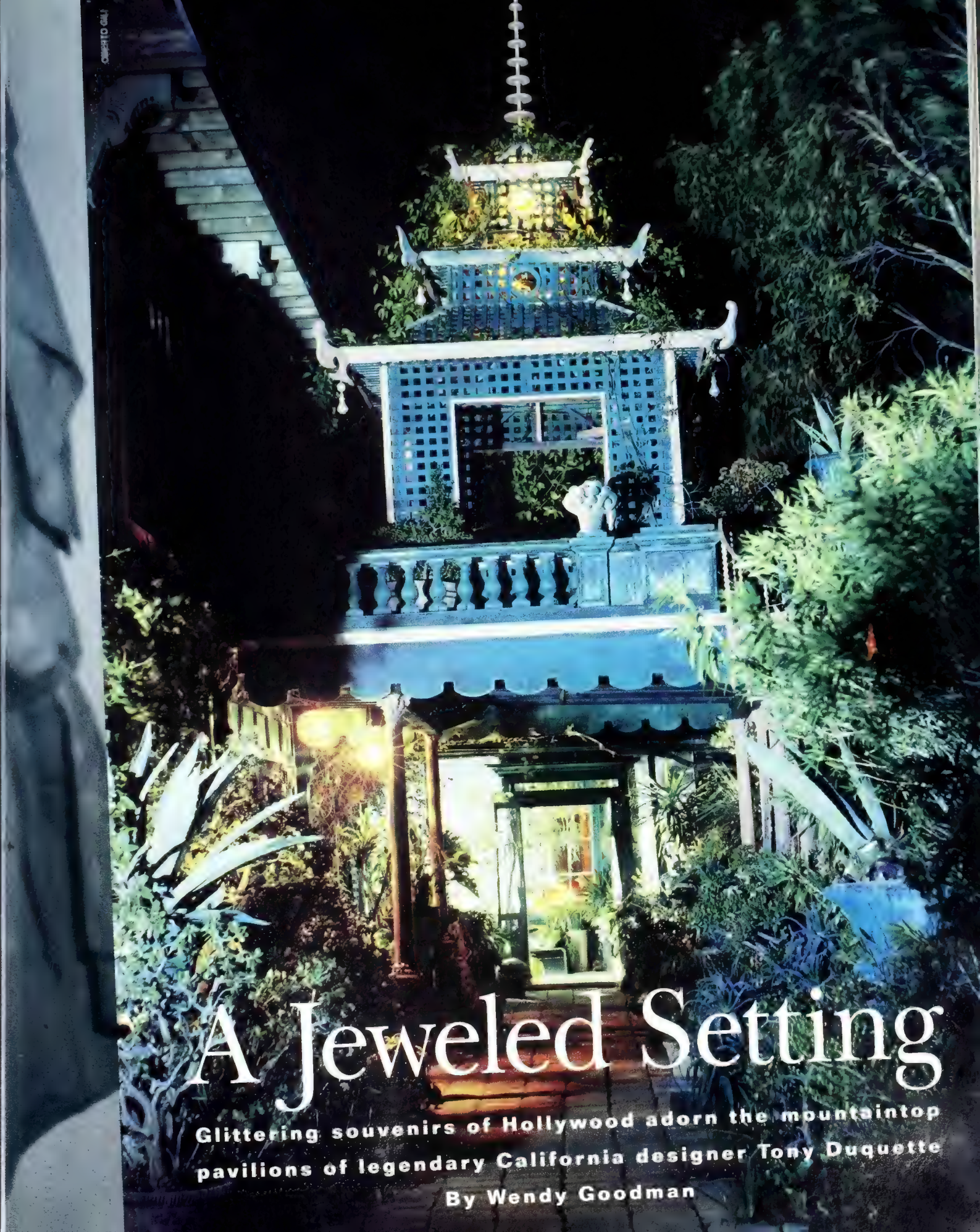








Frogmore, *opposite*, one of eleven fanciful pavilions that dot the Duquette ranch, is topped with a Chinese-style pagoda and a Victorian balustrade. *Right:* Tony and his wife, Elizabeth, in 1951. *Above:* Duquette's 1946 design for a jeweled beetle pin.



A Jeweled Setting

Glittering souvenirs of Hollywood adorn the mountaintop pavilions of legendary California designer Tony Duquette

By Wendy Goodman





ALL OF FASHIONABLE HOLLYWOOD FLOCKED TO THE white-tie opening of artist Tony Duquette's studio on May 25, 1956. Marion Davies arrived, escorted by her husband, Captain Horace Brown, and a phalanx of Pinkertons to protect her diamonds and rubies. Hedda Hopper shared a sofa with Mary Pickford and socialite-turned-society-columnist Cobina Wright. Agnes Moorehead enacted her version of Sarah Bernhardt as Phaedra. And two new ballets were performed on a proscenium at the end of a cavernous ballroom. But the evening's main attraction was the studio itself, a former movie soundstage that had been transformed into a series of dazzling, neobaroque interiors by Duquette, a young Californian whose career decorator Elsie de Wolfe helped launch.

The two had met fifteen years earlier when De Wolfe spotted one of Duquette's fanciful table garnitures at a dinner party and rang him up, demanding that he make her a "meuble." Informed by De Wolfe's assistant that the meuble in question could be any large piece of furniture, Duquette, a recent art school graduate with a background in set design, built a dramatic dark green secretary embellished with mirrors, cut-glass emeralds, shells, and blackamoors, and topped by dancing sprites. Thrilled with her new possession,









To me, the magical element in design comes from juxtaposing art with nature," says Duquette. *Clockwise from top left:* He mixed chandeliers with bark-textured wood on David O. Selznick's enclosed terrace, c. 1960. A walkway at the ranch. The prototype for Duquette's series of metal angels, presented to the city of Los Angeles in 1980. Duquette in 1947 with his early patrons, from left, Cobina Wright and Elsie de Wolfe. Wright in her Duquette-decorated living room, c. 1944. The duchess of Windsor in 1951, wearing a Duquette necklace.

De Wolfe gave it center stage in her Beverly Hills living room and declared Duquette a genius.

Intense and soft-spoken, Duquette came from a cultured California family who encouraged his interest in art by allowing him to use their house as a testing ground. Then, as now, he followed in the tradition of Oliver Messel and Jean Cocteau, never confining himself to a single medium. And at a time when other designers were promoting modernist simplicity, Duquette's work was characterized by opulence, by inspired mixtures of organic and man-made materials, and by lavish historical and cross-cultural references. "I am equally comfortable with burlap and velvet," he has said. "Beauty, not luxury, is what I value."

With De Wolfe as his advocate, Duquette was discovered by the press—"Believe me," she wrote to the editor of *Vogue*, "I am not handing you a lemon"—and then by everyone else. In short order he was given gallery shows of his sculpture and decorations. Adrian, Hollywood's leading





Frogmore's festive kitchen, *top*, displays folk art under a ceiling patterned with Greek rag rugs. *Above:* The Duquettes in 1964 at the ranch with Greta Garbo. *Right:* Elsie de Wolfe in 1943 with her Duquette grapevine console.





Tony and Elizabeth Duquette, *above*, today. *Right:* Tony Duquette with goddess figures he designed for MGM's *Ziegfeld Follies*. *Below:* At the ranch, an Austrian painted chest, c. 1820, supports a group of French ceramic eggs.



fashion and costume designer, offered Duquette carte blanche to create shop and window displays, to which he responded with plastered-lace elephants and orchestras of Siamese cats. And Vincente Minnelli signed him on to produce lavish stylized sets for the *Ziegfeld Follies*, *Kismet*, and other MGM movies.

The scope of Duquette's work since then has been astonishing. A self-dubbed "do-it-yourself de' Medici," he was the first American to be given a one-man show at the Louvre's Pavillon de Marson. As a costume designer, he won a Tony award for his work in the original Broadway production of *Camelot*. As a jewelry designer, Duquette has counted the duchess of Windsor and Ann Woolworth among his clients. And as a decorator, his projects have ranged from an Irish castle for Elizabeth Arden to Hollywood houses for Doris Duke, Mary Pickford, David O. Selznick, and most recently, Herb Alpert.

In an age in which specialists execute the visions of visionaries, Duquette has always done it all himself. Nowhere is this more evident than at the Duquette ranch, located on 156 acres in the Malibu mountains. There is an otherworldly quality to its various pavilions silhouetted razor-sharp against the California sky. The

"This ranch is a cross between Tobacco Road and San Simeon"

ranch was purchased in 1957 as a country retreat from his Beverly Hills studio, and in the years since, Duquette and his wife, Elizabeth, a painter who is his frequent collaborator, have transformed the rocky terrain into what they aptly call the Empire. There are now a total of eleven living pavilions, most of which are equipped with bedrooms, living rooms, dining rooms, and kitchens. They are named after places or animals for which the Duquettes feel a special affection—the Bosporus, China, Portugal, Ireland, and Frogmore (after Tony's collection of frog figurines). These follies—each a hybrid of Hollywood architectural relics, Duquette inventions, and decorative fragments gathered from all over the world—have taken shape in the form of Chinese pagodas, Georgian houses, and miniature neoclassical monuments. "Scavenging," says Duquette, "is what I love to do. It's my passion instead of drinking or gambling." The elegant cast-iron elevator from the old Hollywood Hotel sits like a giant birdcage on a garden path. The bedroom window from the Spanish-style Hollywood house that Greta Garbo and John Gilbert shared in the 1920s has been incorporated into a guest room in the Horntoad pavilion; and the kitchen door at Frogmore,













Duquette drama, *clockwise from top left:* The designer with actress Agnes Moorehead in 1956. Elizabeth Duquette in a house outside Paris that she and Tony decorated in 1950. Merle Oberon posed for *Life* magazine in 1947 with her Duquette table setting. The kitchen at Frogmore, furnished with a Dutch ceramic stove and other travel finds. Elizabeth Duquette in the ballroom of the Duquette studio, c. 1960. At the ranch, a federal sideboard transformed into a kitchen sink.





A plant-filled porch at the ranch, *above*, overlooks the arid mountain landscape. *Left:* A Duquette pin. *Opposite:* Another porch features a colonnade of 1920s streetlight columns crowned with a Victorian pelmet. Fiberglass copies of streetlight casings serve as plant containers.

the Duquettes' main living quarters, once belonged to Marion Davies's Santa Monica beach house. "Everything has been recycled," says Duquette. "This ranch is a cross between Tobacco Road and San Simeon."

There are lemon juicers recast as finials, 1920s telephone pole casings assembled into porch balustrades and metal gates made from airplane landing strips. Notes Duquette: "My wife and I have not lost the art of playing."

The ranch is perhaps the most unusual and oddly sophisticated of the legendary residences where the Duquettes have lived, worked, and entertained—always extravagantly. In recent years Duquette has devoted himself to monumental projects, including a series of twenty-eight-foot-tall angels that he created for the Los Angeles 1980 bicentennial. Angels seem right at home in the anything but down-to-earth world of Tony Duquette. California decorator Hutton Wilkinson, an old friend who worked with Duquette for fifteen years, says, "Even Hollywood at its most fantastic couldn't outdo Duquette off the screen." ♠

Editor: Joyce MacRae

OBERTO



The Socia



Rose Tarlow's surprising antique chairs talk to her

By Leo Lerman

Photographs by Oberto Gili

Climbing of Chairs



Connoisseur/furniture designer Rose Tarlow re-creates and collects period furniture. At home in Los Angeles, she holds an assembly of her prize antique English vernacular comb-backs. "I see them," says Rose, "dancing!" Details see Resources.





A CHAIR IS A MEANS TO AN END. BUT to Rose Tarlow, Los Angeles–based generative force, chairs not only coddle the seat. "I fell in love with chairs," says Rose. I will tell you more about Rose's licit passion later. Know now that Mrs. Tarlow is internationally appreciated as a creator and re-creator of elegant period furniture: these pieces are always embellished with an almost imperceptible in-period Tarlow twist. Along with period pieces, Rose is now designing a very Tarlow-today contemporary group. Rose is also an antiquaire, which is how she started, some fifteen years ago, in her own shop, Melrose House. She houses her for-sale antiques there and a selection of her self-designed period pieces. The latter are also offered in twelve outlets nationwide. Rose is, when ignited by a special problem or appeal to her sensibility or sentimentality, an interior designer. "I am not," she says emphatically, "an interior decorator." She is a connoisseur with an eager eye, an encyclopedic visual memory, and a happy penchant for fantasy.

Rose lives in one of the most fanciful and most beautiful houses I have ever seen. Here she entertains superbly in a huge but cozy space, more a pavilion than a drawing room, lined with creamy vellum-covered books, lit by fifteenth- to seventeenth-century wrought-iron rushlights and subtly shaded lamps, green vines cascading discreetly on the walls, great wooden tubs of green-green wheat grass glowing in the dream light. Here are



Not a sculpture, *left*, but an early 16th century kitchen chair. *Above left:* An 18th-century English chair flip-flops into a table. *Above right:* A George III wing chair in its original undercover.

"I like chairs because they are like people. Chairs have personalities"











Rose Tarlow's Régence siège courant, *above far left*, probably companioned a desk. *Above left:* This beechwood Régence turncoat shed its original dress for the exotic 18th-century Beauvais tapestry it now wears. *Above:* Powerful country hands bent this 17th-century English stick chair into shape for kitchen use. *Far left:* The austere presence on Rose's lawn was dug out of English oak. *Left:* A Louis XVI ratchet chair stretches out—for dalliance? *Below far left:* Henri II fold-up used in churches. *Below left:* A very rich man owned this 17th-century French armchair of carved turned walnut in its original tapestry. *Below:* This 17th-century English chair leads a double life, for sitting and storage.









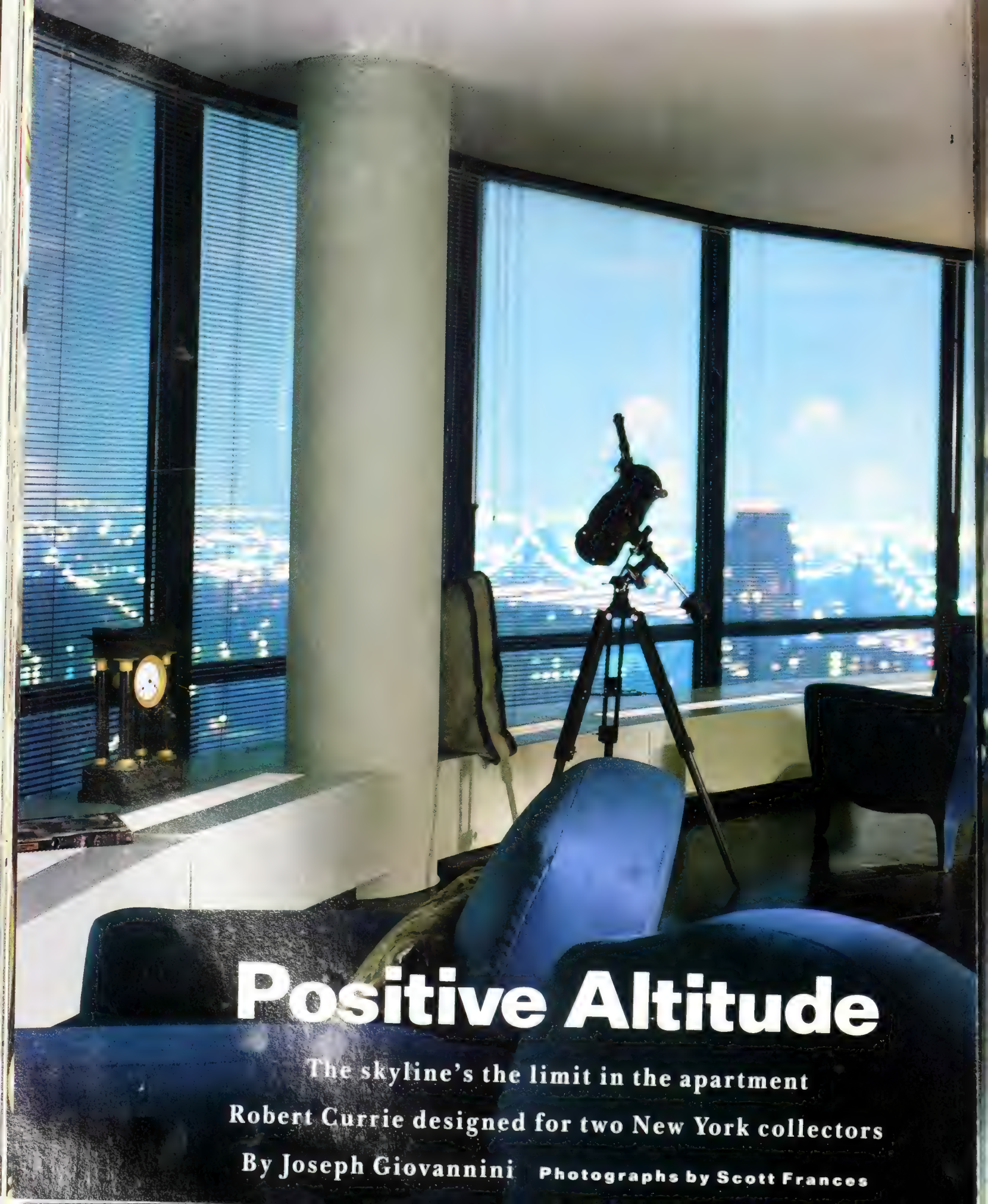
Rose's curious objects of iron, her purple table glass, her modern drawings, her ivory-handled implements—each a work of art—her wooden bowls, wooden caskets, wooden containers of every artful contrivance, even a big bowl of wooden fish. "I love beautiful woods," says Rose. "I love the sensuality of wood. A friend said to me, 'Rose, you must at one time have been a tree.' "

In Rose's Los Angeles house and in her London flat (Bel-Air and Belgravia), an aristocracy of chairs stands unobtrusively, authentic fifteenth-, sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century clear-limbed gentry, English, French, even a patriarchal Chinese. They stand amid creamy colored comfy modern sofas, lounge chairs, convenient tables, and a nonclutter of timelessly beautiful objects. "I like everything," says Rose, "in all periods, all colors. They can all be right if used properly. They don't have to be old. They have to be good." Rose's chairs are *good*, and when you look at our sampling of them on these pages, you will see that they are *old*. And if you look at these museum-quality chairs closely, seeking the individual character of each, the bearing, the profile, you may catch a flicker of their private lives. Many of them began careers of servitude in country kitchens, even farmhouse outbuildings. Now they are all upper-upper class. Those chairs who long ago felt lucky to *(Text continued on page 186)*



The Louis XVI ratchet chair, *opposite*, maternally enfolds a baby cousin, signed Boulard. *Right:* Rose Tarlow's 15th-century Welsh country-helper stool. *Above:* A curvaceous splat distinguishes an 18th-century French kitchen chair.

"I love the sensuality of beautiful woods. A friend said to me, 'Rose, you must at one time have been a tree.' "



Positive Altitude

The skyline's the limit in the apartment Robert Currie designed for two New York collectors

By Joseph Giovannini Photographs by Scott Frances



SUSPENDED ON THE FORTIETH floor as though in a dirigible, Marilyn and Myles Cane have become, in the year they've occupied their one-bedroom Upper East Side apartment, denizens of the New York sky. From the deep chairs facing the plate glass that curves around their living room, they regularly watch airplanes stack up over LaGuardia, helicopters buzz the East River, and weather fronts roll in from Westchester. They have eaten popcorn in front of crazed bolts of lightning and watched snow clouds completely erase the city below. At night, a stream of headlights down Second Avenue flows through the man-made aurora borealis. "Depending on the wind, we can even hear planes taking off across the river," says Myles, a semi-retired lawyer active on many boards.

But the hypnotic view mesmerizes all the more because, over by the bookcases

Currie armchairs in Manuel Canovas wool, *left*, face the view beside a Giacometti lamp and Flemish tapestry. *Above:* Georgian chairs in Clarence House fabric and an art deco table set with antique silver and candlesticks by Elsa Peretti for Tiffany. Plaster vases by Olivier Gagnère. Details see Resources.

at the rear of the room, there is quiet rhythmic ticking and the occasional chime. The Canes are collectors, and Myles specializes in antique clocks: French carriage clocks, a Scottish grandfather, American banjos, a Viennese regulator. "I collect clocks because you feel the eternity of time—it's the sense you have watching the ocean." The same might be said of this apartment with a view, that its constellation of skyborne events, its sunrises and sunsets and the shifting colors of light striking the sage gray walls, turn it into a sundial.

Not that Robert Currie, an old friend of Marilyn's who decorated their apartment, designed the sky. But if the living room registers so many of its activities and moods, it is because he muted the room to serve as antechamber to the view. Nothing competes: he hung no curtains, laid no carpet, scattered no clutter, but placed only two pairs of comfortable chairs facing the drama outside, turning the room inside out. "The four chairs are actually enough," remarks Myles. Marilyn, inches away from the forty-story drop—looking beautifully composed, with her black dress, long black hair, and very red lipstick, next to the thin air—mentions that "in another lifetime," before moving to New York, she was an amateur pilot.

Currie confesses to being a designer without an ism and approaches new projects equipped mostly with a stethoscopic sensitivity to the character of his clients and their spaces. In a plain white shirt and khakis, rolled up at the sleeves and cuffs, he explains what he calls his "colored past," including surreal windows he dressed at Henri Bendel in the late 1970s and early '80s which gave clothes a story. (What was that woman doing with her head in the oven anyway?) Currie transposes that narrative approach to *(Text continued on page 189)*

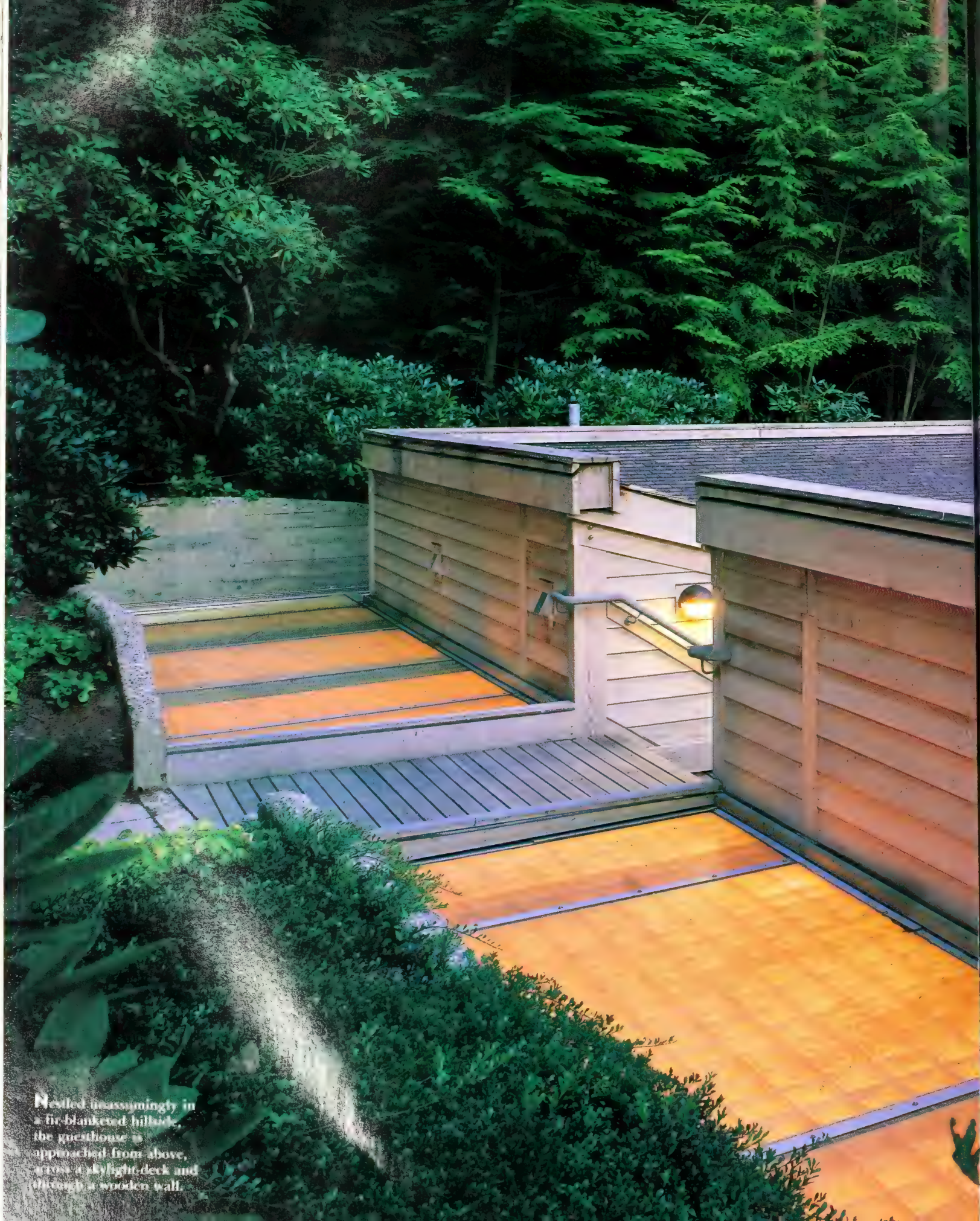


At the foot of the steel bed covered in Fortuny cotton, a 1950s American iron and leather stool rests on a Chinese carpet from Doris Leslie Blau, NYC. Behind the inlaid mahogany hat tree from A. Smith Antiques, NYC, is a William IV chest topped by a 1st-century Roman krater. A custom Currie lamp illuminates a 19th-century English hall chair and a David Seidner photograph.

"We didn't want a Biedermeier roon



r a Louis Whatever, but one for the things that mean something to us"

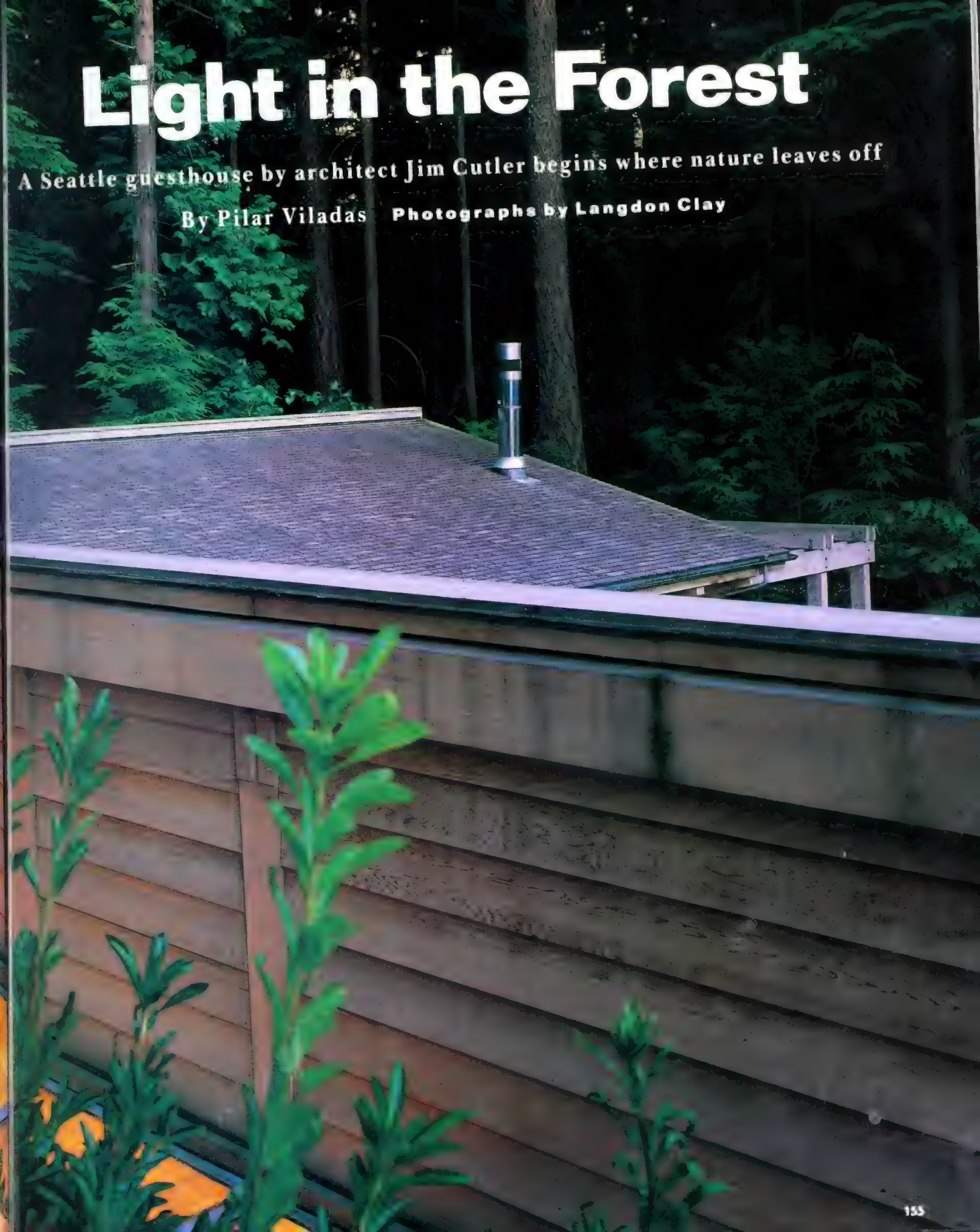


Nestled unassumingly in a fir-blanketed hillside, the guesthouse is approached from above, across a skylight deck and through a wooden wall.

Light in the Forest

A Seattle guesthouse by architect Jim Cutler begins where nature leaves off

By Pilar Viladas **Photographs by Langdon Clay**



TALKING ABOUT INTEGRATing architecture and the environment is easy; doing it is the hard part. A minimal intrusion on the landscape may require a building so self-effacing as to be quite invisible—a daunting prospect for most architects. But then Jim Cutler is not most architects. Cutler founded his Bainbridge Island, Washington, practice on the principle that you can't fool Mother Nature and therefore shouldn't fool *with* her. "I have serious moral qualms about a building that devours the land," he maintains.

So when a Seattle couple, who live in a striking Arthur Erickson–designed house filled with a superb collection of contemporary art, wanted an elegant but unobtrusive guesthouse, they called on Cutler. "The project came with three criteria," he explains. "There was to be a sculpture walk leading from the main house to the guesthouse, the guesthouse had to have two bedrooms, and it had to be invisible from the main house."

The sculpture walk that connects the big house to the little (1,800 square feet) one is almost idyllic, winding through the towering Douglas fir trees that are typical of the lushly wooded enclave in which the clients live. Cutler worked on the walk with landscape architect Tom Berger to incorporate sculptures ranging from a muscular steel and timber construction by Mark di Suvero to a minimalist arrangement of painted-steel geometric forms by Tony Smith.

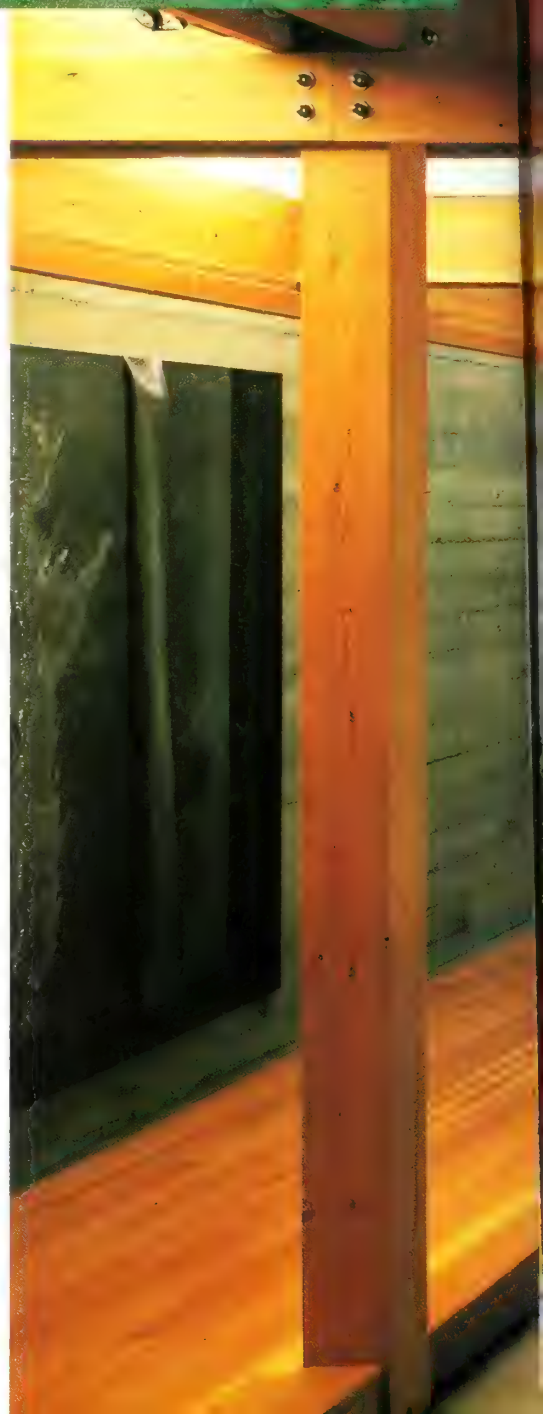
The path winds down to a wooden walkway that crosses a translucent deck and cuts through a wooden wall. You are now standing on the roof of the guesthouse, which is built into a hillside—making it indeed invisible from the main house. To enter, you go through the break in the wall and down a flight of stairs to the ground level of the L-shaped building. On this side of the house—the front—large sliding glass doors line the two wings (one for living areas, the other for the requested pair of bedrooms). The view from the front door reveals that the house's unassuming shedlike wooden structure has been built inside the remains of a crumbling concrete wall.

At least that's the way it looks—even the workmen who built the guesthouse thought that the concrete wall had been there forever. In fact, the wall is as new as the house. It is the result of a "story" that Cutler wrote about the place before he designed it—a story about the decay and regrowth of nature and the way in which the new marks the old. He envisioned the wall as a "simple, archaic found object" and the wooden structure as the organic thing that grew out of its demise. It was to be light, in contrast to the solidity of the concrete, "almost like a wooden tent."

To further this contrast, the plan of the house is rotated slightly off that of the concrete structure. A skylit corridor, topped by translucent fiberglass (which







A massive timber and steel construction by Mark di Suvero, *left*, marks the tree-lined sculpture walk that connects the main house to the guesthouse, *above*, which receives light through the fiberglass skylight-deck in back and sliding doors in front. *Right:* Warm gray concrete and Douglas fir wood in the living room set off furniture by Frank Gehry and artworks by Helen Frankenthaler and Jannis Kounellis.

This "wooden tent" is a ruggedly elegant foil for contemporary art





The sculpture walk winds past Tony Smith's *Wandering Rock* and concludes with an inscribed marble bench by Jenny Holzer, *opposite below. Opposite above:* A Dan Flavin neon sculpture at the end of a skylit corridor between the house and the concrete wall behind it.

"I have serious qualms about a building that devours the land," says Cutler

reads as the deck from above), wraps around the rotated wooden structure, bridging the house and the wall while at the same time heightening the distinction between the two. The corridor narrows at the corner of the L to create a visual deterrent to visitors who might wander into the bedroom wing.

The interior of the house has a rugged elegance. Warm gray concrete walls—which took six color trials to perfect—serve as an appropriately ascetic foil for sculpture and paintings, and Douglas fir woodwork is simply but beautifully detailed, making this a rather luxurious "wooden tent." Seattle designer Terry Hunziker created furniture for the dining room and living room, where a "new" wood fireplace wall is built around the "ruined" walls of an "old" concrete chimney.

The fabricated contrast between old and new may seem somewhat indulgent—why not just build the house and skip the rhetoric? But for Cutler, it isn't just talk. While most of us don't think of houses as despoilers of the land, this is an architect for whom even the most architecturally sophisticated house sets a bad example if it ignores its surroundings. "Each insult to the environment allows the next one to be even worse," he argues. Looking at the treeless tract neighborhoods that continue to spring up around the country, you have to admit Cutler has a point. Considering his success at creating a building that generously defers to its site, and that eloquently comments on the process of nature, the architect's dialogue is no less meaningful for having been invented. ▲

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron





Objects of Affection

Four collectors pursue their passions in very different ways, but they all have one thing in common: they just can't stop



Antiques dealer Hubert des Forges shares his New York apartment with hundreds of figurative pitchers, *opposite*. Des Forges also has a weakness for ceramic birds and floral plates. *Left:* His frog umbrella stand, c. 1890. Details see Resources.

A Head for Figures

Hubert des Forges is never alone in his New York apartment, even when no one else is around. Gazing down at him from floor-to-ceiling shelves in the living room are 437 figurative majolica pitchers, most of them made in the 1890s by the high-style French potteries at Sarreguemines and Onnaing. They depict caricatured politicians whose faces could have been rendered by Hogarth or Daumier. There are also tail-coat-clad toads straight out of *The Wind in the Willows*, as well as a vast assortment of pigs, parrots, grasshoppers, firemen, chefs, sheep, grandmothers, and monks. Although their proportions are similar—they average nine inches tall by five inches wide—no two are exactly alike.

"They're colorful, they're amusing, and they're good company," says Des Forges, a French-born antiques dealer who came to New York twenty-one years ago and has never given up his heavy accent. He has been a collector since he received a small inheritance at age sixteen—he decided to invest the money in pitchers rather than "spend it stupidly," he says. In his twenties, Des Forges let his hobby determine his profession by opening an antiques booth at Paris's famous flea market, the Marché aux Puces. Ever since he arrived in this country he has been selling antiques on Manhattan's Upper East Side (his current shop, Hubert des Forges, is at 1193 Lexington Avenue) and adding new pitchers to his lineup whenever he can. His best finds come from fellow dealers, who, he says, "know only too well what I want."

Des Forges doesn't allow anyone but himself and Oscar Moore, his roommate and business partner, to handle the pitchers; he winces when a visitor lightly pats a pelican's beak. And yet pitchers are far from his only passion. Seven turn-of-the-century majolica umbrella stands in the form of a cat, a dog, a monkey, two herons, and two frogs occupy scraps of floor space in the living room; more than a thousand objects from the 1940s representing black men and women cram the bookcase beside the fireplace; nineteenth-century French Massier majolica parakeets grace the coffee table; and Massier floral plates turn the dining room's forest green walls into fields of blooms. To avoid overcrowding, Moore keeps his own accumulations to a minimum. "I collect good food and friends," he says. "They don't take up much room."

Their store, like their apartment, is packed with flora and fauna. A tiny aisle winds past a bench supported by carved bears and piled with dog-shaped pillows to a wall of twig frames and 1920s tole light fixtures that sprout metal blossoms. "All of this is me," says Des Forges, gesturing around the store. "These are happy things, and I am a happy man."

EVE M. KAHN





Vintage Colors

Here are a few of the things Michele Mancini has in her living room: a 1951 mustard-colored love seat; a rattan sofa; two views of Miami Beach in the forties; a kidney-shaped table; a pink wall; a chartreuse wall; an aqua ceiling; a zebra-patterned rug; and more, much more.

There is a reason for this excess—for the past five years, Mancini has lived with her best finds for Full Swing, her Newport, Rhode Island, shop specializing in furniture and fabrics of the thirties, forties, and fifties. "Years of shopping," says Mancini, when asked how one accumulates an airbrushed zebra, forty mammy dolls, and a profusion of ceramic pink flamingos.

A former teacher and decorator, Mancini opened Full Swing in 1985 and met with instant success. Last year, when her supplies of vintage textiles began to run low, she launched her own line of fabrics in vintage-inspired patterns. Mancini also continues to deal in the real stuff with a network of pickers keeping her informed: the 1930s pots and pans border in her vibrant kitchen comes from a cache of 1,650 wallpaper rolls discovered in a New York warehouse.

Where others see only disaster, Mancini sees possibility. Her ribbon-striped chaise came to her upholstered in orange fake fur, and her slipper chair, now recovered in a rare twenties damask, was retrieved from a neighbor's garbage. To Mancini, each piece of furniture speaks its own personal history. When she looks at her mustard love seat, she sees its original owner "in a black bouffant wig, looking like Brenda Starr in her plastic see-through high heels."

AMY VIRSHUP

Where others see only disaster, Michele Mancini sees possibility





Michele Mancini, *top right,* on her 1952 Evans Commander, lives above Full Swing, her Newport, Rhode Island, textile and antiques shop. *Top left:* Mancini painted her kitchen cupboards in the high-spirited colors of her Fiesta ware. *Above:* Detail of the kitchen's 1930s wallpaper border. *Left:* Mancini's "tropical fifties" living room with a rattan sofa in bark cloth from Full Swing.

Still Lifes in Progress

Ed Baynard got tired of flowers that come from flower stores. A problem, since flowers have long been the mainstay of his work—color field painting spliced to folk art in large high-spirited still lifes. He wanted flowers with roots. He also needed space for the vast collection of American art pottery he started buying back in the sixties, before he—or anyone else—really knew what it was. "I saw these pots as great art, as great as any abstract painting." So seven years ago, he left New York, moved to the country, and bought his hundreds of pots a 1905 arts and crafts house high on a hill in the Hudson River Valley.

It looks out, in the distance, on the Ashokan reservoir, a shimmery patch of what could be a nineteenth-century American landscape, with Baynard as a puckish Frederic Edwin Church and the hillside property as a gardener's Olana. Delphiniums, daylilies, roses, peonies, and columbines have shown up in Baynard's oversize theatrical watercolors alongside stylized versions of his art pottery. More recently, he has turned to group portraits of just the pots.

Until he was thirty Baynard did everything but paint. "I made posters for the Beatles, designed clothes for Jimi Hendrix, sketched for *Women's Wear Daily*, traveled around the world. I came to art without any formal training." He began to collect art pottery, and more, the same way he began to paint, because he

> Ed Baynard bought a 1905 arts and crafts house for his hundreds of pots

felt compelled to. It took him ten years to assemble his four favorite Hiroshige prints. He also has an important group of contemporary drawings, including a prize Susan Rothenberg horse. His pottery is scattered throughout the house. In one room countless pots seem to flow out of the period wallpaper behind them. Soon some new ceramics will join his antique ones. Baynard has just designed a line of dinnerware called Arts and Crafts. CELIA MCGEE









Classic furniture by Eileen Gray and Russel Wright mixes with American art pottery in the living room, *above*, of painter Ed Baynard's 1905 Hudson River Valley house. *Right:* Period arts and crafts wallpaper and a Korean chest serve as the perfect setting for a group of pottery. *Below right:* The dining room showcases four Hiroshige prints. *Below:* Baynard in the airy tower that tops his house.



"Why settle for a single linen hand towel when you can display twenty?"

All the Trimmings

Judyth vanAmringe doesn't mind scratches, tears, pulls, nicks, or chips on anything she collects, and she doesn't pay much attention to labels or provenances. She treats the furnishings in her 2,500-square-foot duplex on Manhattan's far West Side as raw material for her art. "I'm building a giant three-dimensional collage," she says. "I don't ruin anything; I take what an object has and then I add to it."

Trained as a printmaker, VanAmringe endured office jobs for a few years after she arrived in New York in 1969. "I'd rush home at the end of the day and make things—clothes, drawings, whatever," she recalls. "My fingers needed to get to work." She spent most of the seventies in the fashion business, concocting luxury accessories out of leather, cashmere, and crystals. When she bought her apartment in 1981, she applied the same lighthearted opulence to her living quarters.

VanAmringe avoids one of anything: "Why settle for a single sock monkey or hooked rug or embroidered linen hand towel when you can display twenty?" She loves outlandish contrasts, hanging tiny plastic key-chain charms on majestic wall-mounted antlers, stacking eight strands of pearls around the neck of an anonymous nineteenth-century marble bust, and posing florid snake-handled Italian ceramic lamps alongside Shakeresque boxes shaped like bibles. She hangs empty frames everywhere—"they make me imagine," she says—and has performed not a few magic transformations with her sewing machine, attaching spangles to somber antique shawls and converting obsolete hats into flamboyant lampshades.

The lower level of the apartment serves as her laboratory, with textiles, spools of thread, and empty lampshade frames spread out on worktables. The upstairs is a living area devoted to welcoming armchairs, a pouf, and a bed enclosed by Victorian silk-covered screens. The lack of overhead lighting lends the rooms a moody time-warped quality, and there is barely space to navigate between pieces. One suspects this is the sort of interior Miss Havisham would have created, given a needle and thread and some trimmings. VanAmringe calls it "my nest, my beautiful haven."

She finds her treasures mainly at flea markets and antiques shows within a few hundred miles of Manhattan—distances she drives accompanied by her two black standard poodles, Bix and Ruby. She buys by instinct, she says, and is attracted to "anything shiny"; to backlike textures, including tramp art carvings, rust, and peeling paint; to bright colors; and to pieces that remind her of her New Hampshire childhood, such as battered wooden screen doors, rustic dollhouses, and porch swings. Occasionally she has attempted to buy for other people and has also decorated houses and apartments, but realizes "my tastes are not for everyone."

This past summer, motivated by an impulse to "make my art more accessible and not just live with it," VanAmringe opened a store at 107 Greene Street in SoHo. In it she sells old blankets and throws she has embellished with new beads and fringe; an icebox circa 1910, that she coated with mottled paint and vintage decals; stepladders and other small pieces of furniture that she gilded "just for fun"; and her signature hat lampshades. Even the unaltered wares seem to be products of her industrious hands: a basket full of charms that glow in the dark; a cabinet with preserved zoological specimens, from mosquitoes and butterflies to birds' nests and scorpions; vases studded with broken china and seashells; a toylike lamp assembled from a mosaic of Bakelite strips.

Believe it or not, VanAmringe culled everything in the shop from her own apartment. "It was a little crowded back then," she says wistfully, "but it feels empty now. I'm afraid I'm just going to have to fill it up again." EVE M. KAHN



OBERTO G.







SoHo accessories designer and antiques dealer Judyth vanAmringe, *opposite above,* with her poodles, indulges her pack-rat impulses in her duplex apartment. *Opposite below:* A sofa filled with pillows she made using vintage fabric, beads, and fringe. *Clockwise from top left:* One of VanAmringe's trademark hats-turned-lampshades. A table dressed up with arts and crafts tiles and moody Spanish portraits. A lampshade of velvet grapes and leaves. VanAmringe's bedroom embellished with Victorian screens, a wall of mirrors and framed prints, and a Black Forest bear hat rack.





Marshall took h
cue from the client's
Georgian antiques.
The drawing room's
persimmon walls were
ragged and pediments
were added. *Left:*
Filagris with her
mistress on an Adam-
style faux marbre floor.
Details see Resources.



Pet Project

Ned Marshall unleashes his talents in the duplex of an old friend and her four-footed companions

By Peter Haldeman

Photographs by William Waldron

EVEN IF *THEY* WANT TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS, A NAME like Filagris imposes certain responsibilities. You have to put in an appearance here. And there. That's Filagris in the library, Filagris in the foyer, on the faux marbre. At three and a half, Filagris has learned that things aren't always what they seem. If the floor in the foyer were real marble, it would feel like real marble; if the walls and doors were real mahogany, they would taste like real mahogany. Filagris chews instead on Penelope, her half sister, who's resting in the country at the moment. Filagris used to chew on the frogging of the drawing room chairs, silk armchairs covered by Ned—Ned Marshall, their decorator, whose leather moccasins dart around the apartment like a pair of quiet puppies. Ned changed everything to go with the antiques—English, mostly, eighteenth century. Things *she* brings back from Sotheby's, where she used to work.



The drawing room windows, *above*, are festooned in a Cowtan & Tout fabric; chintz from the same firm covers 18th-century painted chairs. *Right:* Filagris warms her bones in the library, where Marshall stripped ornate paneling and put up balloon shades "that really balloon."

She tickles Filagris's nose with her hair. She thinks Filagris smiles, when in fact it's just Filagris's lip snagging on her teeth. Sometimes Filagris is right under the piano in the drawing room when her sneakers are on the pedals. The famous hotel pianist plays at their cocktail parties in shiny black pumps. The parties are for charity, and they bring out warm feelings in the guests, some of whom will lean down and offer a little piece of shrimp toast.

Filagris eyes the overstuffed cushions and plumped-up pillows in the drawing room but, having been raised a certain way, will not jump up on the Georgian settee. The leashless on the streets, the mangy types in Central Park—Filagris has seen enough to appreciate and not press her advantages. The people who used to live here left a dining room chandelier so big Filagris was the only one who could fit under it. Ned said the chandelier was larger than life and the wallpaper was



The Heriz carpet is easy on the



aws, and the slipper chairs' fringe is good for hiding the head



Ned changed the "tinfoil" wallpaper and "larger-than-life" chandelie



like tinfoil. He put a sharp-smelling glaze on the wallpaper to make it less shiny and said frankly it could use another coat so it wouldn't look so brand spanking new.

A week before the Christmas party, a rainy day: Filagris was lying on the bleached wood kitchen floor next to a pair of Ned's moccasins that had been left to dry. Suddenly, a shout from the library, a door slam. Ned said he couldn't possibly find a frame for the painting over the fireplace in time for the party. Later he said thank God it was raining that day or he might never have finished the library.



The bedroom settee, *above*, is upholstered in a Brunschwig stripe. *Left:* In the dining room, Marshall fashioned striped curtains from two hues of taffeta in front of a balloon shade in a Clarence House fabric. The Georgian table and sideboard stand on an Aubusson carpet from Stark.

The library belongs to *him*, him with the reverberant stride. He makes deals on the phone, reads the newspapers, and watches television in here. The carpet, a Heriz, is heavy pile, easy on the paws, and the slipper chairs have fringe, good for hiding the head. Filagris also likes to hide under their bed, until he gets in. Penelope likes to hide her head under the skirted ottomans. It's hard to explain, all this head hiding—it's just a way of getting cozy without getting stuck.

The photographer didn't go into the rooms Filagris and Penelope get the most use out of. Ned hasn't done them yet. There's the terrace off the bedroom, where Filagris naps, and the kitchen, where she and Penelope eat and sleep. Ned says they've *got* to get rid of that Ultrasuede pink banquette. If Ned had his way, all kitchens would be black and white.

Filagris sees women on Park Avenue wearing cheap imitations of her own coat. The earth and the leaves and the flowers are more fragrant in Connecticut, where Filagris runs all weekend. When they get back to the city, she and Penelope spend the day in bed, yin and yang on a big round cushion from Bean. It has cedar shavings inside, and its odor mixes with those of the kitchen throughout the day—and one can only wonder what Filagris dreams. ♠ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

go with the English antiques



Mark Lancaster and Sam, *opposite*, in the mossy branches of a *Thuja plicata*. *Above:* Built as a yachtsman's retreat in 1887, Lancaster's house boasts the corbiestepped gables, battlements, and turrets of the Scottish baronial style.



Laird of the Tower

In his Scottish castle, a painter surrounds himself with Victoriana and his own work. By Mark Lancaster

Photographs by Eric Boman





LET NO ONE TAKE THIS HOUSE TOO SERIOUSLY. IT IS A pleasure house, a mock castle, a yachtsman's house built to command a panoramic view over sailing waters and to draw attention to itself as a landmark from the water below. It was finished in May of 1887, a month before Queen Victoria celebrated her Golden Jubilee. This was the zenith of Great Britain's power and influence in the world and a time of unprecedented optimism and prosperity among families whose fortunes had been made from trade with the Empire. "She is the brightest jewel in my crown," Victoria said of Scotland in 1871. Twenty-three years earlier, she had bought and rebuilt, largely to Prince Albert's design, their enormous castle at Balmoral, in the fashionable style known as Scottish baronial.

My house displays many of the characteristic features of the style: corbiestepped gables, conical turrets, bullnose corners, and a battlemented tower with an ogee-curved cupola. Though the architecture confidently plagiarizes the seventeenth-century fortified tower house, it still evokes the age in which it was built. Somehow it has survived intact—even from years as a Scottish youth hostel—without major structural change or loss of original features.

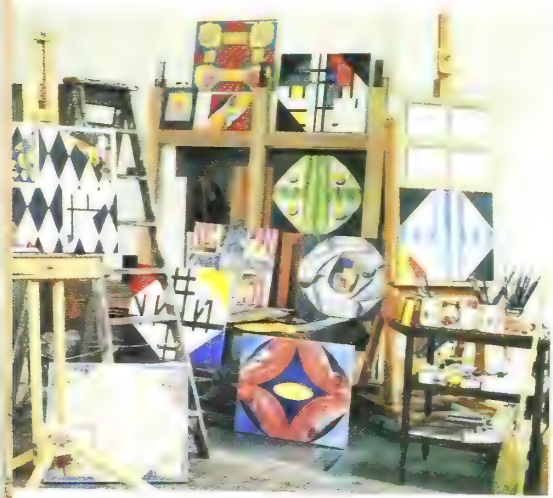
I found the house almost two years ago and have tried to reawaken its spirit through furnishings and color, as well as a lifetime's accumulation of what some have called "stuff." My collecting, if that is the word, has been focused by association. A vase of Poole pottery from my childhood bedroom, for example, unexpectedly showed up in the 1970s and prompted my interest. Searching for Poole ten years ago, I first saw and bought Keith Murray pieces; the following day a eulogy appeared in the *Times*. I have since become interested in nineteenth-century

An inlaid buffet, c. 1870, *above*, displays a Parian ware bust of Queen Victoria, Minton bread plates by A. W. N. Pugin, and Poole pottery. George Walton, a Glasgow collaborator of Charles Rennie Mackintosh, designed the table and chairs. *Opposite:* A 1916 portrait of Vanessa Bell by Duncan Grant hangs in the French-style drawing room.

Mason's ironstone, Linthorpe, and Ashworth [illegible] that I have also collected furniture chronologically backward. The Aalto and Bauhaus chairs which [illegible] from student days in Newcastle upon Tyne of London, New York, Kent, and Scotland have been kicked upstairs to the billiard room, now the guest sitting room. Scottish house sales have been invaluable, enabling Victorian furniture and trophies of Edwardian hunting expeditions to be resettled not far from the grand houses they never before left.

There was, nearly, plan to have every room here green, but amendments added first blue, then yellow, orange, red, and purple. Painting pictures can take a similar route, and as one settles into new surroundings, traces of them become parts of, and sources of, one's art, consciously or not. I have made variations on pictures by other artists, in particular Duncan Grant, whose house, Charleston, is a kind of Arcadia decorated by him and Vanessa Bell. In recent work I quote from many sources, some esoteric, some banal, including decorative features from this house, motifs from Nymphenburg ceramics that I don't own, and Poole pottery that I do.

> As an artist settles into a house, traces of it become parts of his paintings



The pictures in the studio also have in common the suggestion of a layer being peeled away to reveal something beyond or beneath. The house, of course, retains layered imagery of its own. The thistle, the rose, the fleur de lis, and the elements air, earth, fire, and water are represented in stone and wood and intaglio wallcoverings and in plaster ceilings painted in wood grain to simulate the oak paneling. Stained-glass windows celebrate the voyagers of discovery Vasco da Gama, Christopher Columbus, and Sir Francis Drake. Favorite yachts are commemorated [illegible]

Water remains a vital mode of transport in the west of Scotland where ferries still ply their routes with clockwork regularity among the pleasure boats and naval vessels. By the middle of the nineteen *(Text continued on page 188)*

In the morning room, *right*, now used mainly in the evening, Staffordshire dogs and Mark Lancaster's own dog paintings are combined with pictures by Duncan Grant and an 18th-century portrait. The arts and crafts chest holds Ashworth pottery jugs. *Above:* Original kitchen quarters became Lancaster's studio.





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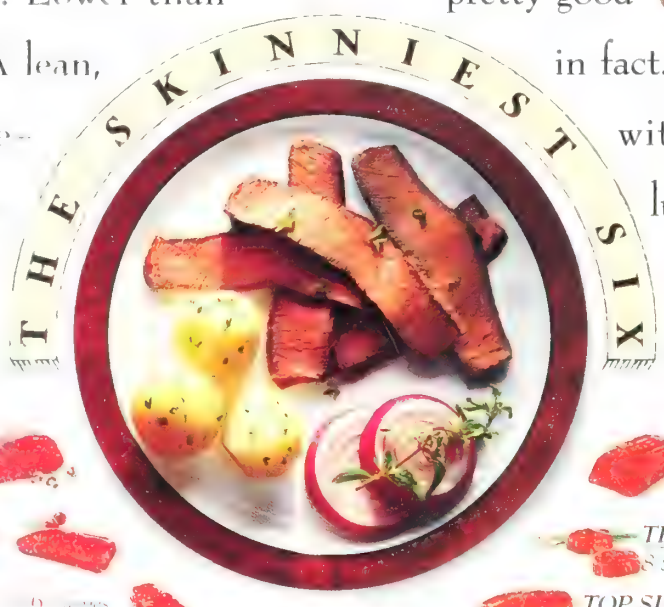
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I'd like to tell you a juicy story. A story everyone in Luck, Wisconsin knows. It's about herb marinated beef steak. It's about braised steak provençal and broiled steaks with company potatoes. But most of all, it's about good fortune. Because many cuts of beef are surprisingly low in calories. Lower than most people think. A lean, trimmed three-ounce serving averages less than 200 calories. Top round, for example, hardly tops 153 calories. That's an inspiration to anyone holding a menu. Or following a diet. You know, according to legend, the town of Luck was named by Dan Smith, an early logger. Having faced much adversity in life, he solved the problem by always being "in Luck." Today, our luck is still pretty good —delicious, in fact. Where would we be without beef? Out of luck, I'd say. See you in the next town.



EYE OF ROUND 143 calories
4.2 gms total fat* (1.5 gms sat. fat)

TENDERLOIN 179 calories
8.5 gms total fat* (3.2 gms sat. fat)

TOP SIRLOIN 165 calories
6.1 gms total fat* (2.4 gms sat. fat)

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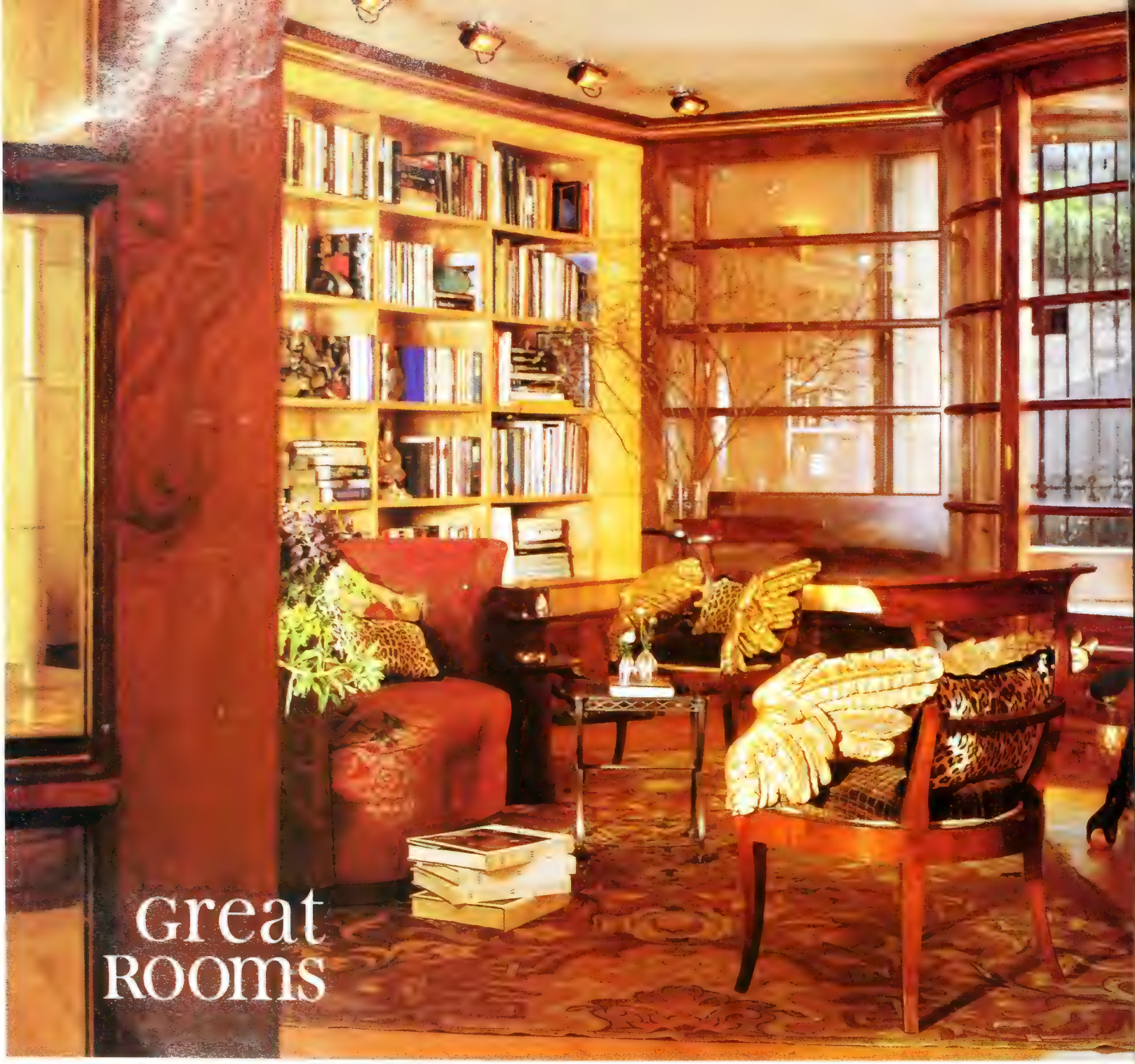
Great Rooms



By Anne Foxley

The basement, that dank gloomy domain of the washer and dryer and the cinder-block wall, is a space few designers dare to explore for decorative potential. But when long-time clients of New York

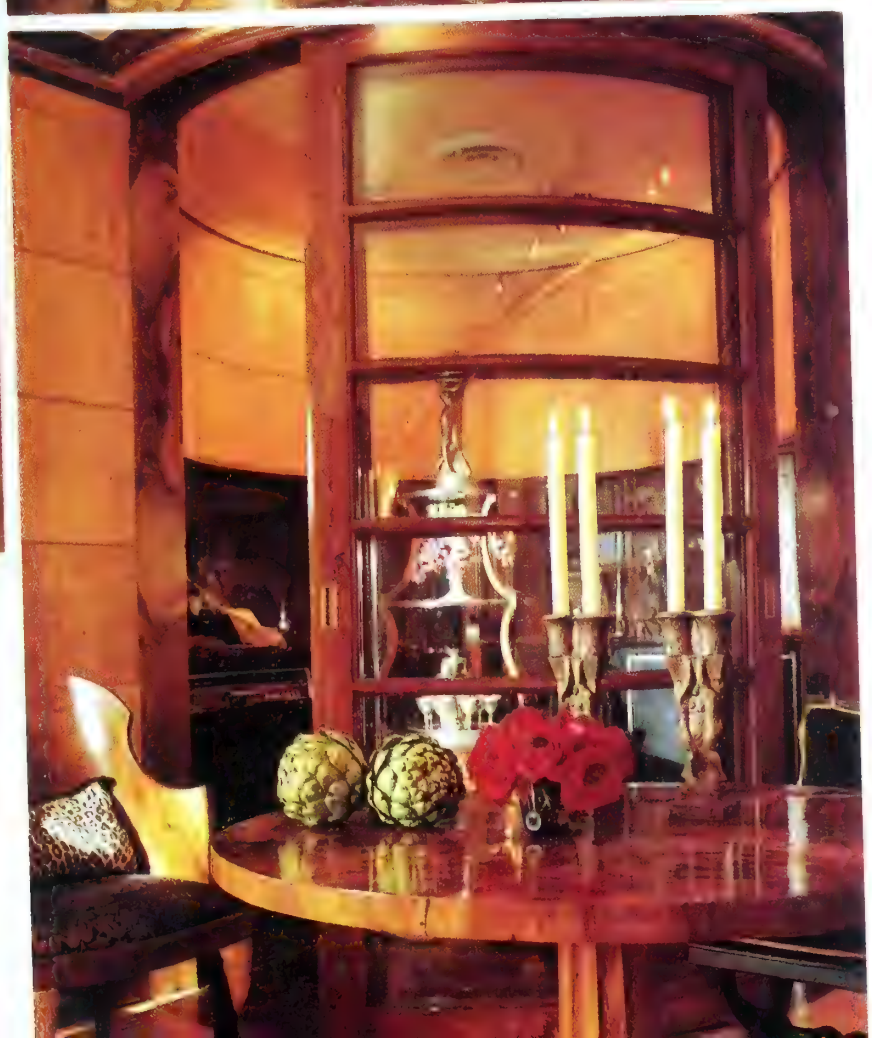
In the upper level of a small Fifth Avenue maisonette, closets are concealed within a lacquered semicircular partition that supports a lofty bedroom. *Above left:* The curving walls reappear in the lower level, a former basement storage area transformed into a regal birch-paneled living room. Details see Resources.



Great Rooms

decorators Carl D'Aquino and Geordi Humphreys purchased the storage area beneath their small Fifth Avenue pied-à-terre, they had grand ideas. In place of a network of cobwebs and boxes they envisioned an elegant room for entertaining complete with a stretch of bookshelves, a compact kitchen, and a spiral stair





to connect upstairs (home to their D'Aquino Humphreys Interiors–designed loft bedroom, living room, and eat-in kitchen) and down.

Faced with a long narrow space D'Aquino and Humphreys, in collaboration with architect Paul Laird, took their inspiration from the luxury liners of the twenties and thirties and constructed a shell of gently curving walls that visually enlarge the room. The sleek ship's hull effect is amplified by floor-to-ceiling panels of Karelian birch, a golden Russian wood which, D'Aquino notes, is "now primarily used in the interiors of Jaguars." A pair of semicircular walnut-framed sliding glass doors off the front entry and the kitchenette further round out the room.

Laird custom-designed walnut baseboards, which ring the maple floor, and banded the ceiling with gold leaf. Against this exquisitely constructed backdrop an array of sculptural art deco, Biedermeier, and Empire furnishings are arranged in a series of inviting clusters. There's a well-padded French chaise longue that Jules Leleu designed for the *Normandie*, a set of accommodating barrel-shaped dining chairs from Russia, and a pair of parcel gilt Tuscan armchairs that appear ready to take flight. For upholstery fabrics D'Aquino and Humphreys rounded up a mix of silk damasks, antique tapestries, and faux animal patterns—from a leopard print to a crocodile-textured velvet—that serve as a witty tribute to the wife, a best-selling writer and humorist on animals. How do the owners like their new quarters? Says the wife, "Carl worked a miraculous transformation. Who ever thought life on the bottom floor could be so luxurious?" ▲

An arc of walnut-framed glass doors serves as the main entrance to the downstairs living room, *far left*, furnished with antiques, including a pair of Italian Empire winged armchairs. The Aubusson carpet is from F. J. Hakimian, NYC. *Above left:* French ebonized chairs, c. 1865, surround an Austrian Biedermeier table in front of mirrored doors that visually expand the long narrow space. *Left:* Another pair of curved glass doors separate a compact kitchen from the dining area at the far end of the living room.

samples

Victorian exuberance makes a comeback in today's mania for découpage

By Catherine Marron





Découpage resurfaces on everything from game boards to bureaus. *Clockwise from top right:* English sphere on stand, c. 1875, from James II Galleries. Lamps, from left, at Slatkin & Co., Charlotte Moss & Co., and Price Glover. English tray, c. 1860, from Yale R. Burge Antiques. Plate by découpagist Jered Holmes. 1920s Dutch bureau from Florence de Dampierre Antiques. Mid nineteenth century English game board with découpage and glass painting, from James II. Découpage box and decorative border by artist Dorothy Bayard Gilbert. All stores NYC. Details see Resources.









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ILLUSTRATION CONTINUED ON NEXT

Port Lympne

(Continued from page 107) The Moorish Patio was leaking and had to be redone, unstable stone balustrades threatened to fall from parapets, and most of the hedging had died or outgrown its form. Although much of the yew could be saved, large areas of Monterey cypress were beyond salvation and had to be replanted with hardier Leyland cypress that could be clipped into shape as it matured. In 1974, at Page's direction, the Long Borders were cleared, hand-dug twice, enriched with a ready source of fertilizer—two hundred tons of elephant dung—and planted with 2,500 perennials, herbs, shrubs, and trees. Edwardian in scale, each border is 135 yards long and 18 feet wide.

New lime trees fill the ranks along what was Sassoon's Magnolia Avenue, and the vineyard and fig yard below the pool terrace have come back to life. The West Garden, now the Iceberg Garden, has been paved instead of grassed, a concession to the 100,000 visitors a year who see the house, gardens, and zoo. Tigers, other cats, and wolves occupy enclosures at the top of the Trojan Stairs, a corner of the grounds once given over to the kitchen garden. In deference to the owners' love of all wildlife, insecticides are never used.

Despite the changes, the gaiety and intimacy of Port Lympne have come back to life. Russell Page, on one visit, turned to John Aspinall and remarked that the gardens were even more beautiful than they had been when Sassoon held court. Aspinall (or Aspers, as he is universally called in the British tabloids), a colorful figure in his own right who became wealthy as a London casino owner and is known for giving lavish parties, displays an abiding fondness for his glamorous predecessor at Port Lympne. A new owner without this affinity might have pieced the estate back together without evoking Sassoon's style. "I wanted him to approve of what we were doing," said Aspinall. "It's still Philip Sassoon's creation." The game begun by the master of the Chess Board Garden remains an absorbing spectator sport. ♠

Editor: Judy Brittain

Port Lympne mansion, gardens, and zoo park, Lympne, 3 miles west of Hythe, Kent. For visitors hours, call (303) 264-646.

Tarlow

(Continued from page 149) glimpse the peasantry at their bucolic revels can now kick up their heels with the kings and queens of chairdom in Tarlowland. As one of Rose's country bumpkins said to another recently, "If you wait around long enough, you become a 'prized possession.' "

"I like chairs because they are like people," says Rose. When she talks about chairs you can feel her running her hands over them with a kind of informed, respectful passion. "Chairs have personalities. I frequently wonder what they do at midnight, what they say to one another when we're not here."

"I wonder," I said to Rose, "about the people who sat on them, about how the chairs felt about them, and how they feel about the people who sit on them now. To a chair is there a difference between 'greasy Joan' who keeled the pot circa 1594 and sat at best on a stool and you, Rose, at ease in your venerable conclave of choicest kitchen-born comb-back chairs?"

Rose, being almost as wise as her most ancient chair, did not answer that one. She said, in her most practical voice, "I buy things that say something. At first I loved eighteenth-century furniture, fancy furniture. Then fancy became plainer. As time went on, my taste became plainer and plainer. . . . I love eccentric chairs, maybe too high, too short, maybe with an interesting flaw, remarkable woods, the original paint peeling off them, the original undercovering on them."

Here is the original muslin under-covering on a wide-mouthed, open-mouthed chair that laughs, its high, outsize wings on the ready to shield from icy eighteenth-century blasts. "It's the only wing chair I ever bought," says Rose, marveling at its cheerful oddity. Its mahogany legs resting on wooden casters, this English personage could have rolled into George III's combative world in the 1770s. There is a rough-hewn three-legged straddly stool, a perky primitive beastie of a stool. A stool is not a chair, but this stool is raised to chair status by the company it keeps. "Fifteenth century," says Rose. "Welsh, sycamore." Definitely farm furniture, it frees the legs for milking, sheep-shearing: it has relatives world over and time over.

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Interview

XVI," says Rose. "Beechwood. Original leather. A ratchet chair, a crémaillère, as the French call it—it's hinged and falls back." For additional comfort? To ease an ailing body? On its ample lap this great maternal presence tenderly holds a small walnut-framed Louis XV cousin, signed by Boulard. Made for a child, for a doll, as a cabinetmaker's sample? I think for a child, encased in a glittering sheathing of brocades. And I think of the nanny disciplines chairs impose on their sitters.

Over there is a magician. That chair, presto chango, becomes a table. "It's all of a piece," says Rose. "It's a flip-flop. Eighteenth-century English, painted orange, now much of it off—tatters of its original dress." An economical friend, this piece, proffering its services for a one-person meal, and when in repose in front of a hearth, a bastion against errant down-chimney winds, even insidious witches.

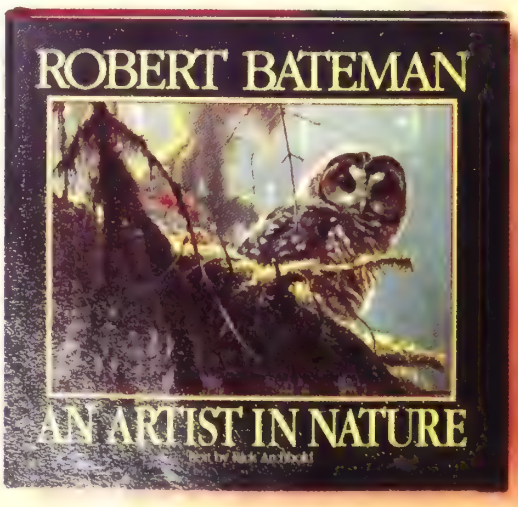
"This is my most important chair," says Rose. I see an English oak presence as solid as the tree from which it was freed, as grand, in its way, and as protective. As a sculptor finds the figure in the block of stone on which he is working, the centuries-ago furniture maker found this avatar in the oak on which he worked. How odd that this mythic presence may have presided at lusty tea parties on a country lawn or in a bosky pavilion.

Curiouser and curiouser, here's a narrow geometry of slatty, slanty vertical wooden ribs from which springs a slatty seat. A forward-looking creature—sort of pushy. Memories of boardwalk chairs, picnic furniture. This friend, says Rose, "is a folding church chair. Henri II—that means between 1547 and 1559. French, walnut—so movable." The nonsecular purpose of this secular-looking peripatetic is confirmed by its crown incised with an evocative triad of crosses.

As I wander Rose's ensorcelling rooms, peering at the immigrants from black-hole kitchens consorting with émigrés from crystal-chandeliered drawing rooms, I think of the survival of *things*, treasured things, and how things miraculously survive while people . . . "Oh," says the oldest chair of all, "longevity, as any *thing* knows, is the best revenge." ♠

Editors: Wendy Goodman and Joyce MacRae

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RANDOM HOUSE

Host of the Town

(Continued from page 135) growing up, not plump and yellow like today's but pale pink and succulent—when you broil them, they turn golden brown and you can eat the bones. Bill Blass loves apricot-raisin bread pudding. Lemon pound cake for Eleanor Lambert. Anything for my friend Peter Duchin! Chili, fried chicken, beans, greens—he just loves to eat."

So there are veal stew parties, chicken potpie and fried chicken parties, pot roast with double-rich gravy parties, tea parties. Since Hovis is constantly experimenting, the repertoire has no limits. One element, however, is common to them all: the food is always simple and direct. This is an airline with no frills, as Hovis says. And everyone always has second helpings.

These days, his own plate is overloaded with more than most people could ever digest. Currently the creative-food director for Macy's Northeast, Hovis has a job that entails everything from menu planning for more than a dozen restaurants to supervising an enormous staff of buyers, chefs, and salespeople. Macy's at Herald Square is Hovis's new home away from home. He likes nothing better than conducting tours with a grand finale of pastry sampling in the Cellar Café. Here it is entirely fitting to hear him say, "Shopping and cooking are the two greatest joys of my life. If I ever won the lottery, I would buy a château in France and I wouldn't bother to pack, I'd just shop along the way." ♠

Laird of the Tower

(Continued from page 176) the development of the steam engine enabled paddle steamers from Glasgow to take people not only to the New World but also "doon the watter," down the Firth of Clyde for day trips to villages with turbulent histories which were turned into what the guidebooks called watering places. On such a site, on a promontory above the Clyde, this house has vistas over the waters of lochs, estuary, and sea to mountains and islands.

The grounds lead down to the shore with steps, terraces, and lawns bordered by rhododendrons and trees. Native willow, oak, and pine are dominated by exotic evergreens first brought from the Americas in the mid nineteenth century which thrive

close to the Gulf Stream. As tall as the house, the California *Sequoiadendron giganteum* is known in Britain as the Wellingtonia. From Chile came the *Embothrium coccineum,* with its cascading vermilion blossoms, and the monkey-puzzle, and from Washington and Oregon the *Thuja plicata.* The dividing trunks of this tree create a kind of low tree house, a scented, mossy hiding place. The deer hide here when disturbed, before they run back to the woods or resume grazing. Paths, dense with pine needles, curve beside rockeries shaded by laurel, then the house reappears above, framed between giant trees.

Rapid changes in weather bring dramatic changes of light, inside as well as out. Painting attempts it, but photography cannot yet imitate the eye's ability to assimilate at once the inside and the outside, the atmosphere of a room and what is seen of the world framed by a window or door. It is one of the greatest pleasures of living here that a sense of the outside is always present, whether looking through the arched kitchen door, which composes a picture of a lighthouse seen through a gap in the trees across a patch of water, or from the drawing room two floors above, where the same lighthouse is over the trees and an expanse of silver water reveals a flotilla of sails and red ferryboats. From the tower room a purple mountain looms beneath a vast cloud and a gray ship lies in gray water, all beyond a bright stained-glass portrait of Copernicus. From the morning room, beyond a marble sculpture in the window, the sharp horizon and a distant island take their place. Add the tick of a clock, the chug of a boat, the screech of some seabird, and, when I opened my window this morning, the sound of bagpipes drifting across the water. ♠

Positive Altitude

(Continued from page 152) interiors, now finding stories in existing rooms, with clients the built-in characters.

Marilyn and Myles, who originally each rented an apartment in their current building, were more or less introduced to one another in the elevator one day by their respective hats—each collects. When they married and decamped to a new apartment, they wanted to start afresh with objects taken from the fabric of their new lives. Currie created a bedspread from Fortuny cotton the couple discovered on their honeymoon in Venice and made room for a painted antique chest, which Marilyn bought, also in Venice, as a wedding present for Myles. A hat tree with a dozen of her broad-brimmed hats looks like a standing bouquet.

None of the Canes' objects are simply visually striking, but stem from an experience or interest—their collection of books on the French Revolution led them to textile fragments, mounted in an album, that might have been worn at the time, and readings on Rome and Egypt inspired the purchase of Roman glass and terra-cotta vases. Myles likes to read and smoke his cigar under a bronze lamp by Giacometti, a piece that reflects the couple's long-standing appreciation for the artist.

"It's not just a Bob Currie room," notes Marilyn. "We didn't want a Biedermeier room or a Louis Whatever, but one for the things that mean something to us. Bob pays attention to what people are like." The generous bookcases opposite the wide-angled view anchor the room and frame a collection of leather-bound volumes, wines, clocks, and vases that constantly changes as the Canes visit the reciprocal collection of volumes, wines, clocks, and vases at their country house. The bookcase is a scaffold that orders the objects that flow in and out after their travels and more local shopping excursions.

"How do you create a small space for people who are collecting all the time and still keep it simple?" asks Myles. "I get nervous when spaces are overdecorated," says the designer, whose decorating instinct is to subtract rather than to add. He did shop with the Canes for several pieces, including a French art deco dining table, four Georgian dining chairs, and a seventeenth-century Flemish tapestry with a view of a glade populated with two mythical birds "shorter than an ostrich but taller than a dodo," Currie points out.

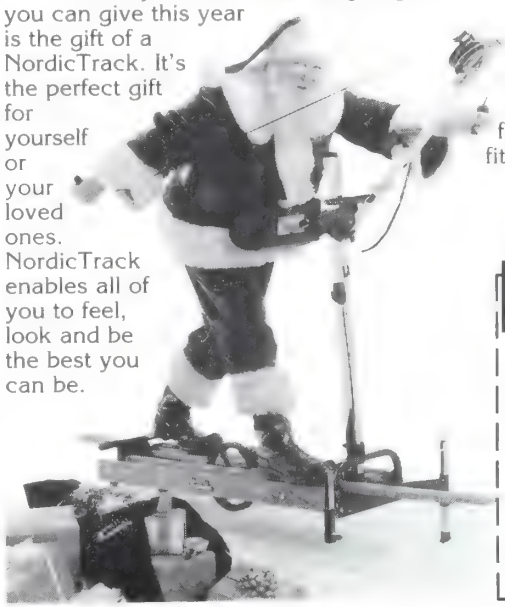
The Canes walk over to the focal point of the living room where panes of plate glass multiply the reflection of the tapestry. Mirrored images of the seventeenth-century pastoral landscape are overlaid on the delirious panorama of twentieth-century Manhattan. "Especially in this city where there's so much excess, it's important to create tranquillity," observes Marilyn, "so personalities can come through." ♠ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

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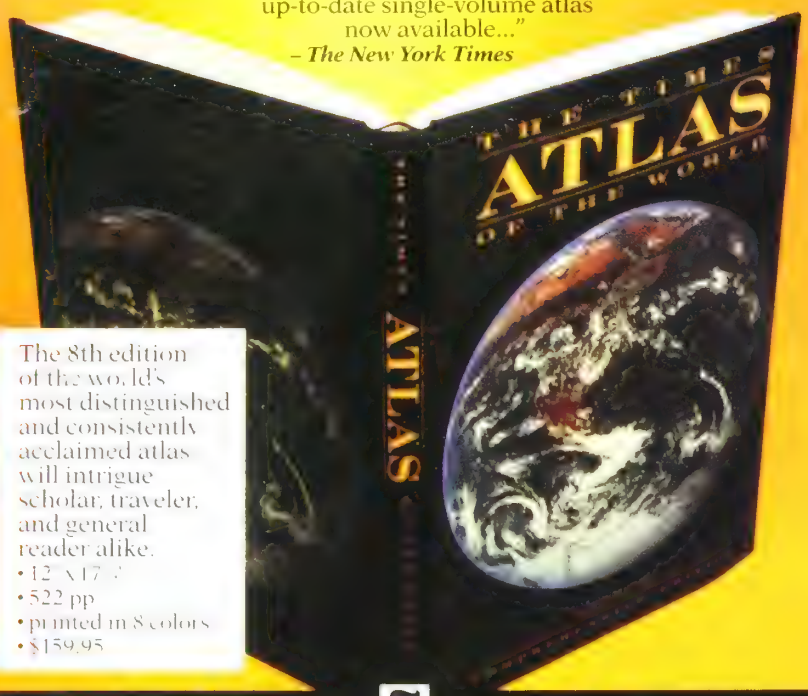
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All in the Family

(Continued from page 120) apartment." The inevitable schism followed predictable lines, pitting boys against girls, sisters against old college friends, gray walls against chintz.

"We wanted to do something lively and different," Alexandra volunteers, gently stating the sisters' point of view. "We grew up in a house with brilliant colors." Until they were teenagers they lived in a ticket booth and first-aid station at Squaw Valley, their father's sports resort in California. It was his sister, the artist Lily Cushing, who'd convinced him to paint the inside of the house fire engine red to keep out the cold. "Gray *was* different," continues Alexandra, "but if all the colors in an apartment are of the same palette, any changes you make are jarring." Nonetheless, Alexandra and Justine defiantly hung a green jungle-patterned wallpaper in the master bedroom. When to their dismay it showed up in the Beverly Wilshire hotel and, later, the fashionable New York restaurant Indochine, the rebellion faltered. The jungly wallpaper was painted out—gray.

Although the modernist camp had gained a victory, it did not win them the war. "It's taken eight years for the various forms of chintz to creep in," Philip acknowledges a little sheepishly. "We used to have stripes, solids, and one thing and another. Now it's all chintz, gingham. . . *lace*! Let's face it, basically I've lost."

If he doesn't seem altogether unhappy about the result, it's partly because it was his preoccupation with the success of the law firm that gave the chintz lobby a freer rein, partly because the joint effort of Justine Cushing and Richard Nash Gould has brilliantly realized the apartment's potential. Their diametrically opposed contributions, drawn together by Alexandra's collection of paintings by her grandfather Howard Gardiner Cushing and her aunt Lily Cushing, have achieved an elegant synthesis. Everyone agrees that the decorative oriental fantasy seascapes of Howard Cushing look particularly enchanting against the stern gray walls. In her choice of colors, fabrics, and furnishings, Justine picked up the bird and flower motifs from the art, creating her own family-style chinoiserie. The result is a comfortable intimate atmosphere within a context that remains coolly spare, graciously formal.

Though he has bowed to the inevitabil-

ity of chintz, Philip continues to fight a rear-guard action against what he regards as the sterile idioms of Upper East Side taste. "The battlefield," he declares, "has now moved to incidental pieces of furniture." He points out a large off-white textured plastic coffee table, which Justine teasingly accuses him of keeping wrapped up for six months "like a Christo sculpture." Philip doesn't deny the charge. "I didn't want this symbol of fashionable decoration, this huge object made of funny trendy material in the middle of my living room. I left it wrapped until the cardboard became unacceptably dirty."

But the coffee table stayed put.

One piece of furniture that has never provoked an argument is the Howards' piano, which, ironically, came with the apartment. Both Philip and Alexandra regard it as the heart of the living room, "the key to life here." A former member of Yale's all-male singing group, the Whiffenpoofs, Philip, who Alexandra insists could have been an opera singer, often has friends in for an evening of impromptu harmonizing. Alexandra grew up listening to her father play stride piano and encourages her children to sing and dance, to learn instruments, and to "keep the apartment filled with music."

Every Christmas the Howards give a carol-singing party that has become an unbreakable date in their friends' Yule calendars. On such occasions, which always draw a sprinkling of celebrities—one Christmas I watched Brian De Palma flee in terror from scenes of overwhelming merriment at the piano—the big room really comes into its own. A whiff of gunpowder may still hang in the air, but the Howards' apartment shares with all comers the well-tempered harmonies of a household at peace. ▲ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

Samaras Spectrum

(Continued from page 128) table by the windows in the studio, not at the dining room table Samaras made for the commodious and elegant entertaining space.

He tells me that in the mornings he wakes up for the sunrise, and if he sees a red band from his bed, he gets up to watch. "If it's good, I don't want to waste it," Samaras says. If the color doesn't impress him, forget it. At the end of the day, when he's in the studio, he can watch the sun melt into New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Samaras's roots are in old cultures, and that has as much to do with his love of this place as does his romance with New York. He was born in Greece, where he lived in a house on top of a hill; here, at night, when the skyscrapers are lit up, some of their glowing tops could fool one into thinking they're ancient temples. Then a dark shape with sparks of light passes by and Samaras says, "Dragonfly." It's an airplane. But you're in the spell of his world, so you smell the sweetness of the air and take another sip of wine from a glass that's gloriously cut and colored. Other artists of his generation made earthworks. Samaras has built a skywork, and he's living in it. How much more modern can a modern artist get? ▲

Editor: Wendy Goodman

Country's New Colors

(Continued from page 114) cupboards and drawers situated between the two entrances to the room.

They also modernized the house with a 26-by-26-foot addition, built by Fiore's company, BFI, which includes a huge open kitchen, a pantry, a seating area, an extra bathroom, and the one room the house was desperately in need of, an entry. ("I hate to just fall into a room," says Bohn. "It's not nice.") But for all the improvements, Bohn feels that the most satisfying effect is that "the house now seems much older than when we bought it."

For Bohn and Lembo, working on their oldest project thus far has significantly altered the course of a firm that had built its reputation on spare, urban, modern interiors. Slices of rural Pennsylvania have made their way into the Lembo Bohn Design vocabulary—multipaned fenestration, heavy cornices, raised panels in cabinetry, rubbed painted finishes, metal screening for cupboard doors or as a room divider. Things acquired at local auctions have furnished not only Bohn and Fiore's house and Lembo's loft but also projects as distant as a restaurant in Japan. These designers have learned that in the country, as well as the city, simplicity and sophistication can live under one roof. ▲

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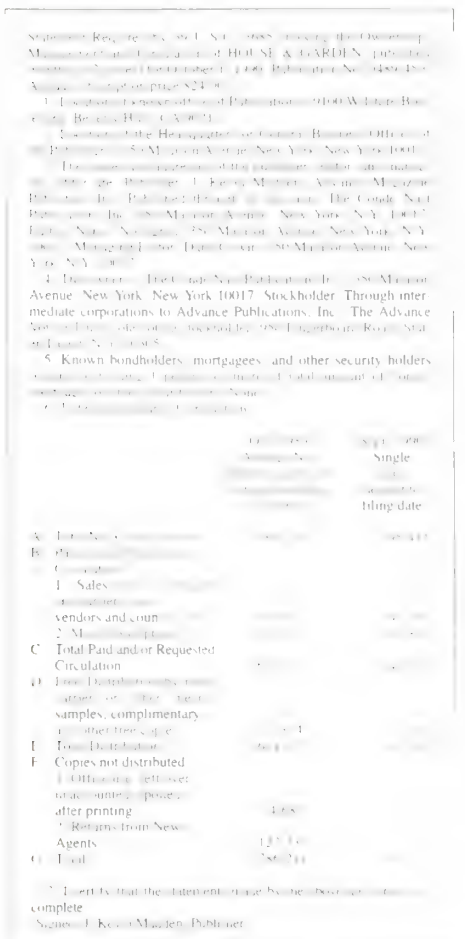
Page 14 Etoile velvet sofa with bronze feet, by Garouste & Bonetti for Néotu, limited edition of 30, $10,950, at Néotu, NYC (212) 982-0210.

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to the trade at Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas; Todd Wiggins, Dania; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, NYC; Trade Winds, Washington, D.C.

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Pages 124–25 Vico Magistretti armchair, two-seat sofa, and three-seat sofa, all in Tela Forte cotton, to the trade at Atelier International, for showrooms (800) 645-7254, in NY (718) 392-0300. **127** Bedroom cabinet, bed, and desk, built by Caccamo Woodwork, NYC (212) 431-9417.

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Pages 160–61 Similar antique majolica items, at Hubert des Forges, NYC (212) 744-1857. **162** Similar one-of-a-kind vintage fabrics, accessories, and furniture, at Full Swing, Newport (401) 849-9494. Carmen Miranda bark cloth for her shorts, 54" wide, $120 yd, Hollywood Plumes bark cloth on living room sofa, 54" wide, $120 yd, both by Michele Mancini, at Full Swing, Newport; to the trade at Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Boyd-Levinson, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; J. Jones, Laguna Niguel; Mimi London, Los Angeles; Telio & Cie, Montreal, Toronto; Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Sloan-Miyasato, San Francisco; Elinor & Verve, Seattle. Zebra molding, by decorative painter and stenciler Priscilla Weeden, Newport (401) 846-8697. **164–65** Similar vintage accessories, fabrics, and furniture, at Judyth vanAmringe, NYC (212) 925-4749.

PET PROJECT

Page 166 Faux marbre floor, painted by Ned Marshall, NYC (212) 879-3672. Walls in foyer and red walls, by Painted Decoration Studio, NYC (212) 967-1533. **166–67** Toile Anjou linen/fibranne on sofa, Pekin Stripe cotton/silk on armchair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116–17). Custom armchair, designed by Ned Marshall (see above). Pillows on sofa, by Arabelle Taggart, similar at Sweet Nellie, NYC; The Lion's Paw, Nantucket; S. Browne & Co., New Canaan, Ridgewood; Kalkin & Co., Paramus. **168** Mandarin cotton/rayon for curtains, Ashill cotton on chairs, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 40). **168–69** Ravello Stripe cotton/viscose for balloon shade, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 40). Walls, grained by James Koufos, Edison (201) 906-0364. **170–71** Taffetas Rio viscose/acetate for balloon shade, 50" wide, $71 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 40). Aubusson carpet, similar to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 118–19). Hand-painted Chinese wallpaper (#SY-33), $480 for 3'x10' panel, to the trade at Charles Gracie & Sons, for showrooms (212) 753-5350. **171** Phylida cotton/rayon on settee, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116–17). Rose Dot wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 118–19). Carnival polyester/linen for inner curtains, 82" wide, $96 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 40).

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used as table, similar at Reymer-Jourdan (see above). Antique tapestry pillows, similar at Terry Morton, NYC (212) 472-1446. **182–83** Italian Empire parcel gilt/walnut armchairs from Tuscany, similar at Juan Portela Antiques, NYC (212) 650-0085. Crocodile handwoven silk velvet on armchairs, to the trade at Old World Weavers, for showrooms (212) 355-7186. Aubusson carpet with gold threads, similar at F. J. Hakimian, NYC (212) 371-6900. Charleston cotton/silk damask on chaise longue, 51" wide, $99 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 40). Leopard Velvet on pillows, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116–17). Russian Biedermeier fruitwood barrel chair with claw feet, similar at H. M. Luther, NYC (212) 505-1485. **183** French ebonized chairs, c. 1865, similar at Juan Portela (see above). Linen Velvet on chairs, to the trade at Old World Weavers, for showrooms (212) 355-7186. Austrian Biedermeier table, French late 19th century majolica garden seat, similar at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660.

SAMPLES

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Gandee AT LARGE

Jeannette Lee has built her house of cards

Her original idea was to become a schoolteacher. But in 1939, in her part of Missouri, married women weren't allowed to become schoolteachers. So she took her art degree from the University of Kansas City to the local greeting card company and signed on as assistant to the art director for a sum she then considered princely: $52 a month.

Fifty-one years later, Jeannette Lee is still on the Hallmark payroll. Although she tried to retire in 1983, chairman Don Hall would only let her step down as vice president of corporate design if she promised to stay on as a two-day-a-week consultant, contributing her appreciably-more-than-two-cents-worth on matters of style, taste, and aesthetic judgment. Which she did. And does.

Because Mrs. Lee probably knows more about cards and card sending than anyone else in the free world, and because 11 million Hanukkah, 2.2 billion Christmas, and 10 million New Year's cards will be exchanged this month, I hopped a plane to Kansas City one Sunday morning not long ago to have breakfast with the woman I decided to think of as the queen of cards.

Petite, punctual, and polite, Mrs. Lee arrived looking very professional and nowhere near her age. She wore a tailored gray suit and carried a Samsonite briefcase, which she snapped open before even tasting her first cup of decaffeinated coffee. "We've done every president's Christmas card since Eisenhower," said Mrs. Lee with unmistakable pride, and then she presented me with a stack of holiday greetings from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, the first with smiling head shots—"Merry Christmas from Mamie and Ike"—the last with an atmospheric Jamie Wyeth—"Season's Greetings from President and Mrs. Reagan." Handing over a card on which an angel with a very modern face and a diaphanous gown floated through the air blowing a trumpet, Mrs. Lee noted, "Jacqueline Kennedy designed this one herself." The angel, she explained, was the product of a "trip I took to Camp David in 1963." It seems the First Lady wanted to design cards, but she was having a problem. "She would do her ink work and then she'd paint over it and the ink would run," said Mrs. Lee. After Mrs. Kennedy was instructed in the sponge technique she invited Mrs. Lee to stay for dinner, during which they discussed, among other things, the sorry state of Blair House, the government's guest quarters for visiting dignitaries. "If you can imagine, they have cloth coat hangers," Mrs. Lee recalls Mrs. Kennedy exclaiming. Which, almost thirty years later, still makes Mrs. Lee laugh.



Jeannette Lee at Hallmark.

"Christmas and Easter are very bad times for sexy cards"

Although Hallmark has collaborated with a wide range of celebrities and artists over the years—from Groucho Marx to Grandma Moses—Mrs. Lee's success, and Hallmark's 44 percent market share, are attributable to the efforts of the company's 700-member creative staff. As their boss, Mrs. Lee's task was to make sure that the group's work was, first, in good taste—"we don't want to offend"—and, second, in sync with the times. With regard to the good taste mandate, Mrs. Lee reports that Hallmark has come under fire only once. It seems that the Ancient Order of Hibernians, an organization of Irish American Catholics, took offense one year at Hallmark's depiction of Saint Patrick's Day as a drunken bacchanalia. Mrs. Lee also reports, not incidentally, that the classic card for dad, the one with the leather wing chair and smoldering pipe, has been updated—minus the smoldering pipe. "Very au courant," I said. "Hallmark has always tried to stay on top of trends," explained Mrs. Lee. Along those lines, I asked if Hallmark had ever done sexy cards, the kind you see so many of these days. "Yes, we've made them," said Mrs. Lee with elegant reluctance. "But at Christmas? No. Christmas and Easter are two very bad times for sexy cards. There are a lot of very straitlaced people out there."

In terms of Hallmark's current crop of cards, Mrs. Lee pointed out a few new developments. The inside copy has gotten much longer, she said. "People want to say more right now. Perhaps because there are more situations that are not as ideal as we would like." To illustrate her point Mrs. Lee presented me with one card addressed "To Mother and Her Husband" and another card that contained the rather forlorn message, "Christmas is a special time for families—a time for forgetting past differences and for coming together in love." Mrs. Lee agreed that times had changed since Norman Rockwell's idealized vision of the American family.

Before departing I thought I might as well take advantage of Mrs. Lee's expertise, so I asked her advice about my own cards. Should I have my name printed inside? And should I send the same card to everyone on my list? "Yes" and "yes," said Mrs. Lee. "But if I were you I'd cross out your imprinted name and write a line or two on the one you send to your mother."

Charles Gandee

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